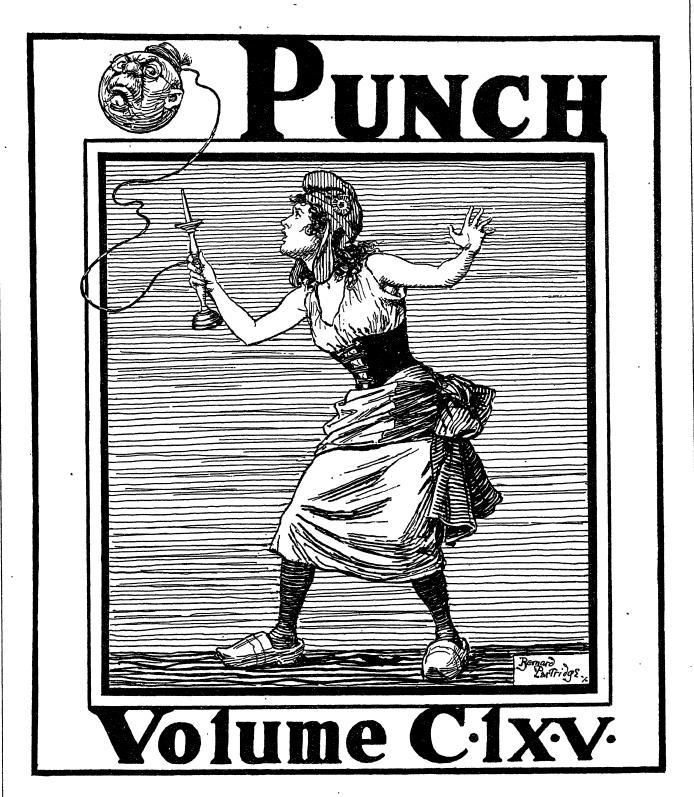
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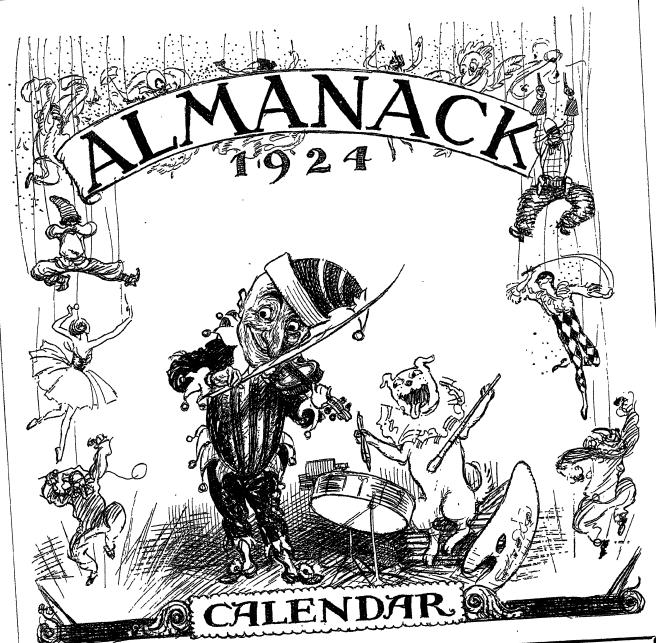
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PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, IO, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4.

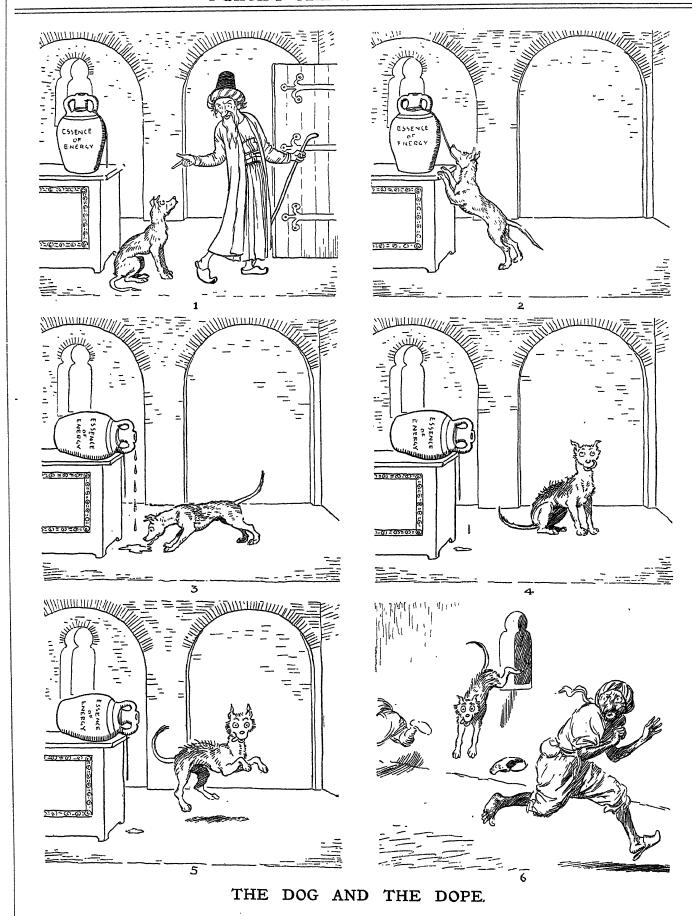
Punch, or the London Charivani, December 26, 1923.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers, Whitefriars, Londor, E.C. 4.

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AMATEUR TABLEAUX.



However brains the work of the producers may be-



IT IS THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY—



ANXIOUS ONLY TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL-

AMATEUR TABLEAUX.



OR EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY-



ACCORDING TO THEIR SEX-



WHO MAKE THE REPRESENTATION (EVEN OF SUCH A WELL-KNOWN EPISODE IN ENGLISH HISTORY AS THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY) PUZZLING TO THE AVERAGE AUDIENCE.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

"CHRISTMAS is coming," says a weekly paper headline. The common opinion in pessimistic haunts is that there is nothing to stop it.

We understand that, in order to meet the past few seasons, arrangements are name of the mean fellow who, when

being made by the B.B.C. to broadcast a few.

There is a superstition that it is unlucky not to remove Christmas decorations by Twelfth Night. Boys who retain mincemeat on their ears after that date come to no good.

Inhunting circles disappointment is felt that no date has yet been fixed for the Whaddon Chase Dispute Ball.

A firm of manufacturers advertise a toy drum which they describe as "unbreakable." This is the sort of foolish braggadocio that puts the British boy on his mettle. ***

In connection with the suggestion for a limitation of armaments a chronic dyspeptic has suggested that the League of Nations should turn its attention to Christmas puddings. ***

The custom of dings has practically died out in Scotland. It is now established that the pudding rather spoils the taste of the to-morrow."

"A Merry Christmas," said Dr. Vor-ONOFF, the gland specialist, to one of his patients, "and thousands of them."

Many cases have been known of life-long teetotalers winning bottles of whisky in Christmas sweeps. This

season has its pathetic side.

It is rumoured that quite a number of postmen have again decided this year not to solicit Christmas-boxes next year.

It is only in the interests of his family the recent shortage of ghosts during | that we refrain from giving the full

shows that even the joyous and festive | a surprise for householders this Christmas," announces an evening paper. Some people don't seem to know the difference between a surprise and a shock.

> "Hot whisky for influenza," announces a headline. We gladly accept the exchange.

According to Professor Martin of

New York the world will end during December of nextyear. Small boys and turkeys are anxious to know whether it is to be before or after the 25th.

Next year being Leap Year, women will have the right of proposing marriage, just as they have had in any other year since the War.

Senator HIRAM Johnson has re ferred to Britain as a great country. HIRAM, you said a jugful. ***

American rumrunners complain of being undercut by Scotsmen. The patriotism of consumers is appealed to for the support of a home industry.

An Englishwoman has recently returned to London after a journey through Central Africa, during which she once fought, singlehanded and successfully, with fourteen savage Soudanese women who

The Winter Bargainattacked her. Sales Committee is seriously thinking of lowering her handicap.

People are said to be going to theatres more and more. This comes of having wireless apparatus installed in so many homes.

It is pointed out that women are not availing themselves of the revised Divorce Laws. Perhaps when the



The new Butler (who has been taken out stalking). "They told me it was a country PLACE, BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY AS 'OW THE COUNTRY WAS ALL SET HUP ON HEND."

pouring brandy over Christmas pud- asked for a tip by the hotel waiter, replied, "Certainly. Back Crimson Wanderer both ways for the three-thirty

> Among recently-published books is one by Dr. D. McKenzie, entitled Aromatics and the Soul: A Study of Smells. Just the thing for those men who have received Christmas gifts of cigars from their wives.

"Waits playing bagpipes are to be Christmas shopping is over-



"Muvver's compliments, Mrs. 'Addick, an' would you care to tike a day orf from business an' go a-singin' carols wiv 'fr?"



First Vocalist. "I'm Goin' to sing 'Christians, Awake."

Second Vocalist. "I ain't—I'm Goin' to sing 'Shepherds watch their flocks.'"

Leader. "You can both sing wot ver like, so long as yer sings it in chune."



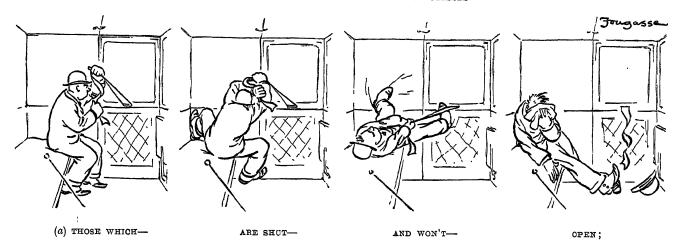
Hospitable Aunt. "Would little Theophilus like some more of this lovely pudding?" Theophilus. "If you please, Aunt. A segment of fifteen degrees would suffice."

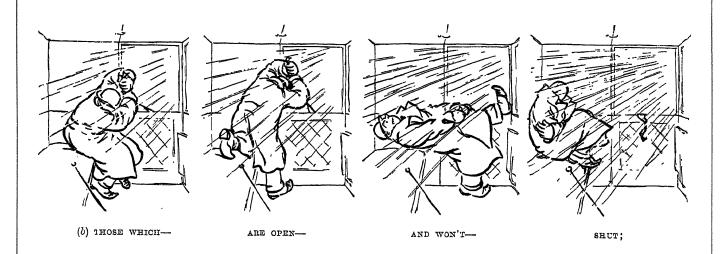


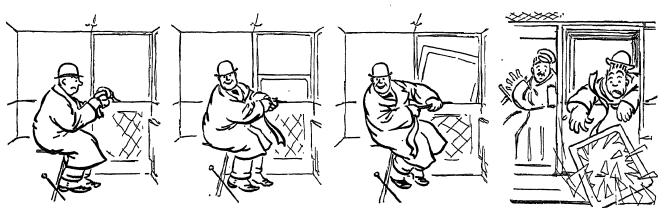
Uncle George (who imagines himself to be making the children's party a success, at the climax of his favourite trick). "Now, as you all observe, my hands do not touch the floor at all as I abstract the pin with my teeth."

TAXI-WINDOWS.

TAXI WINDOWS FALL NATURALLY INTO THREE CLASSES-







AND (c) THOSE WHICH-

MOVE-

PERFECTLY-

FREELY.

[The dancing authorities seem unable to provide us with a really new darce. We offer a few suggestions.]



I.—THE "JANUS GLIDE"



II .- THE "THYROID TROT."



III.—THE "BOLSHY BEANO."



IV .- THE "FROG HOP" OR "JUMPING JAZZ."

' PUNCH" (ALMANACK NUMBER), NOV 5, 1923. Punch's Almanack for 1924.

MORE "DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."



THE GENTLE ART OF BEING CONSPICUOUS.

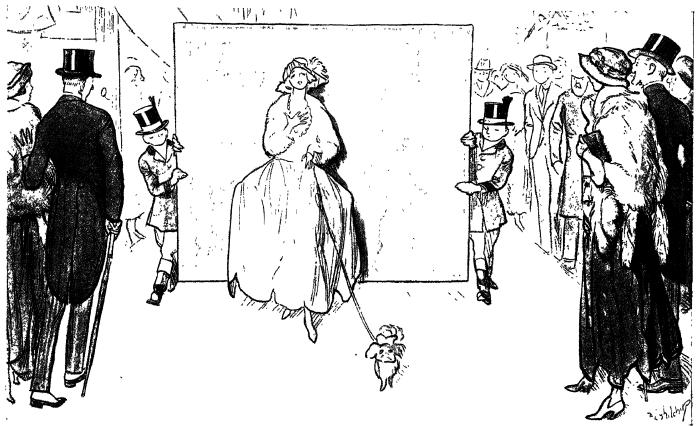


PICTURE OF MR. BOOSTER ALLWAYS (1) IN PICCADILLY, AND

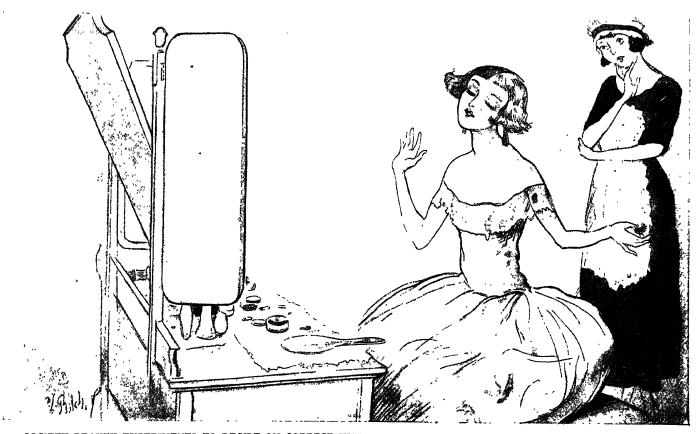


(2) AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

THE EXACTING ART OF BEING ELEGANT.



LADY OF FASHION, WHO FEELS THAT HER LATEST CREATION REQUIRES AN ADEQUATE SETTING, TAKES HER PROMENADES COMPLETE WITH SUITABLE BACKGROUND.



SOCIETY BEAUTY EXPERIMENTS TO DECIDE ON CORRECT HUE OF HAIR AND COMPLEXION TO GO WITH NEW FROCK.

MISSING A SHORT PUTT IN FOUR LANGUAGES.



IN ENGLAND.



IN ITALY.

MISSING A SHORT PUTT IN FOUR LANGUAGES.

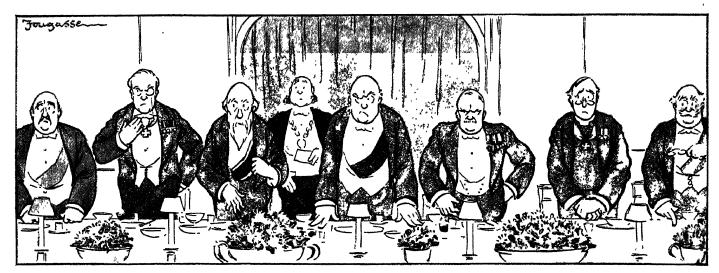


IN SPAIN.

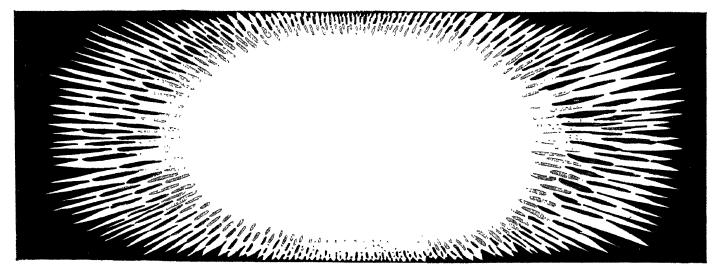


IN JAPAN.

THE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH—A VISUAL IMPRESSION.



GOING ...

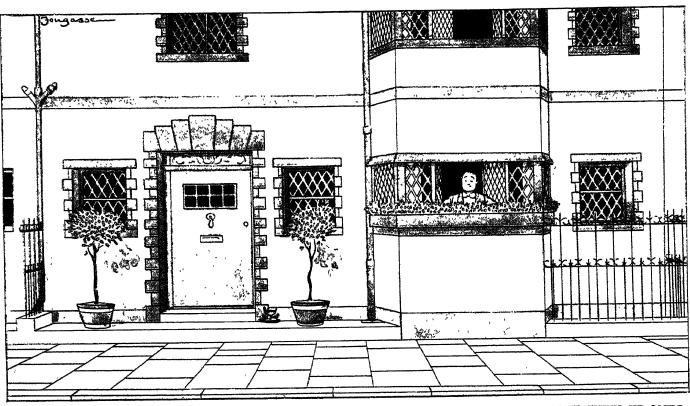


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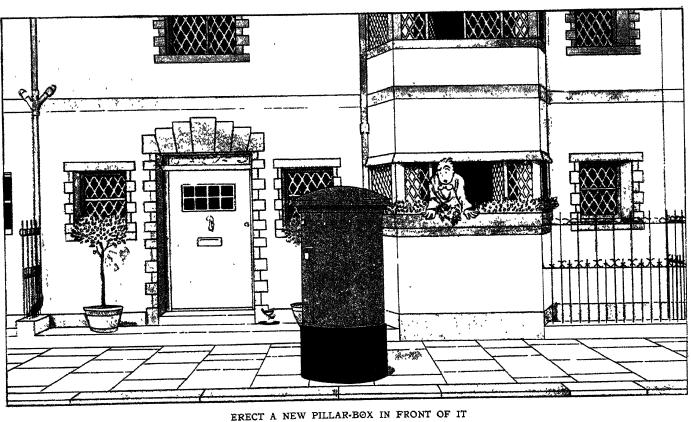


GONE!

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE STATE.



WHEN BOTTICELLI BINNS DEVOTED SO MUCH THOUGHT TO THE REPAINTING OF HIS HOUSE, I DON'T THINK HE CCULD HAVE HEARD OF THE PROPOSAL TO—



MANNERS AND MODES.—THE SUCCESSFUL PARTY.

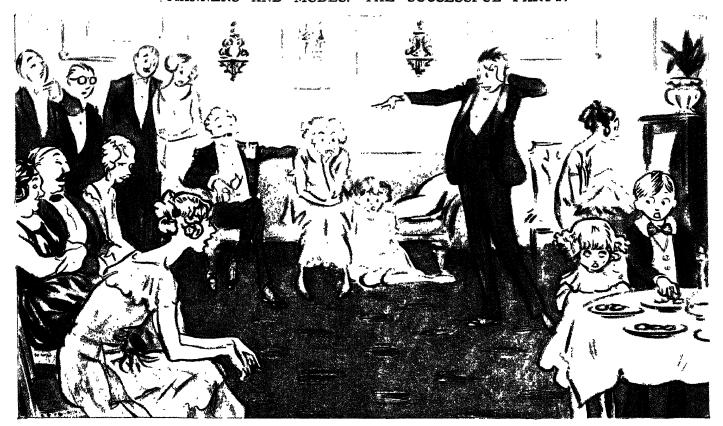


AT HAMPSTEAD.



AT CHELSEA.

MANNERS AND MODES.—THE SUCCESSFUL PARTY.



AT TOOTING.



IN MAYFAIR



HICKORY PETE OF BURNING GULCH DECIDES TO CHALLENGE JACK DEMPSEY.

A WILD WEST FANTASY.



The Shade. "ZOUNDS! BUT THE OLD ROAD HATH CHANGED BUT LITTLE SINCE MY TIME. AND YONDER COMES A GOODLY COACH—OR I'M A DUTCHMAN."



* * * * !



IN THE PRE-B.B.C. PERIOD.





Acting Petty Officer. "Why the devil wasn't the deck swabbed down before now?"

Ordinary Seaman. "I thought as 'twere goin' to rain and I shouldn't 'ave to."

Acting Petty Officer. "Oh, it's blamin' it on the weather ye are. Now mark ye my words, me lad. If it rains in the morning ye'll swab down the decks in the afternoon. An' if it rains in the afternoon ye'll swab 'em down in the mornin'."



Newly-appointed Major (to sentry who has given the ordinary salute). "You should present arms. Don't you realise that I am a field officer now?"

Sentry. "AH—zo you are, Zurr. My word, but you are a-gettin' on!"



American Sportsman (who has taken a forest for the purposes of photograply). "What the blazes did you shoot that stag for just when I was taking a picture?"

Stalker. "Weel, ye were crying 'Keep him still, Tonald—keep him still!' and there was nae ither way."



Keeper. "YE WERE JUST THE LASTE BIT BEHINT 'IM, SORR."

Sportsman. "I AIMED AT HIS HEAD, TOO. I OUGHT TO HAVE GOT HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE BODY."

Keeper (still anxious to please). "IF HE HAD BEEN AN OSTRICH NOW, SORR, YE'D HAVE HAD HIM."

THE CYCLE OF EXTREMES.



Too skimpy-



OR TOO FULL.



Too RIGID-



OR TOO TEMPESTUOUS.

THE CYCLE OF EXTREMES.



Too WIDE-



OR TOO NARROW.



Too protuberant-



AND NOW TOO SKIMPY AGAIN.

THE LAST CASE OF "NEEDLE" ROKE.

Mr. Punch's Best-Seller.

"A PRETTY woman forgives a man once, a woman twice, herself never," laughed the Comtesse de Vidomme, with a flash from her lustrous yellow

A burst of laughter greeted the epigram. My eye roamed again the brilliant scene, the gleaming napery, the forks and spoons. A fitting frame for that strange gathering of men and women, Statesmen, Ambassadors, Financiers, Embezzlers, the flower of the Chancelleries of Europe.

It was Christmas Day, the festival of Peace. But why was the Russian Ambassador at Madrid spending Christmas at the Midland seat of Sir Leslie Crane, sometime Foreign Minister of Great Britain? What was the Yugo-Slavian Minister at Stockholm doing there? Why was that pale-blue automobile now purring in the avenue, with the cock of



"THERE WAS A MYSTERY IN HER DARK

France stamped upon the carburettor? These things could mean but one thing. War. Red war.

It was a thought to stagger the mentality of the most hardened young diplomat.

"Why is Lord Rendle staying at Whiteleas?" murmured a rich voice.

The girl at my side was very beauti- In my ears I ful. There was a mystery in her dark seemed to hear the hair. The lobes of her ears were perfectly formed.

But was she not also the niece of the Croatian Legate at Vilna? It behoved me to be careful.

I parried the question with a light remark anent the weather. For I knew very well the raison d'être of Lord Rendle's sojourn at Whiteleas. Ever since his powerful orange automobile that formula, and had purred up to the front-door the previous day he had been closeted with our host in the private apartments of the latter. The former (a terrible bore) had come hot-foot from the Cabinet to urge Sir Leslie's resumption of partici- in torture. pation in the destinies of his country. With that keen mind added to their armoury, the British Government would be the better able to play their cards the beautiful girl beside me. with the Chancelleries of Europe.

But it was well known that Sir Leslie was devoted to his hobbies and his Tudor home. A passionate moss-collector, could he be seduced therefrom to the hurly-burly of statesmanship again? Now, as he listened to the



"LORD RENDLE HAD BEEN CLOSETED WITH OUR HOST."

ceaseless pleading of his interlocutor, l saw that his face was haggard from the

strain of his position.

"We have to find a formula," said Lord Rendle, pausing weightily between each word. "Without a formula Europe is doomed. Find that formula and Europe is saved. Forgive me," he boomed, "but here I cannot speak more plainly."

Sir Leslie nodded and a shadow swept

his brow again.

"Find that formula," continued Lord Rendle deliberately, "and Croatia will sunder her connection with the Little Entente. Lithuania will join France. France will join Lithuania. Russia me, with its suggestion of finality and will abandon her Trilenko claim. Spain will come to an understanding with Finland. Finland will form a rap- The body lay flat on the floor of prochement with Lisbon. There will the great library—Sir Leslie Crane, the be a démarche in Turkey. America | man who might have saved Europe! will send a Note to the Lapps. There

will be Peace." He paused. "You know the alternative," he went on gravely. "War. Red War."

thunder of the guns. Sir Leslie closed his eyes.

"We must find that formula," said Lord Rendle, developing his theme. "And you are the man to find it. Find Croatia will sunder her connection with the Little Entente.

Lithuania will join France-

"But Croatia is the key," said Lord Rendle.

Spurred by some spur, I turned to

She was not there!

Where was she-Lydia Vampa, daughter of Croatia, niece to a Legatethe girl with the mystery in her hair; the lobes of whose ears were somehow never far from my thoughts?

When I saw her face emerging from under the table my heart gave a great leap of thankfulness. My suspicions, after all, were both base and baseless. I chuckled to myself at the paradox.

"I dropped my napkin," she said simply, but she flushed as she said it, and once again that twinge of doubt stabbed me to the core.

I suppose she sensed my unconscious ratiocinations.

"Ah, you English," she said, resuming her seat, "you are so cold."

Feast-day or fast-day, the cogs which move the wheels which drive the machine of diplomacy rest not. The men finished their superb Armistice brandy and staggered off to join the ladies. But I noticed that Lord Rendle drew Sir Leslie aside into the great library. "We have to find a formula," the statesman was saying; and the ex-Foreign Ministernoddedsilently, without words.

The door closed behind them . . .

The word sent a strange thrill through decay.

"Quite dead," said Lord Rendle again.

"This is murder," said Lord Rendle;



"'THERE HAS BEEN FOUL PLAY,' SAID LORD RENDLE."

ithuania will join France——" | "there has been foul play. I had not Sir Leslie sighed—the sigh of a man left him a minute. I went up to my apartment for some confidential papers in connection with a matter which I am not at liberty to reveal—I refer to our Secret Treaty with Chili—promising to return immediately. On rejoining him, Sir Leslie was dead; breath had fled

the Great Division.

"Before I left the room," he contin-Sir Leslie of urgent import. He begged day is it?"

to be left alone with her. When
I returned she was gone."

"Could you identify."

"Could you identify the woman?" said the Spanish Ambassador, with a flash of his wellpreserved tooth.

"I could," said Lord Rendle.

My heart stood still.

"I will say nothing more now," his lordship went on. "There were many who stood to profit by this man's extinction. Had he been successful in his search for a formula, Croatia would have had to abandon her designs on Southern Algeria. Abyssinian ambitions would have crumpled. The Serbs i would have yielded. Germany would have driven a wedge between Rumania and the Bulgs.

The Czecho-Jugos would have re-orientated towards the West. America would have sent a Note to the Finns. The hegemony of Southern Asia-

Silently we stole from the room, recognising the respect due to the apartment of death.

But the word "Croatia" rang in my ears.

I ran hot-foot to "The Crown."

It was a fortunate chance that my friend "Needle" Roke was taking a well-earned rest in the neighbourhood. I had seen enough of this mystery to its location himself? And if so, why? know that none but he would un-raffle it. What a man!

An eccentric by nature, I was not surprised to find him crawling about the floor of his apartment, chewing betel-nuts. "Keeps the mind supple," he used to say.

Briefly I unfolded the facts as we panted up the Avenue, Roke tearing off his waistcoat buttons as he ran, a nervous trick which showed his intellect to be working at its best.

"Is there a servant with red hair in the house?" he snapped at last.

"No."

"I was afraid you'd say that," he returned. "Williams, this case baffles me;" and taking out a pair of scissors he severed a tuft of his hair, another characteristic mannerism of this extraordinary man.

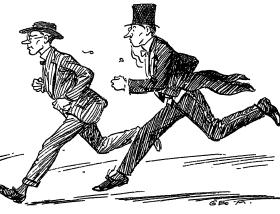
"Here is the body," I said, leading the way into the library.

But I stood back, gasping. The body had gone!

Roke was after it like a bloodhound, and, while I still stood dazed, was leading the way into the large apartment he held up two white billiard-balls.

from his limbs. He had taken part in adjoining. A huge billiard-table stood in the centre.

"Whatis this apartment?" he clicked.



"TEARING OFF HIS WAISTCOAT BUTTONS AS HE RAN"

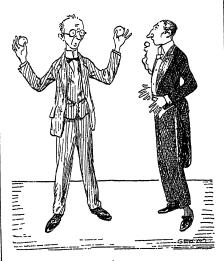
"Christmas Day."

"Ah!" he said with a gleam of triumph. "Then there is your body!" I gasped. The body lay face down-

wards on the sofa, dead.

Roke ignored it. He was scrambling in the pockets of the table, plucking feverishly at the last button of his waistcoat.

"Roke," I said, "frankly, I can see no daylight. Are we to believe that a dead body has deliberately removed itself from one room to the other? Or did the murderer return and change



" THESE BALLS ARE DOTH SPOT! ""

Either hypothesis seems at first sight

"There is something far stranger than that in this case," he replied; and

"Williams!" he said, and there was a sort of horror in his eyes. "There's been some damnable work afoot heredamnable!'

"Speak, Roke. What is it?"
"I don't know yet," was the grave response. "But these balls are both spot!"

VII.

Lord Rendle was beckoning us into the hall.

"Mr. Roke," he said, "Inspector Smoot is here. But such is the besotted folly of the police that I am withholding from them the material facts of the case."

"You have done well," said my friend, nervously plucking off his last remaining waistcoat-button.

"The woman whose intervention in the library was the prelude to this terrible drama is the niece of the Croatian Legate at Vilna. I need not tell you what that means. I was at the time

in search of a formula. Had the dead man found that formula, within three hours there would have been a coup d'état in the Croatian capital. The Quai d'Orsay would have accepted the fait accompli. Spain would have ceded Morocco. Japan would have scrapped her new battleship. The Serbian Minister would have revoked his resignation. Lithuania would have attached herself to the Little-

Something made my eyes stray into the billiard-room. I gasped.

"What is the matter with you?" said Roke sharply.

For response I levelled a shaking

The body had disappeared!

VIII.

Patiently Roke was piecing the thing together.

"The tracks of a full-grown man in snow remain for eight days if there is no thaw," said the inscrutable man.

"But there is no snow," I cried.

"Exactly."

Try as I could, I could not guess at his meaning.

"One thing I have established," he went on.

I leaned forward eagerly, ready to

"There is some person, man or woman, who has a powerful motive for concealing this murder. What do you make of this?

The object in his grasp was an exquisitely jewelled hair-pin. About the trinket hung a faint aroma.

"Cherchez la femme," said his lordship grimly; and I hated him for the remorseless logic of his speech.

Roke sniffed significantly.

"Talc," he sniffed. "The favourite perfume of the Croatian cocottes."

Come what might, I would be her friend.



"SHE UNDULATED TOWARDS ME."

At midnight I entered her apartment. She undulated towards me, robed in a clinging Oriental wrapper, which somehow enhanced the lobes of her ears.

"Ah, you English!" she murmured;

"you are so cold."

I pressed my lips to hers.

The gesture seemed to give her confidence. Tight-lipped, she poured out her tale. Hour after hour. And what a tale!

"I believe in your innocence im-

plicitly," I said at last.

"Then you will do this for me, is it not?" she said, in her quaint broken English. "Take this packet-hide it is ruinėe."

My heart sank.

It was a packet of exquisitely-jewelled hairpins.

"Will you state the nature of your business with Sir Leslie Crane that mght?"

The challenge rang.out sharp in the crowded hall. The Ambassadors and their wives had long agodisrobed for the night, and, summoned by Roke, to witness the denoucment of his quest, now thronged the stairs in négligéc. The Albanian Minister had neglected to bring his hair.

"I cannot."

The girl's eyes were brave, though her nose

The hand that held Lord trembled. Rendle's night-light shook a little; but theiron features of the diplomatists were unbending. They believed her guilty.

And I—with the knowledge of that damning packet now buried under the Great Elm—what was I to believe?

Who knows?

Then came a dramatic turn.

A sign from Roke, and Inspector

Smoot stepped forward.
"Lord Rendle," he said, "I arrest you on a charge of the wilful murder of Sir Leslie Crane."

"The body will be found under the I could not believe my eyes. Great Elm," said my friend.

The Inspector gasped, a picture of stupidity.

Roke laughed, enjoying his triumph. "Only a freshly-turned worm, Inspector, but very often a useful clue."

"Jealousy, my dear boy -political jealousy," said Roke, as he loaded his favourite briar. "Sir Leslie would have been a dangerous rival in the Cabinet. Lord Rendle was playing a double game—inviting with one hand, dealing death with the other. Oh, it is despicable!"

My friend had been unraffling the tangled skein for my benefit. But I was as baffled as ever.

What was the significance of the two spot billiard-balls and the

jewelled hairpins? Why had I met the | hours of him I decided that death was girl with the perfect lobes on the backstairs carrying a tray of viands? And bury it—eat it; or your little friend why had the dead man whispered those strange words to her that fatal night, "Rescue me at half-past nine"?

Clearly he had sensed his peril. Then why had he appealed to her? Was she his mistress? Had he been her paramour? Was he insured?

I beat my head against the wall.

Tip-toe the girl led me through the green-baize door, the lobes of her ears a-quiver with mischief.

"But this is Sir Leslie's private

apartment," I cried.
"Hush!"

A tall figure rose from the bureau.

It was Sir Leslie Crane!

"Yes, my dear boy," said the ex-Minister, "Lord Rendle is the First Bore in Europe, and after thirteen



"A SPECIAL LICENCE."

the only avenue of escape. As it was, he pursued me even in death, necessitating those changes of position which puzzled you so much. So soon as Parliament reassembles, I may safely

come to life without fear of further molestation; and Lord Rendle will be set at liberty. Till then-

"But the hair-pin?" I gasped.

"A loan, my boy," laughed the diplomat. "I affect a briar-pipe. Meanwhile I have not been idle," and the sometime Foreign Secretary took two documents from his bureau.

One was a Special Licence, in the names of Lydia Vampa and Ernest Williams. Theotherwas The Formula.

Europe was saved! The bells rang out for Boxing Day. A. P. H.

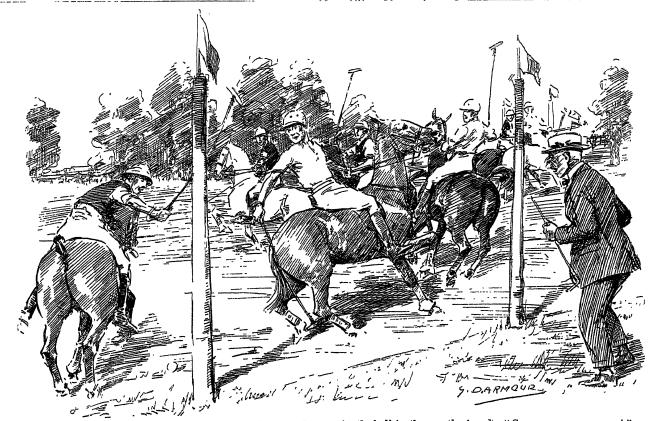


"'I ARREST YOU ON A CHARGE OF WILFUL MURDER.'"

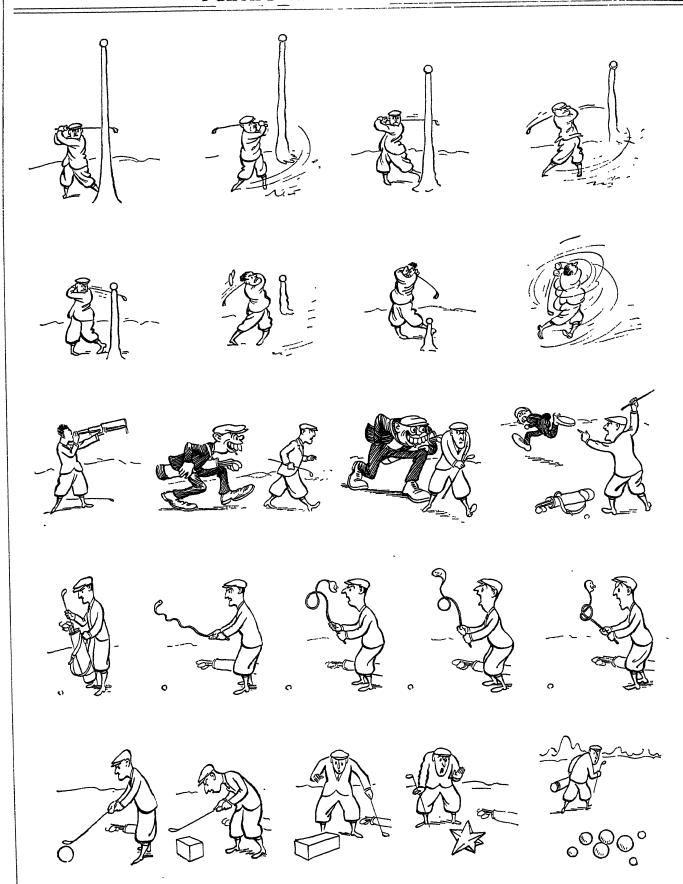


Worried Sportsman. "D-N, I've missed every bird."

Faithful French Valct (loading). "Mais non, Monsieur; il y en a un qui est gravement bles: h."

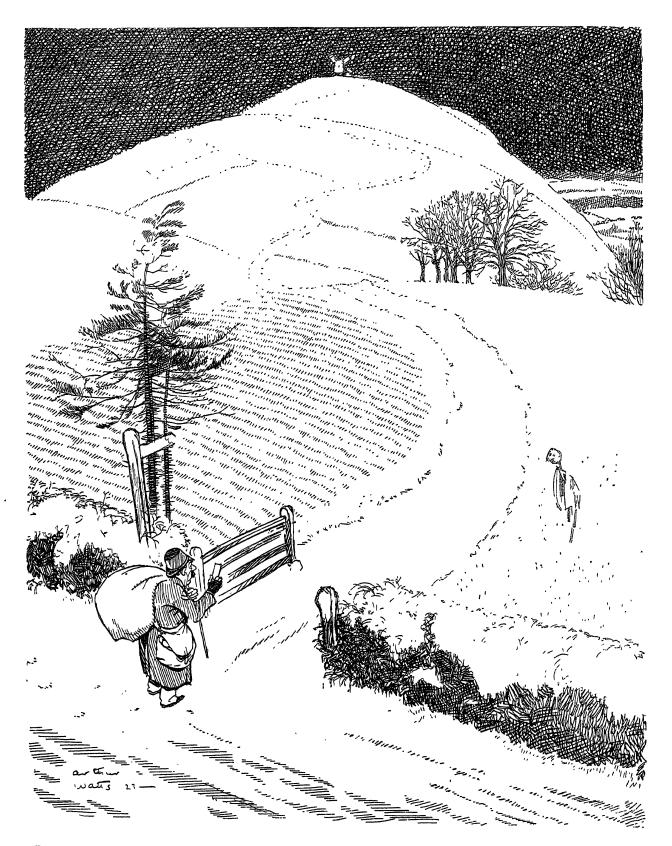


Excitable Commanding Officer (who has seen all his subalterns miss the ball in the mouth of goal). "Get CFF and kick it!"

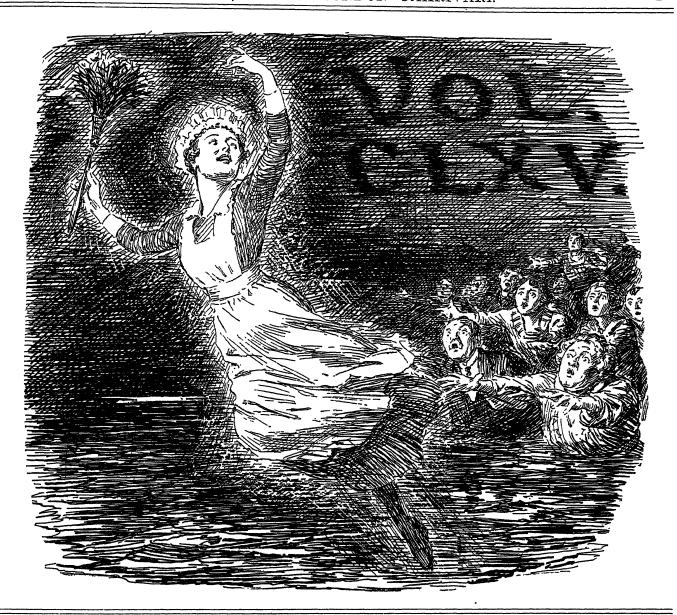


A GOLF NIGHTMARE INDUCED BY THE CLUB BORE.





RURAL POSTMAN. "AN' ME GOT TO CLIMB TO THE VERY TOP O' THAT THERE 'ILL WIV ONE CHRISTMAS' CARD WIV A COUPLE O' DRATTED CATS PLAYIN' THE FIDDLE ON IT."



DYNAMICS FOR BEGINNERS.

(With Easy Examples.)

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was the man Who found the Laws of Motion, an Achievement which, I fancy, can

Be said of very few men; And if you'll give these Laws a test You'll find it has to be confessed That Isaac was indeed possessed Of very great acumen.

THE LAW OF GRAVITY. He found the acceleration you Or I acquire in falling through The air, and he expressed it too In figures most compactly; The late Professor Binks, who went And tumbled off the Monument, Remarked, while making the descent, "He's gauged the pace exactly."

THE FIRST LAW OF MOTION. When once you get upon the move (Unless you're stopped), he tries to prove,

Straight on, like tram-wheels in a groove, For ever you'll continue; Just fall downstairs and try; your

weight

Will send you down at quite a rate, But every bump will mitigate The motion that is in you.

THE SECOND LAW OF MOTION. "Momentum's change is bound to be Proportional to Force," says he; And this again, it seems to me,

Leaves nothing to dispute on; I used to think that he was wrong Till, as I drove my car along A winding lane, a charabong Converted me to NEWTON.

THE THIRD LAW OF MOTION. He also, you must understand, First spread the maxim through the land-

"Each action has an equal and An opposite reaction. Last night I ventured out to dine With certain jolly friends of mine, And—well, this morning I opine He's got it to a fraction.

"Practically new gent's cycle, £7."

Advt. in Weekly Paper. All the practically new gents that we know prefer a perambulator.

From an article on the Morpeth by-election :-

"To call this the Forpeth division is rather misleading."—Manchester Paper. It didn't mislead us.

SUZANNE AND HER ELDERS.

I.—THE PRE-LENGLEN ERA. (An unpublished Ode for a Summer Number of that period.)

This is a Summer Number, therefore I Am almost bound To seize the office lute and sound That season's virtues in a spasm Of unreserved enthusiasm, Noting the tender azure of its sky Repeated in its seas of blue (I must go down that way again), Its riot of flowers, its mellowing grain, Its purple twilights and its dawns of pearl.

Yet has it painful features too-Midges that gnaw and munching gnats And wasps that shrewdly sting; And I could name another thing More devastating still—and that's The so-called "Summer Girl."

Before us in the cheaper papers Her toothy face is set As camera-touts have caught her, Cutting amphibious capers Where ocean's edge is not too wet; Or (for the type is mostly met In the vicinity of water) Cushioned in punts up shady creeks Or wedged in stuffy locks Among her callow "boys" in gaudy socks

And cummerbunds and strange suburban blazers, With fledgling cheeks

Scarce ripe as yet for razors.

Like flies they come with summer's

These flappers, and at summer's close Like flies they pass, and no one knows Just where they go to in the winter-time.

II.—THE LENGLEN ERA. (A Postscript of that period.) To-day I'm told the "Summer Girl" is dead,

Or actively engaged in dying; And in her stead all round the year, On turf or cinders, brick or wood, With firm legs flying

And knitted brow and close-trimmed head

Swathed in the regulation fillet, Our young Nausicaas flog the sphere

Intent to kill it; Models of manly maidenhood, All hoping, if they are but good And pound along the strait and upward way,

To be Suzannes one day. O.S.

"Cross-examined, he said that Mr. Hetaoin shrdlu etaoi shrdl emfwshrrhh Swhen brandishing his stick, morely emphasising his words."—Evening Paper. With a name like that to brandish, one

could dispense with a stick.

"THE DANCING TEST."

Patricia had commandeered me to be her dancing-partner because apparently all the other fellows had previous engagements. Jack was in Switzerland, Ronny in the Bankruptcy Court, Arthur representing his county in the North. I was so little in demand that I was able to accept without reference to my engagement-book. I am fond of dancing; that is, I was once—last century. Also I am fond of Patricia, and Patricia knows that.

I don't mean I am too old for dancing. Not at all. It is merely that the modern modes of dancing don't happen to appeal They're too emotional; one to me. can't remain detached. If your partner ricia thoughtfully, "it would save such is pretty, and has a ravishing smile and happens to be youthful, and is full of energy after an hour or two of this intimate sort of dancing, your heart shows symptoms of collapse. Your voice loses its steady timbre. You say, "By Jove, Patricia, that was topping!" not meaning anything more than you are saying; yet in an instant Patricia has flashed a look at you—a look that says audibly, "Hallo! Hallo! You too?"

Patricia isn't inexperienced. She told me herself that she had refused seventeen offers of marriage. She is just nineteen. I went to the dance wondering whether I should be the eighteenth.

Towards midnight I suggested champagne and anchovy sandwiches. Patricia agreed that champagne might appeal, but chose lobster mayonnaise, followed by trifle, ending up with two or three ices. Then she lit a cigarette and surveyed me impartially.

"Freddy," she remarked, "I like you. You're a good sort. And you don't bother—not much. Of course you're signs of getting soppy. It's a wondernot young; but you're still young ful test. If he dances just as well at enough to know where to stop. Your the end as he did at the beginning, dancing isn't anything to marvel at, I realise that our life together would be but you don't look like a soppy shopwalker—as most men do when they're dancing. Don't you get soppy, dear old thing, or I shan't come out with that he's pukka. you again. Now let's dance."

I had assimilated one small sandwich and half a glass of well-meaning champagne. Patricia's light diet has already been described. I wanted to sit and contemplate. Patricia preferred direct action.

Towards two o'clock I put my foot down—on Patricia's. "Steady, old thing," she murmured. "You're no butterfly."

"Sorry for treading on your foot and all that," I replied, "but I've just remembered that to-morrow is my forty-first birthday.

Patricia smiled. "I should have If it's right the first time, it seems guessed forty at the most."

We sat in silence for a few minutes. "Look here," exclaimed Patricia suddenly, "do you really want to marry

"No," I muttered, endeavouring to soften the blow. "I shouldn't be equal to it."

"Equal to what?" "This sort of thing."

"Dancing all night?"

"Yes."

"But, my dear old thing," protested Patricia, "I shouldn't expect you to. One doesn't dance with one's husband. It isn't done. Besides, you'd be much happier playing bridge at your club."

"Much," I agreed. "If I married you," continued Pata lot of bother.'

I pondered this dark saying.

"You see," said Patricia with a sigh, "marriage isn't what it was."

"Quite," I agreed. A number of my friends had told me that it wasn't.

"One has to consider so many things nowadays. A man who dances really well can't be a very dependable husband. Can he?"

I didn't exactly know how to take that remark. Was it a compliment to my dancing at the expense of my character, or a compliment to my character at the expense of my dancing?

"Dancing men," continued Patricia, "are all egotists. And they get so used to being kow-towed to. They must be awful to live with. But a man who can't dance a little bit, yet tries, in order to please the girl he's fond of, and doesn't mind making an exhibition of himself for her sake, must be rather decent. I've made a point of dancing a whole evening with every man who has shown hopeless. But if he starts badly and gets steadily worse, and still keeps his temper, well it shows—doesn't it?—

"Thank you," I murmured. Candidly, I thought I had been dancing rather well, but I received the mixed compliment with the humility expected

of one of my age and inexperience.
"So, if you like, you can send the announcement to The Morning Post. And I'll have just one dance with Captain Beresford, who dances like an angel. And then you can see me home."

"It is pretty safe to say that the weather is little influenced by volcanoes and that volcanoes have little influence on the weather." Evening Paper.

quite safe to say it again.



THE WEBB OF DESTINY.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB. "I AM WAVING THIS RED FLAG, NOT PROVOCATIVELY, BUT TO SIGNALISE WHAT I HAVE SO HAPPILY CALLED THE 'INEVITABILITY OF GRADUALNESS' WHICH MARKS OUR ROLLER'S ADVANCE."

BRICKBAT r. CROUPIER. THE HITCH IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT DOMINOES CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE deadlock in regard to the final contest at the Wembley Stadium con-



AT OLYMPIA. I. "HARVEST MOON" DOES A GOOD RISE.

tinues, and at the moment the outlook is very uncertain.

Brickbat, the British champion, it will be remembered, has asked for a postponement of the contest on the grounds of eye-strain, his left eye, on which he relies for close work, being what is technically known as "bungedup," through an unexpected attack of

reading a daily newspaper damp from the press, which gave him a chill on the optic.

Seen at his magnificent suite of rooms Mr. Brickbat spoke feelingly on the subject of his

distressing disability.
"I hate," said he with becoming modesty, "to disappoint the British public, to whom I am indebted for so much, knowing, as I do, how eagerly they are looking forward to seeing mechew the features off this boastful foreigner. 'Tis true he made a meal of me in our last contest three years ago; but everybody knows the reason. My regular supply of fresh caviare had failed to arrive that morning—a sturgeons' strike in Astrakhan, I learned afterwards, was

responsible—and my digestion was thrown out of gear. Moreover, my valet had put out the wrong spats and thereby upset my mental poise.

"This time, however, I had made up my mind to wipe the floor of the stadium with this over-rated Croupier, when my left eye failed me, and to my horror I had to go out of training."

"What was the verdict of the eye-specialist?" asked our representative.

"I saw Dr. Hollybush at Harley Street," was the reply, "and he said that a small fly had found temporary lodgment in the eye, and after ejection had left footmarks which could be removed with soap-and-water in a day or so, after which I should be as well as ever.

"Sheer stupidity, I call it. Look at this eye, and then look at that. Is it possible for me to use the double-six or even the double-five to the best advantage with only one available eye? No. no. Give me a few months' rest, and let me enter the contest in a fit condition to uphold the honour of Britain in our native game of dominoes—which we taught the world to play—and thus give Mr. Baldwin the support he needs in these perilous days when our empire is menaced.

"Remember," he added, with his well-known winning smile, "I don't care a straw personally for the bullion. My wants are few and simple. A snack at the Saveloy, a jaunt in my Pan-Royce, pottering about on my estatethese satisfy me. And my sole reason for engaging in money contests is to cornucopia. This he attributes to help the Entertainments Tax.'

Our representative then sought Croupier, the European champion, and found him hard at work in his training quarters. Opposed to him were three stalwart dominoes-players, including one seventeen-stone partner who was



AT OLYMPIA. III. THE BLINKER INFLUENCE.

reputed to be able to play the doubleblank with his ear.

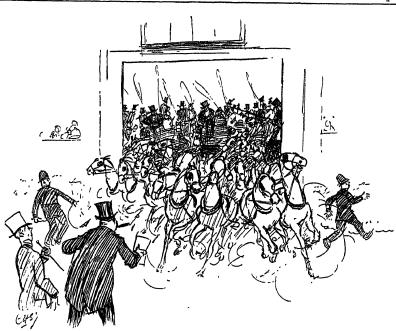
"Brickbat," said Croupier to me, "is talking-what you say?-through ces 'at. Tree year ago I have dance on his stomach—no, no, chest—and I can do so every time. His eye! Sapristi! Look at my sinister orb. Doctor 'Ollybush 'ave examine 'im, and 'e, speaking with technique, that I 'ave no left eye

at all. I must employ my right eye for all infighting with the fourtree or the blank-one.

"If Brickbat backs under 1 will not defer the battle. I will claim fourfits. I go to Amérique to meet Murderous Mike. The honour of France is in question."

And with a superb gesture he played the blank-five against all three of his opponents.

Brickbat's reply will appear in to-morrow's issue. (Back numbers containing the opening chapters of this controversy can be obtained from the office.)



AT OLYMPIA, II. IF WE HAD A CLOSE FINISH IN THE COACHING MARATHON.

[&]quot;Situations Wanted. Groom, experienced widower, 20 excellent characters."—Local Paper. Where is your Henry VIII. now?



Fatherly Urchin (after dodging motor traffic). "You can tike it easy, nah, Jimmy; they're only 'orses."

THE INCOMPLEAT ANGLER.

What shall I tell you about my last leave, fishing up North? I am wondering. Shall I tell you of how we threw our flies huge distances, to alight like thistledown upon the water? Shall I speak of fat fish rushing madly to secure the luscious morsel, only to be flicked in the twinkling of an eye into the boat, already overloaded by a great mound of their fellows?

And what of the triumphant return to the hotel? of the admiring villagers? of myself on the rustic bench after dinner recounting the story of the three enormous monsters I had on all together at one time?

No, no; such things have been told before. For myself, I will speak the truth, if indeed truth is to be found in the mouths of anglers.

My mind is full of a heavy boat having to be moved through endless beds of weeds and of the constant drip of rain from my cap down the back of my neck.

How furiously one is given to think at these times! Why do my flies, unlike the thistledown of imagination, land in the water like beer bottles hurled by the Bank-holiday tripper? Why should my top dropper persist in hanging itself I fish know much too much as it is.

on the tail fly just as a fish rises, and why does the lower dropper invariably fix itself in my trousers just when I have cleared the top one?

These are the problems which fill my mind, together with the all-important one of where the fish hide themselves. There are heaps of fish, we know, because we have seen them disporting themselves in shoals between 6 P.M. on Saturday and 6 A.M. on Monday, when, as you know, fishing is prohibited by law in Scotland. The fish know it too and make the most of it, lying in bed all the week and only getting up at the week-end.

The sole individual who got a good bag this year at the place where we were fishing was one who went out between six and seven o'clock on the first Monday morning of Summer Time. Dreadful was the havoc wrought by him among the unsuspecting fish, who were having a last swim round under the protection, as they imagined, of the | his oar for him. law of the land.

People about there thought it was an unsporting thing to do, but I am not one of those who would scorn to take advantage of an ignorant fish, if the chance should come my way. The

Near a small town we were at there is some fishing, which is fished mostly by the shopkeepers, who go out after the day's work is done. There the fish are rising in swarms all day, except on Tuesday, which is Early-Closing day; but at about five o'clock they go down to tea and stay there until after breakfast next morning.

But while waiting for fish there is always the pastime of dropping an oar to be indulged in. To ensure getting the maximum of amusement out of this you must see that there is no spare oar in the boat. There should be plenty of weeds to catch the other oar when in use, and a high wind to make the boat drift faster than the oar you are chasing.

We were introduced to this game by a gentleman who had been playing at it for nearly two hours when we came along. He kindly allowed us to join in, and we were clever enough to collect

It was our best catch.

"Prum, what some plete; even wheels."

Advt. in Evening Paper. "Pram, with Silk Canopy and Cover com-

We appreciate this generous conception of completeness.

WIMBLEDONIANA.

An old story is told of the objection of a sagacious town-councillor to the proposed new wall round the cemetery. "Absurd," he said; "because those that are in don't come out, and those that are out don't want to go in." This is both like and unlike Wimbledon. For the whole world wants Wimbledon seats, and traffic in them has become a new form of industry. The Times' Personal Column is given up to the Haves who are prepared to part, and the Have-nots, who are prepared to buy, while anyone who is known to have been successful in the ballot is subjected by his friends to a too constant affection. At the same time almost total strangers are transformed into friends for the sole purpose of borrowing one of his tickets: "If by any chance you can't use it yourself." For that is the formula.

"I hear you've got tickets for Wimbledon," a man said to me; "but I happen to know you're going down to Godalming for the week-end." (Now how did he know? Only during the Wimbledon fortnight could there be such clairvoyance.) "Well, unless you've placed them..." and so forth.

I state it as a solemn and really rather disquieting fact, appertaining to the darker mysteries, if not actually to the black arts, that no one can keep hidden the circumstance that he has two books of tickets for Wimbledon; and no one is free from requests to transfer them. "To-morrow if you like; but of course, if you could possibly spareonefor either of the final days..." That is another formula.

And why is this frantic desire for Wimbledon seats? To see Mr. W. M. Johnston, our old American friend? No. To see Mr. Vincent Richards, the new American? A little, yes. To see Mr. B. I. C. Norton, the youthful South African who is so like the Prince of Wales? No. To see Monsieur Brugnon of France in his spotless ducks? No. To see Monsieur Washer of Belgium, or the Conde de Gomar of Spain? No. To see Mr. Lycett or Mr. Woosnam? No. To see those perennials, Mr. Roper Barrett and Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie? No. Nor yet to see Mrs. Mallory or Miss Ryan.

Why then these crowds, this importunity? The answer is SUZANNE.

Wimbledon is packed for SUZANNE, and SUZANNE alone. Other players may be watched, but by every eye the Lenglen is devoured. Other players but fill up the intervals between SUZANNE in the singles and SUZANNE in the doubles. Never have I seen despair and impatience and mortification so legibly

written on the human countenance as on Thursday last in Court 2, when Mr. F. G. Lowe and Mr. J. E. Gilbert went on for ever in their efforts to come to a decision. Every rally—and their rallies lasted for minutes—caused a groan. And why? Because later in the day, on that same court, which is the second holy of holies, Suzanne was to be in a contest. The best tennis that any one else could play would be merely an interference to the crowd, which I hardly need say is composed chiefly of Suzanne's own sex. For men are comparatively rare at Wimbledon.

There are, however, always exceptions, and they rallied in their thousands, these dames and damsels, to watch the two Americans, Mr. Johnston and Mr. RICHARDS, in their historic struggle on Friday. When I say that Mr. RICHARDS is reputed to be only twenty, and certainly looks no more, and that he is tall and comely to boot, I need say no more as to which player, on making an error, caused the spectators to utter murmurs of despair, or which, on achieving the impossible (as both did more than once), caused every hand to applaud. Mr. Johnston won; but he won only the match; the hearts were his adversary's.

SUZANNE, as I say, is the chief magnet, and the second is Tea. Nowhere is the pursuit of tea carried on with such pertinacity and concentration as at Wimbledon; and the impulse to seek it comes almost invariably during a match of peculiar interest. For instance, it will be when the score in the centre court during the final for the singles is two sets all and five games to the server, that most of the company will get up and begin to push past in the great tea hunt. You who read these lines and chance to be going to Wimbledon then, watch if I am not right. One thing, however, is certain: that whatever is the motive—whether the desire for tea or mere exercise-almost no one at Wimbledon thinks of waiting for a game to end before getting up. There is an excellent custom at the Queen's Hall to close the doors during the performance of each item and make late-comers and restless folk wait where they are. I wish it could be adopted at Wimbledon.

As for Suzanne herself, she remains what she was. She is no older; I mean she is not less young. Her movements are the same; her bandeau, if not the same, is true to type; her leaps and bounds are either the same or more powerful and terrifying; her knittingneedles are the same, although what she knits may be new. Looking at her, I thought of her as the Sarah Bernhardt of the Courts.

"There is only one consoling thought | Yes, but whose?

at these meetings," said a forlorn friend (a patient but unimproving performer) as we watched the perfection of the players, "and that is that when a man, no matter who it is—Johnston himself—loses a game without scoring a point we ourselves could not have done worse." And with this crumb of comfort we came away.

E. V. L.

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

BADGER CASTLE.

THE hills are hushed and the vales are hushed,

And the woodland lies asleep,
But badgers are pacing the ramparts
And badgers are manning the keep;
There's a badger's eye at each loophole slit,

And high in the belfry skied A badger waits to smite the bell That warns the country-side.

There's scent from north, there's scent from south.

There's scent from east and west, And every badger that rides abroad Holds sword or lance in rest, And peers beneath his visor's brim, And checks th' untimely sneeze,

Lest ambushed brigands bend in wait
Behind the traitor trees.

With doughty knight, with trusty squire,

With rheumy seneschal,
The big bold baron badger
Holds counsel in his hall;
Where'er a noosing wire may lurk

Or gape of fanged trap, Where dog has passed, where man has passed,

Is noted on his map.

"Now each one to his station And God defend the right!" The big bold baron badger

Has girt him for the fight.
"Though man may dupe the ravening wolf

Or cheat the crafty fox, Yet never, never, never Shall he bluff my grizzled brocks."

Another Impending Apology.

"The gentleman to whose editorial energy cricketers are most indebted for the oue indefensible annual on the game."—Daily Paper. A case of Wisden not being justified of his children.

"Smart English women are wearing charming warm weather."—Newfoundland Paper.
But, in accordance with modern fashions, very little of it.

"To-day in the Garden.
Pinch fuchsias now to induce bushy growth."
Yes, but whose?

Daily Paper.



First Lady of the Stage to Second ditto (who has been acting as mannequin at a Charity Fête). "My DEAR, YOU WERE WONDERFUL. You 'WALKED ON' AS IF YOU HAD DONE NOTHING ELSE ALL YOUR LIFE."

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XV .- THE HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

THE most satisfactory kinds of historical novel deal with the period of QUEEN ELIZABETH, as it is possible to presume a little common knowledge between the author and the reader at this period. SHAKESPEARE should be brought in, but not in person. I doubt if he has ever been brought in with such triumphant effect as in

THE SECRET OF PROOME. Chapter I.—Of the Stranger that came to my Father's House.

Twas a gusty day of high wind that set the elm-trees in the great park rocking to and fro and prettily fluttered the ribands on the dairy wench's gown when the stranger rode up to my father's house at Proome, in the county of Devon. I was bowed above a book in the old library at the time, for I was ever of a studious haviour, but at the clatter of hoofs I sprang up on the instant and looked forth of the mullioned window on to the stone courtyard. The horseman had thundered on the knocker and now stood wiping his brow with a kerchief of fine lawn. He was a spare man of sober habit, with a pale face and, as I judged, about forty years of life, his horse hard-ridden and his long boots much spattered with the mire of 'again, father?" I said.

our West-country roads. Two hours later he was gone, and I was immediately summoned to my father's presence. "'Sdeath!" I thought to myself, "there is some great thing toward," and I stood hesitating for some moments before I knocked on the door of his privy room.

"Who is without?" he cried in a great voice.

"I am without," I answered.
"Come within!" he cried, and I came within.

"Dickon boy," he said to me, rising from his chair, "art prepared for ill tidings?"

"Father," I said, "'tis a gusty day of a high wind, and I have ever thought that if any ill hap happed to this house it is on such a day that it would chance. Tell me, who is he that has but now left |

"Sir Antony Pybus, the informer." "And what would he with us?"

"He makes threats to arraign me concerning divers old matters in the which he declares that I was privy to certain designs of them that are with the malcontent cause in this realm; nay more, he swears so to urge the business as he shall make forfeit the whole of this manor and estates to the Lord Chancellor or to the Lord High Privy Seal."

"Do you mind saying that all over

"Make no more ado of words!" cried he. "The thing that presses is that one here must ride with all haste to ask our pardon of the Queen, even of Gloriana herself. I am old and smitten of an ague. It is for thee to forward

this matter. Wilt thou do 't, lad?"
"Father," I said, advancing one foot and clapping a hand to the pommel of my sword, "I will."

"Two things then take with you. First of all this ancient signet-ring-

"Excuse me, father," I said; "what on earth is the use of taking your old ring?"

"I know not," he replied sadly, "but it seems to be always done. Take anyhow this matter of documents. Read them well first, and you will see that they give you a handle against our enemies. Use them only at dire need. Farewell."

Day had well-nigh broken ere I had mastered the contents of the curious scroll. When it had quite broken I had my horse saddled and called for a manchet of bread.

"Shall I lay it upon the board, Sir?" asked the serving-fellow.

"No," I replied. "I am going to manch it on the way."

Chapter II .- OF THE JOURNEY THAT I TOOK TO EXETER.

Young though I was, I was not heart-

morning as I pressed forward my thoughts would turn to Mistress Nance Marvell, who had won my service eight moons ago with the dimpled mischief of her smile. Since then, alack, she had gone to Court to be lady-in-waiting to one of the grand dames there, and made a barren wilderness, as I would put it in my verses to her, of all our smiling Devon land.

> "Methinks this land of Devon Where, sweeting, thou art not, Is far less like to Heaven Than to some loathlier spot,"

I had written to her in my love-lorn mood. Added to this were all the fardels of our ill fortune which my father had just related to me. But youth, courage, said my Lord of Leicester.

and the spring-tide sang within me. On a thorn I noticed a mavis, on another something which I took to be a merle, and as I rode I broke into a song written by one who was greatly in my mind at that hour, for reasons which I shall hereinafter narrate, and set to the spinet by Mistress Nance herself:-

"Hark, hark! Bow, wow, The watch-dogs bark; Bow, wow. Hark, hark! I hear The strain of strutting chanticleer Cry, 'Cock-a-diddle-dow!'"

So singing and musing, I rode on all day. 'Twas nigh after seven of the clock when I drew rein at the sign of "The Blue Boar" in Exeter town, and I had

neither eaten nor drunk since my manchet in the morn. After seeing my mare well bestowed, I called for a ragoût and a goblet of sack, and it may be that as I was only used to the cowslip wine my mother made at Proome I drank more deeply than was wise. Certain it is that I scarce remember getting abed, and 'twas after heavy slumber that I was aroused nigh upon midnight by the sound of voices talking, 'twould seem, but a little way behind my head. With some presentiment of I know not what I leaped up, habited myself in the dark, and took my sword in my hand. Then to my surprise I beheld a gleam of light proceeding from a panel behind the tester. I put out my hand and touched it, and the whole panel slid an inch or more without noise, so that I found myself looking into a great lighted

Ever and anon that spring men sat with huge flagons of wine and pens and paper in front of them. Then as I looked and listened I became aware that these were none other than four of the greatest and highest in the realm. "Lord Verulam," said one; and anon, "My Lord of Derby," quoth another; or now it would be, "Oxford, you say sooth," or "Nay, Leicester, it stands not so."

They were dressed in the height of fashion, with great ruffles to the neck and sleeves, and I would have closed my panel again as softly as might be had I not suddenly by a word known that they were talking of my father's affairs and of me.

"And the man once taken off-

THE TEA INTERVAL.

Curate (captain of local cricket team who have had a bad time). "It is at LEAST A COMFORT TO REFLECT THAT OUR OPPONENTS' SCORE, LARGE AS IT IS, MIGHT HAVE ATTAINED STILL GREATER PROPORTIONS BUT FOR THE PRESENCE OF OUR GALLANT FIELDSMEN."

> "The house must be thoroughly searched," said Lord Verulam.

> "I misdoubt we shall find it not!" cried Oxford.

"And what of the young cub?" asked my Lord of Derby, throwing his hands behind his head.

Lord Leicester moved his hand significantly to the hilt of his sword.

It was at this moment that, to the named Will Shakespeare.' amazement of these gentlemen, the young cub stepped into the room.

"Master Richard Fratton," said I," of Proome Hall, at your service, my lords."

Chapter III .- OF CERTAIN HAPPEN-INGS AT THE BLUE BOAR INN.

Never, methinks, has an assemblage of great statesmen or gentlefolk shown a sharper surprise. For a moment they

"Zounds!" cried Leicester and Oxford

in a single breath.
"Zbodikins!" hissed my Lord of ${
m Verulam}.$

"Zog!" grunted Derby in his rough North-country speech, and the four blades flashed out as one.

Thankful indeed then was I for that old secret West Country trick of the sword that my father had taught me in so many weary lessons up and down the arras-hung gallery at Proome. Even as it was I washard pressed and gasping for breath before I had flicked the four shining blades one after other across the papers on the table and had my four statesmen disarmed and at my mercy. They took their defeat in no good grace. "What means this empty brag-

gartry?" muttered my Lord of Leicester with a scowl. "We have but to give the signal and a score of pikes will be at our stead."

"Softly, my lord," said I; "I have with me here a weapon that shall stand me, I trow, in better service even than my sword." And I pulled forth from my doublet the bundle of documents which my father had given me at Proome. Keeping the length of the table between us, I began then in a bantering tone, though my stomach misgave me at the use of such high words to gentlemen of so great a renown.

"It would seem," I began, "that certain nobles of the household

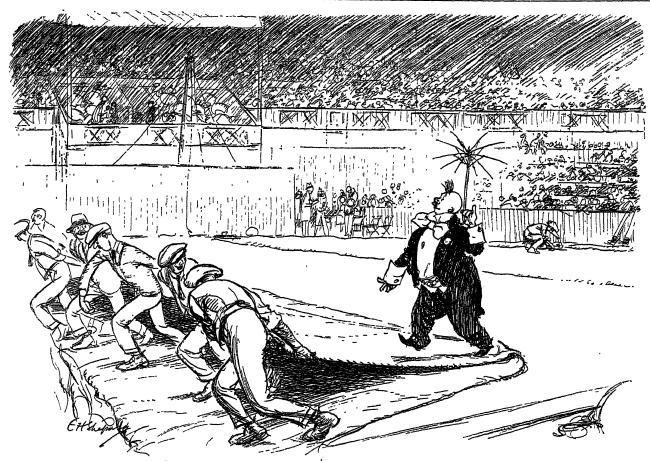
of our glorious Queen, who should liefer have spent their time in the affairs of State and in circumventing the machinations of the Spaniard, have so given themselves up to light pleasures that they chose rather to be writing stage plays full of a windy rhetoric, which for the better to conceal their idleness they fathered on a poor starveling poet

All four turned instantly pale.

"The cipher!" hissed my Lord of Oxford and chewed his mustachio. "Ba goom!" cried the Earl of Derby.

"Pshaw!" said my Lord of Leicester. Lord Verulam was already upon his

"But being fain of their conceit," I went on, "that men afterwards should know them for the authors of these were utterly confounded. Then one said plays, though they might not conroom with a shining table where four and all they sprang from their chairs. | fess it at this time present, they wrote



MONSIEUR AUGUSTE MIGHT PROVIDE A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE SPECTATORS AT WIMBLEDON DURING THESE TEDIOUS INTERVALS.

certain papers, which I have here with me," and I tapped the bundle as I spoke, "making full explication of the matter by certain symbols and signs. I make my bow here to the fashioners of Mac-beth, of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, of Othello, of King Lear and many other trifling fantasies after the same sort. I have an itch to know with what ears our gracious Queen Gloriana would hearken if I told her how gamesomely the governors of this great realm do exercise their wits!"

The Earl of Oxford made a stride forward as if to seize me, but Lord Leicester laid a hand upon his arm.

"Tush!" he said, "this is a mere braggadocio. We will say the papers are a forgery. There be no witnesses

but this young fighting-cock himself."
"There be one," said a clear sweet voice, and, a door opening at the other end of the room, I saw no other than Mistress Nance Marvell, very daintily arrayed in a satin gown with the new

hoops, and a ruff sewn with pearls.
"It seems to me, nobles," she went "It seems to me, nobles," she went on, sailing like a pinnace into the room, "that you must e'en give to Master Dick Fratton all that he may desire. Are the wint a shear of these four gentlemen," I asked with a sneer, "is the man you do truly love?"

"Not one of them," she replied, with a pout. "My heart is long given not pens and paper upon the table?"

Lord Verulam rose from his knees at that and took up a quill. But for myself I had fallen from my high mood into a green and bitter melancholy.

"What art thou doing in this place, Nance?" I asked her with some disdain.

"And why may not a damsel of Queen Elizabeth's Court lodge at the sign of The Blue Boar in Exeter?" she cried gaily. "As for these noblemen here "—and at this she lifted her pretty nose—"methinks I know all of them quite well."

"Our dark lady!" murmured the Earl of Oxford, very chapfallen, looking at my Lord of Leicester.

"Ay, of the Sonnets," said Mistress

"Is it true then that the sonnets were not written by Master Shakespeare either?" I exclaimed.

"Methinks these four gentlemen have better right to answer than I," she

"And which then of these four gen-

elsewhere."

"And to whom?"

"To a certain Dick Fratton," she answered sweetly, "of Proome Hall, in the County of Devon."

"WEATHER AND CROPS. PROFIT AND LOSS OF A LATE SEASON. (By an Architectural Correspondent.)" Sunday Paper

If he is going to take charge of the weather, we trust he will put in a dry course.

"PLAGUE COLUMN.

This column is contributed by the Medical Officer of Health.

Don't assume you have no rats because they are not seen by day. Get the wife to go down the cellar at night with a torch and then listen for noises."—New Zealand Paper.

We gather that the Medical Officer of Health is a bachelor.

"HENLEY ENTRIES.

There are nine crews in the Grand, the opposition from abroad being from French and Norwegian crews. There are large entries for the women's and Thames eight-oared events." Sunday Paper.

In these "class-conscious" days it would never do to mention the Ladies' Plate.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXVIII.—Science.

THE card was from the Royal Scientific Society: "Mr. Haddock and a Lady—A Conversazione—Orders and Decorations."

I thought it meant dancing, and I took Joan. George thought it was the scientific term for an At Home. Daphne thought it would be Brainy, and refused

Joan thought it would be a thrilling party. She wore her black. I wore my black-andwhite, picked out a few of the showier Orders and brushed my hair at the back. From the way things are shaping I am fairly sure that the marriage arranged between George and Daphne will NOT take place. But I have still hopes of myown. Perhaps to-night . . .

Daphne was right. The great building was full of scientific men of advanced age and terrible distinction. Fascinating creatures - like stage Professors. They had lovely oldfashioned whiskers and dear old-fashioned wives; and both of these they trailed round the room in an absent-minded manner, looking at scientific side-shows. For the Conversazione turned out to be a kind of contemporary museum, illustrating the wonderful things that Science had done during the past year. And wonderful they were. But Joan did not think much of the dresses. And I am bound to say that she looked a little cross.

Still, it was a gay scene. The lights, the fine old building, the polished floor, the busy talk . . . As Joan remarked a little sadly, with a good Jazz Band we could have made the party go.

It was while we were looking at Some Early Types of

Electric Discharge Tubes that I abandoned the idea of proposing that night. Joan looked crosser and crosser. I gave up hope and felt bitter about Science. But George was full of life. He seemed determined to give the girl a good time, somehow; he showed her the Armoured Skull of a Cretaceous Dinosaur; he showed her the Stream-Line Filter; and, catalogue in hand, he led her gaily to the Tetrachloroiodides, a table covered with bottles of brightly-coloured bathsalts.

Tetrachloroiodides of Organic Bases. A large number of very familiar organic bases yield surprisingly stable Tetrachlorioroids. The specimens shown include those yielded by urea, guanidine, pyridine, quinoline and various diazon- of the water-beetle Dytiscus." From ium tetrachlororiororioroides. Note the a charming young man we gathered great difference between the can't-pronounce-it atoms and the methyl group." "Noted," said Joan. "I think I'd

like to go home now.'



"Please forgive me, Miss Jones. I've had a whole week at Wimbledon and my head 's been doing this ever since."

"No, no!" cried George. "Come Shaw would, so to speak, be nowhere. over here. This is the Contents of a Take (if he will pardon the liberty) Crocodile's Stomach." The contents the head of Mr. Asquitt and attach included fifteen metal bracelets, twenty it to the youthful frame of Mr. Joe bead necklaces, thirty rounds of ammu-BECKETT, and we might enjoy the ripe nition and a Sam Browne belt. Indeed, wisdom of Mr. Asquire another sixty the Crocodile was easily the most human years. Moreover, we should have a thing in the room. "What fun!" said boxing champion with a Balliol brain. Joan, and looked quite cheerful.

Tetrachlororior—damn it—they 're | the Crocodile's Stomach we passed on to the Decapitated Beetles. Three dead beetles swam in a bottle. "They consist," read George, "of the decapitated bodies of the water-beetle Hydrophilus, on which have been grafted the heads further information. The experiment is delightfully simple. You snip off the heads of the favoured beetles with

a pair of sharp seissors and transplant them. The new head joins up immediately and the creatures live happily ever after.

It is claimed that the bodies of these composite insects are completely controlled by the transplanted head. For instance, the body takes the colour of the body to which the head originally belonged. And it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of such a discovery.

But in the case of these three beetles Science seems to have slipped up a little. For Dytiscus, as we all know, is carnivorous, while Hydrophilus, it seems, is a vegetarian. And when the carnivorous head saw a succulent fresh - water - shrimp it rushed at it and chewed it with ill-concealed relish. Picture, however, the horror of the vegetarian body when called upon to digest it! As a mere layman I venture timidly the suggestion that this had something to do with the death of the creatures.

However, the beetles were the success of the evening. Joan was delighted with them, and I saw that I was forgiven. Indeed, I fancy, if I had proposed then and there . . . But my mood was changed: more solemn, scientific thoughts possessed me. In this exhibit I seemed to see a new hope for mankind. Extend the experiment to the human race, and the Utopias of Wells and

The possibilities are endless. What Meanwhile the exhibitors and the would America give for a solution of exhibits made a curious contrast. Look- the negro problem? Well, she has ing at those innocent old faces, one only to decapitate her "bootleggers" found it hard to believe that their private and fit out the negroes with white "This is good," he said. "They're lives were full of enormities and name- heads; the bodies change colour and Tetrachlor—they 're Tetrachlororidees less horror. Yet such is the case. From in two two's there is not a black man



Lady (inspecting Stuart house, to agent). "It seems to me to smell very musty."

Agent. "Slightly, Madam, perhaps, but not more so than is in keeping with the period."

in the country. I hope that no one will write a play on this theme, for I here announce that I propose to do it myself. Czecho-Slovakians, please note.

Musing thus on the marvels of Science, we went downstairs, where the Super-Slow (or Super-Quick?) Cinema was showing. We saw glass bulbs being smashed with hammers, and we saw the Telephone being constructed. It was hot, and I was sleepy; and nothing will make me interested in the Telephone at any stage of its hideous career. I glanced at George, and was surprised to see that his interest in Science had evaporated. He was looking instead at the head of a most beautiful girl in front of us. She was sitting with an exceedingly old scientist, huddled low in his chair. He wore a couple of Orders on his breast and had the finest whiskers in the room. Still, it seemed to me that the girl was wasted on him. Hergolden hair glowed in the faint light. George sighed heavily, thinking, no doubt, of Daphne. I sighed too. It was very hot. The film went on and on.

Idly I took out my pocket-knife and sliced off the scientist's head. Then I cut off George's head, and transposed the two. They fitted excellently, though I had some little trouble with George's cesophagus.

In two or three minutes George's body sank lower in its chair and began to snore. But I was more interested in the body belonging to the scientist which was behaving curiously. This body now sat erect and sidled stealthily towards the beautiful girl. Those of us who have visited the picture-houses of our land will be familiar with this manœuvre. But to see it performed by that august and aged frame at a scientific conversazione was very sinister. I watched with dismay. And presently I saw a skinny old hand steal out and a thin and trembling arm encircle the girl. I longed to reach out and strike down that disreputable limb. I foresaw disaster; I knew that I was responsible, that I alone could save the situation. And I could not move. I was powerless—like a man in a dream.

Disaster came. The arm closed tight.

The Professor and the girl were locked together in his merciless embrace. And —oh horror!—the head leaned over and passionately kissed her.

The girl shrieked. And someone turned on the lights . . .

"If you'll promise not to go to sleep again," someone was saying with unnecessary clearness, "we'll take you into the Buffet now. What were you dreaming about?"

It was George, and I noted with some relief that there were no Orders on his

He was inclined to take offence when I described the dream. "For one thing," he said, "you seem to have forgotten that I'm engaged."

"No," I said. "That was the funny part of it. I remembered that."

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU EAT!

The Hotel —— has opened a new Confectionery Department."

Advt. in Indian Paper.



A LAWN TENNIS PROBLEM.

The two young Ladies (simultaneously). "How ought we to divide, Mr. Bellamy?"

THE "DULL BOY."

In days when Jack was younger (Oh, hear a mournful tale!), He met a ballad-monger With pretty songs for sale—To please they couldn't fail, His songs of fun and fiddle, And may-poles in the middle, And morning's rosy riddle,

And cakes, to wit, and ale.

His wares he cried so pretty—
They marched like drum-and-fife"Oh, buy," he cried, "a ditty,

A song with roses rife;"
Then keenly as a knife,
"Come, Sirs and Madams, try 'em,
You'll never more deny 'em,
Oh, buy 'em, buy 'em, buy 'em,

They 're lilts to last your life.
"Yes, buy my little sing-songs,
No nicer songs there are,
My roundabout-and-swing songs,
My songs of Sun and Star

My songs of Sun and Star, And breakers on a bar, And songs a blue beach hisses; Young Masters and young Misses, These led the young Ulysses On wander-trails afar.

"So buy 'em while you 're young yet,
My songs of sixpenny,

I've songs for you unsung yet, Fine songs of Earth and Sea— Fine tunes for memory; And say, when you've grown older And when the sun seems colder, I too, when young and bolder, Have been in Arcady."

Though Jack, when he was younger,
Considered song no crime,
He said, "Good ballad-monger,
Such talk is pantomime;
To-day I've got no time
For long tune or for short tune,
So kindly don't importune;
I want to make my fortune
And can't on rose and rhyme.

"But shortly, when I've leisure
And fortune and degree,
I'll buy a rosy measure,
A tune for memory,
From yours of Earth and Sea;
And then without gainsaying
I'll learn the pan-pipe playing
And trip, like shepherd maying,
The road to Arcady."

The years, like prices, changing,
Have hurry-scurried on;
Tunes of his own arranging
Jack's thoughts have been upon;
And Jack is now Sir John;
But for the piping blisses
That call a young Ulysses,
Young Masters and young Misses,
I fear his ear hath gone.

For, if he takes the fancy To buy an old refiain,

Some ancient necromancy
Of There and Back again,
A ballad-monger strain
That sings the road to Hellas,
To Arcady in Hellas,

He seeks the man in vain,
Because in drab and rain
To-day he calls, "Umbrellas"
(To Jack he calls, "Umbrellas"),
"Umbrellas, cheap umbrellas,"
A-down St. Swithin's Lane.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From the report of a lecture on Shelley:—

"Like the song of his own 'Shylock,' verbal music was as natural to him as breathing."

New Zealand Paper.

"To Bottle Gooseberries.

They bottle successfully, and in mid-winter we can have stewed gooseberries or gooseberry pie and imagine it is June."—Scots Paper. Conversely, in mid-summer (1923) we can have stewed gooseberries, and imagine it is December.

"WATER POLO.

The proposed series of games between teams representing the British and American Armies will take place at Meadowbrook from September 3 to 8."—Yorkshire Paper.

Ordinary polo was the original intention; but apparently it is anticipated that by September the brook will have overflowed the meadow.



A TOURNAMENT OF FLIERS.

MISS BRITANNIA (watching Mlle, la France at practice). "WONDERFUL SERVICE! I MUST DEVELOP MY OWN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 25th.—The Summer has at least one notable achievement to its credit: it has brought the Labour Party into blossom. On the SPEAKER'S left it was roses, roses—or were they gladioli?—all the way to the Gangway. Mr. Jack Jones took the part of Flora, and supplied those of his colleagues who had come unprovided with the ruddy emblem of a turbulent existence.

The immediate object of this demonstration was to accentuate the party's welcome to Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE, who, after knocking at the door of the House at intervals for over thirty years, has at last gained admittance. As he came up smiling to take the oath—a much more gracious figure than some of us had expected—a Ministerialist remarked, "He's in at last." It does not sound a very provocative observation, but it caused Mr. Maxton-whose birthday gifts did not, I fear, include a sense of humour—to retort in language to which the SPEAKER turned a conveniently deaf ear and which I therefore need not reproduce.

No such noisy exchanges greeted the entry of Mr. F. D. ACLAND, whom, apart from politics, everyone was glad to welcome back to the House.

The efforts of our super-patriots to embroil us with the Americans met with no encouragement from the Government. Mr. McNeill, on his attention being once more directed to the horrors of Ellis Island, contented himself with adopting Mr. Punch's advice to persons about to enter the united state—Don't!

The Housing Bill passed its Third Reading after a debate in the course of which Mr. Pringle enunciated the historic dictum that "a house in Eaton Square is one thing and a house in Bethnal Green is an entirely different thing." Sir F. BANBURY made the interesting confession that he has not a bath in his house. Whence then his invariable spruceness? Can it be due to "dry-cleaning"?
I liked Mr. Hope's remark that

Mr. Frank Gray was approaching his subject "by a very extended parabola," but could not quite understand why Mr. Hopkinson, who had spoken of the "unfortunate tomfoolery" of the late Government, should have been pulled up with "That particular adjective is hardly in order." The adjective seems harmless enough, and, as for the substantive, it is surely covered by Sir H.

phrase, "Enough of this foolery!" Tuesday, June 26th.—After hearing Lord Curzon's statement regarding the increase of the Air Force, Lord BIRKENHEAD, in tones almost of whis-

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S Cromwellian



Conductor (to stout gentleman who has caught bus after a sharp sprint). "I wish my 'orse 'ad run like that in the 2.80 to-day, Sir."

might venture later to put a further question on the subject, and begged that, if so, it would not be taken "as a sign of antagonism or discontent." What Lord Curzon said was "Hear, hear!" What he thought, I imagine, having regard to incidents earlier in the Session, was that the noble Earl was almost too good to be true.

Sir William Davison asked that the halfpenny rate should be extended to picture-postcards on which no more than five words were written, even if they were not strictly words of "courtesy or convention." He suggested "best love, beastly weather" as not stand his "beastly weather."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL happened faced effrontery."

pering humbleness, intimated that he to enter the House just as Mr. Ormsby-Gore was saying, in regard to some Irish constitutional question, that he had not consulted the Law Officers, as "the Law Officers do not make the law." "A kind of sickly smile" stole over Sir Douglas Hogg's cherubic countenance as he remembered the ART O'BRIEN case; and I thought I heard him murmur to his neighbour,"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

Scottish Estimates, usually so dull, furnished Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with an opportunity of getting "back to the land." His claim that the late Government had done more for land-settlement than any of its predecessors was received with scant gratitude by Mr. Weir, a Labour Member, who disan example. The Postmaster-General ceived with scant gratitude by Mr. refused. He was prepared to accept Weir, a Labour Member, who dishis hon. friend's "best love," but could played an unusual gift of invective in denouncing what he called "his brassLater there was a discussion on the herring industry, whose temporary depression was attributed by successive speakers to a multiplicity of causes, ranging from lack of fish (Mr. A. M. SAMUEL) to the occupation of the Ruhr (Sir R. HAMILTON).

Wednesday, June 27th.—Thirty years'



"AS NOW WORN."

THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENT'S BRIGHT RED BUTTONHOLE (SMILLIA MORPETHICA).

experience of the War Office and the India Office has convinced Lord MIDLETON that, on a military problem, particularly an Indian military problem, "what the soldier said" is not evidence, since another soldier was sure to say the opposite. The fact that Lord RAWLINSON had approved the recent reductions in the Indian Army did not alter his opinion that they were far too large. Lord Derby and Lord Peel bore up as well as they could under their predecessor's onslaught, and indicated that they still intended to attach some importance to the opinion of the man on the spot.

According to Lord Islington the Government have for four years been doing all in their power to establish a Zionist system in Palestine without success, and should now abandon it and give the Arabs "a fair national form of government."

The Duke of Devonshire repelled the accusation of Zionism. There were more Mahomedans than Jews in the Administration, and more Christians than both put together. The Government proposed to carry out the Mandate, but must claim a wide discretion in the method of doing so.

It is unfortunate that Mr. MAXTON, who, teste Captain ELLIOT, is "in many ways one of the finest characters in the House," should be apparently unable to control his language or to recognise

that other Members have their feelings as well as himself.

Some time ago the Scottish Board of Health, in view of the necessity for economy, withdrew the grant formerly given to local authorities for maternity and child-welfare. By so doing, Mr. Maxton declared, they had condemned hundreds of children to death; and those who had voted for that policy were "cold callous murderers."

Sir F. Banbury (who had risen to inquire if this epithet was in order) was told that he himself was "one of the worst."

In vain the Deputy-Chairman called upon Mr. Maxton to withdraw; in vain Mr. Ramsay MacDonald endeavoured to induce his recalcitrant follower to explain that he had not meant to make a personal charge. Mr. Maxton remained obdurate and was eventually named and suspended. So were Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Stephen and Mr. Buchanan, who also defied the Chair.



THE WHEEDLER.

(After "The Beguiler" in "Punch" of May 9.)

Londs Birkenhead and Curzon.

At one time a like fate seemed to be threatening Mr. Shinwell; but an unmannerly interjection of "Jew!" (for which Sir G. Hamilton subsequently apologised) enabled him to regain the sympathy of the House by a speech expressing his pride at belonging to the same race as Disraeli.

Thursday, June 28th.—The case of those Irish loyalists who are still awaiting compensation for injuries sustained under the British raj in Ireland is so strong that Lord Carson need hardly have employed so many superlatives in supporting it. Needless to say he provoked no answering fervour from the Duke of Devonshire, who merely assured him that the Government would do "all they could."

In a suitably temperate speech Lord | THE CHICHESTER BIRD WILL SAY ABOUT IT."

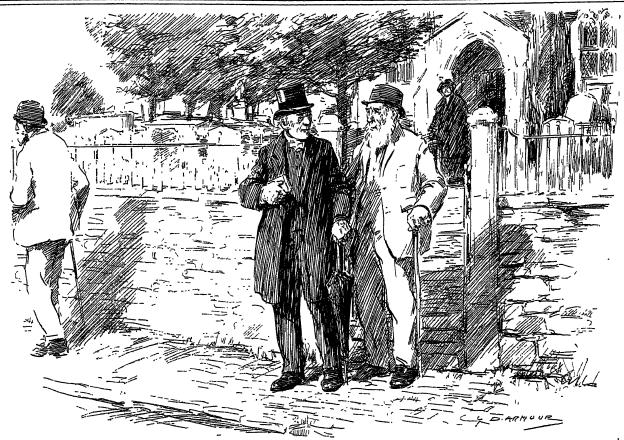
BIRKENHEAD called attention to the action of the American authorities in regard to alcohol in British ships, and urged the Government to endeavour to secure its modification. Lord Curzon replied that they had already made representations, to which the United States Government had replied by suggesting—as a temporary and ad hoc arrangement—an extension of the three-mile limit to twelve miles. But to that, said Lord Curzon, "there is no chance of our agreeing in any circumstances whatever."

Mr. Moore-Brabazon's assertion that the modern policeman had lost his knack of regulating traffic received hardlyany support from other Members. Labour (Mr. Lawson) and Toryism (Sir A. Shirley Benn) were for once unanimous in praising "Robert's" undiminished efficiency as a conductor of "the orchestral Strand," and their encomiums were fully endorsed by the Home Secretary.

An encouraging account of the national health, on the whole, was given by Mr. N. Chamberlain. The modern infant may expect to live twelve years longer than its grandfather; the mortality from tuberculosis is steadily diminishing; the revival of small-pox is almost entirely due to the neglect of vaccination. Later on this view was endorsed by Sir A. Mond. "It's no good!" said a voice from the Labour benches. "I wonder," retorted Sir Alfred, "why members of the Labour Party should always be scientifically reactionary."



The Hen (Captain Pretyman). "Fifteen sittings and nothing hatched! I wonder what the Chichester Bird will say about it."



Old Scot (to clergyman who has been preaching about Adam and Eve). "I've are thocht it was varra hard the like o' me SHOULD SUFFER FOR THE EATIN' O' AN APPLE, WHEN IT'S A FRUIT I NEVER COULD ABIDE."

CHARIVARIA.

A Daily Mail writer points out that, in addition to the roads being up in Belfast for tramways, the paths are also up for cable work. It is said that the man who thinks out the traffic obstructions in London had not thought of the glorious possibility of doing these two things at once.

London coalmen decided at a mass meeting not to go on strike, as previously arranged. This was possibly due to the fact that the sun had at last decided to come out in sympathy with the public.

Things are beginning to look suspicious in Russia. Lenin and Trotsky are not dying nearly so often as they used to.

"Henley will supply the chief items of interest during the next few days," states a contemporary. After which we shall be able to turn our attention to the Lausanne Conference once again.

The first golf course in Roumania has just been opened. It is still hoped that pacific influences will avert a Balkan championship.

A Swedish peasant informed an official at Bergen that he had thirty-nine children. Nothing is said as to whether the official demanded a recount.

There was a strike of bookmakers at the Newcastle Races, and several punters backed them both ways.

A man charged at Ealing Police Court stated that in his opinion a pedestrian had a perfect right in the road. Even in this enlightened age some men still have very primitive views.

A ten-year-old American girl is writing popular music-hall songs. So Prohibition is not the only trouble they have out there.

Mr. F. M. LARKIN-LEE, of Bournemouth, writes to The Daily Express to say that there are other golf courses as good as St. Andrews, if not better. It has not been definitely settled yet whether Scotland will have him boiled in oil or thrown to the haggis.

The PREMIER has refused to set up a Commission to consider Home Rule for Wales. Our view is that Wales must put up with Scottish Home Rule | can recite his verses in eleven different just as England does.

Mrs. James Chamberlain of Westonsuper-Mare, who has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday, attributes her longevity to a cheerful mind. It would be interesting in these times if we could know to what some persons attribute their cheerful minds.

Mr. NEWBOLD, M.P., is on a visit to Russia. We have little sympathy with the Russians, who probably brought this upon themselves.

With reference to the suggestion that a cash-on-delivery postal system should be introduced, there is some talk of calling a mass meeting of ex-Postmaster-Generals to advise on this matter.

We learn on good authority that several middle-aged City-gentlemen who hold reserved tickets for the BECKETT-CARPENTIER fight are leaving them in their wills to their eldest grandsons.

We consider the time is now ripe for the launching of a Brighter Boxing-Postponement Campaign.

A Russian poet who claims that he languages is to tour Europe this sum-

mer. Surely this is a case for the League of Nations.

"Every American should extend a hand of friendship across the sea to England," recently declared Dr. Scot-LAND, of New York. Many good Americans, of course, would be more than satisfied if they could extend their hands just beyond the three-mile limit.

A parrot that had escaped from a South London golf club has been located on a canal barge, which he refuses to leave. He is said to be holding his own in the matter of repartee.

A post worth £6,000 a year under the Canadian Government is vacant through the alleged lack of a suitable man. It seems a frivolous reason.

* * A robber named PLATTNER is described in the German Press as the greatest bandit Germany has produced for a century. Comment is excited by this pointed ignoring of Exalted Personages.

Waists are being worn higher in Paris. A corresponding modification of the West Kensington anatomy is indicated.

According to a Daily Mail paragraph Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has informed The Evening News that he desires to retire from the chairmanship of the Governors of Harrow School. It is understood that our contemporary has graciously acceded to his request.

Speaking at the annual general meeting of the Research Defence Society, Dr. C. W. SALEEBY extolled the healthgiving properties of sunlight. We have decided to order some.

Meteorologists ascribe the coolness of the summer to depressions over the Atlantic. These in turn are due to the liquor restrictions on liners.

Attention is again drawn to the disgracefully bad colour of our silver coinage. We know of a Scotsman who is ashamed to spend it.

From an article dealing with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE:-

"Are power, energy, immense contriv-ance... qualities so common, so super-abounding in the respectable and accredited Liberal ranks that the services of this forcible . . . personality can be lightly and easily dispensed with? It may be so, and we should all of us rejoice to think it was so."

Liberal Paper.

More evidence of the progress of Liberal reunion.

CURIOSITY COLUMN.

(With Mr. Punch's grateful acknowledgments to the initiative, enterprise and omniscience of the correspondents of " The Sunday Times.")

OXFORD STORIES.

DEAR SIR,—I should be grateful for any information which would enable me to procure a copy of a book entitled, so far as I can remember, Sandford and Merton. Merton being the name of an Oxford College and Sandford that of a neighbouring village, I am inclined to think that it deals with University life, but I have forgotten the name of the author, though it may possibly be Cuth-BERT BEDE OF TOM HUGHES. In this context I should like to know why the students of Christ Church were, and I believe still are, obliged to wear yellow stockings. WIDGERY BLAMPHIN.

Much Marcle, Herefordshire.

Professions and Professors.

DEAR SIR,—What callings are entitled to be described as "professions"? I am impelled to seek for information on this point by the experience of a relative of mine, a distinguished singer, who while on tour was told by a communicative chambermaid that she had two brothers "in the profession." On being asked to what branch they belonged she replied, "Please, M'm, they're acrobats." In this context I should like to know whether any professors keep shops, except phrenologists, and if not why not? PAULINA PRYOR.

Buttinton, Bucks.

PHONETIC FREEDOM.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your readers explain why, when the immense majority of people speak of an "areoplane" and "areated" bread, the dictionaries and even public prints adhere to the spelling "aeroplane" and "aerated"? In view of the fact that the current pronunciation is at once easier and more euphonious, there seems no satisfactory reason for adhering to a pedantic insistence on derivation.

HANDLEY SHORTER. The Pitman Arms, Spellbrook.

"Excuse for the Glass."

DEAR SIR,—In my earlier and more convivial days there was a song much in request attestive gatherings, of which I can only remember the following lines:

"Here's to the good old whisky, Drink it down, drink it down! For it makes a man feel frisky, Drink it down, drink it down!"

seems to point to a period anterior to Dean.

the Prohibition movement; but I may be wrong, and, on the principle that extremes meet, it may turn out to have been an early effort of Mr. John Drink-WATER, before he wrote his famous play on FATHER MATHEW or witnessed the orgies enacted at Brandywine, Delaware, U.S.A.

FERDINAND TIPPLE. Alethorpe, Norfolk.

PIP AND SQUEAK.

DEAR SIR, -You have lately explained why the blackbird squeaks, viz., as a danger signal from the mother bird to her young, warning them of the approach of man, beast, bird or reptile. I hope I shall not be charged with importunity if in this context I am emboldened by your ornithological disclosures to ask whether there is any antagonism or sympathy between the blackbird and the pipit. Or is the latter bird so called because of its peculiar liability to the pip, a complaint not confined to the barndoor fowl, but also frequently impairing the health of the feathered songsters of the grove.

MEREDITH PULLAR LEGGE, M.D. The Oaks, Ragdon, Salop.

WANTED, AN AUTHOR.

DEAR Sir,-In a book of poems which was given me some years ago and subsequently borrowed and lost, I remember coming across a passage which ran:-

"All the world's a play And all the people in it simply actors."

Unfortunately I have forgotten the name of the book, the author and the publisher, but perhaps some of your readers will be able to enlighten me. I have looked for it in vain in the collected works of Mr. Alfred Noves, Mr. John OXENHAM and Miss Edith Sitwell.

HERMIONE BLODWEN JONES. Vacuum Villa, Abertillery.

Seasonable.

Seen on a Summer Sale placard in a milliner's window:-

"Buy your Hat for Easter now."

At Gleneagles:—

"The hole is known as the tappit hen, and from the tee to pin is a quarter of a mile, that Havers stimie was bordering on four hundred yards."—Irish Paper.

Did he loft or screw round it?

"The Dean of Manchester will fly to London by the 9 a.m. Airway Express from Manchester to-day. He is scheduled to arrive at the London air station, Croydon, at 11 p.m."

Daily Paper.

I should be much obliged if any of your And when he reflects that if he had readers could inform me who was the travelled by train he would have saved author of this poem. Its general tenor eight hours there will be another Gloomy

THE SIMPLE LIFE.



"SIMPKINS, I'M GOING AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END. JUST PUT A FEW THINGS INTO A SUIT-CASE FOR ME, WILL YOU?—



"NOTHING MUCH—JUST SOME EVENING CLOTHES, DINNER-JACKET AND SO FORTH—AND PERHAPS TAILS AND A WHITE WAIST-COAT OR SO, IN CASE THEY 'RE NEEDED—



"A SERGE SUIT AND A BOWLER FOR SUNDAY, AND A SPARE SUIT IN CASE I GET WET—



"I'D BETTER TAKE A KNICKERBOCKER SUIT IN CASE I PLAY GOLF, AND SOME WHITE FLANNELS IN CASE THEY WANT ME TO PLAY TENNIS.



"A ROUGH TWEED AND SOME WADERS IN CASE I FISH THE RIVER, AND SOME RIDING KIT IN CASE THEY LEND ME A MOUNT—



"I SHALL WANT A THICK OVERCOAT IN CASE WE MOTOR, AND A WATERPROOF IN CASE IT RAINS—



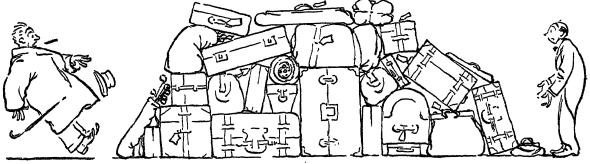
"Some thick things in case it's cold and some thin things in case it's hot—



"THE USUAL BOOTS AND SHOES AND HATS AND TIES AND SHIRTS AND SOCKS AND COLLARS AND STOCKINGS AND TRIM-MINGS AND THINGS—



"Just throw the stuff into a bag and chuck it— $\,$



"INTO A TAXI."



Small Boy. "Please, Sir, can you tell me whether that was a Wellesley or a Dampier which ran over you?"

TWO'S COMPANY.

In the High Street this morning I met the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe (whose name, without any silly affectation, is pronounced as though she were a crustacean), accompanied by her St. Bernard dog, King-of-the-Snows, whose name, so far as I am concerned, is generally pronounced "Get out!"

"Say good morning to the gentle-man, ducky." Forthwith King-of-the-Snows staggeringly achieved an upright position, planted his mud-encrusted forepaws on either side of my collar and slobbered profusely down my waistcoat—a fancy one.

"Ah," said the Honourable dotingly, " he knows."

I did not contradict her. I should not, I hope, have contradicted her even if she had not been an Honourable. But I confess that the idea that Kingof-the-Snows knew what he was doing when he spoilt my collar and ruined my fancy waistcoat did not endear him to me. It made the whole thing seem so devilish deliberate.
"Does he?" I murmured.

"Yes. He knows that you won't refuse what I am going to ask youfor his sake as well as mine."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, hating the animal's prescience. "What is it?"

"Only to go down to the station and bring The Ice Queen to Sunnyholme.' (Sunnyholme is the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe's residence. Perhaps I should mention that the "1" in "holme" is silent as a mausoleum. You'd sooner know, I know.)
"Ice Cream?" I gasped.

"Queen. She's a lady-dog. Wewe're hoping that King-of-the-Snows and The Ice Queen may make a match of it. Would you? Don't say No. Do.'

I didn't say No. I did.
"You dear!" said the Honourable. I have never before been called a dear by an Honourable. Not that that made any difference, of course. I hope I am not a snob. But it was stimulating.

"You may rely upon me," I said firmly. And directly her back was turned I darted into a chemist's shop.

"Please saturate this with oil of aniseed," I said, handing over my handkerchief.

Perhaps I ought to explain to those of you who are not dog-thieves that a dog will follow the scent of aniseed as the night the day. And I keenly desired that The Ice Queen should follow me to Sunnyholme. I did not relish the idea of using force. Not that I

have used it too. And then, of course, there might have been unpleasantness.

I arrived reeking at the station. Instantly I observed The Ice Queen on the platform attached to a pillar by a rope. She did not look like a St. Bernard, but she may have been some other sort of a saint. She had splendid teeth and was showing them to a group of porters.

"Look out, Sir," the porters warned me as I approached King-of-the-Snows' fiancée. "She ain't 'alf spiteful."

Laughing lightly, I produced my handkerchief and let The Ice Queen have a good sniff at it while I untethered her. Then I thrust the handkerchief into my trouser pocket.

"Come on, old girl," I said cheerily. The porters followed our tranquil egress with awed eyes; the nose of the betrothed of King-of-the-Snows was within an inch of my pocket; she might have been the Little Lamb, and I Mary; we were almost as one. But no sooner had we emerged from the station yard than we were as five, and thirty seconds later as fifteen, not counting the two small dogs which The Ice Queen had transformed into casualties.

The sweat—if I may for an instant be permitted to be vulgar; it was really should have hesitated to use it if too wet to be called perspiration—broke necessary. But The Ice Queen might out upon me when I realised that the chemical inducement intended exclusively for King-of-the-Snows' match had proved a lure for the entire canine race. Yet so it was. From every doorway there emerged a dog; and if an occasional doorway was drawn blank it was simply because the dog that owned it had already emerged and was waiting for us in the gutter. Halfway to Sunnyholme I must have had thirty dogs in closest attendance, and quite a third of these were keeping up a running fight. In the procession there were also innumerable human beings of more or less tender years. Most of these were sending out hissing noises, varied by an encouraging "Fetch 'im!"

I ran the rest of the way to Sunnyholme. So did The Ice Queen. So did all the others. Only with stupendous effort did I retain my presence of mind and trousers, in spite of frequent assaults on both; The Ice Queen especially was concentrating upon the latter. At last we reached the handsome wroughtiron gates of the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe's residence. I regret to say that I actually hurled myself against

them. They yielded.
"Goo' dog," I gasped to The Ice
Queen. "Fetch it," and flung the impregnated handkerchief within the ornamental grounds. When the last dog had passed within the aristocratic portals I withdrew, closing the gates with a bang. I had accomplished my mission. I had brought The Ice Queen to Sunnyholme. In short I had fulfilled my trust. One hurried glance between the bars apprised me of the fact that The Ice Queen had got the handkerchief, but most of the other dogs seemed to have got The Ice Queen. Then I left.

I had barely tottered round the corner when I met the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe and King-of-the-Snows accompanied by a railway porter with a palpable St. Bernard on a leash.

"I needn't trouble you to meet The Ice Queen after all," she said, smiling most graciously. "You see, here she is."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed wildly. Whose dog, then, was it that I released from its moorings at the station? I shall not wait to hear. I leave for my holidays this afternoon. The railway companies implore one to take one's holidays early. I find I cannot resist their appeal. I shall go far afield. I shall visit the very outposts of civilization. Perhaps even Ireland.

"PIER HEAD.—Ladics' Imperial Band, and Prof. —, the High Diver, will make dives into the sea daily."—Provincial Paper.

Very sporting of the ladies, particularly in our recent weather.



FROM AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY IN AMERICA.

THE HIGHLAND LILT.

Down in the sunny Strand The ragged fiddler played, And he took my heart in his hand And away it strayed To the old North-country Land.

For he fiddled an old Scots tune That sang of a Highland hill. And the hope of a Highland June; And the Strand stood still In the lap of the afternoon.

Out of the London grey He fiddled a sunlit burn Dancing its days away To the lynn at the turn Where the Avon starts to the Spey.

Whaups hung in the sky; Sheep called in the glen; The red grouse rioted by; Up on the Ben In the corrie the deer stood high. He fiddled heather and peat, Birk and rowan and fir;

He fiddled my heart a-beat, My pulse a-stir, And the step of a reel to my feet.

For the Highland Road's ahead, And the Summer's mine to lease. . . So I paid, ere the magic fled, With a silver piece;

It should have been gold instead.

Our Ruminant Reporters.

"It is difficult to describe this huge arena, because no other building in the world is quite like it.' One grazes and wonders." West Indian Paper.

"Wanted, Hosiery Latch Needle Hand, fully experienced, punched eyes." Nottingham Paper.

That, no doubt, is why he "got the needle."

"It was near feeding time, and 'felix tigris' was pacing to and fro behind the bars, with eyes keeping a sharp look out for the arrival of dinner."—Morning Paper.

Evidently expecting, to judge by the epithet, the young lady of Riga.

A POCKET MYSTERY.

IT was a genuine mystery. Mysteries do not usually come my way, but here was one at last. I had turned out an old pocket book and in it I had found written, "35, Wansborough Gardens, Dulwich." Just that and no more. It was a perfectly good address, an address no man should blush to print on his visitingcards. But who lived there? This was the mystery. What had impelled me to write that address so carefully in my pocket-book?

For some days the thing worriedme. Had I ever been to Wansborough Gardens? I couldn't remember. Perhaps I had taken down the address casually from a fellow-visitor at an hotel ("Do come and look us up when you get back to Town "—you know the sort of thing). Perhaps I had arranged to call on a girl I had met at a dance and with amorous pen had scribbled her address while we were sitting out together. Even now she might be watching, broken-hearted, for me from the drawing-room window. Perhaps I had been promised a reward for finding a dog or something, if I would but appear at Wansborough Gardens with the missing animal. Conceivably an optimistic houseagent had once given me the address in the hope that I might buy the place. Or was there some grim tragedy lurking behind the innocent front-door of No. 35?

Anyway, it was all very mysterious, and, as I say, the affair worried me.

At last I made up my mind. I would go down to Dulwich.

It was a disappointing expedition. All the houses in Wansborough Gardens seemed to have been turned out from

guishable from the others. I was no nearer the solution of the problem. I did think of going up and ringing the one day next week? bell, but I should have found it difficult to introduce myself. I might have said true in a way, but it wouldn't have helped matters much.

So I went back home again, and that evening I did the sensible thing. I wrote a letter. This was it:-

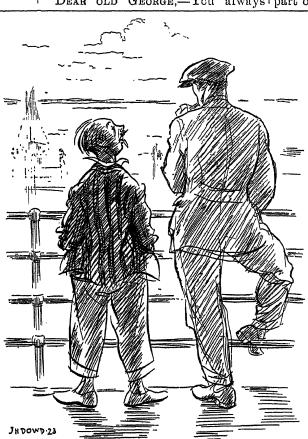
DEAR SIR (OR MADAM), -Something tells me that I have known you. We have these sudden instincts from time to time, do we not? The matter which I want cleared up is where exactly we met. Was it at an hotel or a dance?

Or perhaps we were children together? I cannot remember. How soon one forgets one's early days!

Please write to me, dear Sir (or Madam), and let us have this matter settled once and for all. If we were friends, why has our friendship lapsed? If we were enemies, let us forgive one another.

I signed my name and addressed the letter to the "Permanent Resident,' 35, Wansborough Gardens, Dulwich.

The reply, which was not long in coming, ran as follows:-



OUR INTELLIGENTSIA BY THE SEA. "YOU KNOW, THE WORST OF BEING AT THE SEASIDE IS THAT ONE LOSES TOUCH WITH THINGS."

the same mould. No. 35 was indistin- | would have your little joke. But it was good to hear from you after all this time. What about a chat over lunch

Yours ever HENRY. P.S.—When are you going to return I was an ex-soldier, which would be that fiver you borrowed a couple of years ago?

> Detective stories taught me that there should be a solution to every mystery. I think that there are some mysteries better left unsolved.

"The woman in the rocking chair was daintily clothed and sadly shaken up. Tea stains marked her cheeks."— Magazine. See what comes of drinking out of the | The latest headgear of our verdant

CLOTHES AND THE TURF.

So much stress is laid nowadays upon the sartorial aspect of the big racemeetings (notably Ascot) that a nonracegoer, such as I am, begins to feel that the actual racing must serve only for piquant little interludes, like the publishing of the banns at morning service.

It would, I think, be much more exciting if the races were run for a dollar a time as a side-show, and the major DEAR OLD GEORGE, You always part of the prize-money were devoted

to contests in dress for the Society crowd.

"2.30.—The Chapeau Stakes.—The Duchess of Didcot won by a short plume from Lady Bilberry.

"3.0.—Gown Cup.—Owing to safetypin trouble the Hon. Monica Muggridge, the favourite, was scratched.

"3.30.—High Heels Handicap.— Mrs. Fitz-Bertram, though giving away § inch, led the field until the tea hour, but was then compelled to retire with a strained tendon."

Then think of the messages from the touting fraternity. We should be informed that the Duchess had done a satisfactory trial in her new rust-red charmeuse; that the Marchioness moved well in her beige georgette, and that the panels did not appear to cramp her elegant style; that Miss Gladys Terps, of the Fly-by-Night Follies, had recovered her celebrated pearls and her appetite simultaneously, and that whatever beat Lady Lorgnon's picture-hat with herbaceous border would win.

And how about the men? Less is written about them, yet, judged by the photographs, they are almost equally beautiful. I daresay contests could be arranged for them. Let me, however, confess to a wild and wicked yearning to acquire somehow one perfectly good

ticket for the Royal Enclosure at next year's Ascot, then to turn up in elasticsided boots, running socks, Army breeches, a flannel shirt without collar, a dinner jacket, a navvy's scarf and a Methodist parson's hat.

The question that fascinates me iswould my perfectly good ticket pass me in, despite my clothes? or would my perfectly awful clothes keep me out. despite my ticket? It would be what the papers call an acid test.

[&]quot;'Letter-box' hats crowned with poppies look well against a background of fresh young green and grey toppers."—Daily Paper.



"Compliments of the Pageant-Master, Sir, an' 'e says one of em's got to come off—either the armour or the 'orn rims."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Behind every marriage there is generally another story," says Mrs. Belloc Lowndes on the title-page of Why They Married (Heinemann); and it is this story she tells, with all her habitual skill and animation, and with an uncondescending tolerance for the vagaries of mankind which carries her reader merrily along to the end of each of her maxim's seven instances. Among these I venture to urge the particular claims of "John Clarke's Hour." It dispenses with the cloud of murder and intrigue which hangs over the re-united lovers of "A Marriage Has Been Arranged;" it does not depend quite so critically on coincidence as the happy issue of "God Bless the Dear Soldier;" it lacks the warped motives of the elderly wooers in "The Lace Scarf," of whose immemorial problem it is, in a sense, a second and more pleasant solution. For the reason why Otto Munix, millionaire, is set on re-marrying, is to find an eligible mother for his first wife's child; and

solution of three other pre-matrimonial mysteries—one satirical, one eerie, and one (as the authoress says) "peculiar "-which make up the tale of the series.

To anyone in search of a story of English rural life, graceful, reticent, moving and full of observation and understanding, I can thoroughly recommend The Evil That Men Do (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), in spite of its uncompromising title. In taking for his theme a country girl's tragic wavering between an upright commonplace suitor and a seductive ne'er-do-weel, and in allowing this ebb and flow of sympathy to continue after her marriage to the former, Mr. ERIC LEADBITTER has chosen a two-edged subject, and one which in hands less sensitive would have infallibly turned to squalor or unreality. But the fortunes of Rose Vallance, Charley Duke and George Petronel are never allowed to sink or soar beyond the range of imaginative appreciation; and their setting is neither the Augean stables nor the pastures of Arcadia, but that unique blend of the two which goes to make up the average English the reason Agnes Coward is standing for the vacancy is a somewhat excessive appreciation of Otto's millions; but John Clarke, owner of "Clarke's Renowned Reducer," succeeds in winning affection for his own pleasant personality.

The hamlet of this story, I am thankful to say, is, as far as I am concerned, quite incapable of identification. Even its dialect is as unobtrusive as it is artistically truthful. The minor personages of the story—Rose's selfish old How he does it I will leave you to discover; with the mother, George's doubtfully widowed innamorata at the

village inn, Charley's mute adorer, Pheeny Hammond, whose self-sacrifice alone shields Rose from the catastrophe of her weakness-all know their places and keep them. And the Vicar is the best figure of a vicar I have met for a long while.

The Green-Eyed Monster (Heinemann) is yet another First Novel. We seem to be enjoying an exceptionally plentiful crop of them this year. You would not, however, guess that Miss Althea Brook (if that is the lady's real name) lacked experience in writing. Her book is not at all on the lines of the ordinary novel, and I do not predict for it a great popularity, but it is very capably done. Put briefly, it is just a study of the gradual growth of jealousy in

with tickets to the operating theatre wherein Edward and Beryl Russell are exposed to our view and carefully dissected by a competent hand. It is all very well done, and no doubt with a certain sympathy-at any rate in the case of the woman. Perhaps too some husbands may learn wisdom from the terrible example of Edward and his infatuation with Dr. Heinrich. that energetic and intelligent lady who is also a member of the Reichstag and a Government official in post-war Germany. But the book, to my mind, should be regarded more as an exercise than as an achievement. Miss Brook can write, and she has a sense of character (the Fleming family are very well touched in), and evidently she knows her Berlin better than most of us. But next time I should like to see her adventuring in a rather wider field.

It is unwise as a rule to compare one art with another,

yet I will venture a comparison between Mr. Lubbock's work in his Roman Pictures (CAPE) and the consummate art of Mr. John Sargent's Italian sketches. In the first chapter, in which is introduced the exquisite Mr. Deering, the reader is not quite sure whether or not his author is serious. The doubt is at once resolved, however, upon the appearance of Mr. Bannock, that admirable American citizen who was of the deliberate opinion "that Mr. Deering possesses the most remarkable understanding of and sympathy with the mentality of the artist that it has ever been my lot to encounter." Thenceforward the reader goes smilingly forward, sure of his author's unerring skill and unfailing charm, to make the delightful acquaintance of character after character, presented with a perfect comprehension and a perfect urbanity. For it is character that Mr. Lubbock is after—character and manners, observed in ironic contrast with their vast and splendid background. In that pursuit he discovers a profound and a satisfying joy, which he communicates to his readers. But to do justice to Mr. Lubbock would be as difficult as to handle see him located in his proper place.

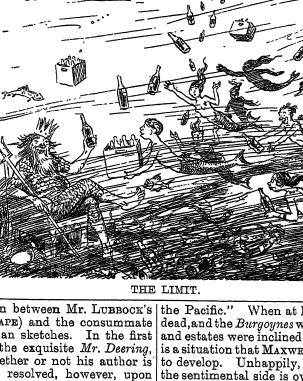
a butterfly's wing without spoiling its iridescence. I must insist on your reading the book.

Mr. E. F. Knight can remember arranging to elope with the QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR. He can remember struggling alone for twenty-four hours with a swamped boat off the coast of Cuba. He can remember so many half-buried wars he has attended up and down the world as Special Correspondent that there is no room in his volume of Reminiscences (Hutchinson) for those that have occurred in the last twenty-five years, though at most of these too he has foregathered. And, besides campaigns and the travel and dangers incidental to them, he can remember experiencing the breast of a young wife. Not perhaps a very exhilarating | practically every other kind of adventure that a boy could subject, and I must admit that the author does nothing to | dream of steering an eighteen-ton yacht through a South lighten the surrounding gloom. We are merely presented! Atlantic hurricane, for instance, or fouling a balloon's trail-

ing-rope in a railway train, or digging for treasure on a genuine desert island. He has tramped across the snowdrifts of the Hindu Kush and the sands of the Eastern Sudan as unconcernedly as most of us would take a stroll in the Chilterns. For those, if any, who can remember as many fearful and wonderful experiences as Mr. KNIGHT can, the writing of a volume of memoirs ceases to be a mere fashionable amusement and becomes a bounden duty. It is to be hoped the author will not fail to remember in detail the second half of his amazing career.

A Bit of Blue Stone (HUTCHinson) consists of four stories, and of these "Sweetwater Grapes" occupies more than half the book. In this tale we are introduced to Sir Arthur Burgoyne, who, when returning from Australia to his adored and adoring wife, was shipwrecked, and lived for countless years on a small island

"somewhere in the middle of the Pacific." When at last he returned home his wife was dead, and the Burgoynes who had come into possession of title and estates were inclined to treat him as an impostor. Here is a situation that MAXWELL GRAYMAY be trusted thoroughly to develop. Unhappily, both in this tale and in "Muriel, the sentimental side is over-emphasised. But Sir Arthur is well drawn, though his creator seems to have been a little hazy about the school at which he was educated. On page 38 we are told that he was at Harrow; later on we hear that he was at Eton. Perhaps he was really a Wykehamist. "After the Crash," which I see from a footnote was "written about 1908 or 1910, mislaid, and forgotten till now," contains a warning of what will happen to our country if (1) we forget the needs of the spirit and (2) depend upon seaborne food.



"A fine round was accomplished by Mr. R. E. Clark, who went round in 34, locating the bogey for the course by 4 strokes."

Provincial Paper.

The Colonel is apt to be haughty, and we always like to

CHARIVARIA.

"Who is Mr. Winston Churchill?" asked Sir Alfred Mond recently. It is said that Mr. Churchill has decided not to tell him yet, but to spring it upon him as a surprise later on.

Boomerang-throwing is now being advocated as a sport. It is doubtful whether this will ever take the place of the rustic pastime of "Throwing the Empties" from a passing char-à-banc.

According to a meteorological expert's report, the month of June was cold and dull. It will be remembered that a rumour to this effect obtained considerable credence at the time.

From the same source we hear that we are to have a hot and dry autumn. Weather permitting, of course.

The contest between CARPENTIER and BECKETT will definitely take place. All that remains to be fixed up is the day and the year.

We understand that the French boxer is prepared to exercise the utmost consideration for his opponent in avoiding blows from the latter's injured hand.

A correspondent writes to say that there is one part of Oxford Street which has not been taken up by road-menders this year. It is evident that this is due to an oversight and was not intentional.

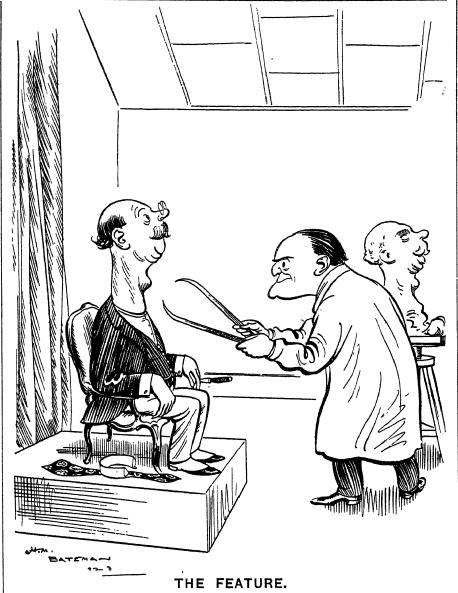
An expert mentions that in the upto-date laundry a collar passes through seventeen different processes. This does not include the final operation of testing its edge on a hair.

The MINISTER OF HEALTH suggests that more use should be made of infirmaries. It begins to look as if our motorists have been slacking of late. They should immediately put in some practice with clay pedestrians.

A contemporary gossip refers to a friend of his who always observes the rules of the road. We wonder if he is any relation of the quaint old gentleman who always walks about with his own umbrella.

We find there is no truth in the rumour that the Whaddon Hunt Chase dispute is to be made an annual affair.

Military headquarters at Ceuta (Morocco) have ordered all officers and men of the Spanish forces to grow moustaches. Those who are too busy



to grow them should apply to the Quartermaster-Sergeant for an issue.

A deaf man who played the bagpipes at a fête in Hampshire is a fine example of the right man in the right place.

It is officially denied that an armed robbery has taken place at a Barcelona hotel. In the face of this *démenti* we can only assume that the bill was presented in the usual way.

Mr. Augustus John is reported as saying that the best art he found in America was that of the Red Indians of Mexico. It has, of course, strong affinities with that of the Apaches of Chelsea.

ve ordered all officers and substitution of the most popular episodes," to be about the Spanish forces to grow writes a gossiper, of the Harrow Pageant, a holiday with Those who are too busy "is that of the granting of the Charter any the wiser.

to John Lyons." The founder of the famous tuck-shop, of course.

"Barking Labour Members leave Council Chambers," said a recent headline. Barking Labour Members left the House of Commons also the other day.

Recurring to the subject of the speed with which crack chess-players move, we may quote the following unreliable report: During a chess tournament on the Continent one player called the steward and remarked, "Do you mind removing my opponent? He has been unconscious seven days, and I think he must by now be dead."

There is one very good thing about the office of Poet Laureate. He seems to be about the only man who can take a holiday without other people being any the wiser.

VOL. CLXV.

LEGS AND THE WICKET.

When at the State of Things you glance
And note the spectacle of France
Still rampant in the Ruhr locality;
When questionnaires lie on the shelf
And almost you permit yourself
To doubt the Entente's cordiality;

When, in a pessimistic mood, You scan the outlook and conclude That life is largely froth and bubble, you Still have one topic which remains Worth thinking out with all your brains: It is the theme of l.b.w.

Who first, with inspiration fraught, Explored the vast profound of thought To formulate the rules of cricket—
It never once occurred to him That Man would use his nether limb Deliberately to guard his wicket.

For none, said he, of common sense,
With trousers for his sole defence,
Though brave from being bred on this isle,
Will ask for lumps upon his legs
(Equivalent in size to eggs)
Engendered by the whizzing missilo.

To-day from boot to thigh we add
A cautious armour-plate of pad
Protective as a downy pillow,
And from the sphere, impinging hard,
Defend with this our timber-yard,
Alternatively with the willow.

Some say another stump should be Planted beside the present three
So to expand the ball's objective;
Some think the bat is much too wide,
And, were its frontage modified,
This would be found far more effective.

For me, at such reforms I mock;
Your batsman still would calmly block
An off-break with his legs, the blighter;
To clear the cursed things away
That cumber now the field of play,
Stand him upon his head, say I,
With trotters pointing toward the sky!
That ought to make our cricket brighter. O. S.

"A Vacancy Occurs for a Lady Pupil in well-known Kennel. This profession is not over-crowded."—Daily Paper.
We hope the same applies to the kennel.

"A manuscript of Alexandre Dumas, F.I.L.S., 'Une Visite de Noces,' with long autograph dedication to Madame Bernhardt, fetched 3,200 francs."—*Irish Paper*.

If you think that the letters after the author's name signify "Fellow of the Irish Literary Society," you are wrong.

"The apple that fell on Newton's head gave him the idea for his greatest theory; much the same kind of idea literally struck Archimedes, but in his case it struck so hard that it finished him off on the spot. It took the form of an oyster dropped on to his baid pate by a seagull, who was misguided enough to mistake its bright and shining surface for that of a smooth round stone."—Monthly Magazine.

The poet ÆSCHYLUS was struck as hard, no doubt, when the tactless Roman soldier slew him in the midst of his mathematical studies.

THE KITCHEN CLUB.

PROBABLY you won't believe all this, but nevertheless it is a fact that, up to the time of going to press, Jones has had the same cook for eighty-seven days, four hours and nineteen minutes.

In order to choke off the persistent interviewers who are making his life a burden, he has for the first time allowed the

secret of how it was done to be published.

He had tried all the usual things, such as giving three days off out of every four, and offering more money, and giving permission for Cook to smoke in bed, but after the usual month Cook began to get the wanderlust. He suggested conscripting a few followers for her, and offered still more money, and even a partnership, but with no effect. Then he read one day of a movement to form Kitchen Clubs.

The idea of Kitchen Clubs, it appeared, was for some householder to allow his kitchen to be used by the domestics of the district as a rendezvous, where they could meet and discuss art, politics, the drama and the iniquities of the old

woman.

As soon as Jones saw this he realised at once what an enormous advantage he would gain if he so arranged it that his kitchen should be the meeting-place. For one thing, his cook would never be able to visit other houses and compare other jobs with her own to his disadvantage, and moreover, if she did bolt, he might possibly be able to chloroform and kidnap some other cook in her place.

Cook, it is pleasant to relate, looked with favour on the idea, and in response to her suggestion he purchased a few more easy-chairs and generally made the place more comfortable. This necessitated putting the kitchen-range down in the coal-cellar, and the dresser in the hall; but Jones

didn't care. He still had Cook.

All went well for a week or so, until the other cooks began to brag, as cooks will, of their kitchens, and a feeling of uneasiness asserted itself. Nothing daunted, Jones invested in a fifty-guinea wireless set, with an amplifier, and this lasted a whole month. When it palled, he turned out one of the bedrooms, so that the family could sit in it of a night, and handed over the drawing-room to the club. After this it was a full fortnight before the members put anything else in the suggestion-book; then he bought them a billiard-table, and his wife gave up the piano in the good cause. This was no great sacrifice, as she never had time to play it herself, being too busy with the work that Cook had no time for now that she was so busy in her social duties as president of the club. However, they still had Cook.

The next concession Jones made—or rather the next hospitality he offered—was to hand over most of the bedrooms to the club, so that, in the event of any of the members remaining after twelve, they could stay the night. As it was, the Bridge party often lasted until three or four.

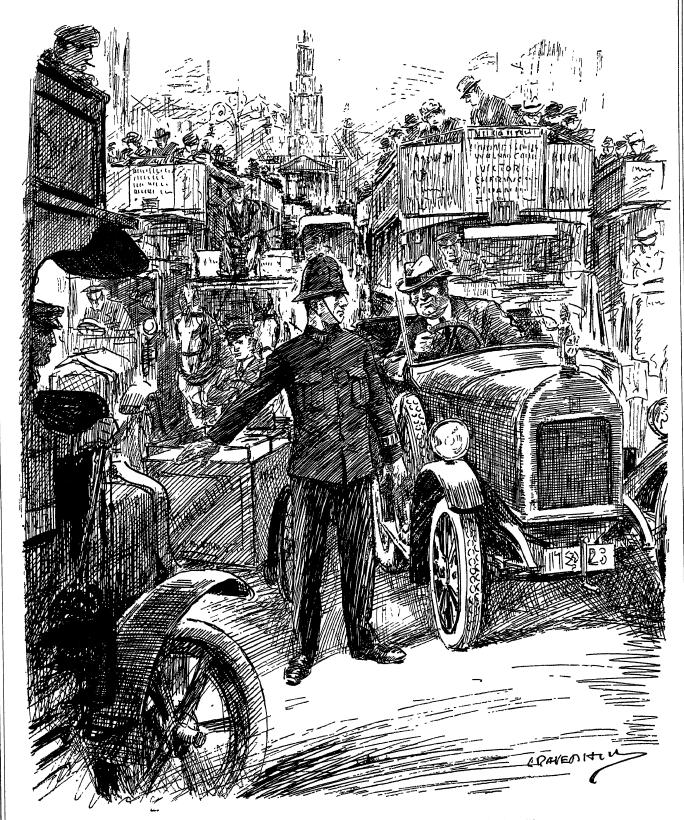
Eventually Jones gave up the last bedroom, and the family

moved into an hotel.

This is much more satisfactory for everybody concerned. It leaves Cook free to devote the whole of her time to keeping the club in order, and Jones has hired another domestic to assist her. And he and his family are of course being better attended to in the hotel than ever they were before.

It looks as though the record would soon finish, for Cook is talking of leaving "to better herself." Jones is wondering whether he can buy her a bigger house, so that she will have room in it to marry and settle down. Anyhow, up till now he still has Cook.

"The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and thewthtrudnk wniueith asm."—Australian Paper.
The compositor also, apparently.



WANTED-A TRAFFIC AUTHORITY.

JOHN BULL. "MY DEAR ROBERT, YOU'RE A MARVEL AT STOPPING THE TRAFFIC."

POLICEMAN X. "THANK YOU, SIR; BUT WHAT YOU WANT IS SOMEONE TO KEEP IT MOVING."



Shop Assistant. "Would you like the stripes diagonal or longitudinal, Madam?" Customer. "Neither, thanks. I want something with bright green stripes."

THE PURPLE PICEON RESTAURANT.

"My boy," said Algy (with whom I share a flat), emerging from a rapturous kind of trance, "I've found her after all these years of searching.

"Well, I hope you've had the sense to take up her references," I said casually.

"References! Ref—— What on earth are you talking about, you consummatass?" (This last word, I might mention, is a term of respect and affection used in our ménage.)

"I thought you meant you'd found the perfect housekeeper," I responded, knowing only too well that no domestic concern had produced his present state | persisted. of mind.

"What do I care for perfect house-keepers? What do I care for anything but her—my affinity?"

"You've found her again?" I in-

quired courteously. "I've found her," he said coldly. "It was outside the Piccadilly Tube-

"Ah, no," I interjected earnestly. "Yes, it was," he corrected. "I was just coming out of the Tube during the crush hour when I accidentally ran Pigeon, go, my son, and good luck go into her, and she dropped her bag, which I picked up. Burnished copper hair, violet eyes and a mouth like-

"Pass on to the sequel," I said, not that evening Algy had gone to the really anticipating any actual sequel | Purple Pigeon Restaurant. beyond the declamations to which I had been treated in similar instances.

"This," he said, and planked down The Daily Passenger, open at the "Personal" column, and having one appeal marked by him in blue pencil.

"Knight-Errant P'dilly meet D. H. dinner Purple Pigeon Restaurant."

"Who is D. H.?" I asked.

"She is," said Algy in a tone which admitted of no argument. "Diana-Dorothy," he intoned blissfully.
"And who is 'Knight-Errant'?" I

"I am," he replied with confidence. "Oh!" said I.

"Have you any objections to raise?" asked Algy politely.

"None whatever. If a wonderful creature with violet hair and-well, whatever it was-chooses to designate you as a knight-errant because you nearly knocked her over and then picked up her bag, and desires you to dine with her on nectar at the sign of the Purple with you.'

With this benediction I went about my own business. When I returned asked.

It is a sad tale. Not only did he go that night, but he went for six successive nights, and not once did he find his divinity. He expressed his intention of going every night until he should find her, on the assumption that "something held her back" and she would appear at the rendez-vous as soon as she could, where she should find her knight-errant waiting.

I was beginning to despair of his sanity after these nightly fruitless visits, until one day I carelessly glanced at the "Personal" column of The Daily Passenger. Then suddenly something

caught my eye and I called Algy.
"Read that," I commanded. He

"Sir Galahad Regent Street meet B.R. dinner Purple Pigeon Restaurant."

"It looks like an advertisement for the restaurant," I ventured, hardly daring to look at my afflicted friend.

"Possibly," he said coldly; "they're up to all sorts of stunts these days. Pass me the Bradshaw, will you? I'm going to do a bit of rough shooting in East Africa.

"Clay pigeons or purple ones?" I

A MYSTERY OF THE MOVIES.

I wish my job was connected with film production. Then I should know; as it is I can only guess. And the more I guess the more I am convinced there is something sinister behind it.

Let us imagine ourselves at the cinema, about to witness that memorable heart story, "The Hidden World."

The organ begins to wheeze. The lady at the piano is heroically playing a LISZT Rhapsody with one hand while searching for more music with the other.

The organ breaks forth, followed at intervals by the violin and piano. On the screen appears a close-up of the planet Saturn, complete with rings and satellites.

After a few seconds of this, which of course delicately symbolises the hidden and unattainable, the title of the picture is thrown across the screen in letters of melting snow, Saturn now forming the background. This symbolises, I think, the transitory nature of human effort.

When all the snow has melted and disappeared come the following pieces of information in rapid succession:-

Art-Direction by WORTHING ZUKEL.

Art-Titles by BEDFORD WESTON.

Herein lies the mystery. I am a hardened cinema-goer. I have attended nearly every soul-throb of any note released in our local drill-hall during the last twelve years, but never in my vast experience have I encountered the same Art Director or the same Art-Titlist twice. And, stranger even than that, I have never yet encountered an Art-Director or Art-Titlist whose Christian name was not the name of an English town!

It may be coincidence, of course, but the laws of probability indicate a more sinister explanation.

There must be some Secret Society which has sworn death to all Art-Directors and Art-Titlists.

It is composed, I suspect, of unsuccessful playwrights and artists, with a few theatre managers and a leavening of up-to-date professional assassins. They meet, no doubt, in some cellar in Chelsea. I can imagine the procedure.

The President taps the side of the barrel on which he is sitting with his hammer of office. "What is the next case?" he asks.

"Sheffield Stone, alias Eastbourne Kahn, alias Hampton Zettmann, is guilty of the following: 'Vague, impalpable as star dust;' 'melting in the glamour of quivering music; 'stencilled gainst the azure sky; 'Venice, city of sit two harassed-looking men. dreams.'"



Child (cf an inquiring turn of mind). "I always thought India was a hot place where they never had to have fires?"

Uncle. "So IT IS, MY DEAR-VERY HOT."

Child. "THEN HOW CAN THE CALCUTTA SWEEP MAKE SUCH A LOT OF MONEY?"

"Yes?" says the President, fingering the black cap.

" Likewise, 'So down the Avenue of Heart's Desire they passed hand-in-hand, and Sorrow and Tribulation passed from them even as the snow passes at the warm breath of Spring.' There is more evidence, if-

"That will suffice," says the President, donning the black cap. "The sentence is death. You will arrange."

While far away in Los Angeles, Cal., in an office marked

> ART PRIVATE

One of them is stabbing with a pin | we hear so much about.

at the index of an "Atlas and Gazetteer of the British Isles.'

"Hatfield. That'll fix you," says the Art-Director, putting on a false moustache. "It's Doncaster for me this trip. Gee, those exploding cigars were a knock-out. But they won't nobble us through the mail next time."

"Guess I'll be beating it now," says the Art-Titlist, examining his revolver. " All clear?"

That, I think, or something like it. It is a grim thought.

"Oats quiet and steady."—Provincial Paper. A pleasant change from the wild ones

THE THRUSTER.

THE Reverend John and I had set out to walk over by Campsie, but a shower drove us into the shelter of Kilforran Abbey, a place of which we are both very fond. As we crossed the threshold the Reverend John permitted himself an unclerical objurgation.

the wretched guide."

It was too late to escape. The guide at Kilforran is a man who prides himself, not without reason, on a happy gift of expression and a vein of dry humour, and he is very ready to take umbrage at either argument or inattention. He was solemnly marshalling his little party for their tour of inspection and running them over with an appraising eye. There were four palpable Americans, a man who looked like a Leicestershire farmer, and a small ratfaced Glaswegian Scot with an enormous wife.

The Reverend John and I unavoidably took our place among the neophytes -though we knew beforehand all we were likely to hear. The pièce de résistance at Kilforran—it is served up in other edifices as well—is the story of the too industrious apprentice. While the Abbey was building, the master mason designed a pillar as a pattern and went away to foreign parts to brush up his architectural knowledge. In his absence the apprentice had the presumption to design and execute a pillar of his own, which was so much better as to put the original entirely in the shade. The master came back and the apprentice paid the penalty of all juniors who do too well; for the master hit him over the head with his mallet and killed him. You may see the pair of them depicted above the choir, the apprentice with a very realistic chip knocked out of his right temple.

Naturally, that is the guide's great story, and to tell it is his main pleasure in life. The Reverend John and I composed ourselves to hear it once again.

The guide allowed a few seconds for preliminary starings and then went ahead. The Americans were flatteringly attentive, especially the ladies, who made little cooing noises of delight. Presently we came to the pillars.

"Now I ask your attention," said the guide, "to these two carved columns. One on my left, one on my right.

The little rat-faced Glaswegian thrust forward his head.

The guide gave him a murderous look; I fancy he recognised the breed already. "There is little more of interest at Also w "That on my right," he said severely, this end of the Abbey," he said loudly youth.

"is the so-called Apprentice Column. The story goes–

"Ye can see it's faur better nor the ither," said the little man cheerfully. "Yon's the master's—on the left."

The guide swallowed.
"The story goes—"he began again,

but he got no further.

"Ye canna wunner the man was "Hang it!" he said, "we've run into | riled," said the little man, unabashed. "It wis gey upsettin' for him tae come hame an' find hissel' a back number. I dinna wunner he kilt the puir laddie. Dod! I wud hae felt like gi'ein' him a sclaff on the lug masel'."

The Americans stared, wondering no doubt what strange speech this might be. But the little man merely preened

himself.

"I was about to tell you——" said

the guide, pulling himself together.
"What was 't he kilt him wi'?" said the little man happily. "Was 't no' a hammer?"

The guide glared at him. "I ask ye to obsairve," said he, "the scheme of decorations——''and proceeded to score a run or two. But before he was set Rat-face sent up a yorker.

"Is there no a heid o' the laddie some place?" he inquired, peering eagerly

The guide gave it up. He swallowed something again and hurried us on to a panel of the Seven Deadly Sins. I heard the Reverend John chuckling

uncanonically beside me.

Once away from the 'prentice and his tragic story the little man was silent; in the Seven Deadly Sins he had no apparent interest, and, if the guide seemed to lay a special emphasis on the figure of Pride, perhaps that was only my imagination. But of course Ratface's innings was bound to come. In due course we must arrive at the choir and the carven heads of the Master and the Apprentice. In due course we did.

The Reverend John and I had contrived to fall behind, and from the shadow of a friendly pillar I watched the protagonists. I saw the little man peer about till his eye lit on the carving of the apprentice with the tell-tale chip out of his forehead. His face brightened. I could see him getting ready to air his knowledge afresh.

But the guide was too quick for him. For a moment he wrestled with his love of his story, then he caught the little man's questing eye and made an

heroic resolve.

He almost pushed the docile Ameri-"Yon'll be the 'Prentice Pillar," said cans and the Leicestershire farmer through a small doorway into some sort of vestry.

and rapidly. "But in this annexe or addition, which is, of course, comparatively modern—

They trailed away. The little man and his enormous wife stood alone beneath the carved heads. He was like a burst balloon; all his eagerness had gone. If he hadn't been quite so exasperating I could have pitied him.

He made a plucky attempt to keep

his end up.

"I kent fine it wis here some place," said he with an effort at triumph. "Yon's the 'prentice, Maggie — up yonder."

His wife gazed in stolid admiration; but one realised that he had lost the game. He threw a quick, hopeful glance at us, but we bolted, the Reverend John leading the flight. H. B.

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

When the clock has tired of chiming And the harvest moon is climbing Slowly, ob, so slowly,

Up its ladder in the sky, And the room is hot and stuffy And the bedclothes cross and fluffy And you're feeling very lonesome

And are half-inclined to cry, You might do worse than try this

To turn the night-time into day.

Wake up the sleepy old books on the

It's a chance that you never should miss;

Open the first that comes under your

And you may find a magic like this.

Take from the goblin his crinkly face, His pointed ears from the gnome; Borrow the nose of a leprechaun

And smuggle it carefully home; Sew bawkie fingers to banshee wrist; Stitch gossamer vellum between; Fit legs to straddle with knees atwist From a body of velveteen.

Creep from your bed as the clock strikes one;

Bow three times to the moon; Turn three times east and three times

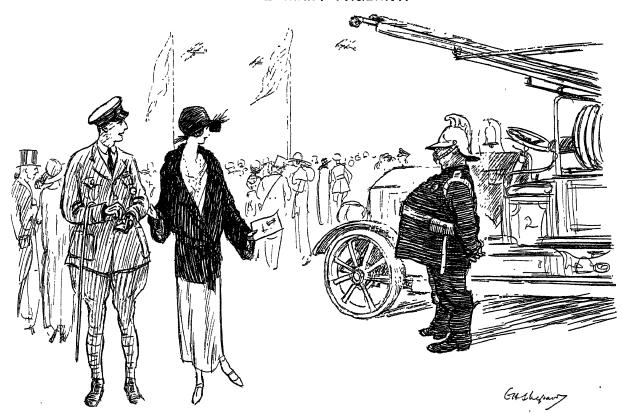
But don't breathe a word, and soon You'll hear the swish of the white barn-owl

And the splosh of the water-rat, And the nightjar's churr and the chafer's whirr, And then—you can fly your bat.

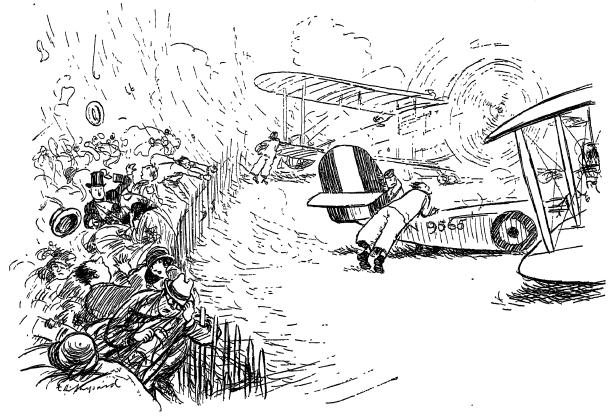
"Wanted strong youth to bag potatoes." New Zealand Paper.

"There is little more of interest at Also wanted, strong policeman to bag

AT THE R.A.F. PAGEANT.



The Lady. "Oh, look, Bobby, is that one of the brass-hats you talked about so much in the War?"



TESTING ENGINES IN THE "PADDOCK" AND PUTTING THE WIND UP THE SPECTATORS

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XVI.—THE WILD WEST.

IT must have occurred to every thinking reader that Prohibition, whatever its general effect on the United States, has struck a terrible blow at the romance of the Wild West. I have attempted here with some diffidence to construct a story of the gold-mining regions in terms of modern American life. I call it

THE ICE-BOUND TRAIL.

Hunk Lob stood alone on the bare-

plank sidewalk of Blue Point Creek. Longdays of struggling on the flinty mountain face with pick and drill had sent the urge of pleasure-madness to his rough childish heart. A score of rude pine-log shanties formed the whole city of Blue Point Creek. There was not much choice of amusements. Hunk Lob elected for the saloon.

"Strawberry Sundae!" he growled to the bar-tender, hiking a leathern wallet of gold dust from his pants. He drank it, and then another. Then he had a mint julep, and after that an orangeade. The hidden fire of the last seemed to mount up to his brain. He swept what was left of the gold dust into his hippocket and reeled out on to the street. The blinding blare of sunlight dazzled his eyes. Tenderfoot Ed was sitting in the shadow of

the Free Reading-Room and Library, looking at a bound volume of Chatterbox. Hunk Lob hated Tenderfoot Ed. He stood outside and watched him. After a while Ed got up and walked across to the Lecture Hall. Fresh and sweet as a dew-laden rose came Mae Wilkins, the schoolmarm, tripping to meet him. She had a bundle of lantern slides under her arm. Hunk Lob expectorated on the sidewalk and staggered over to the candy store.

It was Mae Wilkins' rule that complete silence reigned during her lantern lectures at Blue Point Creek. She was lecturing on Robert E. Lee and the

Suddenly she became sensible of a dishard. She guessed who it must be.

"Quit that, Hunk!" she cried in her ringing treble.

The sound went on.

"Stand out thar, Hunk Lob!" cried | Hunk Lob went back to see. the schoolmarm.

A score of hands pulled Hunk Lob roughly from his seat.

"I warn't chewin'," he expostulated,

"doggone it."

were not good ones, but you cannot cry of a coyote. Then he made the wail get good slides at Blue Point Creek. of a gopher. Then he imitated the squeal of a skunk. The congregation was visibly turbing sound. Someone was chewing disturbed. Hunk Lob laughed loudly and reeled on.

The lecture was over now and people were going to tea at the saloon. Perhaps Tenderfoot Ed would be there.

Mae Wilkins and Tenderfoot Ed were sitting at a table eating waffles. All the devils born of lonely toil and night "You war," she replied; "and you camping on the mountain side sprang

up in Hunk's embittered soul. He went right up to the table and chucked Mae Wilkins under the chin. There was a wild uproar. Tenderfoot Ed sprang up and slapped the hulking digger's cheek. He was a little man with sleek hair and New York manners. Hunk Lob gave him a rude push, which sent him sprawling to the floor.

"Beat it, you dog-garned guy!" he said. "I will not beat it,"

said Ed.

"Beat it yourself, Hunk!" cried Mae.

The burly bar-tender shouldered his way through the crowd.

"Say now, cut out the rough stuff," he said. "If you two gentlemen have any dispute, challenge each other to a game of quoits, as gentlemen should."

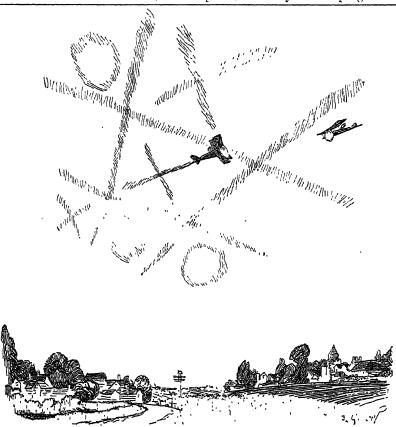
There was a quoit board with pegs and rubber rings hanging

on the wall of the saloon. Hunk Lob was the best quoit-player who had ever come to Blue Creek Point. Hard trails on the mountain-side had made his arm steady and his eye sure. He won by 180 to 45. A new and rather unpleasant gleam came into the Easterner's eyes.

"I'll play you at bezique," he said. Tenderfoot Ed won the bezique. He had white shirt-cuffs, and Hunk's huge arms were bare.

"You'd best beat it, Hunk," said Mae when the game was over, but her voice was somewhat softer now.

poems of Mr. Drinkwater. The slides sky-pilot inside. Suddenly he raised the he turned round to the bar-tender.



A SLACK PERIOD. don't make it no better, Hunk, by passing me them lies about it. Look under

AIRMEN OF A SKY-WRITING FIRM BEGUILE THE TIME DURING

his desk, boys."

The tell-tale dob of gum which Hunk had taken from his mouth and stuck on the underside of the desk top was found immediately by Tenderfoot Ed. Hunk Lob was hurled out on to the sidewalk.

The lust for mischief and revenge raged hotter still in the gold-trailer's heart. Had he not hit the town after nearly two weeks amongst the ice and the lonely pines? He hitched his pants and walked over to the chapel, where a service was going on. The door was open, and he could hear the voice of the ger. "Gimme a pack o' blanks." And



Child (to foreign visitor who has criticised our climate). "OUR WEATHER IS PECULIAR, BUT OF COURSE WE UNDERSTAND IT."

Taking the unmarked paste-boards, Hunk nailed ten of them in a row to the rough log wall of the saloon. Then he took out his catapult.

"I'll show you kyard play," he muttered ferociously.

"What you getting at, Hob Lunk—I mean Hunk Lob?" queried Ed. His eyes narrowed nervously.

The digger took a packet of slugs from his pants and, standing twenty paces away, fired the pips evenly and neatly into the ten blank cards. He was the best catapulter in Blue Point Creek. Long practice on the coyotes and gophers amongst the lonely hills and the pines had made him a plumb shot every time.

"I don't reckon to take much stock in bezique," he said when he had finished, "but I'm sure apt to get the ace of spades when I start using a slug." And he scowled at the Easterner's white shirt-sleeves.

A murmur of admiration went round the room, and there was a new light in Mae Wilkins' eyes. Tenderfoot Ed was a bad catapulter. He did not even try to compete. But he saw that he must do something to reinstate himself.

"Nix for cards, Hub Lonk! I'll drink you twelve ice-cream sodas!" he exclaimed.

8 6

The report of a duel between the two men had spread all round Blue Point Creek. Diggers, teamsters and store-keepers thronged the saloon. Rough hard men with sun-browned faces, their grey shirts open to the neck, left their draught-boards and their dominoes and hustled each other round the table where Ed and Hunk sat face to face.

Tall tumblers stood in front of them filled to the brim with bubbles and foam. Both men sucked steadily, calling every now and then for a new straw. No one else spoke. Nothing but the strong gurgle of the combatants as they drank broke the tense silence of the room. As they came to the bottom of each glass they ate out the mushy pink ice with spoons. At about the eighth glass the effect of his previous potations began to handicap Hunk Lob severely. He weakened visibly. His set hard face grew paler and there was a wry twist to his smile. Ed sat in a crouched attitude, his left hand up to his forehead.

At the tenth glass both men were perspiring hard, but Ed was perceptibly the fresher. Half-way through the eleventh, Hunk Lob rose with a groan. His face was green. He bowed his head and, placing his two hands in front of him, tottered towards the door.

"Guess I win!" cried Ed, faintly but triumphantly.

"Guess you don't!" came the clear voice of Mae Wilkins, the school-teacher. Her eyes flashed fire. "Catch holt of his sleeve, boys!"

Tenderfoot Ed sprang up. But even as he did so there was a flash of silver and something clattered to the floor. From the feet of the crowd Mae Wilkins picked up a tiny plated flask.

"You bin doping between drinks," she cried with indignant scorn and held out the flask at arm's length under the bar-tender's nose.

He sniffed it timidly.

"Hootch!" he gasped, "by the Lord Harry, hootch! Ride him on a rail, boys, quick! Fetch out the tar'n feathers!"

But Mae Wilkins went out to find Hunk Lob. Evor.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXIX.—The Parliament of Mothers.

"TEA on the Terrace," said George. "Come on.

"Jolly!" I said. "But how?"

"I was at school with our Member,"

said George loftily.

George and I read the evening papers regularly, so we know what to think of Parliament. And we approached it jauntily, with due contempt.

But we were soon put in our place. The very smell that emerges from the entrance—a soapy, cathedral smell is enough to subdue a scoffer. And the vast Policeman at the door immediately made it clear that this was a place to be respected. In low, cathedral tones we told him that we wished to see George's Member, and he wafted

smell. If we still had any lingering doubts of the dignity of Parliament, they were removed by the size of the Policeman whom we met about twenty yards further on, to whom we whispered that we wished to see George's Member. We crept forward fearfully, half drunk with the smell, and by the time we had reached the Third Policeman we had all but abandoned the idea of seeing George's Member. However, we stuttered nervously that we

wished to see George's Member, and were admitted to the Central Hall.

At the entrance to the passage which leads to the House of Commons stand the Fourth and Fifth Policemen. For majesty, sagacity, bulk and (when they unbend) geniality, the House of Commons' Policemen have no equal among the official classes; and these two beat all records. To them we said simply that we wished to see George's Member. They gave us two green cards, on which we wrote that we wished to see George's Member. "Object of Visit" I left blank. George wrote "Tea on the Terrace," but he rubbed it out for fear of the Fourth Policeman. The cards we gave to the Fifth Policeman, who gave them to a distinguished gentleman in evening dress, probably the Sergeant-at-Arms. Then we melted guiltily into the cloud of constituents, feeling like men who have deliberately tampered with the British Constitution.

In the Central Hall the dignity of Parliament is never for a moment relaxed. The Sixth and Seventh Police-

men see to that. We stood with the other constituents by the barriers, hushed and reverent; and George was in constant trouble with the Sixth Policeman for standing in the wrong he had gone.

An hour and a half passed. statues of Mr. GLADSTONE, of LORD Russell, Lord Granville and Lord IDDESLEIGH became increasingly distasteful, and only the hope of tea sustained me. Now and then a Member swept busily down the passage, and the Seventh Policeman, in a voice like Rhadamanthus', boomed out his name; and a wretched clot of constituents shuffled forward, cringing and broken, as if they half expected their Member to strike them in the face or put them in the Tower. This is an odd spectacle when you think with what contempt and us on into the austere and soporific bravery, not to say rudeness, they treat | ance in the Gallery as I should think of

Harassed Little Mother. "That's right, silly; keep on till you break it."

in their constituencies at Election time. a very different creature.

But there, the Members soon put them at their ease; and it did one good to see it.

The hearty handshakes, the beaming smiles of welcome—like mothers greeting a long-lost child, like hens gathering their chicks. And now with what pride and joy the faces of those constituents were lighted up as they realised that, after all, their Member vividly remembered them, had been anxiously looking forward to this visit, and was now proposing to give them Tea. Tea!

Ah, happy ones! George's Member is no gentleman, though he was motherly enough. When he arrived at last, he made no reference to tea. What he did say was, "Look here, old fellow, you'd like seats in the Gallery, wouldn't you?"

"Rather," said George, but without passion.

"Delighted," I murmured.

"Well, it won't be easy," said George's Member, "but I'll see what I can do. You wait here.'

"Don't bother, please," I said; but

I took George behind the statue of The Mr. GLADSTONE and said a few quiet

> About half-an-hour later, famished and worn, we found ourselves being handed along a passage by a chain of flunkeys, venerable men in evening dress, each of whom had the aspect of a statesman of the old style; and, under the lowering eye of the most venerable of them all, we signed our names in a great book, and undertook to be of good behaviour and make no disturbance in the Gallery. By that time my spirit was absolutely broken, and I should as soon have thought of making a disturb-

> > interrupting a sermon. As for George, for the first time I saw him cowed.

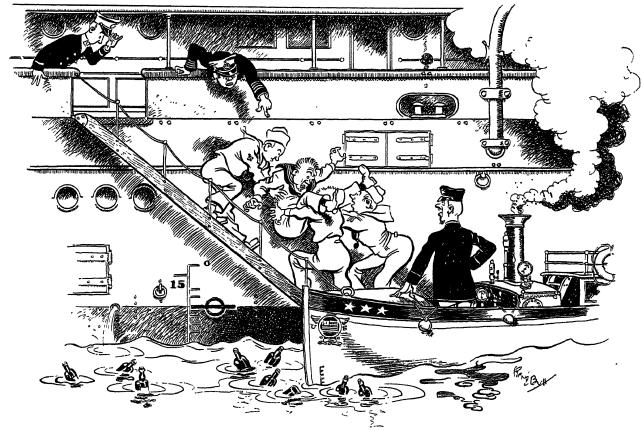
Yet another flunkey in the Gallery, with a hissing menace in his voice, ushered us into a seat. We sat down, scarce venturing to breathe. True, at the moment it was a little difficult to understand the stealth and silence which possessed us all up there; for from the Chamber below there came up to us a loud buzz of conversation. Anumber of gentlemen,

their Members when they catch them | too, whose appearance was refreshingly commonplace after the oppressive dis-In the Central Hall the constituent is | tinction of the flunkeys, were walking about the Chamber, or lolling back and talking to each other, or quietly studying documents. One gentleman was standing up and, to judge from the movements of his lips and hands, was making a speech; but he did not seem to disturb the conversation of his colleagues in any way, and in general there was a complete absence of that stiffness and restraint which I had noticed in other parts of the building. That air of sedulous maternity, that careful dignity, had dropped from the Members; here at least they could relax, and they were making the most

But nobody else. George turned to me and whispered some remark about an elderly baronet who sat high on the back-benches in a top-hat. . . .

"S-s-s-r!"

A terrific hiss of rebuke smote us in the back of the neck from the horrified official at the door. We shrivelled up.



British Captain. "Here, what are you doing with my ship's carpenter?" U.S.A. Inspector. "WE'RE NEGOTIATING AN ARREST. WE FOUND A SPIRIT LEVEL IN HIS KIT."

The baronet sat with his eyes closed, and his top-hat tilted, like a turkeycock asleep. But it was clear that he at least was following the speech with attention. For suddenly he opened his eyes and said, "SHUT UP!" in tones of extraordinary ferocity. Then he closed his eyes again and appeared to sleep. But at intervals he woke up and snapped "SIT DOWN!" and sometimes "STUFF!" or "FLAPDOODLE!" In their general sense his contributions to the debate were admirably consistent.

A gentleman on the other side occasionally retorted with the words, "You DIRTY Dog!" "BLACKGUARD!" or "Sor!" but the debate continued its even course, and the speaker placidly went on with his speech in perfectly inaudible tones.

When he sat down, an action which caused no perceptible excitement, a mild-looking gentleman on the Front Bench rose up and said haltingly:—*

"I am sure that the sense of the House is that all sections of the House will agree with reference to the Clause which we are discussing that it is not a Clause which any section of the House would wish to become part of the Bill pending the findings of the

*This is not how the speech is reported in Hansard, but this is what, in fact, he said.

Committee which, as the House is aware, is now discussing the subjectmatter of the Clause which has been put down by the Honourable Member for Byles; and may I add with reference to the remarks which were made by the Honourable and Gallant Member for Kilmannan and Bogg with reference to that Committee, that when he said that that Committee was not a Committee which ought properly to consider the subject-matter of this Clause-

"IT'S A LIE!" cried an Honourable Member passionately. And A Painful Scene began.

The Honourable Baronet opened his

eyes and said "Skunk!" emphatically.
"Skunk, yourself!" was the ready retort. "Mr. Speaker, Sir, is it in order for the Honourable Member for Carraway to call me a skunk?

The debate continued. "He's a dirty dog!

"What about you?" "You're the worst!"

"Come outside and I'll show you!"

"Blackguard!"

" Fish-face!" "Capitalist!"

"Toad!"

The place was now in an uproar, and about this point George ventured to address me again.

"I see now," he shouted, above the din, "why-

"You mustn't talk," I yelled. "You'll disturb the debate."

"I'll risk it," he shouted back. "I see why they have to be so careful about the behaviour of the Gallery. After all, someone must set an example. Can YOU HEAR ME?"

"YES," I bawled. "WHAT THEY WANT DOWN THERE IS TWO OR THREE OF THOSE POLICEMEN!" A. P. H.

WHY?

Why do I lose my sanity, My usual urbanity, And lapse into profanity? Why does my heart grow granity, Devoid of all humanity? 'Tis not the sight of vanity Or rampant hooliganity, Or Jazz-inspired can-canity; No, 'tis the sheer inanity Of picture-press Suzannity.

From a bookmaker's evidence before the Betting Committee :-

"Betting is inherent in our nature; if horse racing were entirely wiped out we should all start betting on which tramcar would reach a certain point first."—Daily Paper.

And we could all invariably name the winner.



"Mummy, do come and look! There's such a lovely yellow bird with a green back. I think it must be a canary that's not quite ripe."

In a Good Cause.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I am sure I shall have your sympathy in making a very strong and serious appeal for some

practical help for the Nuns of Ypres.

They are, as everybody knows, or at least ought to know, a group of very historic and heroic exiles of our own nation, who have done excellent work for the world in education ever since the seventeenth century in that great shrine of the great Flemish culture. Everyone knows that all the shrines and all the culture of Flanders that had been built up through all the centuries disappeared as by one diabolical blast in that one terrible experience at the beginning of the twentieth century. The ancient abbey of Ypres disappeared; but the Nuns of Ypres did not disappear. They remained to devote themselves to the care of the wounded, working as nurses in their cellars underground, until the Military Authorities compelled them to leave. Then at last they passed out of the ruined city, headed by their Mother Abbess, who was eighty-five years old; and, having remained so long under fire with more than the military virtue of courage, retired only by the military virtue of obedience. They retired to Poperinghe, where they continued their ministrations to our wounded soldiers; dealing especially with those appalling cases of tetanus which are past the common tragedy of war.

To-day they are homeless through their own heroic spirit, and have been forced to borrow the money needed to obtain a home at Kylemore Abbey, in Connemara, where they hope to resume their practical school work if they can manage to repay the loan. The sum required is £40,000.

I think they would not ask in vain, of you or of the English people, even if they were no more than is implied in the name of the Nuns of Ypres. You have often pleaded for help for deserving charities; and none can be more truly said to deserve it than those who do not even mean in the ordinary sense to enjoy it, but only to use it for better things; and none can be less suspect than those who only ask not to be too poor to live by the vow of poverty. But I need not remind you that the very name of Ypres is now hardly a foreign word. These are our countrywomen who have spent themselves in serving our countrymen; it may be that they were the last women of our name and nation to see many men we loved before they died. If there were nothing else, the honour of England is involved; we do not want the world to say that their history was in two parts, and that Flanders honoured them and England forgot them.

Faithfully yours, G. K. C. Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Col. F. W. Pixley, V.D., or to the Hon. Secretary, G. K. Chesterton, Esq., Ypres Abbey Memorial Fund, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Commercial Candour.

From an hotel advertisement:

"When visiting Penang stay where everybody stys."—Local Paper.

"To think that Roper Barrett, who played in the first Davis Cuptie against America 23 years ago, and was partnered by a player who was only about three months old at the time! Was anything in lawn tennis ever more amazing?"—Daily Paper.

The answer is in the negative. But we should like to know what became of that prodigious infant.



HOLDING HER UP.

M. Poincaré. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?" Mr. Baldwin. "WELL, IF YOU LOOK ROUND YOU'LL SEE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

another Member the lie. But times have changed; though it rather shocked me to hear Mr. Ormsby-Gore rap out, in reply to Mr. BECKER's assertion that Palestine was being administered by Jews, "That is quite untrue," it did not turn a hair in the SPEAK-ER's wig.

Further questions regarding the treatment of British ships by the American Government evoked from Mr. McNeill the usual cautious replies. Even when Viscount Curzon bluntly inquired whether the House was to understand that we had given the United States an entirely free hand he answered still the little diplomat—that the question "suggests quite a false interpretation."

The payment to Mr. Win-Tour, the late General Manager of the British Empire Exhibition, of fourteen thousand pounds as "compensation for disturbance" seemed to Sir

require further elucidation than it review that it was a private matter for the exhibition authorities, with which the Government, though a guarantor of a hundred thousand pounds to the expenses of the enterprise, had nothing whatever to do.

The House was apparently of a different opinion. For, when Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, in addition to other concessions on the Finance Bill, announced the Government's intention to forgo, as a compliment to visitors from the Dominions, the entertainment-tax on the entrance fees to the Exhibition, several Members adduced the incident as a reason why the Exhibition should not be relieved of taxation. Mr. WALL-HEAD thought the proposal was probably due to the gentleman "the winter of whose discontent has recently been made glorious summer in the form of Treasury Notes." This the FINANCIAL SECRETARY denied. The proposal might be a poor thing, but it was his own. As the House however had not welcomed it with the unanimity he expected he would withdraw it.

Tuesday, July 3rd.—I should hesitate to compare the House of Lords, or any of its Members, with the sailor who, when asked what was the matter necessary, to ask their Lordships to with him, replied, "I eats well, and I make the sacrifice, but ventured to

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

I sees a job of work I'm all of a portant than academic debates on Monday, July 2nd.—Not so very long ago it was considered most improper for one Member of Parliament to give Paper in the Upper House was now fully Lord Salisbury had dealt with



Lord Salisbury (to Mr. C. R. Buxton). THERE'S NEWTON UPSTAIRS ASKING FOR MORE."

a most important Motion of his own ceived. Colonel Buckley stuck to the had had to be postponed. His remedy was that the House, which now sat



"FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY." MR. ASQUITH AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN THE LAND REGISTRY RACE.

practically for only nine hours in the week, should meet on Mondays.

Lord Salisbury was prepared, if

drinks well, and I sleeps well, but when think that legislation was more im-

Bills emanating from Liberal Governments, was pleased to say that the traditions of the House would be safe in his hands, but thought the difficulty of congestion might be got over by meeting at an

earlier hour.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans was closely pressed regarding the agreement with the Marconi Company, and emphatically denied that the Government had any intention of granting that company a monopoly of wireless communication within the Empire. Asked whether, following the example of the Marconi Company, he would invite Members to inspect the Post Office wireless installations, he regretted that the Department had no funds for entertaining Members of Parliament, but said he would be delighted to make arrangements for them to come "at their own expense."

Under the Ten Minutes Rule James Remnant and other Members to | becoming so congested with Bills that | Mr. Charles Buxton introduced a Bill to limit the hours of working to a maximum of forty-eight per week. As under present conditions nobody-save Ministers—appears to work anything like as long as that, it seemed rather otiose,

but nobody opposed it.

Sir Keith Fraser then gave the House a few moments of sheer delight while essaying—in his own explosive manner—to expound a measure for the Amendment of Scottish Trusts. As far as I could gather the typical Scottish landowner expends about twice as much on his property as he gets out of it, and is then called upon to pay super-tax on the deficit.

Interest in the Finance Bill was almost entirely concentrated on the efforts of the temporarily united Oppositions to restore the registry of landprices recently demolished by the free vote of the House. Sir Godfrey Col-LINS, leading the attack, pleaded that the landlords would gain and the Exchequer would suffer from the change. Sir William Bull, who insisted on reading out at full length the schedule of particulars which has to be filled up in regard to every transaction in land. declared, on the contrary, that it would save the landowners half-a-million, and the State from ten to fifteen thousand a year.

Then came Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with

was supported by Mr. Austen CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Asquith announced that he was in "complete agreement" with Mr. CHAM-BERLAIN, and that he had listened with satisfaction "to most, if not the whole," of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech (note the delicate distinction). Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, fresh from fighting for his political life at Caxton Hall, was surprised that the Government should take advantage of a snatch division, brought about. "more as a joke than anything else," by

is now seeking to be saved. Mr. BALDWIN could not understand why the debate should have produced so

some of his friends - those

same friends from whom he

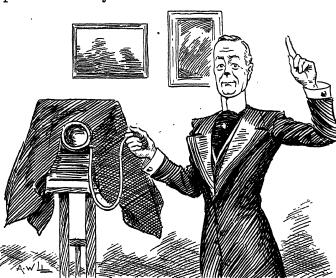
much excitement and ancient history on each side. Eschewing both, he simply said that if the land register would really save the taxpayers' money he should maintain it. After careful inquiry, he was advised that it would not, and therefore he recommended the House "honestly and sincerely" to retain the clause abolishing it. This the House did by 260 to 187.

Wednesday, July 4th.—Lord Erskine knew, no doubt, that, in asking the Government to make a grant in aid of the National Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, he was leading a forlorn hope. At the best of times British Governments are not inclined to be generous in the encouragement of Literature and Art. Therefore, although his case was well backed by Lord STUART OF WORTLEY and produced from Lord WILLOUGHBY DE Broke one of the liveliest speeches that versatile sportsman has ever made -I liked his tribute to GAY as author of a play that had lasted almost as long as Chu Chin Chow—he met with the inevitable negative from Lord Onslow.

On the Legitimacy Bill Lord BIRKEN-HEAD and Lord BUCKMASTER, who spoke in favour of its merciful provisions, came up against the prejudices of Lord Salisbury, who was in one of his mediæval moods and gravely informed the two ex-Lord Chancellors that "a sentiment of pity must not be allowed to interfere with the cold calmness of legal judgment." But even he did not venture to oppose the Second Reading.

Question-time in the House of Com-

had not been allowed to carry his scheme of Health exhibited figures showing the Labour Party, though they did not forget their King Charles's head, the Government should maintain the Land Registry at least for the present that they accounted for the revival of the Labour Party, though they did not forget their King Charles's head, the Capital Levy, were less aggressive that they accounted for the revival of



The Photographer. "THE ANSWER IS IN THE NEGATIVE." SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

small-pox. But neither he nor the Un- | in the shade. As a subject, the pulling DER-SECRETARY FOR THE HOME OFFICE was prepared to take action limiting the right of conscientious objectors to imperil the lives of their children and the health of the community.



"I THINK I AM A MUGWUMP" (originally a Red Indian Chief). MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

The Third Reading of the Finance Bill drew compliments from all quarters of the House upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his able lieutenant, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, who had produced his many negatives (to the Opposition | but because we have been fair."

a belated defence of his defunct Land | mons produced something approaching | amendments) with the speed and polite-Taxes, which had only failed because he a debate on vaccination. The MINISTER ness of a seaside photographer. Even

> thanks to the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY for his conduct of the Bill, and incidentally mentioned that he himself was not taking a salary as Chancellor of the Exchequer. While refusing to pose as a financial authority—"I think I am a mug-wump myself"—he nevertheless took some credit for the settlement of the American Debt-the brightest feather at present in his official The House rewarded him by giving the Government the handsome majority of 104.

> Thursday, July 5th.—It was unfortunate for Lord DELAMERE that he should have made his maiden speech on an afternoon when the thermometer touched eighty

up of a railway between Kenya and Tanganyika might be described as both topical and tropical, but it failed to attractmany of the peers. Lord Buxton thought it was an odd way of developing a colony; but the Duke of Devon-SHIRE explained that the line was practically derelict already, and would cost half-a-million to recondition.

Mr. Hurd complained that the abolition of the tax on cider had not benefited the consumer; the modest pint which as a West-country Member he deems it his duty to consume costs him as much as ever. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, remarking "that applies also to my ginger-beer," advised an appeal to the Kitchen Committee.

Several Members urged that what remains of the records of British rule in Ireland should be brought to London for safe custody. Mr. Ormsby-Gore replied that it had been agreed with the Free State to keep them in Dublin, where they would obviously be more wanted for reference. That is true enough, of course; but did not a great Irish patriot say that "Irish history is for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget"?

During the adjourned debate on the India Office Vote Mr. SAKLATVALA attributed all India's troubles to the Government, and was well answered by Sir E. GRIGG, who in an eloquent defence of the Civil Service said, "We have held India not because we have been strong,

THE LOVE EXPERT.

ONE shudders at the thought of what he must have gone through in acquiring the experience by means of which he is able to make perfect lovers, perfect wives and perfect husbands by a scrape of the pen. Yet in spite of what he has suffered he is always cheery. It is his cheeriness that does it.

A less conscientious and hard-working public benefactor would rest content with having told his fellow-creatures exactly the kind of people with whom it is safe for them to fall in love, the right way for them to propose and how to show to best advantage under the critical eyes of relations-in-law-elect. But the Love Expert does not stop there. He considers it a point of honour to keep an eye on newly-married couples until they have discovered all their own faults and one another's perfections.

If you read the spirited little dialogues which he writes, and in which he represents himself as, say, a worldlywise old uncle (though he has other disguises for the Press), you will see that he usually manages to visit a young wife just after some disturbing domestic occurrence, as, for example, when the young husband has slammed the door and gone to the office in a towering rage and an odd pair of boots. What happens on these imaginary occasions he records for the benefit of other young wives who may stand in need of a worldly-wise old uncle.

The moment the young wife opens the door he sees what is wrong, though he is careful not to say so. Instead, he talks in his cheery way about the begonias and the failure of the radish crop, until the young wife bursts into tears. That is what he has been waiting for.

"Well," he says, with cheery sympathy, "what has George been doing?"

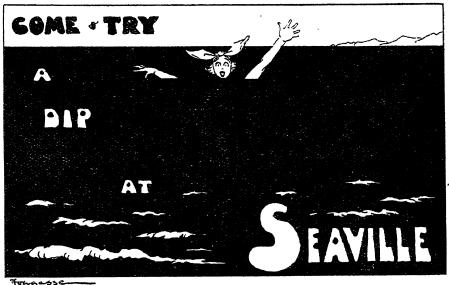
The young wife tells him what George has been doing. It takes her some time, for she has a good deal to say, but it seems to ease her tremendously. Expert waits until she is out of breath, and then he begins, while she listens. That is where the Love Expert scores. People listen to him without interrupting. He reproaches her for having regarded George as being quite perfect, whereas he (George) has still some little way to go in that direction and requires judicious assistance. Finally the Expert points out that the fact of George having gone to the City in an odd pair of boots is certain proof that he still loves her.

By this time the young wife is convinced that she has been most to blame. Only a Love Expert can achieve that with a woman.

I have learned so much from the Love Expert that it occurred to me that I | "I was wondering when you were going



THE POSTER WHICH JONES GOT OUT FOR SEAVILLE WAS PERHAPS A LITTLE TOO STRIKING FOR SOME TASTES. I'M AFRAID, HOWEVER, THAT THE-



TOWN COUNCIL'S AMENDMENT DID RATHER SPOIL ITS APPEAL.

might do a little in that line myself. It seems easy enough on paper. So, when I heard the Bunkum-Potters' front-door slam violently and saw Henry rushing furiously for his train, I got myself up to look as cheery and practical as possible, and dropped in on little Mrs. Bunkum-Potter.

She looked hot and worried. I talked tactfully and cheerily about croup and wire-worms for forty minutes or so, did not burst.

"Come, come," I said at length, with a kindly air of worldly wisdom, "these things will happen. We've known one another a long time; why not tell me what is in your mind? You know you want to."

"If you insist upon it," she replied,

to leave off. You see I'd just started turning out the spare bedroom when

"Ah," I said knowingly (just as the genial worldly-wise old uncle would have done), "you can't deceive me. Henry had some reason for slamming the frontdoor this morning."

"He had," admitted Mrs. Bunkum-Potter, leading the way into the hall. "And you'll have to slam it yourself, waiting for her to burst into tears. She if you don't mind. It's the only way of getting the silly thing to shut properly."

It would seem that the Love Expert is born and not made.

"This put which Mr. — missed could not be put down with anything but a putter and lost him the match."—Weekly Paper.

What club did Mr. niblick?

A BRIGHTER TRADE PRESS.

There is a world of interest in the announcement by The Practical Engineer that in a forthcoming issue will appear an exciting serial story which "describes the engines of war by sea and air . . . will contain many splendid illustrations of great technical interest." &c

terest," &c.

This is certainly a step in the right direction. For far too long has our trade and technical Press been content to present its splendid truths in the form of lectures and catalogues, forgetting, what every film-producer knows, that it is the note of human interest that draws and holds the great heart

of the public.

For example, a table showing the weights that can be borne by Manilla ropes of various thicknesses will often be ignored by all but the technical reader. But note the difference when a rope of this material is introduced into a feuilleton. The scene is a lofty cliff, on which stands a band of determined men. Grimly they grasp the rope, which is suspended over a thousand feet of space. To the other end are c'inging the stalwart form of Rupert Topwinkle and the graceful figure of Maud Whoof.

The situation is this: Maud has been hurled over the cliff by the villain of the piece whose love she has spurned. She has been caught by her pleated skirts in the boughs of a gnarled, blasted yew-tree. Her cries have reached the old manor-house where Rupert is entertaining the local Rotary Club. They have all dashed to the cliff-side, bearing

with them sixty yards of Manilla rope (a sample belonging to one of the Rotarians who is in that line of business) and Rupert has volunteered like one man to descend and hoist to terra firma the girl he loves. Go on from here.

Slowly, inch by inch, with a "Yo-heave-ho," the Rotarians are drawing the pair of lovers up the face of the cliff to safety and orange blossoms. Can the rope

stand the strain?

Does not the situation arouse the interest of the engineer? Is not the question of the holding power of a half-inch Manilla rope one of terrific importance? It does and it is,

Listen to Rupert:-

"Put your hand in my breastpocket, dearest, and find the
miniature edition of Shaw on
Stresses and Strains. You are, I
take it, about one hundred and
forty pounds, whilst I, according
to the penny in the slot machine

next the corset exhibition in Victoria Station, am one hundred and fifty-five. Together, hand-in-hand, we assess two



Rupert. "PUT YOUR HAND IN MY BREAST POCKET, DEAREST, AND FIND THE MINIATURE EDITION OF SHAW ON STRESSES AND STRAINS." hundred and ninety-five pounds. Look at page seven, and see how long we may hope to be supported by this perishing—I speak technically, love of my life—rope."



forty pounds, whilst I, according HEART-BROKEN GIRL TO DRIP COLD WATER OVER THE to the penny-in-the-slot machine FOWLS' HEADS FROM THE VILLAGE PUMP."

Does anyone doubt that before that chapter was completed the reader would have taken to heart the question of strains and stresses on a Manilla rope, and the figures would have sunk in? Surely an ideal way of acquiring the technical facts of a great profession.

Similarly imagine the joy with which the devotees of *The Feathered World* would peruse a serial tale which embodied love and pathos and the technicalities of poultry-rearing in suitable

proportions.

In imagination I can see Winnie Polygon, the clinging heroine, supporting a widowed grand-aunt and two retired grand-uncles by the meagre profits of a poultry-farm, the outstanding feature of which is a herd of Booted Leghorns. Her lover, Ernest Fiddler, has been lost at sea, and she would gladly join him but for the call of duty and the objections raised by her needy relations to any such rash course.

But another lover comes a-wooing, Mylor Cross, a bloated plutocrat, who holds the contract for chairs at the local bandstand. He plans to bring her down to poverty and then, as the villagers say "to make her his'n."

villagers say, "to make her his'n."

The day comes when the Booted Leghorns are stricken with pneumonia. False perjured Mylor earnestly advises the heart-broken girl to drip cold water over the fowls' heads from the village pump. She does so hopefully three times a day after meals, much to the indignation of the Booted Leghorns. They wilt and wilt, lose colour and appetite, and are obviously on their last

Mylor gloats. "She's as good as mine. To-day she must consent to wed me or the herd is no more and her family is in the gutter."

But what is this handsome young form that comes striding in through the gates? A shriek from Winnie; a curse from Mylor. It is he, Ernest, who has been saved from the jaws of death by not being on the boat that was wrecked.

A few words from Winnie and the whole plot is revealed.

"Dastard," he says to Mylor, "and not a gentleman! The cure you gave is for fits and not for pneumonia. Go!"

Foiled and gnashing his knees with fear, Mylor slinks away.

Then says Ernest to Winnie: "Precious, bring the little invalids into the warm; rub turpentine into their feathers under the shoulders; feed them on milk-and-bread; administer a little antimoniac or balsam from a teaspoon."

She does all this, and the fowls

are saved. They win an Honourable Mention with bars at the Poultry Show. The farm flourishes. She is now able to support Ernest as well as the rest of her family. She can afford to marry him. She does. *Curtain*.

What reader, after devouring the above absorbing tale, would ever be in doubt as to how to treat Leghorns, Booted or Barefooted, who were suffering from pneumonia? Not one, I maintain.

And so with all the other worldfamous trade and technical organs.

May the day soon come when The Horological Journal will boast of a sobbing serial with a grandfather-clock motif by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, whilst the practised hand of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim thrills the barbers of Britain with a safety-razor shocker in The Hair-dressers' Journal!

THE YELLOWHAMMER.

A GAY yellowhammer sat on the wildrose,

And he swung And he sung

And he whistled amain;

Oh, pert, in the bright o' the sun, did he pose,

As gold as a guinea; with ripples and flows,

And a glee And a plea

And a debonair strain,

He asked for his breakfast again and again,

For his breakfast again and again.

He asked for some cheese and he asked for some bread,

And along

Tripped his song, And he sang it no end;

But he then ate a dull-looking beetle instead

Of the excellent victuals he'd hitherto said;

Which it meant

A content

With the gods that befriend (So I thought), with the gods and the goods that they send,

Whate'er be the goods that they send.

Or else he was poet; they care not (one knows)

In the least For a feast

When there's beauty to see,

Or make—like a song in the sunshine that flows

Through a morn full of music and sprigs of wild rose,

With a trill

And a thrill,

And a one, two and three,
And a fiddledee, fiddledee, fiddledeedee,
A debonair fiddledeedee.



 $Exhausted\ Pressman\ (to\ garrulous\ Barber).$ "Tell Me—do you get paid by the week, or so much per thousand words?"

To O. B.

After a famous Cambridge epigram.

[The Order of the British Empire has been conferred on Mr. OSCAR BROWNING.]

O had you been "obedient to Nature's stern decrees,"

You would not be to-day, O. B., among the O.B.E.'s.

"Furnished Residence, between Seaton and Beer, to be Let for about six rooms, between July 15th and Sept. 30th. Three sitting weeks (two opening on south verandah)."

Advt. in Daily Paper.
We are wondering whether the confusion between space and time is due to the influence of Einstein or the proximity of Beer.

Another Impending Apology.

From a broadcasting programme:—
"3.30-4.30, Mr. Joseph —— b(ass)."

Daily Paper.

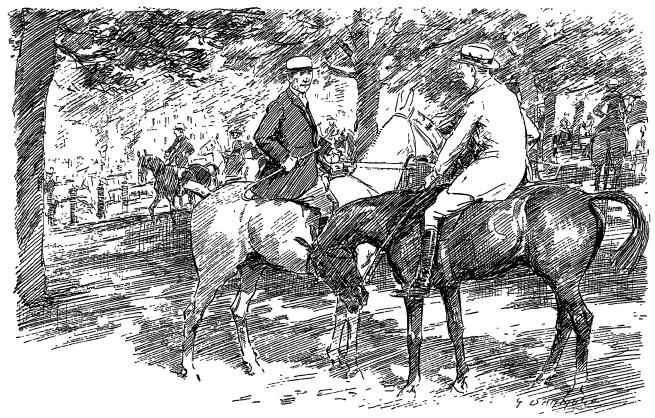
"Satisfaction is expressed that the board are taking the bull by the horns and thus clearing the decks of an incubus which might seriously hamper the future progress."

Evening Paper.

In our opinion the animal should never have been embarked.

"Joe Kirkwood, the Australian, who has America and who has not returned there, spent most of the past two years in to-day as arranged."—Weekly Paper.

Well, you can't own America without hustling.



· Dealer (to impecunious client, to whom he sold a horse some weeks before). "You still like him?" Purchaser. "VERY MUCH; BUT HE OUGHT TO CARRY HIS HEAD HIGHER." Dealer. "I EXPECT HE'LL DO THAT ALL RIGHT WHEN HE'S PAID FOR."

THE CARPET SNAKE.

Charles has spent three winters in St. Moritz and a fortnight in New York, and he is on the committee of the newlyformed Ulysses Club. Calling one evening at the Club's premises in Kip Street, I found him with four of the members sitting over the fire in the lounge. Their appearance had nothing in common with the accredited leanness of the son of Laertes. One felt that they would refuse to have any connection with a ship unprovided with turbines or at least triple expansion engines.

Charles introduced me to the fattest, who was the Club Secretary, and made

room for me on the settee.

"I was just telling them about an adventure I had once with an adder," said Charles. "You've been out East. Did you see any snakes?"

Three of the men looked reproachfully at Charles. A snake story hovered on each of their lips. I gazed on the large oil-painting of Circe surrounded by pigs which hung over the mantelpiece, and took a deep breath of the Corona-laden atmosphere.

"Yes," I said loudly. "What size was this adder of yours?"

"Only three-feet-six," said Charles modestly.

"And yet you're on the committee," I said wonderingly.

Three of the world-wanderers looked at me impatiently. The Secretary removed a band from a cigar and appeared lost in thought.

Once, during the War, I had seen a small dead snake lying on a rock in Palestine. Now, exchanging a glance with Circe, I blew the breath of life into the poor husk, added four feet to its length, endowed it with incredible venom, and described the anguish of a bitten Egyptian.

"Why don't you join the Club?" asked Charles.

Before I could state my reasons the three men spoke together.

"Talking about snakes-

"That reminds me-

"The most curious experience I ever

We listened to the most curious experience. The speaker had evidently been used to public meetings and his voice had a megaphonic quality. His reptile measured eight feet, or slightly over. It had appeared one morning from out of the Bengalese jungle and had washed down a leisurely breakfast of King Charles spaniel with a draught of warm shaving-water.

The Secretary looked suddenly alert.

"His snake is now ready," I whispered to Charles. "It should be a large one."

"He's a very well-read man," said Charles.

The Secretary kept his wakeful attitude during the next recital, in which a snake of three standard yards put in an appearance at a Calcutta race-meeting at the moment when the favourite, leading by three lengths, was approaching the post. The favourite, a section of the public and the raconteur's bookmaker had romped home.

The next man, with an apprehensive glance at the Secretary, whisked us to Australia. His snake had created a sensation in a bush township. The opinion was that it had made its way down from the tropical regions about the Gulf of Carpentaria. When at last its brains were blown out by a shot from the speaker's revolver a cheer had broken from the men sitting on the stockyard fence, and one of them, a black-bearded man named Driscoll, had measured it there and then. From the tip of the forked tongue to the end of the tail it lay eighteen feet nine and a half inches. To celebrate the event two more black-bearded men climbed down from the fence and swung the snake between them like a skippingrope, while Driscoll skipped in the dust of the stockyard.

The Secretary rose in a deliberate fashion and made a cross on the floor with a piece of billiard chalk. Then he set off with measured strides down the room.

"He 's going to beat the bush snake," I whispered to Charles.

"The boa-constrictor at last," said Charles as the Secretary stooped and made another mark near the door.

"An ideal man for his post," I murmured.

"Where was it?" cried Charles admiringly.

"Where was what?" asked the Secretary, puzzled.

"The snake."

The Secretary's face cleared and he laughed.

"Are you still on snakes?" he said. "I haven't been listening. I've an idea for a new carpet for the lounge. You fellows want to be comfortable, don't you?"

A TOY FOR TOO HOT WEATHER.

Who would have thought it possible that anyone in this strangest of summers could apply the words "too hot" to the English weather? Whatever we were prepared to say about it, we never dreamed of that. And yet at the moment at which I am trying to write there is no other comment possible. It is too hot.

And, as it is too hot, how can I write anything? At any rate, how can I invent anything? I can't. Let me then, in place of inventing or narrating, recommend a toy which has been giving meanimmense, indeed an inexhaustible, amount of entertainment, and which it would be churlish not to enable others

to enjoy too.

Its name is the only thing in its disfavour, and we will dispose of that at once and never mention it again—the Victor Designoscope. It is a form of kaleidoscope, consisting of an arrangement of mirrors, and is made by disabled soldiers in Belfast at the P. K. Arm Company's works. It costs sevenand sixpence, but is really beyond price, because its mission is to derive beauty from rubbish. This is done by placing on a little revolving disc beneath the mirrors any small object that occurs a key, a match, an indiarubber ring, a piece of sealing-wax, a cigar-band, a paper-fastener (I am enumerating just the simple things that are near me as I write)—and then looking through a peep-hole at them as you turn the disc round. With every movement the pattern changes, and no one can have any idea of the variety and interest and | please.



Girl (of the new School of Natation). "Come on, Uncle-shall we do the six-BEAT-DOUBLE-TRUNCHEON-CRAWL, OR THE EIGHT-BEAT-SCISSOR-KICK-THRASH?"

Uncle George. "THANK YOU, MY DEAR, I THINK I'LL JUST HAVE A SWIM."

often extreme and exciting loveliness of the effects thus gained. When jewels are placed on the disc, or petals of flowers, or scraps of embroidery, or gold and silver ornaments, the result is of course more dazzling; but to see what possibilities of beauty reside in the humblest materials is, I think, perhaps more amusing.

I would write more about this fascinating invention if I were not too hot. Being too hot, I can't; nor is there any need. Quick praise is best. And if you send to Belfast for one of these toys you will never regret it.

A little more ice in the lemonade, E. V. L.

Our Pleasant Vices.

"Dr. —— said we now knew that many imperfections were not hereditary, but congenial." Manchester Paper.

"Norman MacDermott is thinking of 'Back to Methuselah,' the show play which takes three nights to act, for the Everyman." Sunday Paper.

Thus easily can a theatrical gossiper make a show of SHAW.

"In official circles in London last night the position between France and Britain was de-Curzon was to receive the gravity." Lord

Curzon was to receive the gravity."

Provincial Paper.

It seems rather like sending coals to Newcastle.

THE PERFECT HAT.

Most men attach very little importance to their choice of headgear; they will take almost anything a plausible salesman likes to foist upon them. Rudolph Bortlethwaite was never like that. To you and me a hat is simply a hat, and there the matter ends; to Bortlethwaite it was a romantic adventure, a thing of infinite possibilities.

A conversation I once had with him showed me how deeply he felt on this subject. "The hat makes the man," he declared earnestly; "it is a noble and expressive form of art. Myself, I am a seeker after beauty; I seek the

Perfect Hat."

"I'm sure I hope you'll find it, Bortlethwaite, old fellow," I said encouragingly; and he laughed into his great brown beard.

"One day I will," he replied with simple conviction. I little thought in what strange circumstances he would achieve his desire.

* * * * * *

Not long ago Bortlethwaite burst unexpectedly into my rooms. He was wearing a hat which I can best describe by saying that it brought irresistibly to the mind a picture of Wild West cowboys against a background of the Austrian Tyrol. I would not have cared to wear it myself by daylight.

Bortleth waite's eyes were gleaming. "There," he cried exultantly, setting the hat on the table before me—"what

do you think of that? Is it not superb?"

As I paused he added hastily, "Of course I don't say that it is perfect; it does not quite realise my conception of the ideal hat, but surely you must admit that it is a comely creation."

"It—it is certainly unique," I admitted. "Where did you

pick it up?"

He lowered his voice cautiously. "I—er—as a matter of fact I exchanged it with a curious old gentleman I just now met in the street," he replied. "As soon as I saw him I realised that his was a veritable prince of hats; I knew I should never enjoy a moment's happiness until I had possessed myself of it. Unfortunately he was a total stranger to me and I was reluctant to accost him boldly and say, 'Sir, I have taken a sudden fancy to your hat; will you sell it to me?' Perhaps that would have been the wiser thing to do, but you will understand my diffidence. I decided to adopt other means. I shadowed him relentlessly until at last he turned into an unfrequented side-street. Quickening my pace I came up and sprang upon him from behind, snatched his hat from his head, thrust my own—a vastly superior article in mere monetary value—firmly in its place and dashed away with a muttered apology. And here I am."

He paused a little breathlessly.

"Did the old gentleman appear to resent your—er—somewhat informal manner of concluding the bargain?"

I inquired

"I fear he was a little disconcerted for the moment," Bortlethwaite admitted. "In fact I heard him calling out 'Police! police!' with quite unnecessary emphasis before I escaped out of earshot; but I have no doubt that by now he has realised how much he is the gainer by the exchange and is congratulating himself upon a rather unusual but highly gratifying experience. However, let us dismiss this trivial incident from our minds," he added, "since now the hat is mine. Let us rejoice in its admirable proportions, its exquisite verve. Does it not thrill you?"

I took the rather formidable object in my hand to examine it more critically, when I fancied I heard a movement on the stairs. In another minute ponderous footsteps echoed on the landing outside and an imperious knocking caused us both to jump nervously.

"Come in," I said, and the door swung open to disclose an inspector of police, followed by two stalwart constables. As soon as the inspector's glance fell upon Bortlethwaite's distinctive beard he moved forward.

"I arrest you," he said, "on a charge of stealing ten thousand pounds from the person of Mr. Octavius Plunkh, the

Argentine millionaire.

Bortlethwaite leapt angrily to his feet. "What! This is an outrage—"he began; but the inspector checked him. Taking the hat from my hands he swiftly tore open the lining and drew forth a thick wad of banknotes.

"It is my duty to warn you," he said, deftly producing a pair of handcuffs, "that anything you say may be used in

evidence against you.''

Speech, however, had deserted Bortlethwaite.

I have just returned from a visit to Bortlethwaite in his prison cell, where he is serving a term of five years' penal servitude. I had feared that I should find him crushed and broken in spirits, but, on the contrary, he was in the best of humours and exhibited every sign of cheery contentment. He tells me he is convinced that in his little convict's cap he has at last found the Perfect Hat.

BRAVE BIRDS.

"The feathered tribe with pinions cleave the air; Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear." The lines are Canning's, but this humble scribe May add a postscript on the feathered tribe.

The pelican is famous for its piety; The owl's a symbol of a wise sobriety; The humming-bird is noted for its humming, The snipe for bleating, commonly called "drumming." The blackbird's golden flute can sometimes squeak, While gorgeous peacocks in falsetto shriek. The peewit, of intruding man aware, Becomes the "anxious mother" of the air. The parrot long ago a sailor struck By its suggestion of "a Jewish duck," And the similitude we still observe Each time we see its bill's Semitic curve. The nightingale excels in high bravura And what musicians call coloratura. The duck-billed platypus, though stout and strong, Is not distinguished for its powers of song. The penguin, too, as solo vocalist, Unlike the thrush, would not be greatly missed; An observation which is also true Of the flamingo and the cockatoo; While modern critics are inclined to pooh-pooh The faulty voice-production of the hoopoe. Lastly, the eagle's way, so prophets tell, Is wonderful—see also ETHEL DELL. But neither Hebrew prophets, ancient sages, Nor the producers of best-selling pages, Still less the slinger of these jingling rhymes— So far behind the spirit of the times-Can coin a fitting comprehensive phrase To render justice to the wondrous ways Of that most fearsome modern fowl, the CRANE, Daily discharging his egregious strain From the unplumbed abyss of the inane.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Campbell (John Campbell, 1st Lord). Lord Chancellor. Wrote Lies of the Lord Chancellors."

Some of his contemporaries certainly said so.



Cook. "OH, MA'AM, I DID ENJOY MESELF AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT. THERE WAS A KITCHEN SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT AND THEY WAS BAKIN' POTATOES IN THEIR JACKETS AND FRYING REAL HAM SO'S YOU COULD SMELL IT ALL OVER THE THEATRE. NEVER ENJOYED ANYTHING SO MUCH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF you were a gypsy, uncommonly gifted but of no settled trade, your mother addicted to witchcraft, and both yourself and your half-witted brother suspected of kindred practices, would you elope with the squire's only daughter, young, innocent, beautiful and already half-assigned to a respectable partner, even if she were longing to throw in her lot with yours? This is the temptation proposed to Nicholas Lovel, the magnanimous hero of Grey Wethers (Heinemann), and I am not at all surprised that Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST insists on his putting it firmly aside, even before Daisy Morland, a village wanton of even more than the customary coarseness and ingenuity, tricks him into marrying her by way of giving the appropriate surname to his brother's baby. Clare resigns herself to dreary Mr. Calladine and Daisy becomes the nominal wife of Nicholas; to symbolise the complementary natures of the lovers. Then gradually, almost imperceptibly, the pathetic fallacy is reversed; and Clare and Nicholas become little more than echoes of the moods and impulses of the downs, thus dwarfing and degrading the nobler significance of their humanity. her book; but I am bound to congratulate her, and warmly, on the intuition and artistry of the rest.

It is more than thirty years since Mr. PERCY WHITE let loose his original Mr. Bailey-Martin on an appreciative public. Not often do we have to wait so long for a sequel, but Mr. Bailey-Martin, O.B.E. (Heinemann) seems to have improved by keeping. An excellent vintage, though perhaps a trifle dry for some tastes—by which I mean that certain readers will probably express disappointment that Mr. White has not used his undoubted gift for characterdrawing to portray a rather less unpleasant group of persons. "An old Silenus on the make" is the phrase by which our friend, Paul Chester, describes the hero, and it must be admitted that he is not much too severe. For Mr. Bailey-Martin has grown since we last saw him: the features, physical and mental, of the man have developed, and, I fear I must add, coarsened. Nor can I easily imagine even the most susceptible of readers falling in love with any of the gay but designing young ladies who figure in Mr. WHITE'S pages. But then they are not intended to do so. This and all this happens in the shadow of the Berkshire downs story is a satire, and the continuation of a satire, and there whose light and shade, exhilaration and strength are used is probably no other living writer who could have carried it through so remorselessly and yet with such an admirable lightness of touch. As head of a branch of the Exports and Patent Department during the War, our hero is the object of much excellent fooling that carries with it a keen sting. The book was originally published (but somehow I find it hard to forgive Miss Sackville-West the end of failed to reach me) in March, and is already in a second edition. It should prove as popular as its predecessor, to which it will no doubt send a new generation of readers.

The Progress of Anthony Renwick (Hodder and Stough-TON) is a promising, if unequal, story, in which Miss Alex-ANDRA WATSON has contrived some quite interesting and comparatively fresh variations on the theme of the missing heir. Anthony, the orphaned son of the secret marriage of a ship's engineer with the only daughter of a county family, is not even left with his father's people—represented by one attractive strong-minded journalist sister—but stolen by the gardener and his wife with whom his poor young mother was lodging at the time of his birth and her death. He is brought up almost to manhood as their son, and when his adopted mother at last confesses the truth and the St. Leger Mainwarings of Langwood Castle learn, to their surprise, that the direct heir to all their magnificence is a certain handsome young mechanic living in a not very distant country town Anthony does not find his rise in the social scale all happiness. He has already fallen in love with the little daughter of a man who lets out brakes and cabs, and the rest of the story is devoted to his attempts to reconcile the almost princely splendours of his mother's family with his own firm determination to make the liverystable-keeper his father-in-law. On the whole Miss Watson

has been rather unkind to the landed gentry, for an aunt by marriage seems to be the only one possessed of any natural affections that Anthony discovers in

this class.

When I am confronted in chapter one with a beautiful but virtuouschorus girllow in funds, and a theatrical lodging - house keeper who calls her "dearie," I know I am in the presence of anotherstage novel. There will be a licentious brute of an actor-manAITEM BOR 100 0120

The Skipper. "I THOUGHT YOU LIKED THE SEA." The Passenger (a hairdresser). "YES, BUT NOT WHEN IT'S MARCELLED."

lids. Our heroine, of course, will be well able to hand him study his amazing record. Between 1873 and 1886 he rode off. Then the absolutely irresistible man will turn up, the in 7,847 races and won 2,715 of them. Miss Humphris cave-man, who is really a frightful cad, but whom no woman can resist. In The Pleasure Garden (HURST AND BLACKETT), OLIVER SANDYS, whose proper prefix I take to be "Miss," produces a particularly vicious and cynical and irresistible cad, and when the beautiful Gaynor emerged from the Registrar's office with him after two days' acquaintance I felt sure that he had other wives extant. It transpires that he has a sort of wife living in Burma, whither he returns after a week's honeymoon, without any apparent intention of giving his latest wife another thought. Of course she finds him out, and, I am glad to say, discovers a really good man (there is something unfortunate about being a really good man—you always come in, as it were, at the heel of the hunt) to take his place, when the cad, after a protracted course of deliria trementia, commits suicide. There are other flowers in The Pleasure Garden besides our heroine, and they are all up and doing or being done by; and, if the garden bears no particular likeness to the theatrical world as we know it, in which actor-managers are tired business men with families, and chorus-girls marry rising young poulterers and live happily ever afterwards, it is compensatingly replete with what the American magazines call "heart interest."

Recollections of a Rolling Stone (Hurst and Blackett) is a provocative book, but is little the worse for that. When Mr. Basil Tozer states sweepingly that "half of us are sycophants and the other half are hypocrites," he makes me itch to throw at least half a brick at his head. He does not, however, mean all that he says, and I feel that he is not really so scornful of human nature as quotations taken from these recollections might lead you to suppose. He seems to have had a curious life, and his experience as companion to a very rich man with little sense of the value of money must have introduced him to a terrible crowd of parasites. This experience lasted for years, and my wonder is that Mr. Tozer could endure it; but that was his business, and no doubt he found compensation in the chance to travel. On one point I must cross swords with him. No arguments will ever persuade me that a popular author, whose work is in such demand that he cannot supply it, can honourably employ a "ghost." In his chapters dealing with the War Mr. Tozen is at his best, and if he provokes opposition the effect is stimulating.

"A biography of one of the world's greatest jockeys was,"

Messrs. Hutchinson state, "surely long overdue." I entirely agree with them, but am pleased to add that, although we have had to wait a long time, The Life of Fred Archer was well worth waiting for. With great energy and care Miss E. M. Humphrishascollected her material, and she has used it with admirable discretion and effectiveness. In the opinion of many men well qualified to judge, "The Tinman" would easily have held his own with the jockeys

ager who studies his fair victims beneath half-closed eye- of to-day. And it is easy to share this opinion when we succeeds in giving a very clear picture of her hero-no easy task, for Archer's character was complex. But this volume is more than a biography; it is almost a history of racing during the great years which produced such horses as Wheel of Fortune, Bend Or, Robert the Devil, Melton, Minting, The Bard and Ormonde. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

> Mr. George Belcher has always been a collector and purveyor of Odd Fish (Heinemann). Mr. Stacy Aumonier, his collaborator, who provides a lively commentary on these wares, has the presence of mind to include Mr. Belcher among the basket. It is pleasant to read some of those character-sketches with which Mr. Aumonier used to delight the town before he stepped down from the platform to his novelist's desk. A most engaging book. But I wonder why the artist, who certainly knows a good coat when he sees it, should so libel the tailors of Sir Alfred Clappe, the magnate, Mr. Chortleband, the clubman, and the Duke of East Anglia. I suppose artists must always bother about their "line" and Savile Row may go hang. Perhaps both of these odd fishmongers succeed better with the coarser kinds which amuse them more.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is only one thing to say for the dockers' strike. They had nice weather for it.

The Chief Constable of Southend has expressed his disapproval of persons appearing at carnivals dressed as policemen, with red noses. Locally it is feared that this will have the effect of driving elsewhere those who have given time and thought to the devising of this costume.

According to a Harley Street specialist, fewer crimes take place in cold

the convenience of burglars calling upon us.

The man who invented cigarette-pictures is coming shortly to this country to visit his parents. We advise him to adopt an impenetrable disguise.

Since the death of Mr. Rothschild's James famous racehorse Tishy several music-hall comedians have been scouring the country for a new joke.

An American doctor has discovered a drug that makes people tell the truth. We understand it is illegal to take the stuff within a three-mile limit of any politician.

The remains of an animal said to have existed about thirty thousand years ago and to have weighed fifty tons have been removed from a farm at Delaware to the Western University, Ontario. This is just as well, for some farm-hand was bound to have tripped over it sooner or later.

An Army corporal arrested in Athens and alleged to have married twelve women pleaded that they were merely platonic affairs. He might almost have called them platoonic.

During a lecture at Yale, Professor AUGUST KROGH, of Copenhagen, announced that if the blood-vessels of the average man were placed in a straight line they would encircle the globe two-and-a-half times. The chief drawback, it seems, is the great difficulty of get-

ting them back into their proper position again.

A man who was recently found wandering in Hyde Park by a policeconstable stated that he had not had a square meal for more than a week. There seems no limit to the devastations of the Summer Sales.

The game of bowls is said to be making great strides in this country. Our own view is that bowls is the ideal game for healthy sportsmen who are It seems a strange choice of evils. fond of a frolic with a spice of danger.

weather. We are making arrange-station have been adjudged the winners signal lights on telephone switchboards ments to establish an ice-plant for of the L.C.C. prize for the quickest to glow as if subscribers were calling.

THE STORM REACHES AUCHTERMUCHTY.

McPherson. "PIT YON CANDLE OOT, MARY. YE SHOULDNA WASTE GUID LIGHTNING."

turn-out of the year. It is claimed by | an American, however, that in his country the fire brigades turn out so promptly that they often arrive at a house before the fire.

There are twelve fewer millionaires in America this year as compared with last year. Is it possible that they have sold out and retired from the million- limit. aire business?

BATTLING SIKI has now cabled a challenge to Jack Dempsey. So would we, providing a suitable postponement could be arranged.

A letter delivered to a Government official recently was posted in 1912, or about six Postmaster-Generals ago.

As the weather is much too warm to start a debate on the matter we accept the figures provisionally.

Lord Younger has said that the PRIME MINISTER, whom he went to see the other day, might have been at Downing Street for at least five years. We had hoped things were better than

Bagpipe music is reported to have cured an aged Maori of rheumatism.

During a recent thunderstorm the The men at Redcross Street fire-lightning is said to have caused the

We are "sarry" the operators were disturbed.

A woman who threw a stone at a window of the Meteorological Office the week before last said she did so as a protest against the incompetence of the department. The immediate improvement in the weather cannot have failed to be noticed.

At a Registry-Office wedding the other day the bride smoked up to the moment of giving assent. She must have been very fond of the man to lay her cigarettedownforhis sake.

* * *
It is stated that there are three hundred-and-eight divorced

people residing in Kensington. Whether from choice or necessity is not disclosed.

The Chief Inspector has issued orders that all policemen in New York must learn to swim. The idea, we fancy, is to utilise them for salving the empties in the neighbourhood of the three-mile

According to Professor Bramer, earwigs change their mates as often as three times a month. We had no idea they were so civilised.

A Colts' Match.

From a cricket-report:-

"Worcester v. Hampshire.

Glorious weather favoured the opening stage

THE INSTABILITY OF THINGS.

[In a paper read last week before the British Academy, Mr. C. T. GADD proved from a newly-discovered tablet of clay, inscribed with cuneiform characters, that Nineveh fell in 612 B.C., six years before the date hitherto

When on my bed I lie and fume At 82, or more, degrees, Exuding on the ambient gloom Streams of superfluous calories, While I address the sweltering heat In terms I cannot here repeat;

Ironic thoughts are in my mind As I remember how of late I, who upon my surface find A single sheet too gross a weight, Lay in my blankets wrapt two-fold Complaining loudly of the cold.

Olympus has to have its fun, Although on us the joke be lost; Nothing is sure beneath the sun; To-morrow's dawn may bring a

Thick tweeds may take the place of ducks;

One never knows, for all is flux.

But still I counted on the Past, Deeming it steady as a rock; History at least, I said, stands fast; And it has been a horrid shock, A bitter, bitter blow to me To hear this news of Nineveh.

They taught us how in six-o-six (B.C.) that godless town fell flat; And now the new found records fix A date anterior to that; It fell, in fact, in six-one-two, So what they taught us wasn't true.

The gentleman who worked it out. He got it from a slab of clay, And he has seared my soul with doubt To see the old truths pass away; Such disillusionment (by GADD) Might easily drive a fellow mad. O. S.

THE ORDER OF THE COLDEN GROSS.

(A witness at the "Domestic Service Inquiry" suggested that an Order, to be named "The Order of the Golden Cross," should be instituted for merit in domestic service.)

FROM THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS LIST, 1924.

Golden Čross.

JANE ELIZABETH MUTTON (Cook). For services rendered in connection with the and carrying off considerable stores gastronomic idiosyncrasies of several Cabinet Ministers and other eminent men, during a series of dinner-parties at Excelsion Hall.

Dames of the Order of the Golden Cross. MARY Springerns (Parlourmaid). For soldier said is not evidence.

loyal devotion to duty in sacrificing one of her seven evenings out each week in order to assist her employers in waiting at the 8 o'clock Fetish.

Martha Rosa Wilkes (Head Housemaid). For conscientious and devoted service rendered to her employers in consenting to live in the best rooms on board wages, with the run of the kitchen-garden and the store cupboard, during the absence of the family at the seaside.

Companions of the Order of the Golden Cross.

Jemima Smith (Second Housemaid). For long and loyal service, having remained in the same situation for three months.

ELLEN ROBBINS (Between-maid). For initiative and enterprise in having changed her situation 15 times in one year, thereby gaining wide experience in her profession.

Pamela Veronica Ermintrude Chum-LEY (Kitchenmaid). For extreme selfsacrifice in condescending to answer to the name of "Jane."

Star of the Order of the Golden Cross. (For gallantry in face of the enemy.)

MABEL SMART (Lady's-maid). With a total disregard for personal safety has regularly assisted at the toilet of her employer at perpetual and imminent risk of a serious explosion.

Jane Smithers (Kitchenmaid). Withstood for nine weeks the torrent of abuse levelled at her by the cook in the establishment, showing the utmost vigour and resource in replying to the

MAUD ELLEN SPARKES (Parlourmaid). On the occasion of a dinner-party, having spilt the soup down the back of the principal guest, she returned with a cloth to the scene of the disaster and, regardless of the electricallycharged atmosphere, proceeded calmly to mop up the mess.

ELIZA TARTAR (Cook). Single-handed, and armed only with a rolling-pin, she stood up to strong and repeated attacks by heremployer on the kitchen premises, being finally left in undisputed command of the position.

Ann Gubbins (Charlady). During the operation of Spring-cleaning, when her superiors had become non-effective, Grand Cordon Blue of the Order of the she remained in action, and in spite of having received two serious housemaid's knees, succeeded in capturing and supplies.

> "Colonel - was then called, and said he was near the top of St. ----'s Road; both cars were following one another."—Evening Paper. Again we are reminded that what the

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

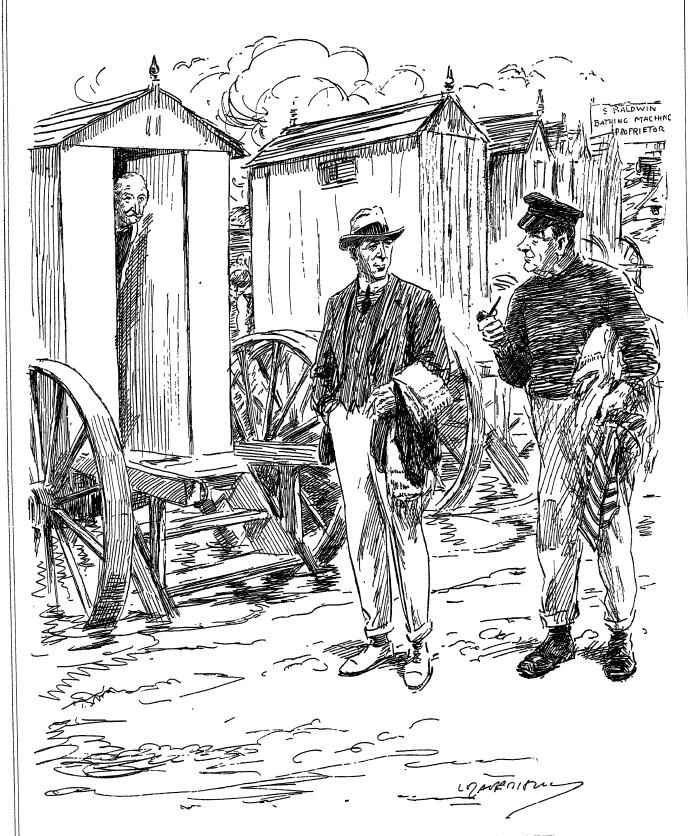
Henry is one of those people referred to in guide-books as "Literary Pil-grims." Unlike myself he is not content to follow the fortunes of favourite fictitious characters from the depths of an easy-chair; he likes to get up and chase them. If he can stand on a spot where one of his heroes or heroines is supposed to have said or done something he is a happy man. He has walked miles to see a milking-stool which someone had told him was probably sat on by Tess of the d'Urbervilles. Ancient inhabitants and other village worthies beam when they see him coming. Professional cicerones regard him as a gift from heaven. Innkeepers talk painstakingly to him in the literary dialect of the county, and give him information which surprises even themselves. They say he draws them out.

Henry's enthusiasm had the effect of making me feel that I had been sadly neglectful in my duty towards our great novelists. To appease my conscience I agreed to spend a short holiday with him at Hambone Regis, in the heart of the now celebrated "Hodgkinson Country." It looked a grim and sombre district on the map—but then the Hodgkinson novels are very grim and sombre, so that was as it should be. Going down in the train Henry busied himself with The Life of Hodgkinson and The Letters of Hodgkinson, An Appreciation of Hodgkinson, Hodgkinson as I knew him, and other important works bearing upon the business in hand. Then he read aloud extracts from the grimmest Hodgkinson novel, and awakened me by rushing to the carriagewindow in order to observe the lane along which old Silas Crabapple walked on the wild night when he drowned his kittens.

According to the guide-book, "The White Hart" at Hambone Regis "is redolent of the Hodgkinson novels." It seemed to me to be redolent of several other things, including mice, damp oilcloth and stale beer. But Henry was delighted with the place, especially when I hit my head against an oakbeam going up the stairs.

"Don't you remember Benjamin Mugswipes doing that in Quartz and Granite," he said, "when he fell down the stairs and broke his neck?" He seemed surprised that I did not want to do it again.

Considering that he had never once been out of the district in his life the landlord spoke the Hodgkinson dialect wonderfully well. He summed up Henry at once, and I saw his eye glisten as he promised us a supper ex-



THE GOD OUTSIDE THE MACHINE.

Mr. Baldwin (to Mr. McKenna). "SORRY THEY'RE ALL ENGAGED FOR THE MOMENT, SIR." Sir Frederick Banbury. "THIS MACHINE WON'T BE FREE FOR A LONG TIME."

in the Hodgkinson novels.

"To think," burbled Henry an hour later, "that it was in this very room



AT THE VARSITY MATCH .-- I. BAT-SMASHERS MIGHT IN FUTURE COME PROVIDED FOR EMERGENCIES, LIKE OUR LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS.

that Benjamin Mugswipes quarrelled with his father.

as this," I rejoined, "the fact that was furious. There was a man lounging they became quarrelsome does not about with a broom in his hand, and he pulled one of the novels out of his surprise me.'

Henry said I had no soul.

He dragged me out after supper and made me sit on a hard moorland boulder while he read aloud Hodgkinson's description of a calm summer evening at Hambone Regis. He said he wanted me to "drink in the atmosphere." I drank, but it did not do me much good. The "atmosphere" did not agree with the steak. It was not the kind of steak that goes well with a calm summer evening.

I left Henry making notes about it (the

sleeping in the very bed that the un-

actly like those so frequently described I might be able to share her sufferings in the spirit. I said I was already sharing them in the flesh. I added that it seemed to me to be unnecessarily brutal of the author to put the poor girl in a bed stuffed apparently with lumps of coal. I suggested that as he (Henry) was fond of "atmosphere" we should change beds, but, after an inward struggle, he fought down his enthusiasm and went to his own room which, except for its proximity to a colony of screech-owls mentioned by Hodgkinson. had no pretentions to literary fame.

Henry roused me from a fitful slumber about six o'clock the next morning. It appeared that the unfortunate Judith Hogsnitch was in the habit of going out at that time and talking to a favourite cow. Henry's idea was that we ought to do likewise in order to understand her feelings. Now at six o'clock in the morning I do not want to understand anybody's feelings; nor is my conversation at that hour sufficiently sparkling to interest even a cow. But Henry was firm. I concluded that he had drunk his fill of the screech-owl "atmosphere.'

Henry knew the exact spot where Judith and the cow held converse at dawn. There was no cow there; nothing in fact more rustic than a recently erected saw-mill. It is difficult to pic-"Seeing that they probably ate, or ture a girl, even one as unhappy as rather tried to eat, just such a steak Judith, talking to a saw-mill. Henry

did not seem even to have heard of Hodgkinson.

We found a cow about half-a-mile further on. She was rubbing herself against a gate. Apparently she had seen people like Henry before, for at the sight of us she groaned audibly and edged away. We leaned on the gate



AT THE VARSITY MATCH.-III. A DIVIDED MIND IN THE COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT.

and tried to understand the girl's feelings, but the cow did not help us a bit. Obviously she was not a Hodgkinson cow. She listened to Henry's prattle with a half-bored suspicion, but when

> pocketshedeliberately turned her back and slouched across to the other side of the field.

> This damped Henry until he remembered that we must be close to the pond where old Silas Crabapple drowned the kittens and subsequently committed suicide. Then he cheered up. I left him brooding by the pond and went back to breakfast. When he returned I had just finished packing. I pointed out to him that in Chapter XI. of Mist and Marsh, Gabriel Stench goes to Brighton for a week's wild revelry. Isaid I thought

AT THE VARSITY MATCH.—II. PERILS OF THE STAGE-COACH WITH MR. HEWETSON AT THE WICKET. evening, not the steak) and went to | Henry spoke to him very indignantly | it was the duty of one of us to follow

bed. Henry looked in later on and on the subject of vandalism. I was and try to understand his emotions. asked me if I realised that I was impressed by his eloquence, despite the fact that it was a cold, grey, soppy sort happy Judith Hogsnitch occupied when of morning, but the man was evidently she ran away from her husband. He of much coarser grain; he merely said What has he done to arouse the susoffered to read me that chapter so that "Eh?" at half-minute intervals. He picion of our Sunday contemporary?

"Mr. Maurice is a novelist to be watched."



STIRRING EVENT IN CHELSEA.

AN EMINENT CUBIST MARKS OUT HIS TENNIS-COURT.

THE MOTORIST'S CORNER.

READERS of my weekly chat cannot fail to be aware that up to the present I have given trial runs to some fortythree 1923 cars, and, after putting them to the severest tests, have pronounced them all, without exception, unrivalled in all that a car should be. To-morrow I am trying a 1924 car, and as to my opinion of this you must allow me to indulge a little fancy of mine to keep you in suspense (if that is not too strong a word) until my next article appears.

To-day, my topic is speed, which I am convinced is a subject of primary importance to the average motorist. However well-oiled a car may be, however nicely sprung, however delicately tyred, however luxuriously upholstered,

without speed it must be written down a failure.

What do I mean by speed? My definition of speed involves safety also. Let every motorist fix on to the back of his seat, or wherever there may be room, that snappy little reminder, "Speed with Safety," which has just been put on the market by the Gadgets people, neatly printed in black on a white card, suitably framed, and supplied with two anti-vibration screws complete for 4/6 post free. For true speed is speed with safety. Any other sort may cease to be speed at all. To maintain fifty m.p.h. on a misty evening along a narrow lane where bullocks wander may easily prove to be a fatal mistake.

How may one acquire speed? Many cars have an ingenious contrivance by which pressure of the foot can effect acceleration of progress. So strongly do I recommend this apparatus that I advise no motorist to buy a car that is without it. But this is not all. The question of tyres is important. A car ought to have one tyre to each wheel; he has not enough figures.

this I consider a minimum. Each tyre should fit closely to the rim, and should be airproof when in use. Otherwise the speedometer's powers of registration may become atrophied; and, although the Gadgets people can and will supply them at a moment's notice, it is none the less a fact that speedometers run away with money. And look to your spokes, for broken spokes will often militate against speed.

True speed includes comfort. Of course the little Popalong-Ten, which I have many times recommended, gives a certain amount of comfort, especially if the extra £6 is paid for padded seats; and at 158 guineas this car is equal to many a £160 Runabout. But for comprehensive speed you cannot after all beat the Slideaway-Sixty (Montmorency Model), which is a downright bargain at £1,075.

Speed may even depend on so simple a part of one's equipment as gloves. At fifty-five, and gathering speed, a slippery hand on the wheel may eliminate the fundamentals of both safety and comfort. If there is a better driving glove than that which is sold in pairs by Furline and Snap at 45s. I have yet to hear of it; and when I do I shall doubtless recommend it strongly to you.

Another "Nice Derangement."

From a Dutch bulb-catalogue:— "It is the Hyacinth which in the past has laid the lion's share of golden eggs for the Dutch nurserymen."

"The mark to-day dropped to one million to the £ sterling, but subsequently recovered to £950,000."— $Daily\ Paper$.

We meant to have calculated what an investment of one pound A.M. would have realised P.M., but the printer says

TRACEDY OF A CICARETTE-SMOKER.

(Based on a good old plot, with all the latest modern improvements.)

When Augustus Biggs applied for a job, the company's psychologist, as is customary in these enlightened days, tested his reactions. It was then discovered that his mental capacity was zero and his will power minus two. His morals sent the needle on the dial back with a whizz until it registered fifty the wrong way round, and then returned the penny.

The cause of all this was, so the psychologist said, that Augustus smoked

too many cigarettes.

You would have imagined that after this warning Augustus would at once engage in breathing exercises and autosuggestion in order to wean himself from the noxious weed; but, in spite of all the articles in the newspapers by Sir John Cantlie, he went on smoking. When Adelina Higgs, his best girl, implored him to give it up, he scoffed. When the Anti-Nicotine League sent him tracts he used them to light further cigarettes. He was a bad lad, and he got worse and worse until his consumption averaged fifty cigarettes every twenty-four hours.

Nicotine is good for rose-trees, but Augustus did not suffer from green-fly. As his system became more and more impregnated with the drug his morals became absolutely shocking. He thought nothing of walking on the grass in front of all the notices; he falsified his income-tax returns and sauced the collector when spoken to about it. At last he went too far; he actually smoked in

THE LIFT.

This was the last straw which made the camel turn. Depravity could go very little farther. He was summoned and fined. Even then he did not reform. He did not work hard to pay back the fine Adelina had lent him out of the money for her trousseau. No. He broke into a bank to get more money to buy more cigarettes.' And instead of money he got five years.

Adelina wept. But she had not yet fathomed the full depths of his iniquity. Influenced by the poison in his system he had become a humorous author. As some slight recompense for her fidelity he gave her the key of the box which contained his manuscripts and personal effects, telling her that if she could sell the contents she could keep the money -if she ever got any. Then he went

off to prison.

At the end of four years he was released, because on account of the housing shortage the authorities were going to turn the prison into flats. Augustus

lage, where he had spent a bright and

happy boyhood.

But if he had expected to come back like the Prodigal Son, and find that they would kill the fat-headed calf and send out for a bottle of Australian Burgundy, he was disappointed. All the inhabitants were too busy listening-in to the latest wireless weather reports

no sign.

Sick at heart, he wandered out of the pounds." village to the cemetery to spend the rest of a Perfect Day. Hard by was the Castle. He noticed that it had been first issue of the 'Live Stock' series, in rebuilt and renovated, and to all appearance it was fitted with bath, h. and c., e. l., garage, gas-cooker, and all modern conveniences. Even children were not objected to. Augustus noticed, with a catch in his throat, that three bonnie babies played around the on his heel and walked away. As he well-whitened doorstep. The occupants were clearly very rich indeed, for through little child, that lightly drew its breath, the kitchen-window he could see a real maid in a real cap and apron.

He grew sicker and sicker at heart. If he had not been a fool in his youth he too, like the people who lived here, might have been rich and respected. He turned away sorrowing, for they had great possessions and he had not. He went back to the village, intending to find the inn, and there, with the aid of the Demon Drink, drown all his

recollections.

But another disappointment awaited him. The Pussyfoot agitators had been busy and the inn was shut. The former landlord was taking in washing for his living, and Augustus found him in the yard adding water to the soapsuds from force of habit. Augustus had been a good client in those bad old days, and the landlord recognised him. Augustus asked after Adelina.

"You mean Miss Higgs, as was," said the landlord.

"Was?" said Augustus. "Is she

-nunno—not dead ? \H ``

"Lord, no," said the landlord. "Far from it. She lives up at the Castle now since she got all that money and married the young Earl. A nice comfortable little place they've made of it too.'

"Married?" said Augustus. "Then she was faithless. Tell me, how did

she get her money?"
"Why, through you, so it was said." "Ah," said Augustus. "I rememberthose manuscripts. She sold them-

"Not so far as I know," said the other. "Perhaps you don't call it to mind, but in those days you used to smoke quite a lot, and in the same box as those manuscripts they found thouwent out into the cold hard world finest collection ever seen, and experts reassuring.

and wandered back to the little vil-|.travelled from all over the world to view it. Eventually Adelina sold them all. They were put up at Christie's and fetched fabulous prices. Among them was a very rare set of the 'Wisdom While you Wait' series, issued by the Saltpetre Tobacco Company, which had gone into liquidation. This was the subject of a duel between Hiram Hogwart, the American millionaire, and Baron from Iceland. Of Adelina there was Hunyadi, the ex-Hungarian Ambassa-They fetched fifteen thousand

Augustus gasped.

"But that wasn't all. There was a number five of which the watermark was discovered upside down. It was the only specimen in the world, and the British Museum authorities bought it for thirty thousand pounds.'

With a muffled curse Augustus turned passed through the village street, a

lisped---

"'Ave you got any thigarette pick-thures, guv'nor?"

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

Postscript.

If only those forbidding rows Of volumes on my shelves Contained the natural histories Of fays and sprites and elves;

If only I could verify From ancient musty tomes The picksomeness of pixies and The knowingness of gnomes;

If only when I trowelled at The sand-cliff's slippery screes Hobgoblins poked their whiskers out Instead of wasps and bees;

If only in the dead of night My mouse-traps would make catches

Of lobs that lie beside the fire In wait for bander-snatches;

If only when the river called There danced before my eyes A hatch of will-o'-the-wisps in flight From kelpies on the rise;

If only spooks and grummets came To sugar on the trees— I'd fashion nought but simple rhymes

On simple themes like these.

"There should be no confusion of mind as to the entirely different functions performed by the General Medical Council and the British Medical Association. The two are complimentary."—Science Journal.

In view of .the notorious tendency of sands of cigarette pictures. It was the doctors to disagree this statement is

MANNERS AND MODES.



THE TIME-HONOURED METHOD OF DEALING WITH UNDESIRABLE CALLERS WILL HAVE TO GIVE WAY-



TO LESS DIGNIFIED METHODS IN THESE DAYS OF AERIAL TRANSPORT.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XVII.—DESERT LOVE; OR, A BRACE of Sheiks.

SAND. Illimitable quantities of sand. How infinitely mysterious it was; how terrible its allure! As the young English girl took up a handful of it and allowed it to sift idly through her fingers she wondered what it was that made its allure so terrible. It seemed gritty sort of stuff. With a half-sigh she sprang up from the palm-shaded rock where

leapt lightly on her dromedary, which was cropping a cactus bud. He snorted and started

off at a mad gallop.

"Doucement, Abednego," she said, stroking his neck and easing him into a canter. He was an Algerian dromedary and did not understand the Eng-

lish tongue.

For a while nothing was heard but the pad-pad of the beast's large hooves over the shifting hillocks of sand. The girl wore a sun-helmet, a silk shirt open at the neck, and the ridingbreeches of a man. With her fair fluffy bobbed hair she looked like a beautiful boy. She had been told that it was dangerous to ride alone in the desert. infested as it was with sciroccos and mirages and lawless Bedouin tribes, and insufficiently provided with oases. Her two aunts had actually forbidden her togo. But she wished toget away from herself, the Cynthia Lumley who lived in smart hotels, who danced and flirted and played bridge, and had £100,000 a year in her own right. A great longing had come over her to ride out unattended into the desert and experience its infinite allure. The vastness of it sent a thrill

through her very soul. It seemed immense, illimitable and (except for those of Abednego) without perceptible bounds.

She craned forward, but there was nothing to be seen, nothing but blue sky and rolling landscape, and, silhouetted on the shadowy horizon, a single solitary palm. Nothing? or stop! What were those dots in the far distance? . . . Were they not coming nearer? And those other dots, in the other part of the far distance? . . . Were they not coming nearer too? She reined in her dromedary and sat alert on the jolting hump. Something told her that the dots must be Arabs. Possibly ruthless ones. She had always

felt it possible that she might meet honour?" she asked, with a slight ruthless Arabs in the desert. To her aunts that had seemed a drawback. To herself it had been part of the infinite and terrible allure. But, now that the moment had come, a sudden spasm of terror clutched at her heart. She took out her mirror and hastily powdered her nose.

A moment later and the figures of the oncoming riders could be observed, their white robes blown out by the wind and billowing like land-borne sails. Each she had made her mid-day halt, and troop was led by a chieftain, who kept |

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." THE OLD SHOWMAN.

his followers. Nearer they came, and nearer, and never getting farther away, until now she could see the keen suntanned faces of these two leaders and look into their glittering desert eyes. They were mounted, like herself, on dromedaries, and their embroidered burnous were flecked with large flakes of dromedary foam. As they came abreast of her, each with a sudden | effort jerked the mighty beast he bestrode on to its haunches till it stood in a perpendicular position, a difficult but well-known Arabfeat. When the mighty beasts became horizontal again, Cynthia Lumley spoke.

"To what am I indebted for this their sockets."

touch of queenly hauteur.

The rider on her right hand was the

first to reply.

"I am a fierce Arab Sheik," he said. "Formerly I was an English viscount, but my heart became seared owing to an unfortunate love affair. I treat all women as playthings. Not to say toys. Myidea was to whip you off your dromedary in mid-flight, and carry you on mine away to my unknown desert camp."

"And keep me there?" she inquired.
"And keep you there," he repeated,

"without the formality of marriage. The tent, however, would be of costly Oriental carpets and voluptuous yet tasteful appurtenances.'

"And should I struggle?"

"You would, but in vain. My masterful strength of a brute would overpower you. If you refused to obey my lightest whim I should whip you as I would whip a dromedary. At times, no doubt, you would bury your head in the silken cushions, fighting against your agony of misery and revolt. At other times I should seize you in my powerful arms and crush or imprint scorching kisses upon your mouth."

"How many at a time?"

"Each imprint would be roughly fifty thousand. After about a week or so you would begin to worship me for my masterfulness and love me as you had hated me before."

"I see," said the girl, with

a slight pout.
"And you," she said, turning to the Sheik on her left-"what type of abduction have you got at the back of your mind?"

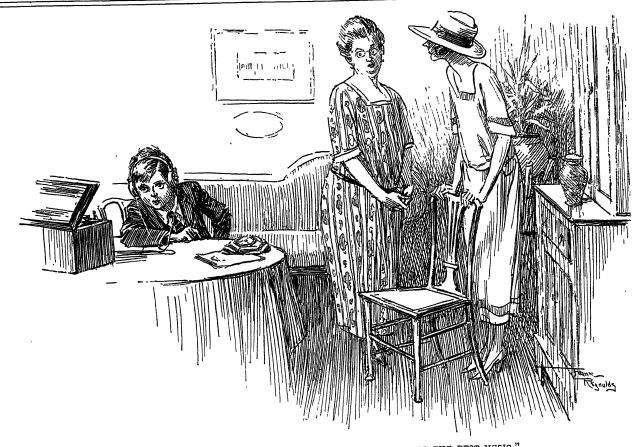
"Pardon me," he replied. "I do not abduce. I also am

a score of yards between himself and | an English viscount with a seared heart, but the sorrow in my case has made me not cruel but kind. My notion, as soon as my hawk-like eye of the desert had perceived you to be an English girl, was to prevent you from being abducted."

"And how would you have done

that?"

"If this man had seized you for his prey I should have torn him from his dromedary and gripped him with my lithe fingers by his throat. He would then have gripped me with his by mine. Panting, with sweat-stained bodies, we should have wrestled together upon the sand. Our eyeballs meanwhile would have begun to start violently out of



Visitor. "How nice for him! Now he can listen to all the best music." Fond Mother. "YES-AND IT'S SO GOOD FOR HIS EARS-THEY DID STICK OUT SO."

"And if you had conquered?"

"If I had conquered, choked with the grip of my muscular hands, he would have lapsed at last into unconsciousness. I should then have beaten him until the dark stains of blood came through the torn strips of his burnous."
"Right through?" asked the girl.
"Right through," he said.

"And after that?"

"I should have ridden away and left

"But supposing I had asked you to take me with you as my guide to the infinite allure of the desert? How would you have treated me then?"

"I should have taken you," said the second Sheik; "but I should have treated you to all appearances with a courteous disdain. Love would have welled in my heart, but for your sake I should have concealed it. From your tent you would have heard me as I sat in mine, groaning and wrestling with the violence of my passion. You would haveimagined, however, formany weeks that I was simply grunting. And then a scirocco would have occurred. During the scirocco, as we sheltered under the lee of our respective dromedaries, eatsuddenly you would have declared your nose again. She wondered whether thus adorned.

I reciprocated it.

"If you have quite finished talking to him, Mademoiselle," broke in the first Sheik rather impatiently, "the fight can now commence.'

And he curved his lithe fingers for the throat-clutch. The other Sheik did the same.

"Stop!" said Cynthia Lumley. "I do not think that I want you to fight. I should like to go away with one of you, but I cannot be certain with which. A desert bride, in my opinion, should be won by deeds of dromedarymanship. You see that clump of palms over there?" And she pointed with a charming forefinger at a small oasis about five miles away in the infinite allure.

"I should like you to race round that clump, escorted by your tribes-men, and then come back to me here. Him which is the swifter, that one will I follow to the world's end.

"Allah shall decide!" shouted the two Sheiks in one breath, and, shaking their reins, they set spurs to their dromedaries and dashed madly away, followed by their dark-skinned troops.

Cynthia Lumley looked at herself in ing a handful of pressed dates, quite her pocket mirror and powdered her

love. And I should have explained that | the burning sun of the desert was really good for her fresh girlish complexion. She decided on the whole that it was not. She looked at the dainty platinum watch on her wrist and discovered that it was long past lunch-time. She was thirsty. A cloud of dust, which indicated the whereabouts of the two Sheiks, had by this time covered about half the distance towards the clump of palms.

With a little sigh of farewell and a wave of her hand, she turned Abednego's head, and crying, "Vitement, cheri!" galloped thoughtfully away from the infinite allure of the desert in the EVOE. direction of Algiers.

The Literary Touch.

From an advertisement of a "School of Journalism ":-

"A pupil writes: 'Since I started freclancing 9 months ago my literary works has brought me in £274.'"—Weekly Paper.

"I can conceive no more amusing and possibly ridiculous sight than that of a modern maiden with her short, straight hair dashing after a bus arrayed in a crinoline!"

Extract from letter in Daily Paper.

We are longing to see a "General"

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXX.—RECORDS.

CLEARLY it was to be a record day, a day that would be memorable even in this whirl of records in which we live. And such complicated records. A fine Saturday, and the sun was shining for the third consecutive day. thus already recalling memories of the famous summers of 1911, 1892 and 1886. Yesterday it had been 90 in the shade, a temperature not equalled on a 6th of July since the year 1913, the previous best being the year 1904, when on the same date the instruments had recorded a shade-heat of 88, and the year 1899, when the mercury had registered 87 at Kew, Huddersfield and Blow-in-the-Weald. (I owe my information to George, who don, I think."

had the paper. George has the record mind well developed, and through him I am able to keep in touch with the really thrilling things in life.)

To-day already it was 89 in the summer-house. We sat in my garden by the Hammersmith Thames, and George ploughed through the records. Stung to emulation by the sun, everywhere the men of our race had been doing things which had never been done before. Here were the brothers Bunn, Bunn (J.) and Bunn (T.), who, playing for Shrimpshire, had made 73 (J.) and 62 (T.) re-

spectively, the record for a ninth-wicket partnership in the third innings of a selves?" I said nervously. first-class match. True, Wrigley and Henn (T.), in 1910, at Old Trafford, had knocked up 98 and 157 together, ston. There's nothing quite like him, but that had been a fifth-wicket partnership in a second innings, a very different pair of shoes. Had the brothers Bunn made 100 each they would have broken the record for a partnership of brothers set up in 1911 by the brothers Tool; but they were robbed of this coveted distinction by being bowled. However T. passed his 50 with a 9 (8 by over-throws), and J. at one sleepily. period of his innings had had a fly in each eye; and people in the pavilion had ing up his ears.
said that they could think of no precedent for these curious happenings in the whole history of cricket.

Meanwhile, the river shimmered in

tide crept up with unusual laziness, determined not to be out of it; the Chiswick swans swam proudly by with their five delicious cygnets (in no previous year have they had more than three); and I sneezed seventeen times. But I am a "martyr" to hay-fever, and seventeen is nothing like the record.

And the question was—What to do with this grilling, wonderful, recordbreaking day? As the papers told us, "a veritable feast of Sport had been spread for the delectation of the public." There was Henley—the Finals. There was Wimbledon—the Finals. There were high-class Athletics at Stamford Bridge. And records crumbling at each. A feast? An orgy!

"Which shall it be?" said George, melting in his shirt-sleeves. "Wimble-

Farmer. "OH, YOU AIN'T THE ONLY ONE. THEY ALL COMES 'ERE SKETCHIN' MY BARN-THE LONG-'AIRED UNS AN' THE SHORT-'AIRED UNS, AN' THE LONGER THE 'AIR THE LESS LIKE A BARN."

"What about playing tennis our-

"Can't bear the game," said George. "But, after all, one ought to see Johnthey say.

"Yes, I'd like to see Johnston," I said, putting my feet up.

"Well, let's do that, then," said George, putting on his coat again.

"Yes, let 's,' I said, closing my eyes." A cool and delicate breeze came over the river from the south-west, fanning our faces. "A record," I murmured

"What's that?" said George, prick-

Earl's Court Station on a Wimbledon Finals Day. Do you know it? It's nearly always a record. I was thinkthe heat; the boats tossed merrily at | ing of standing on the sunny side of their moorings before the house; a the Centre Court, with somebody else's pleasure-steamer snorted past with an hat in your face, catching an occasional To the real hay-feverite that particular their moorings before the house; a the Centre Court, with somebody else's unparalleled freight of passengers; the glimpse of the higher lobs. There's remark is the unforgivable sin.

nothing quite like it. Pass the cherries. please.

"All right, we'll go to Henley, then,"

said George, reasonably.
"Where is Henley?" I sighed. "It's on the Thames, you ass.

"So are we," I breathed. "I can see a lot of men rowing from here. And I can see 'river-girls.' And charming muslin frocks. And motor-boats. And I can see Susan."

"Who's she?" said George, raking the river.

"She's mine," I said. "There she is;" and, raising a limp hand, I waved it at my beautiful sailing-dinghy riding nobly on the rising tide.

"By Jove, she's a fine boat," said George. "Pretty fast, eh?"

"Goes like the wind," I answered, sinking back into my chair. George was gazing hard at

the opulent motor-boat which lies astern of the Susan, but I was just on the verge of a sneezing bout and was in no mood to begin pointing again. I left him to his error.

"Well, what are we going to do?" said George, after the tenth sneeze. "What about Stamford Bridge?"

"What about it?" I gasped, after the thirteenth.

"Sure to be some good running," said George, going back to his paper. "Says here they'll probably break the record for the Hun-

dred. Hurdles, too. And forty entries for the mile."

"Forty entries! My dear George, the very idea of forty men running a mile in the same place on a day like this is enough to make a man—to make a man—

"Sneeze," said George brutally, as I began again. It is a curious thing, and a saddening, that nobody can take hayfever seriously but those unfortunates who suffer from it.

"Well, we must do something on a day like this."

"Must we?" I whimpered, weeping copiously. "Well, don't bother about me, old man. You go and do something. I shall be all right."

"I'm not going to let you sit here and sneeze the whole day, if that's what you mean. You think too much about it, you know. After all, it's only like having a bad cold.'



Owner. "What do you think of that for music, Donald?" Yacht Hand. "Is it music, Sir? If we had hauf the wind that swabs is wastin' doon their trumpets we wad be makin' three miles an 'oor."

A very smart motor-boat rushed past at about thirty knots, setting the rowing-boats tossing and swearing in its arrogant wake. The sight seemed to inspire George.

"Tell you what!" he cried. "If you won't do anything else, why shouldn't we run up to Henley in

your boat?"

"That's a wonderful idea," I said, smiling through my tears. "D'you think there's time?"

"Well, if she's as fast as you say she is. We'd be in time for the Grand, anyway."

"Oh, she goes like the wind, as I told you." (And so she does.) "All right," I said, musing; "you go and put your flannels on. I'll get her ready."

I put the sail in the Susan, and the cherries and some cushions, and brought her to the steps. George appeared, immaculate. "Oh, we go out to her in this, do we?" he said, with a glance of some disdain at the poor little Susan.

"Jump in," I said, with a sneeze.

I paddled out past the opulent motorboat, and in mid-stream hoisted the sail, to George's dismay. When he Awfully sorry.

had disentangled his foot from the main-sheet, he said :-

"But look here, I thought your boat had an *engine*.''

"Heaven forbid!"

"But, good Lord, we'll never get to Henley in this!"

"Well, we can try," I said, hauling in the sheet in a businesslike manner. "We're on the right river, anyway. Have a cherry."

George said something that was indistinctly heard in the stern.

There was a stiff breeze when we started, and I think George quite enjoyed the beat to Barnes Bridge, which we reached in twenty minutes (a record for the Susan). After that the wind dropped, and on the tide we drifted pleasantly in and out of the shade, along the well-treed reach below Strand-onthe-Green. After about two hours' sailing we were off Kew Gardens.

The tide then turned and we began to drift the other way. George by this time had finished the cherries and was fast asleep. I woke him up.

"It's no good, old man," I said. "We shan't get to Henley, I'm afraid.

"Oh, never mind," said George drowsily. "Where shall we get?"

"At our present rate we ought to make London Bridge before dawn," I replied. "I tell you what, though; we might land here and walk round the Gardens.'

"Make you sneeze, wouldn't it, old fellow?" said George, solicitous.

"Afraid it might."

"Damn shame," said George vaguely, and went to sleep again.

Under the trees we drifted home in

the lovely afternoon.

"Anyhow," I said, as the evening fell and we put the Susan to bed, "we've done a record this day. We've travelled six miles in five hours without any kind of effort or expense, and we've kept perfectly cool. Which of our countrymen can say as much?" A. P. H.

"NEW FEATURES FOR WOMEN." Headline in Daily Paper. Good news for the plain.

"Lady highly recommends Housekeeper-Companion; would run flat."—Daily Paper. We want one, but she will have to run round.



Small Etonian (to his sister). "I say, Joan," must you look so beastly keen? I enjoy an ice as much as anybody, but, dash it all, I don't show it."

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

(Lines on being requested to deliver a prize-day address at my old school.)

Nor, as it seems, so very long ago,
This bard, an unsophisticated scholar,
Suffered the torments of that annual show
The Breaking-up, when, choking in his collar,
One of a blase row,

He sat and yawned amid his fellow highbrows, Viewing the fruits of history he had won With upturned nose and supercilious eyebrows, Desiring only the affair were done.

Yet ever in the midst of this duress,
As if we had not cause enough to grumble,
The Head would rise proceeding to express
His happiness—and ours—that Mr. Mumble
Would give a short address;

And Nibbs would groan in accents tinged with nitre, "Prosy gorilla! Blithering old sheep!"
And Gribble, murmuring kindly, "Poor old blighter!"
Compose himself for twenty minutes' sleep.

And now—Eheu, fugaces! Percent
Et imputantur—comes this flattering scribble
Inviting hapless me to bear the brunt
Of Nibbs' descendants and the current Gribble
In the gorilla stunt;

And yet, so treacherous is recollection,
At first I thought, "Behold, occasion's smile!
Cook me an oratorical refection;
Let Nestor do his Nestoring in style.

"Nestor? Nay, rather let Ulysses tell
Seafaring tales of mystery and wonder,
Conjure strange continents, evoke the spell
Of purple ocean's many-throated thunder;
Yes, I could do it well,
I that have sailed and seen; there's nothing fetches
The young like flights of fancy fast and free:
Yes, that's the stuff to give the little wretches.
Forward, Ulysses, with an Odyssey!

"Paint pictures while the magic minutes fly,
Paint wizard pictures; like a film unreeling
Show them the world from Suez to Shanghai,
From Kut and Kabul down to Cocos Keeling;
Let their young souls descry
The timeless Orient, somnolent and scented,
New suns, new moons alight, new winds a-roar"...
Thus the fond fool; then Memory presented
Nibbs' hoarse aspersions, Gribble's stertorous snore.

Their spirits spoke me like a thunder-clap—
"Alas, Gorilla, prose not neither blither
In sheep-like wanderings about the map
And apish jabberings that lead nowhither;
But like a decent chap
Cut out all highbrow stunts that tempt and glisten,
Make a short passage and a quick relief;
You may be It, but no one's going to listen.

Make a short passage and a quick relief;
You may be It—but no one's going to listen;
Memento juventutis. Just be brief!"
H. B.

"The four children are all happily married and no less than twelve of their children know Mrs. —— as 'Grandma.'"—Evening Paper.
The others, we suppose, using the more modern "Old Bean."



THE LESSER TASK.

THE HALE (EX-SICK) MAN OF EUROPE. "SPEAKING AS A CONFIRMED EUROPEAN, LET ME SAY THIS ON PARTING—IF YOU TWO CAN AGREE WITH ME, SURELY YOU CAN AGREE WITH ONE ANOTHER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 9th.—It would seem that tropical weather breeds a sense of irresponsibility. Lieut.-Commander Ken-WORTHY, who has borne HIS MAJESTY'S Commission, appeared to be quite surprised because Lord WINTERTON objected to anti-militarist propaganda

among the troops in India.

I hasten to make apology to Mr. SIDNEY WEBB. Earlier in the Session, à propos of his question regarding the public execution of twenty-six natives in Calabar (of which the UNDER-SECRE-TARY FOR THE COLONIES denied all knowledge), I suggested that for once he had been the victim of a leg-puller. But to-day Mr. Ormsby-Gore admitted that he had been wrong and Mr. Webb had been right, for the executions did take place as stated in 1919. Mr. WEBB's reputation as a collector of facts remains untarnished.

Much heckled by the Opposition regarding the recent discussion of the Saar Administration at the Council of the League of Nations, Mr. McNeill had at last to inform his tormentors that, though the Government have a representative upon the Council, "he is not receiving instructions as to every word he should speak and every vote he should give." As the representative in question is Lord ROBERT CECIL, the restraint of the Government is probably judicious.

Opposition curiosity about the approaching Imperial Conference evoked two characteristic sayings from the PRIME MINISTER: -First (in refusing to state beforehand the Government

policy), "The object of a Conference surely is to confer." Secondly (in reply to an inquiry whether specific questions on the subject would be answered), "It depends entirely upon whether they

are answerable.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has no particular love for the landlord, but he regards him as a necessary factor in the production of houses. He steadily resisted, therefore, all attempts to increase having been obliged by the gamekeeper the existing restrictions upon his freedom to deal with his property. The debate on the Rents Bill would have gone on all night, had it not been peremptorily closured by the heaviest thunderstorm of modern times.

Tuesday, July 10th.—Viscount GREY's Bill for the Protection of Wild Birds would probably have gone through without a dissentient voice but for the presence in the House of another birdlover in the person of Lord CRAWFORD. Beginning with cordial approval of its lished bird-sanctuaries in the London Edinburgh Corporation. The question TER for "the very handsome way" in FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS estab-



Fair American. "Bond." Conductor (rising to the occasion). "Which end, Ma'am? Pic or Ox?"

parks?—he gradually passed to severe criticism of its details. I fancy it was Lord GREY's attack upon the egg-collector that specially aroused his wrath, for it seems that as a boy Lord CRAW-FORD himself belonged to that nefarious tribe, and retains a vivid recollection of of Richmond Park to swallow the contents of five of his ill-gotten spoils. Possibly they were not very fresh. Anyhow his Lordship made some very pungent remarks regarding the Bill, and warned its author against trying to legislate in advance of public opinion.

one o'clock gun in Edinburgh Castle not cost a pound a day, as he formerly

of increasing the charge, with the object of producing a louder report, is now under consideration. The decision will depend, I presume, on the willingness of the Edinburgh burgesses to bang another saxpence.

On the Rent Restrictions Bill the MINISTER OF HEALTH was faced with a little revolt among his followers against the proposal that after 1925 County Court Judges should be assisted on rent-questions by "reference-commit-tees." It was feared, perhaps, that under some other Government they might develop into Rent Courts on the Irish An amended answer regarding the pattern. Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN thought the reference-committees might be usewas given by Colonel Guinness. It does ful in certain circumstances, but, as they were not required immediately, agreed stated, but, owing to the repeated use of to accept a proposal that they should the same cartridge-case, only five shill- not be set up without a formal vote of main objects—had he not himself when | ings-and-sevenpence; and the expense | both Houses. Sir Kingsley Wood, the falls not upon the State but upon the leader of the rebels, thanked the Minis-

which he had met their objections; and Captain Wedgwood Benn waspishly congratulated him on having averted "a very dangerous catastrophe" by "a



A PROPHET OF TEREWIH. MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

concession that is worth nothing whatever."

Wednesday, July 11th.—A debate initiated by Lord WIMBORNE on the thesis that the Government are spending too much on the Navy and too little on the Air Service soon resolved itself into a discussion of the proposal to devote ten millions to a great new dockyard at Singapore. The Admiralty had a doughty and lively champion in Lord Linlithgow, who pointed out that, while it was desirable that London should not be bombed, it was vital that Britain should not be starved. Battleships were necessary to maintain our sea-routes, and without bases battleships were useless. Lord HALDANE was in favour of maintaining our Naval strength, but was doubtful about the necessity of Singapore: what country did we expect to fight in that region? Not a very discreet question, commented Lord Salisbury; he might as well ask Lord HALDANE against whom the Channel Squadron was aimed.

The "urbanity" of the Labour Party -in the strictly etymological sense of the word-was revealed by Mr. RICHARDS' remark, during the Agricultural Rates Bill debate, that they were not convinced that agriculture was "unduly depressed." Mr. Noel Buxton urged that relief should only be given in respect of holdings that were mainly arable. In other words, said Sir R. Sanders, you would help the man who produces bread, but not the man who produces butter.

Mr. Asquith said that he had opposed the Act of 1896 (of which the present measure is an extension), and did not believe that it had been of any permanent use to agriculture. It was a waste of the taxpayers' money in the interests of a small class. Sir ROBERT SANDERS dd not deny that owners would benefit in some cases, but believed that one of the first results of the Bill would be to arrest the fall in agricultural wages. The Third Reading was passed by 193 to 78.

Thursday, July 12th.—Though the thermometer was approaching 90° in the shade, there was a full attendance in both Houses to hear the long-awaited statement of the Government's policy on Reparations and the Ruhr. Even



NOT TO BE MUZZLED. (After "High Life," by LANDSEER). LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE paid one of his now rare visits to the Commons.

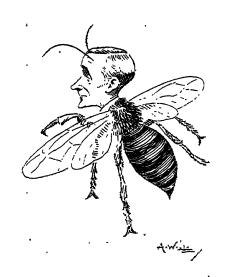
The Ex-PREMIER must, I fancy, have been the victim of mixed emotions as he heard Mr. Baldwin's recital. With the matter he could have had little reason to disagree. "We are as determined as any of our Allies that Germany shall make reparations to the utmost of her capacity"—that sounded like an echo of his own declarations after the Armistice. "We are conscious, however, as a business nation that, if we ask Germany to pay in excess of her capacity, we shall not succeed" -that is his own position to-day as conveyed in many contributions to the knuckles for his premature curiosity.

But the manner! There, I am afraid. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE must have noticed a lamentable falling-off from his own lofty standard. Mr. BALDWIN made no attempt to emphasize the import- | So that the victims could not retaliate.

ance of his pronouncement. There were no changes in the tone of his voice, no dramatic pauses at the critical points—as, for example, when he announced that the last German Note contained proposals that ought not to be ignored, and that, as France and Belgium had not suggested a reply, we intended to draft one ourselves-but just a plain, almost monotonous narrative, such as the chairman of a company might give when explaining the necessity of opening a new branch.

If, as one may suppose, the PRIME MINISTER's object was to keep down the temperature he succeeded. There were few cheers when he sat down, and these mostly came from the Opposition, on whose behalf Mr. RAMSAY MAC-DONALD said a friendly and encouraging

Possibly Lord Curzon, who made an identical statement in the House of Lords, put a little more "pep" into it. At any rate it caused Viscount GREY to remark that, though "friendly in tone," it was "grave in substance," and to seize the opportunity, before it was too late, to address some wise words to France. Lord Birkenhead also intervened with an inquiry as to what we should do if France did not



"WASPISHLY." CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BEXX.

agree to the terms of our reply. Lord Curzon patted Lord Grey on the head for his helpful speech, but gave Lord BIRKENHEAD a gentle rap over the

"At the end of the meeting, Mr. . "At the end of the meeting, Mr. — gave an imitation of the songs and cries of birds and the denizens of a farm yard in his own inimitable way."—North-Country Paper.



KING JOHN, RETURNING FROM RUNNYMEDE, DISTRIBUTES ALMS WITH NO LIGHT HAND.

SHIPS THAT PASS FROM OUR SIGHT.

[A writer in *The Manchester Guardian* notes the removal of the last of the paddle-steamers from the cross-Channel traffic, and mentions that the famous *La Marquerite*, after dropping into the Thanet passenger run, has now been transferred to Liverpool.]

The lamplighter has vanished,
The "growler" is defunct,
The hansom cab is banished,
The banjo seldom plunked;
On land the horse and saddle
Yield to the engineer,
And now on sea the paddle
Is doomed to disappear.

No more across to Flushing,
Calais, Ostend, Boulong,
The paddle-boats go rushing
Off to the Continong;
And oh, my heart is burning
To think La Marguerite
To-day is sadly churning
The Mersey in retreat!

O Parsons, your invention
Has minished mal-de-mer
And earns respectful mention
Both here and everywhere;
But old Victorian dreamers,
Still mindful of the debt
They owed to paddle-steamers,
Regard them with regret.

Their lines were rather stumpy,
They lacked the greyhound's speed,
But showed when seas were lumpy
The genuine bull-dog breed;
They spanned wide ocean stretches
Before the reign of oil,
And decorate the sketches
Of LEECH and DICKY DOYLE.
The turbine now is master
Of wind and wave and tide;
It drives a vessel faster
With fewer hands to guide;
And, since the fuss and friction
Of paddles cannot stay,

Cold Comfort.

In pious valediction

I pen this parting lay.

"Morris won a gruelling race by a length . . . after passing the winning post he collapsed and fell into the river."—Evening Paper.
"Morris won comfortably."

Same paper, same day.

Notice on the sea front at Littlehampton:—

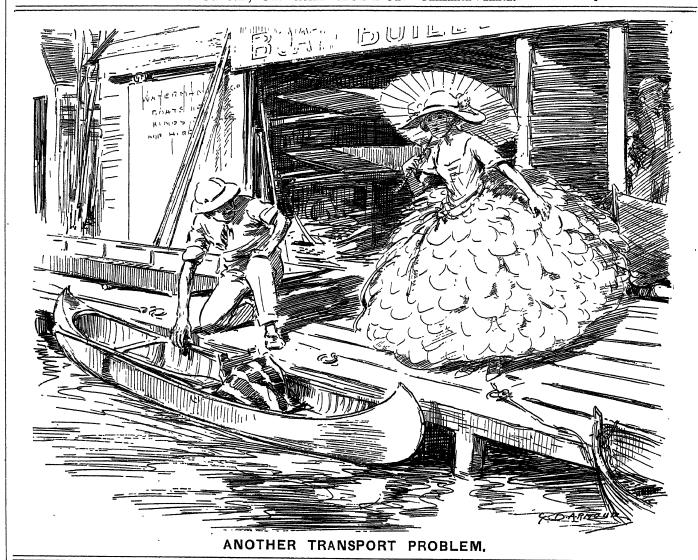
"This foreshore is the property of the Worshipful Company of Carpenters.

No Beach may be Removed."

It would be interesting to know if the Worshipful Company of Walruses has altered its views about the desirability of removing beaches.

A CREAT HOSPITAL IN NEED.

AT the risk of straining the generosity of his readers Mr. Punch feels compelled to support the appeal which the Duke of CONNAUGHT, its President, has been making this week on behalf of King's College Hospital. Alone among London Hospitals it was moved from its central site in order to serve a large and poor population in an outlying district where no hospital accommodation existed. The War intervened before the new building at Denmark Hill was completed in 1915, and this naturally put a stop to the appeal for funds. Many of its wards were thrown open to soldier patients, thousands of whom enjoyed the benefit of the most modern hospital building in England. To-day one hundred beds are closed for lack of funds, and cannot be reopened till the debt of £70,000 is wiped out. Meanwhile hundreds of patients are waiting for the treatment which would be available if money could be found for the maintenance of these empty beds. Mr. Punch feels assured that the public has only to know the facts, and will at once respond to this urgent appeal. Gifts may be sent to Viscount Hambleden, King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E. 5.



THE AMENDMENT.

PROBABLY you have all seen on the bookstalls a slim print of which the cover shows a picture of a genial old gentleman, with white whiskers and mid-Victorian cravat, standing behind a table and a tumbler of water. Across his waistcoat is printed the title: "PENNY GUIDE TO THE CONDUCT OF PUBLIC MEETINGS." In smaller type is an announcement that no Chairman can be up-to-date unless in possession of this Guide.

The middle paragraph of the third page offers the following instruction:-"Before the principal motion is put to the meeting, the Chairman will first

take a vote on an amendment.'

Our own Chairman at the Parish Vestry had duly laid out his monies on the book, and at the meeting which I attended was making constant watchful reference to it. He had hitherto presided with dignity at many an assembly in the village; but in the days before he had procured and studied | scratched their heads.

his Guide his dignity had never been quite so impressive as now. This was indeed the first meeting to be held since his purchase, and all of those present were aware of his recent studies. They were watching their Chairman proudly as who should say "Nah that you 's gotten dahn ter it reyt, it 's easy ter see as 'e knaws what belongs."

The Chairman spoke: "It's bin propoased and seconded that representations be made ter t' Council for t' lamppoast at t' end o' t' Owd Laane ter be moaved twenty yards nearer ter t' Black 'Orse Inn.' Before Ah can put t' resolewtion ter t' meetin', Ah mun first taake a voat on an amendment. Will ony gentleman move an amendment soa as we can get on wi' it?"

No one spoke.

" If noa one 's goin' to come forward wi' an amendment Ah s'ant be able ter put t' resolewtion and Ah s'all 'ave ter declare it lost. It ud be a pity as we're all i' favour of it an' all.'

There was a deadlock. Old men

"It's a reyt do!" they murmured.

They seemed to think that 'Arry, away in one corner, ought to take a hand in the matter. He was middleaged and fat, and in response to the nudgings and whisperings hot blood rushed into the creases of his neck and dyed them purple. He breathed wheezily, but he rose.

"It's a tickle subject, but Ah wer niver one ter stand i't' way o' progress," he said, with the air of one half hero, half idiot. "Soa Ah beg ter move an amendment."

"Well done, 'Arry!" said the Chairman. "Nah p'raps someone 'll second it for us. Mr. 'Awthorne, p'raps?"

Mr. 'Awthorne rose from his seat and grunted.

"Since 'Arry 's made so bould," he blushingly explained to a neighbour as

he sat down again.

"That gets me aht o' t' difficulty," said the Chairman gratefully. "Nah Ah can put t' amendment and then t' full resolewtion. But it wer tooch and goa."

A MÆANDRIAN MELODY.

(By Lilith Wheeler Coxwell.)
Where the crapulous Mæander,
Sentinelled by twinkling reeds,
Fringed with groves of oleander,
Warbles through its purple meads;

Limply clad in scented samite
Cyllias, the Paravane,
Murmured crisply, "Dimmit, dammit,"
Gazing o'er the pinguid plain,

Seeking with a blond bravura
To evoke from Eblis' Hall
Memories of his Angostura,
Mummified beyond recall.

From the vestibule of Ammon
Thronged the peach-fed hierophants

With their limbs, more pink than salmon,

Veiled in polyphonic pants.

Goliardic cachinnations
Issued from the Seventeenth Hell,
Mixed with tintinnabulations
Saccharine as hydromel.

Yet unmoved by the aroma Cyllias with amber eye, Lapped in Mareotic coma, Watched the pageant slither by—

SAPPHO, SKANDERBEG, SALAMMBÓ, NEPHRETITI, GOOD QUEEN BESS, Joining in divine dumb-crambo With Hall Caine and "C. K. S."

Bax and Bliss and Palestrina; Casanova, Alec Wauch, Aldous Huxley, Messalina, Hannibal and Bernard Shaw.

Then at last the Muses' minion Rose and laced his jonquil shoon, Like a blameless Abyssinian In the mountains of the Moon,

Where the blue-nosed apes keep drumming

Tambourines with limber hoof, And the parasangs go plumbing Depths of sempiternal spoof.

The Many-footed Monster.

"At noon yesterday it was impossible to get more than a few feet inside the doors of the cotton goods departments where remnants were for sale."—Daily Paper.

Personally, we are quite satisfied if we get two feet inside the doors.

"It required no technical knowledge to appreciate the acrobatics in the sky. The Air Force have coined a new word, acrobatics, but the marvel is the same anyway."

Sunday Paper.

The new word, too, does not seem very different from the old one.



Uncle Reuben. "Danged if OI can make 'ead nor tall of it, Agnes. Thee 'ave a good blow down that poipe while I listen at this 'ere."

A FATAL OMISSION.

[In an article on paddling, apparently for adults, a weekly paper warns its readers not to go in too far, to wear a broad-brimmed hat and finally to "have a hot drink afterwards and they'll feel as fit as a fiddle."]

COLD fear on our vitals was striking, Though pride was conjoined to our dread,

To think how the soul of a viking Survived in our family's head, When, heedless of pleading and censure, Dear father again and again Declared his intention to venture

Knee-deep in the main.
We saw that warm blankets were handy
Or ever the feat he essayed,

A triplicate ration of brandy, A cute little book on First Aid; Nor were we in utter dependance On the amateur things it might say; Our physician to be in attendance Came down for the day.

We anxiously gathered around him
And (the doctor directing it all)
In an ample cork jacket we wound him
And muffled him up in a shawl;
But one thing was found to be lacking,
And his courage dried up at its roots:
He hadn't included, when packing,
His fisherman's boots.

"The House of Clergy and the House of Laity of the National Assembly of the Church of England having already given general approval for second reading to the Revised Prayer Book (Pernicious Use) Measure, 1923, met yesterday."—Daily Paper.

The printer, we infer, objects to revision.

"And leave your car behind," I added.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

I was talking to a clever woman who keeps a domestic advice bureau, and she was telling me of the queer clients that from time to time ring her bell.

"But one of the queerest," she said, "came only this morning. You won't believe it, but, like so many things that

one doesn't believe, it is true.

"I was looking out of the window when a Rolls-Royce drew up; a particulary splendid one; and from it emerged a girl, not stylish in looks but expensively dressed, who shortly afterwards entered my office.

"No, there's nothing incredible yet,

I admit; but wait.

"I asked her what I could do for her, and she replied, quite simply, 'I want an engagement as a parlour-maid.'

that you know,' I said; 'some one you that he cleans the windows. Then I can recommend?'

"'No,' she said, 'for myself. I myself want a situation as a parlour-maid.

I wish to go into service.

"Coming at a time when most girls want to go out of service, this was surprising, apart altogether from her clothes and her car and obvious wealth.

"'I wish to go into service,' she repeated, 'but only in a really good house—a nobleman's for choice.' And

then she told me her story.

"'We used to live,' she said, 'in a small house at Putney, where Mother and I did all the work; and then, a little while ago, Dad suddenly became immensely rich, and he took one of those great places on Kingston Hill. He's perfectly happy pottering about the garden; but it's very lonely for Mother and me, because many of our old friends have disappeared—they're frightened, I guess, although there's nothing to be frightened of, Heaven knows!—and we can't make new ones of the neighbours. We're not comfortable with them; we don't have their cool easy ways or speak their language. Some of them have called, you see.

"'So,' she went on, 'I thought it would be a good thing if I took service in a really good family and kept my eyes and ears open, and then when I was through I should know how things

are done and said.'

"'And your mother,' I said, 'does she agree?'

"'She didn't like it,' said the girl, 'but she's willing. And will you please get me a place?

"There! What do you think of that?" asked the domestic adviser.

"It's amazing!" I said. "What did you say to her?"

"I told her that she would have to keep her secret very carefully.

"'Of course,' she said.

"'I should love to do that,' she said. 'It's largely because of the chauffeur that I want to gain this experience. He's so superior. Mother and Dad, of course, will never be able to deal with chauffeurs, but I feel that after a little while I shall know enough to keep all

the servants in their place. And of course when I'm through we shall have new ones and start fair. Can you help me?

"I told her that I thought the plan a very original one, but that the principal still observant. difficulty was the nobleman. They are all so poor now that they probably do their own parlour-maiding. I told her that I know personally one nobleman who is proud to describe himself as 'the gentleman with a duster,' and I "'You mean, of course, for some girl met a Duke the other day who boasted

> "She said she would go for nothing; but I warned her against that. The other servants might find it out and be very horrid. 'No,' I said, 'you must

asked her what wages she wanted.

demand good wages.'

"'You don't think,' she asked, 'it 's unfair to the people who engage me to

use them in this way?'

"'I don't see why,' I said. 'You'll be doing what they want and they'll be doing what you want. It isn't as if you were spying on them; you're merely learning. It's funny,' I said. 'But the real joke will come when you meet your employers later on level

"That terrified her. 'I never thought of that,' she said. 'I must have time to consider it; and off she went in the Rolls-Royce to consult Mother.

"I watched her get in and caught a observation. glimpse of the chauffeur's expression. It certainly looked as if it needed drastic treatment." E. V. L.

THE OBSERVANT TRAVELLER.

I was staying at Baymouth for the week-end when I came across an article against reading in the train. The gist of it was that railway journeys need never be dull for the observant traveller. England, said the writer, is a beautiful and varied country, and there are everywhere interesting types of people.

So, having boarded the 10.30 train, purposely without any reading matter at all except my ticket, I kept a diary as a record of the experiment. Here

it is :-

10.30.—Left Baymouth. Compartment to myself. No types to study. Searched under seat: no types there.

Close view of Corporation gasworks; ditto Corporation refuse - destructor. Farewell, "Beautiful Baymouth, the Biarritz of Britain.'

10.45.—Fields as far as the eye can observe. Nicely varied, though. Some larger than others, some smaller. Average size, about as big as a field. How jolly they look in the bright summer sunshine! Good to be alive—and observant.

10.55.—Raining heavily. Bad for Baymouth's washing. Fields less alluring. Good to be under cover-but

11.0.—Fine again. Some cows in a field are standing up. That means good weather. Or bad; I forget which.

11.2—More cows in another field, all lying down. That means the opposite of what the other cows meant.

Very baffling.

11.10.—Visit from ticket-inspector. Didn't stay long enough for me to study his type. About forty-five; charming manners. I should know him again by the wart on his nose.

11.20.—Observed a scarecrow. Birds fearlessly pecking all around it. Don't think scarecrow can be trying. But perhaps crows are the only birds it can scare, and these are not crows.

11.25.—Twenty cows in a field. Ten standing, ten prone. Weather forecast: "Some rain with fair intervals." One certainly does learn things by observation.

11.29.—First stop. Porter shouts: "Ah—rah, Ah—rah! Change for Ah rah, Ah-rah and Ah-rah!" These old place-names are very quaint. Hello! here's a type coming into my compartment. No, he sees me and shies. Expect I am a type too, and not suitable for

11.30.—Now, that's an interesting type—that old chap in cordurovs standing by the waiting-room. Look at his weather beaten face. Bit of real Wessex. I must study him. Probably a shep—Dash it! we're off—herd.

11.35—Long tunnel. Nothing to observe. The fellow who wrote that article forgot to arrange for tunnels.

11.40.—Fields and trees.

11.45.—Trees and fields. 11.48.—Duck-pond (right), cabbagepatch (left).

11.50.—Second stop. Porter shouts, "Ah—rah, Ah—rah! Change for Ah rah!" Not such an important junction as the last; two Ah—rahs inferior.

11.51.—At last I have a fellow-passenger to study. A tall man, of middle age, not bad-looking, but rather dowdy in dress. He has a floppy shabby bag. I place him as a not very prosperous commercial traveller. He produces a Glanced out of window. Washing day. | Morning Post and opens it. Atwopenny

THE INTRUDER.



"MINE, PARTNER."



"GET INTO THE OTHER COURT."



"I'LL TAKE THIS ONE."



"YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT IT."



Artist (to unshaven model). "Here's a shilling. Just hip over to the Barber's AND GET HIM TO ELIMINATE SOME OF THAT FOREGROUND DETAIL."

paper! Extravagant fellow. He has the front page turned towards me. How dull of The Post not to print news on its front page. Not that I would read it now if it did.

12.0.—Just going to observe a donkey in full bray when I dropped my notebook. As I picked it up the commercial was squinting at me round the corner of his Post. Probably takes me for a brother-commercial, or a poet in the pangs. I don't care.

12.13.—Third stop. Porter again shouts "Ah—rah!" but he is wrong. I happened to observe the station name-

What sort of a day will he have in Trowbury? Poorish, I fear. Times are bad and orders few. As he leaves the train a chauffeur steps forward and salutes him. The chauffeur says, "I have brought the Daimhard, my lord; the Rolls-Ford requires a slight re-

12.26.—I am getting clever at forestalling the porters. This is Westington. Horrors! Two women with four babies approach my compartment. Most unwelcome types. I smoke furiously and scowl hideously. They go away again. A man is now coming along and board. This is Trowbury. Commercial tapping the wheels with a hammer folds his paper and picks up his bag. thing. I hope the wheel under me will

be cracked, so that I can observe what they would do about it. Do trains carry Stepneys? But my wheel is not cracked. No wheels ever are.

12.35.—I was just getting really keen on a clump of trees on a distant hilltop when the banks rose up and hid it from me. They are still up. I wish I had a newspa— No, I don't. 12.40.—Was that a fox? Look! It

went into that hedge. I'll swear-Curse the banks! Wonder what today's news is.

12.50.—Swippenham. I was peering out of the window for types when a newsboy popped up under my nose. I told him to go away. At least I looked at him like that. He hurried off. Still alone in my compartment. A sad day for railway dividends.

12.55.—Second visit from ticket-in-spector. I remarked that the country was looking very forward. He did not dispute it.

I.O.—I wish I had not menaced the Swippenham newsboy like that. I wish I had bought a-- Two-and-a-half hours of fields (millions) and types (hardly any) are enough for a beginner at observation. I am feeling drowsy. I shall put my feet up. Bound to wake at Oxcot (my destination).

[$End\ of\ diary$.]

I did not wake at Oxcot. Observation takes more out of one than I thought. Next time I travel any distance by rail I shall buy the bookstall.

ANOTHER TOUCH OF NATURE.

(According to a Daily Paper a Bishop went to sleep in the House of Lords recently during a debate.)

I TRUST, my good Lord Bishop, My freedom you'll excuse In venturing thus to dish up This savoury bit of news, Nor hastily conjecture I 've deemed it rather odd That someone's lordly lecture Occasioned you to nod.

Per contra, it evinces In Nature's homely way That spiritual princes Are formed of common clay; Should ease, too, their gravamen At sermon-time, methinks, When inattentive laymen Indulge in forty winks.

Then, should you mark next Sunday Some sinner thus offend, Recall, my lord, the one day Which caught you on the bend; When sleep comes o'er him stealing, I hope you'll please to find Deep down that fellow-feeling Which makes men wondrous kind.



"Don't sing, George; I'm feeling so delightfully drowsy."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

You remember the Miller of Binnorie, who found a drowned lady of surpassing loveliness blocking up the sluices of his mill? His first motion, I believe, was one of professional impatience at the obstruction; his second, a manly appreciation of the lady's good looks. I felt rather like this myself over the descriptive detail which Mr. R. J. MINNEY has lavished on The Road to Delhi (LANE). Sometimes it helped the story, but more often it hindered it; and by the time I had lost interest in the plot and concentrated gratefully on its accessories, Mr. MINNEY had got the tale going again and devoted himself—save for a little political propaganda—unswervingly to its completion. His hero, Motihari, crowns an inconspicuous babyhood by being licked by a sacred bull; and despite (or because of) this excellent omen he is knocked over by an American car on the Grand Trunk Road, takes service under its owner in Calcutta, becomes the prey of a sort of Indian Fagin—the self-styled "Rajah of Beggars"—is adopted by a wealthy egg-merchant, educated at the Presidency College, and finally, as a student, converted from incipient disaffection towards the English rule to attempted martyrdom for the same principle. It is an interesting career; and the final act of the young loyalist, fasting against the fasts of Ghandi's non-co-operators, has a fine epic character. Altogether a heterogeneous but undeniably attractive book.

If you are looking out for a merry farcical story, swift enough to keep pace with the flying telegraph-poles of a holiday journey, let me suggest White Stacks (Hurst and Blackett), "a village comedy," by Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT. There are no traces of bucolic humour in "White Stacks." are chimney-stacks, not hay. They adorn the mansion of means simple affairs are further involved by the activities

a retired tea-merchant with a hospitable wife, a schoolboy son and four beautiful daughters. And they stand to all Maplehurst for concerts, dances, bridge-drives and tennis tournaments-all the fun of the suburban fair. Into this paradise Victor Stanniforth, Maplehurst's only poet and the encouraged admirer of the third Faringdon girl, introduces his old school-friend, Bellamy, picked up, after the lapse of years, during a convivial night in town. Bellamy's social approach-shots I will leave you to watch. They are refreshingly varied in character and range from assistance in publishing the Vicar's book to the inauguration of a roulette table for the more deserving of his flock; and they have all a common pecuniary flavour which involves Bellamy, not unnaturally, in suspicions first voiced by the luckless Stanniforth. These, however, are all cleared up in the end. Bellamy wins the eldest Miss Faringdon; and even Stanniforth—out of favour by this time with all Maplehurst—is allowed a consolation prize.

Not for a long while have I read a romantic novel of so ingenious a fancy and such satisfying brilliance of technique as The Marsden Case (Duckworth). Mr. F. M. Ford, better and longer known as Ford Madox Hueffer, knows his world and can dash it in with swift and lively strokes. Two young people, George and Marie Elizabeth, who go by the name of Heimann, are apparently the children, whether legitimate or not is a matter of debate, of an English peer who, driven from public life for some technical peccadillo, lives in Germany an embittered man, and, till the War breaks out, a sedulous Anglophobe. The first part of the scene is set in that brilliant season of 1914, of which the glamour and scent and savour come back to us when the author waves his magic pen. It is impossible to give in There are no traces of bucolic humour in "White Stacks." little space an intelligible account of the intricacies of this The village is a suburban village and the stacks in question deliberately complicated tour de force. George's by no

of hysterical spy-maniacs, with which gentry "Mr. Ford" makes pretty play. He probably suffered from them and is paying an old score with interest. There is plenty of sly girding at the way in which the best people contrive to know and wangle so much in our strictly democratic country. To sum up, the warp of satire is as interesting as the woof of romance in this clever and most diverting book. Our George ends up rather magnificently, a nobleman acknowledged, handing largesse to a waiter who has spilled the sauce over his boots in one of those Hotel Palaces in the Cities of the Conferences.

You know the novel that affects to be a Memoir of some more or less distinguished man, edited by an exceptionally candid friend? Mr. Belloc and the late Samuel Butler were wont to carry this out in the ironic method, leaving their unhappy subject in the end a mere mockery; and for some few pages I confess I thought Mr. Esmé Wingfield-STRATFORD was going to be one of their disciples. For his

(he was killed in the War) was a very distinguished poet, of the most modern variety; and we are given appreciations of his work by eminent hands, to say nothing (and this is the daring touch) of whole stanzas from his published volumes. I think the Introduction was a mistake, for when Mr. STRATFORD gets well into his story it becomes apparent that our sympathies are to be enlisted on the side of his hero. Young Chesney

is a real creation—a poet (of sorts) who is also a good sportsman (he plays cricket for Eton and Cambridge)and before the book ends he contrives to get most readers on his side, in spite of his numerous love affairs and the fragments of his poetry quoted in the chapter headings. To my mind the Cambridge part of the book is the best; but both there and at Eton we are introduced to many old acquaintances under the thinnest of disguises. That remarkable and rotund don, Mr. Magnus of King's, cultivator of Grand Dukes and other curios, is a portrait that most will recognise. For a first novel, exceptionally promising.

I cannot but suspect that when Mr. Ernest RAYMOND began to write Damascus Gate (CASSELL) he had in his mind a jolly romance of adventure; for Captain Peter Slattery, father of Oscar, the hero of the story, came of a fighting stock, and was himself a daring soldier. Indeed, the spirited episode of the Captain's forced march on the Indian frontier is the best thing in the book, which subsequently becomes rather oppressively domestic and, to borrow an epithet from its author, parsonified. The theme of the story is the passionless friendship between Oscar and Lella Pool, and how that partnership survived all the I piously hope that no such person as the Rev. Henry associated.

Guard could exist. It is unfortunately true, however, that Oscar, whose sole ambition it was to gain riches and power at any cost, is of a type only too familiar; but it does not follow that, as Mr. RAYMOND would have us believe, he is an object of admiration. In real life, these strong, silent, ruthless men are a common nuisance, particularly when, like Oscar, they become omnipotent newspaper proprietors. May I suggest that Mr. RAYMOND is too apt in this book to drown with the water of sentiment his good wine of humour?

Captain J. N. More in With Allenby's Crusaders (Heath CRANTON) has, perhaps unconsciously, written an account of places and people in Palestine as they appeared to a lover of the Bible who chanced to explore the country in the middle of a war, rather than a history of a campaign against the Turks. I do not mean that you will not find many of his pages filled with such familiar war material as tedious marches in mud or dust, gallant dashes against entrenched positions, the delights of short leave or the Life (Collins), which purports to be a memoir of one ravages of influenza, and it is clear that the author took a Chesney Temple, compiled by Robert V. Allenby, has an sufficiently strenuous share in the strenuous business on Introduction that would put most experienced reviewers | hand; but for all this his service narrative really does not on their guard. Therein we are told that the late Mr. Temple amount to very much, while the intimate notices of locali-

ties familiar in sacred history which he constantly introduces even in the middle of the most urgent Turk-chasing, are quite often very striking. His picture of the gaunt hills and desolate gorges framing the city of Jerusalem, for instance, is most vivid, while by comparison the chapters dealing with the longdrawn siege of Gaza have something of the tedium appropriate to the subject. But the author comes from



THE WAYSIDE INN (THREE-MILE LIMIT).

North Wales, so that it is natural for the wild beauty of the Judæan hills to appeal to him more than the sand and flies and stagnation of many days of war. The book gains, I think, from his preference.

With Children of Men (Heinemann) Mr. Eden Phillpotts concludes his "Dartmoor Cycle." In a modest foreword he speaks of himself as one of "the rank and file," but I do beg to assure him that in his special field of romance he is something more than that. Here he has chosen a gloomy theme, and has developed it with care and at considerable length. The action of the story is too often delayed so that his characters may display their conversational powers. Jacob Bullstone ought to have been contented with his loyal wife and four healthy children, but he was smitten by jealousy amounting to insanity and deliberately wrecked his home and happiness. The fact that his mother-in-law belonged to a sect exclusively called "The Chosen Few "is enough to account for the growing enmity between her and Jacob, which gathers strength as the tale progresses. The quips which we expect from Mr. Phill-POTTS' quaint old men serve to brighten a story which forms a worthy conclusion to the cycle. And if its author has shocks of life, including the marriage of Oscar to a girl lingered on the way while telling it I can understand his whose tastes were obviously incompatible with his own, reluctance to bid farewell to the men and women of Dartand the union of Lella with a peculiarly odious clergyman. moor with whom his name has been so long and closely

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bulgarian Government has intimated that in future its policy will be a peaceful one. We don't know whether they realise it or not, but the idea is not a new one.

named after Signor Mussolini. One lot. of the disadvantages of serving a nonvolcanic country is that British politicians cannot be honoured in this appropriate manner.

Prohibition is still in its infancy in felt that things have come to a pretty

America, says one of its advocates. In some parts it certainly seems to be still on the bottle.

Professor Geoffrey Duf-FIELD in a recent lecture said that, owing to the earth's rotation, anyone setting out to break a speed record should travel in an easterly direction. No wonder so many plumbers carry a compass on their watch-chain.

An expert witness in Lambeth County Court has been pointing out the grave peril of wearing cheap fur. The Anti-Beaver League hope that wearers of cheap whiskers will take note of this warning.

According to Dr. CRAMER legs are the most useful limbs to possess. We always make a point of having a pair about us wherever we go.

In a certain London restaurant each waitress wears a different flower by which she is called. There are tea-

wear a forget-me not.

In a team-race at a recent London swimming gala the representative of a certain Government department club was disqualified for starting before time. Fortunately his official conscience is clear on the matter as he was off duty at the time.

A lecturer describes WILLIAM THE Conqueror as a most untruthful man. It is disappointing for those who approval of his constituents. take pride in their Norman origin to find that their ancestors came over with a Canarder.

into certain prisons. Much annoyance is said to have been caused to one guest who was discharged on ticket-of-leave | less than another. when he only wanted five for game.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott has celebrated his seventieth birthday. In view of the fact that his years are increasing The new crater of Etna is to be too rapidly he has decided to scrap the

> The survivor of a revolver duel between two officers of the Red Army has been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In Bolshevist circles it is

SEAVIEW SEAVIEW

New Arrival. "What sort of a show is this, old man?" Second Weeker. "Well, I can't honestly say the grub IS UP TO MUCH, BUT THESE ARE PERFECTLY TOPPING STEPS."

shops in which we ourselves always | bad pass if you can't even exchange | firm in Holborn, who have the smallest friendly bullets with a comrade.

> It is said that China is now becoming so civilised that when a Celestial bandit shootsany person he has to give a reason for it.

> Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy has informed a Sunday paper that he manages to keep cool in a heat-wave by not thinking or talking about it. We understand that his attitude has the

"If there is any kind of person I like All the same we doubt whether the less than another," Mrs. Philip Snow- introduction of fast young women Billiard-tables are being introduced Bolshevist." The real interest of the cricketers.

remark lies, of course, in the possibility that there is a kind of person she likes

A Soviet speaker has asserted that Russia cannot again trust America. We understand that TROTSKY went to Petrograd from the United States.

In a scientific article it is stated that only two colours, blue and yellow, are visible to bees. This is contrary to the popular belief that, on occasion, they see red.

It is announced that Sir Thomas LIPTON will challenge for the America Cup in 1925. All that worries us now is to find some means of whiling away the interval.

> A contemporary refers to an All-British Jazz Band which for some time has been practising quietly. It is good to know that one Jazz band has got the right idea at last.

> * * A small boy living near Ingatestone has started to write poetry at the age of five. He may, however, grow out of it and become a Poet Laureate some day.

> Last week the Paris-Marseilles express ran over three hens and a pig in succession. This should be a stiff setback to the theory that the automobile is superseding the railway.

> Atlantic City claims to have the largest thermometer in the world. It is fifty feet high, and the temperature is visible a mile away. This is easily beaten by a well-known

thermometer in the world, and the temperature can be felt all over London.

"The quality of our gas is getting worse," complains a correspondent in a daily paper. He should remember that a large number of therms are taking their summer holidays just now.

"HINTS FOR YOUNG CRICKETERS .- In the long field a smart spinster who can be trusted to cover twenty or thirty yards at a fast pace in order to save a boundary is necessary." West Indian Magazine.

DEN is reported to have said, "it is a would be in the best interest of young

THE GREAT GAMES.

"Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari" Wно through the empyrean tries to flash In imitation of the feats of PINDAR Is liable to come a nose-dive crash, Done to a cinder.

That's why I must decline to sing the grace Of our Olympic candidates' virility, Their limbs so lithe, their most amazing pace, Their marked agility.

Sooner I'd see some other try his hand, Hear what the youth of Isis or of Cam says Touching the merits of our MILLIGANS and Our Abrahamses.

For me I rest content in rhyming prose To hold a brief against their well-meant prattle Who 'd have us stand aloof with lofted nose, Watching the battle.

For there be gloomy people who rehearse The tale of ructions in Olympic stadia, Which do not tend to make the Universe One vast Arcadia.

It may be so; these meetings fall, no doubt, Short of the standards of an earthly Heaven; But would it help them much to do without Our British leaven?

Would it improve the Entente's tender plant Or purify the general tone of morals If England stayed at home and said, "I shan't Go for the laurels"?

Then we must go; and, if the game's worth while, It's worth the very best that we can muster; Therefore let's do the thing for once in style, Going a buster.

And, lest we fail of means to this good end, And British legs should lack for preparation, To your appeal, my Lord Mayor, I shall send O. S. A small donation.

NEW ENDINGS TO OLD TALES.

I.—Perseus and Andromeda.

THE Princess found her parents having tea in the drawing-room. The King was reading an evening paper.
"None the worse, eh?" he said heartily as he kissed her. . . . "No, I don't want to hear about it. Never dwell on unpleasant topics. It's morbid, unhealthy.

He was in an excellent humour, pleased by the discretion shown by the Press at this juncture. The disappearance of the dragon was announced in the stop-press column, where there was no room for details, and on the morrow the attention of the public would be distracted to other sensations. There was no reference to the foolishly generous offer he had broadcasted at a time when the depredations caused by the monster were creating something like a panic in outlying districts. In the Capital the matter had never been taken very seriously until the price of meat rose. As to the creature's habit of devouring children it was felt that the families of the agricultural labourers were often deplorably large, so that—"All's well that ends well," said the King.

the horrid creature?" she inquired. "He's waiting downstairs.'

"In the hall!" cried her mother. "Dearest, was that

wise? My best umbrella is in the stand."

"I don't think he'd take an umbrella," said the Princess. The King frowned. "How many times have I told you, Andromeda, that I will not have you bringing young men home? I don't approve of these lax modern ways."

"I thought under the circumstances——" began his

"Don't contradict your father, darling," said the Queen. "Does he expect to be asked to tea?" the King inquired. The Princess giggled. "I think he expects me and half

the kingdom. Daddy, you know you said—"
"That will do," said the King. He was really angry.
"Pamphlett!" The butler came forward. "Pamphlett,

give the young fellow ten shillings—no, a pound note—and see that he goes away. You understand?"

The butler understood. The Queen glanced apprehensively at her daughter. One never knew with girls; they were apt to be romantic and silly. But the Princess was eating buttered muffins. The sea air had given her an appetite. She seemed sufficiently unconcerned.

"Quite a good dinner," said the guest kindly as he took a

cigar from his own case before handing it over.

The King looked pleased. "It's very kind of you to say so," he said effusively. "But your products were the main-stay of the entertainment. What we should have done without you during these weeks of scarcity I shudder to contemplate.'

"I passed a potted meat queue half a mile long on my way to the palace," remarked the manufacturer of the

Perseus Canned Table Delicacies.

"He must be very well to do," reflected the monarch, as he clapped him on the back. "You have come to an understanding with my little girl, haven't you?"

The other smiled. "I think I may say that we under-

stood one another from the first."

"Well, her mother and I have told her to follow the dictates of her heart."

The engagement was a short one. The young couple had just returned from their honeymoon when the Perseus Canning Works closed down.

The King called his son-in-law up over the telephone. He was agitated. "This untoward rumour must be contradicted at once. At once!" he said.

It was his daughter who answered. "Hallo! Is that you, Daddy? But it happens to be true. We've come to

an end of the material.

The material? The King was bewildered. He recalled the potted tongue, the galantine of chicken, the curried rabbit and herring-paste that were the Perseus specialities. He had always been given to understand that rabbits and herrings—of course, there was Doctor MARIE STOPES; but surely her views had not affected the warrens or the deep

"I'm afraid I'm getting rather deaf," he said.
Andromeda raised her voice. "I said that we've come
to the end of our material. The dragon, you know. The poor old thing has lasted longer than we expected, but the last of his scales was boiled down a week ago for mulligatawny soup. Sorry, Daddy dear, but I'm afraid you'll have to support us yourself after this."

The Artistic Temperament.

"Truly the well-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley. The But the Princess, although a charming girl, was a little new cover promised our readers for this issue has been held up owing lacking in tact. "What about the young man who killed to the unfortunate disposition of the artist."—Canadian Magazine.



THE RESTORATION.

Scene-St. James's Park Lake, now being refilled.

KING CHARLES II. "HA! THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES!"

[Charles II. introduced pelicans and many "ordinary and extraordinary wild fowls" (to use the words of Pepus) into St. James's Park, whose lake was practically His Majesty's creation.]



WILLIE AND FIDO BRING HOME THE BUTTER DURING A HEAT-WAVE.

THE LAY OF A LAKE.

(Lines supplementary to the Cartoon on the previous page.) For months and years the bureaucratic tide Of clerks o'erflowed our Park on every side, And ticking typists almost drowned the clucks Emitted by the still remaining ducks, While strenuous flappers, in their hundreds reckoned, Usurped the pleasance made by Charles the Second. Then huts were razed, the lawns resumed their greenery, Freed from the incubus of State machinery. Yet all too soon last year this humble scribe Congratulated the lacustrine tribe On their enlargement from the tiny pond Kept for their comfort by Sir ALFRED MOND Near Whitehall, to the larger space beyond, When CRAWFORD, the artistic and benign, Let in the waters from the Serpentine. Alas! in three short days the stream was spent, Leaking away through cracks in the cement, And, once again, disgruntled passers-by Beheld their pet oasis wholly dry. "Relay the floor anew, and give us back Our lake," exclaimed the public, while the pack Of false economists with zeal intense Indignantly condemned the vast expense. CRAWFORD retired, but his successor, BAIRD, By squandermaniacs happily unscared, Resolved that thirty thousand pounds or more Should be expended on the lake's new floor. Water, wrote Heine, gives a landscape grace, Like eyes that charm us in a woman's face: And even in a crowded city park

Water delights us most, in day or dark.

But chiefly is the boon to children dear,
Who saw their favourite playground disappear,
And now behold it wondrously restored,
The lake refilled, an even greener sward,
And their old friends the wild-fowl, small and great—
Some boarded out in Regent's Park of late—
Back in their ancient haunts and feeding grounds,
Led by the Pelicans, who go their rounds
Equally unperturbed in Peace or War,
Grotesque yet splendid, Westminster's Big Four.

TABLOID HISTORY.

(Impressions and Recollections provoked by attendance at a recent Pageant.)

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

It seems that these people were almost entirely devoid of the Public School Manner. Their very best men were nothing more than rude eorls, and they delighted in naked swords and undressed beards. The domestic servant problem originated in this rude age, and authentic record has it that the dominant Saxons were wont to sally forth and domesticate young georls of the Ancient Briton class with a hatchet. An age of barbarism, famous for the introduction of parliaments to England.

NORMAN TIMES.

In these times monks were a great feature of the land-scape. A faithful copy of their simple costume has come down through the centuries, and is known to us as the Army blanket. The monks had only one real vice and that was chanting. It was difficult to separate a monk and his chant, and indeed it is believed that it was impossible to do so except by prising with some sharp instrument. Even Henry VIII., when he shut up the monasteries, failed to



Host. "Don't you play tennis?"

Guest. "Not now. I used to, but I was so terrified of getting a tennis-face."

shut up the chant. A wonderfully religious period, and known as the Dark Ages.

PLANTAGENET ENGLAND.

It appears that the country whilst under these kings was overrun with varlets. Gadzooks also were common, as were Zounds; Zummerzet men, I suppose. The men had, at a distance, a scaly appearance not unlike fresh herrings; but they were really knights in chain-armour and their main business in life was to sit on prancing steeds and glitter. A period characterised by promiscuous bloodshed and generally described as the Age of Chivaliy.

TUDOR PERIOD.

England was remarkably full of legs at this period. They were worn as long as possible and highly coloured. Unhistorical persons will discover with surprise that "plusfours" were then in their infancy. Tobacco was introduced into England at this time; and Drake went West. Dancing and music were very popular, poetry flourished, and village greens were in their prime. Perhaps the merriest and most enlightened stage in English history and remembered for the execution, among others, of Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh.

A Castle in the Air.

"Upper Floors of a single-storied house, suitable for storing light goods or for a printing press."—Advt. in Indian Paper.

"The City of London Corporation have placed a blue enamelled plate over the White Swan public-house in Salisbury Court, indicating the birth-place of Samuel Pepys, the diarist. The diarist was born 1632-1703."—Daily Paper.

In contrast to his sovereign, Charles II., who, you will remember, was an unconscionable time in dying.

PAWKY PETER.

THE wind was off the Lighthouse, the wind was off the sea:

A weary wind to wrestle with, an unco weird to dree; But Pawky Peter Nicoll had the short hole in three.

Up the funnel of the fairway we faced the tempest's roar, And each with sixes and with sevens diversified his score; But Pawky Peter Nicoll did the long fifth in four.

Whole sandhills hurtled through the air, the burn was down in spate,

And some were here and some were there and very few were straight;

But Pawky Peter poked his way to the ninth in thirty-eight.

Fairly behind us raged the blast when once we reached the turn.

And it tempted Pawky Peter's soul its pawkiness to spurn, And Pawky Peter pressed and topped—and landed in the burn.

And after several wondrous words, "Aweel," he said, "it's true

That a heid win' 's a heid win', an' a man kens what to do;
But, lads, tak' tent o' a follyin' win'—an' a follyin' fortune
too! "

H. B.

From the report of a speech by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE:-

"I would appeal to the Prime Minister, especially, not to reject this advice which I am urging. He is sound at heart, and I beg him not to listen to these sons of Baliol, who were always leading him astray from the path his own common-sense and heart point out to him."—Daily Paper.

Is this intended as a nasty one for the Foreign Secretary?

MY COUSIN FREDERICK.

Persia. Yes, of course, Persia. I began to think about it. A pink-or was it purple?—rhomboid on the map, a source of political trouble in the present and in the past, the home of Cyrus and Darius and the parasang, the export mart for many-hued rugs and the overcoat collars of actors and M.P.'s. Also oil. But over and beyond these things the tinkling of fountains, veiled beauties, the music of bulbuls, gardens beneath the moon. Romance. Yetsomehownothing precise, nothing definite. I was very glad therefore that my cousin Frederick, who had just come back from Persia, was to visit us. He should make Persia live.

back from a far-away place like Cochin China, for instance, or Ceylon, I feel like this. But there is a difficulty. I don't care to confess that I have made no seriousmentalefforttokeep in touch with Cochin China or Ceylon since I left the Lower Fifth. It argues a kind of remissnesson my part. I don't like to make a perfectly obvious remark about these places, such as "I suppose it takes a long time to get used to the size of the hens in Cochin China?" or, "I expect you must be missing the spice in the breezes now you have come home?" So I try to ask ordinary noncommittal sorts of questions in the hope of

drawing them out. I felt this difficulty strongly about | Persia. If we had happened to be living in the time of the EMPEROR DARIUS I believe that I could have got on quite well with a man who had just come back from Persia. There are one or two stories in HERODOTUS, for instance—rather smoking-room stories, now I come to think of it, but I don't suppose my cousin Frederick would have minded that. The laxness of the East, you know. With regard to social life in Persia since ARTAXERXES my mind was a bit misty. There was OMARKHAY-YAM, of course. And Scheherazade. But was that Persia or Bagdad? And FLECKER'S Hassan. But, hang it all, that was Bagdad too. One must not confuse Persia with Mesopotamia. I seemed to have lost my sense of the Persian atmosphere for the last thousand years or so.

I was just walking across to get ORN-PHT out of the bottom shelf of the bookcase when my cousin Frederick arrived. He did not look as if he had been romanticised very much by his three-and-a-half years in Persia. He was not fierce-looking or lean. He was brown, but then he had always been that.

"Well," I said, "and how are you? Did you come up by Tube?

Rather a bad opening that, really, I think. As if there was a Tube to Persia. But we always ask people who come to this house whether they came up by Tube. I think it is so that we can go on to tell them that they could have come by 'bus if they had gone a different way and walked a little further.

"Of course, how frightfully stupid of me. I always mix those two words up," I murmured, as if I spent almost the whole day talking about Basra and Bushire and attempting to keep them distinct. "Pretty hot out there, I should imagine?'

"It's hot in the hot weather," he admitted, rather grudgingly, I thought, "and cold in the cold."

"I suppose you wear thinner things in the hot weather?"

"We wear thinner things in the summer and thicker things in the winter," he agreed.

I attempted, without success, to visualise the mysterious East.

"Did you get much sport?" I asked Whenever a relative of mine comes | This starts the ball rolling. It appeared, | rather brilliantly as we went indoors again.

"Not bad," he said. "Snipe and duck."

"Oh, snipe and duck!" I exclaimed, trying to seem excited. As a matter of fact I had been expecting flamingoes or yak.

"What about a whisky-and-soda?" I suggested, concealing my chagrin.

"'Very nice," replied my cousin Frederick.

"Do people drink much in Bas–Bushire?' I asked, holding up the glass and looking closely at it when he had said when.

"A fair amount," he said. "Soda up to the top, please, for me.'

"Not the natives, I suppose?" I hazarded. I had a kind of hazy recollection that the

natives of Persia were Mohammedans, and lived upon sherbet and rice.

"Not officially," replied Frederick. "But they mop up a good deal on the quiet whenever they get a chance."

It did not seem to me that this pointed to a remarkable difference between the psychology of the Persian and the Anglo-

Saxon peoples. But I said nothing.
"And when do you go back?" I asked him, after a pause. It was rather early to ask that, of course, but Frederick had the air of one who has discussed Persia and its problems pretty thoroughly.

"In October. But I shan't be at

Bushire then. I'm going up to Shiraz."
"Shiraz," I thrilled. The word opened new vistas. One could not help feeling romantic about Shiraz.

"Surely," I said, "there are roses



The Ancient Mariner (trying another tack). "I was born an' bred in this YERE COVE, AN' MANY'S THE CARGO O' RUM AN' GIN AN' WHISKY AN' BRANDY AN' FANCY FRENCH DRINKS AS I 'VE RUN ASHORE JUST WHERE WE 'RE STANDIN' NOW, WITH THE REVENOO MEN A-'OWLIN' AT MY 'EELS. THEM WAS THE DAYS, GUV'NOR, WHEN YOU COULD 'ELP YOURSELF, AN' NOT 'AVE TO TALK FOR A PINT TILL YOUR MOUTH'S AS DRY AS THE BACK OF A STRANDED CRAB."

however, that my cousin Frederick had driven himself up in a motor-car. We went out together to look at it, and he told me things about it, and the reasons why he had bought it in preference to a great number of other cars. I felt at once that we were rather getting away from the glamour of the East.

"I suppose you don't have a car out there?" I said, trying to draw him back, and wondering what he did have. I did not quite like to suggest camels.

"Oh, yes, I do; I have a Ford out

there," he replied.
"Oh!" I said. I always say "Oh," just like that, when anyone tells me he has a Ford. It seems to me to be the only tactful thing to say.

"Do you have to motor much in Basra?" I went on sympathetically.

"Well, I wasn't in Basra, you know. I was in Bushire.'



- "Do you know if that horse is a good worker?"
- "How D'YOU MEAN?"

- "'E BE ONE O' THIS UP-TO-DATE KIND, THEY TELL ME."
- "'E'D SOONER GET UP ON 'IS 'IND-LEGS AND ARGUE ABOUT IT."

- "Fruit, too," he replied. "You can make jolly good cherry brandy, I believe, at Shiraz."
 - "And is it far from Bushire?"
- "About a hundred miles as the crow flies," he said. "But you have to go over a couple of mountain ranges to get there."
 - "What on?"
 - "Mules."
- "And is there good shooting there, too?"
 - "Very."
- "What kind?" I asked hopefully. "Snipe and duck," he said, "but more of it."

I gave up Shiraz and went back over the mountains to Bushire. I had had a sudden brilliant idea.

"Have you brought back any photographs?" I asked.

"One or two," he said, taking out a pocket-case and handing me three. I looked at the first. It was a photograph of a black dog sitting on a chair. "A setter," I said.

"Part spaniel and part setter."

I looked at the second photograph. It was a photograph of two black dogs sitting on two chairs. The third was another photograph of the first dog, sitting on the same chair.

"Do you play any games in Persia?" I inquired.

- "Tennis," he answered, "almost every evening.
 - "On grass?."
 - "Mud."

I made another rapid mental survey of the glories of Iran.

- "And what do they give you to eat?" I asked.
- "Oh, mutton, and chicken, and things out of tins."
- I felt that my cousin Frederick was not treating me quite fairly.
- "Tell me about the natives," I said. "What kind of people are they?"
- "Some of them are very good fellows indeed," he explained, "and some of them are rather swine."
- "What sort of a chap is the SHAH?" I went on. I was a little doubtful whether there was a Shah in Persia still. I thought there might be a Soviet. But it seemed to be all right.

"Oh, so so," said my cousin Frederick. Ichecked myself on the point of asking how many wives the SHAH had. I felt quite certain what Frederick would have replied. He would have said, "A fairish lot." I dismissed the Shah. I

had thought of something else.
"I want you, Frederick," I said, "to come and look at our Persian rug. And I took him into the drawing-room. had always rather admired the beautiful faded colours of our Persian rug.

- "Yes?" he said, looking at it. He did not seem very enthusiastic.
- "It comes from Bokhara," I continued. "We think it is very old.
- "Diditcost you much?" he inquired.
 "Yes," I said. "Isn't it very old?"
- "No, it isn't," replied Frederick. "Old Persian rugs don't fade. That's the beauty of them. Only modern ones fade. The Persians rub them with lime to make the colours dim, because the English and Americans like them to look old. That's all."
- "Thank you, Frederick," I said, bowing my head low before the blast. "What
- about another whisky-and-soda?"
 "Very nice indeed," said my cousin
 Frederick. I decided not to ask him about the bulbuls at all. EVOE.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The shadiest place last week was not always the sea, but the forest."—Sunday Paper.

From a Summer-Sale advertisement: "SEE WINDOWS AND WALK THROUGH." Provincial Paper.

Thus avoiding the crush at the door.

"J. Sherlock was 4 up at the nineteenth, having gone out in 37."—Provincial Paper.

During the present hot spell the plan of having the nineteenth at the end of the first half has much to commend it.

STANLEY BALDWIN,

(An Historical Drama.)

After I had seen Abraham Lincoln, Oliver Cromwell and Robert E. Lee, with their wealth of local colour, produced by Psalms, hymns, folk-songs and ditties sung in extenso, and readings from poets of the day, State papers, Parliamentary reports and so on, to say nothing of the introduction of every contemporary character whose name is familiar to the public, it struck me that a dramatist of the Drinkwater school, writing, say, in 2223, might turn out something on these lines :-

STANLEY BALDWIN.

Scene I.—A Room at Chequers. Lord CURZON and Sir ROBERT HORNE.

Sir Robert Horne (reading from "The Times"). "... and till the menace of Communism is faced the people of our country can never enjoy the conditions of peace and prosperity."

Lord Curzon. Is that all BIRKEN-

HEAD's speech?

Sir R. Horne. There are two columns more.

Lord Curzon. Please read on, then. (He docs.) There is much truth in that. People to-day do not realise things. All they think about is dancing.

 $Sir\ ilde{R}.\ Horne.\ ext{Ay.}$ There's a song

on that. It runs:

Take me where you can hear all those Saxophones moaning, Where can those Ukeleles be?

Lord Curzon. I know.

Both together :-

Every boy in London is telephoning, Dancing time is any old time for me.

Enter STANLEY BALDWIN. Sir R. Horne and Lord Curzon. Welcome. We were expecting you.

S. Baldwin. Thank you. Do either of you gentlemen read GARVIN?

 $\dot{S}ir\, ar{R}.\, Horne.\, \, {
m I}$ missed him last week. I was playing golf at Brighton.

S. Baldwin (dreamily). Brighton, Brighton? Are there not just now some excellent trains to Brighton?

Sir R. Horne (reading from an A.B.C. of the period). Victoria 1.48, Brighton 3.0; Victoria 3.10, Brighton 4.10. That's the one I catch. They bring you tea and before you have finished The Times you are at Brighton. But what does Garvin say?

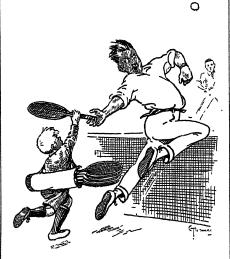
S. Baldwin. Listen to this. "In four days' time falls the anniversary of the signing of the Peace, as it is still known, at Versailles. The fourth year has done more in its passage to expose the fundamental error of the settlement than all its predecessors together, etc..." (Reads

Lord Curzon. He's wrong about the

percentage of Moslems in Thrace. The population of Thrace, according to the latest available statistics is as follows:— Mussulmans

Sir R. Horne. Mussulmen.

S. Baldwin. Sir Robert, you are very rash thus to criticise your fellow-men. To be harsh in things that do not matter is to waste the few swift hours that are | A man would call his neighbour granted us. Believe me, Sir Robert, this is the only sound philosophy. Pass by small faults, look rather for what is fair and true. By carping and the splitting of straws there is nothing to gain. Mutual understanding is essential to co-operation, and it is only by cooperation that we can beat the Labour Party. (Here he pauses for breath. and they think he has finished; he resumes



"QUICK, CADDIE! SMASHIE!"

however.) Co-operation, not in the Lobby merely, but true co-operation in the very depths of our souls and being. That is all, Sir ROBERT. But here is someone who will sing to us.

Enter Lady Astor.

All. Please sing to us one of Mr. ROBEY'S songs.

Lady Astor. Or shall I describe one of Mr. Chaplin's films?

All. The song, the song! $Lady \ Astor :-$

O Mr. Gallagher, O Mr. Shean, Do you mean to say you haven't

got a bean? Why, upon my soul alive, I meant touching you for five; O thank you, Mr. GALLAGHER.

All. Don't mention it, Mr. SHEAN.

Enter Ramsay Macdonald, Bern-ARD SHAW, Dean INGE, Dr. MARIE STOPES, A. E. Hous-MAN, JOE BECKETT, LORD BEAVER-BROOK, LLOYD GEORGE and A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

S. Baldwin. Welcome. I expected a greater company, but welcome. Of course you will stay to dinner, then we can discuss the League and Wimbledon and sing some songs.

A. E. Housman:—

When lads were home from labour At Abdon-under-Clee

And both would send for me . . . etc.

Joe Beckett (when he has finished). Is it true you have written a new play, Mr. Shaw?

Bernard Shaw. Yes; it is a long play. Shall I read it aloud?

All. Yes; read it twice. (He reads it twice.)

Lord Beaverbrook. I seldom go to theatres, but last night I saw R.U.R., by CAPEK, Bros., Czecho-Slovakians.

Marie Stopes. Where is Czecho-Slovakia? (Of course she would know really, but we are taking a twenty-third century audience back three hundred years and want to display our history.)

Ramsay Macdonald. Take down the

map of Europe.

Lloyd George. Rather roll up the map of Europe; we shall not want it for fifty years. (This remark has become attributed to him.)

A. S. M. Hutchinson. Czecho-Slovakia lies between the Danube and the Erzgebirge; bounded on the North by Poland; East by Roumania; South, Austria; West, Germany.

Joe Beckett. But of the play?

Lord Beaverbrook. I'll tell you. (He

does.)

Enter HILAIRE BELLOC.

H. Belloc. The French Ambassador and M. Loucheur are outside with a new Reparations scheme.

S. Baldwin. They shall explain it here. We will receive them honourably, and hear them with modesty and patience in the next Scene. No, LLOYD GEORGE; remember these were our Allies and have suffered much. But that we may be more suitably prepared to hear them will you first preach a sermon to us, Mr. Dean?

Dean Inge. I will do that with pleasure. (He does.)

S. Baldwin. And now, my friends, together-

All. God save our gracious King, etc. [Exeunt all save Stanley Bald-WIN and Lord Curzon. Stanley Baldwin stands pensively by the window.

Lord Curzon. Are you worrying about the French Ambassador, who is still waiting outside.

S. Baldwin. No, I am worrying about the audience. Do you think they can bear this play?



Youth. "Well, old thing, ready for a dip?" His Dancing Partner. "Do you mind if we sir it out?"

THE CUSTOMS: A MIRACLE.

Some people can do it. For example, we all know and believe the story of the | should be disclosed. I tasted the triumph | man who, when asked what his portmanteau contained, replied truthfully and cheerfully, "Nothing but cigars; so they passed him through without a word.

I suppose I have by nature a suspicious appearance. At all events my assertion that I have nothing to declare carries no conviction; and at every frontier my baggage is vilely rifled, and | I am practically accused of being a traveller in tobacco, scent and spirits.

across France together. I did well at Customs was, as usual, complete; our already been opened.

At the Swiss frontier I nerved myself for an even greater success. I all but my own trunk, which by my inarticulate sob to the fatal parcel.

manner I contrived to indicate a desire Without hesitation the official demanded that its contents of the amateur Christmas conjurer who has succeeded in forcing a card upon an alert and suspicious nephew.

Smilingly I obeyed—and discovered in both senses—a large brown paper parcel on the very top.

"What is that?" asked the douanier coldly. I looked wildly around, but my wife was far away, deep in conversation with a friend.

"I have no idea at all," I faltered.

We opened the parcel, and found Last week my wife and I travelled about a mile of shimmering silks. Joseph's brethren, when they opened Calais, where the disorganisation of the their sacks of corn, could not have been more genuinely surprised than I; or, to luggage was passed by the douanier revert to my simile, a conjurer who, under the impression that it belonged to another traveller whose box had spades, produces a bowl of gold-fish and a Union Jack.

I began a stumbling and palpably untrue explanation, at the same time inquired carefully of my wife which of feeling for my pocket-book and wonderour numerous articles of luggage con- | ing whether I could escape incarceration. tained prohibited goods, and learnt that | Suddenly I heard behind me my wife only my own trunk had a blameless asking in reproachful accents why I record. Ostentatiously I began to open was taking so long. I pointed with an

"Oh, I quite forgot," she said with a bright smile. "It came just at the last minute and all the other boxes were shut up."

Then the miracle happened. The douanier glanced round and saw that no one was observing us. He looked at me, and for the first time I seemed to recognise that he was human. Without a word he replaced the silk in the trunk, closed the lid and carefully put the chalk mark of innocence on every piece of our luggage.

"I am a widower," he said.

Cause and Effect?

Extract from a South African Church Magazine:-

"The choir will sing the Hallelujah Chorus; after which there will be a collection for repairs to the roof."

From the report of a chess match conducted by telegraph between Victoria and New South Wales:-

"Again the mild gentleman tapped one of his pair of clocks—one stopped, and he fell back and thought, got out of control, dashed across the road and finally crashed into a big pine tree half-way down the hill. The impact uprooted the tree and the car was overturned." Australian Paper.

We had no idea chess was such a dangerous game.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXXI.—LORD'S—AND LADIES.

I LOVE Lord's. I love Eton and Harrow. I love the sunny green, the happy crowds, the coaches, the frocks, the pretty ladies, the grey top-hats, the cultured talk, the little walking-sticks of the boys, the ribbons on the walkingsticks, the flowers in their coats; I love to feel that this is England, this is the national game, a manly dangerous game; and I think with pity of the effeminate Dagoes who can only play pelota, bas-ket-ball and lawn-tennis. Fops!

Joan is as keen on cricket as I am, and she was the best-dressed woman there. We sat on a very hard seat for the greater part of a hot day and saw hundreds of frocks. The wicket of a was "plumb," the batting orthodox, son.

and if there is anything more boring than orthodox batting on a plumb wicket I suppose it is professional billiards. But no doubt the blame lay with me. I find that my presence casts a blight on cricket. As soon as I leave the ground a batsman comes in and smites the ball with great violence to all parts of the field in a charming unorthodox fashion, scoring sixes in every over and constantly hitting the ball in the air. But as soon as I arrive a perfect plague of orthodoxy sets in; the batsmen settle down to a sound defensive game, hitting

the ball mildly to mid-off and mid-on alternately, with an occasional four that's because it is true. through the slips, and that along the ground. I have never seen a genuine British slog, and I suppose I never shall.

As for this absurd modern fetish of keeping the ball low, I cannot understand it. There is none of that nonsense when I play village-cricket, for we play in a rich pasture, and if you don't hit the ball in the air you don't hit it anywhere. A little village-cricket would do these school-boys a world of good. After all, if I am only to hit the ball along the ground, I might as well play golf.

The only real relief in this match was the delicious badness of the bowling. Indeed, had not the bowling been so bad I don't know what we should all have found to talk about. It was so bad that I knew it was bad. There are moments, I confess, when I find it difficult to distinguish between a half-

volley and a good-length-ball; but when a ball bounces three times I know at once that there is something wrong with it; and when the wicketkeeper just manages to reach it by bounding into the air I know that it is a full-pitch, and a bad one.

But, personally, I go to Lord's for the conversation; and as soon as I had pointed out a few of the badder balls to Joan, I settled down to enjoy some of that charming idiocy which only flourishes at Lord's. This year there was prevalent a sort of pose of being interested in the cricket; and everybody I sat in front of was commenting bitterly on the conversation of the people behind them. And the sum-total of these comments was like the sound of a Cairo bazaar in the American sea-

batsman's too frightened to hit it anywhere near them if he did.

"Then why is it plucky?"

"Well, you know what I mean. There's always a chance.'

"They don't seem to do much."

"No, it's all eye-wash really. Silly rot. O Lord, they're going to have another lemonade.'

"Poor boys; they've been fielding for an-hour-and-a-half. I expect they want something.

"Well, in my day— I say, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"This fellow behind me-

"The one with the moustache?"

"No, the one with the nose-"

"Yes?"

"Well, he's been telling a story The following dialogue would not about some girl or other. It was after

a dance, and—damn it, how was he out?"

"Afraid I didn't see. 'Bowled,' somebody said."

"Always the way. As soon as you say a word, a wicket falls. Well, this girl's terribly proper, it seems-been kept very close by her mother and all that. That lad wasn't bowled, he was caught—caught Number 4. Who 's that?"

"Crossman."

"No, Crossman's Eton. It's STEWART-Brown. And one night, in the country, or somewhere after a dance or something, they played hide-and-seek. Only

this girl was supposed to be in bed. And she was found in a cupboard with Major Somebody or other. Rather funny!

"Do you mean she was found by her mother?"

"I don't know. I didn't catch that. This fellow's been telling the story for the last quarter-of-an-hour. That's all they come here for, most of these people.

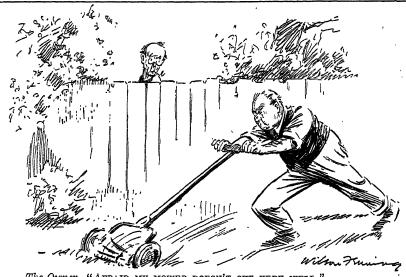
"I know. I like that black frock in front."

"Jolly. I never saw such bowling. It's about time they had another lemonade.'

"It's funny they don't bowl better, isn't it?'

"Yes. I don't know what's the matter with them. They can't bowl a bit."

"You'd think they'd teach them bowling, wouldn't you? After all, it ened to bowl on the leg stump, and the | isn't like batting. And it's a big school."



The Owner. "AFRAID MY MOWER DOESN'T CUT VERY WELL." The Borrower. "No! (puff). As old Smithers next door was saying only last night, you really ought to go in for a new one."

go well on the stage, I daresay; but

"How that fellow jaws!" said a male voice, bitterly. "My hat, that's a bad ball!"

"Tommy said they were bowling rather well."

"They're bowling muck. Muck. I

never saw such muck. Look at that!"
"Oh, I missed it," said the lady,
waking from a stupor. "What was it?"

"A long-hop. Ought to have gone for four."

"Why do those boys stand so close to him?"

"That's the short-leg trap. Plucky fellows! Did you hear what that fellow said just now?"

" Ño."

"He said he hoped they'd get hurt. Nice sort of thing to say."

"Will they?" said the lady nervously. "Not they. The bowler's too fright-



Colonel. "You don't think much of Golf, then, Sergeant-Major?" Sergeant-Mojor (a volunteer caddie). "Seems a bit slow, Sir-A kind of 'ockey at the 'alt."

"Yes, it's a fine school. But they can't bowl. Good Lord, he's out! How was he out?"

"I didn't see. Bowled, somebody said."

"Yes. Clean bowled, apparently. It's a most extraordinary thing, but, whenever I look away for an instant, a wicket falls.'

'Varsity Match.'

"Sort of fatality, I suppose."

"I suppose it is."

"They re talking about racing now. Have you been to R. U. R.?"
"No."

"These batsmen are little better than Robots."

"What d' you mean?"

"Perfect mechanism but no soul. Have you been to Stop Flirting?"

"No. Have you been to Robert E. Lee?"

"Yes, we have no banannas."

"What do you mean?"

" Haven't you heard that? It's the new American password. The universal answer. Coming over here, they say. You'd better learn it."

"Yes, we have no bananas."

"No, not bananas. Banannas. You who hope the symbol attached to the ought to hear an American girl saying it. I say, what dull cricket this is!"

"I wish somebody would get out."

"Let's start talking. Then somebody's sure to. I say, did you hear that?"

" No."

"This fellow behind us-the one that told that story about the girl in the cupboard—he's complaining about the people behind him talking so much. "Yes, I've noticed that. Isn't it Pretty good, that. He's never stopped funny? It was just the same at the talking since the moment he sat down."

"Awful, isn't it? Somebody's out.

Or is it lemonade?"

"No, he's out. There you are! I told you so. The moment I talk-It's always the same.'

"Let's talk some more."

"Well, these bowlers won't get 'em out, so we may as well."

"Did you hear that?" I whispered. "Oh, you are awake, are you?" said Joan, with reproach. "You're good company, aren't you? That's the first remark you've made for twenty-five overs. Aren't you enjoying it?"

"Yes, we have no banannas," I replied.

"The £German people will be sincerely grateful to the British Government for its efforts to solve the reparations problem." Morning Paper.

A CONUNDRUM EXPERT.

(A leading article in a daily paper has for title "The Weather Explained.")

No puzzle in future can vex me; Henceforward entirely in vain Enigmas will seek to perplex me And tax my incompetent brain; I shan't even struggle sincerely

When fronted by difficult jobs, But write to this sage who is clearly

A beggar at probs.

My darkness at once he will lighten, My trouble disperse at a blow, A really omniscient Crichton,

A man it is useful to know; His skill I shall hasten to use if The answer I want to be shown In cases where x is elusive

And y is unknown.

Reparations' effective collection Will not even furrow his brows, And, given a moment's reflection, He might even find me a house;

Though baffling to me altogether, To one who has found out the way To explain our preposterous weather, Such things will be play.

"The shade temperature in London at 11 o'clock to-day was 114 in the sun. Irish Paper.

It felt like it, anyhow.



Maid (new to the telephone). "QUICK, SIR, QUICK! THERE'S A TRUMPET CALL FOR YOU!"

A NICE POINT.

Or course, something of the sort was bound to occur one day with old Tom umpiring. For he is a stickler for the nice points of the game, and to him the deciding (rightly or wrongly) of a question outside the common run of things is almost a form of artistic expression.

Ever since a lightning drive removed the cap from silly mid-on, so near did it come to staving in his skull, and old Tom signalled five runs as a penalty under Law 41 for stopping the ball with an article of clothing, he has missed no opportunity of showing his subtle acquaintance with the rules of the game.

But to-day he has surpassed himself. And in the Little Muddleton match of all games, the one occasion in the whole year when we could ill afford to give away even such a wicket as mine on a point of obscure technicality.

Our annual games with Little Muddleton are not so much cricket matches as incidents in a long and bitter blood feud. No quarter is given or asked. Appeals are made on the smallest provocation, and no friendly conversation

goes on between the remaining batsman and the field when a wicket has fallen. And on the rare occasions when two hundred runs are scored the visiting side, if fielding, demands a new ball on principle, just to annoy the home treasurer, who will point out in vain that such a demand is not usual in our class of cricket.

This year, however, was not one of our new ball years. On the contrary, only a beggarly hundred-and-twenty had been knocked off the original ball for nineteen wickets when I reached the crease, and of these Little Muddleton could claim sixty-five. We wanted, in fact, eleven to win, and we had collected seven of them when the incident occurred.

I only half stopped a ball and, as it looked likely to trickle on to the wicket, made a frantic dab at it with my bat and pushed it in the direction of point. So pleased was I with this escape that I never realised that I was standing a foot out of my ground, until the fieldsman made a violent throw at the wicket. The ball sailed gaily past square leg to the boundary, and the square-leg umpire (their man) mechanically signalled four.

It would perhaps be unfair to say that the bowler appealed. I think he was merely puzzled and in Rosa Dartle's state of wanting to know

state of wanting to know.

"How . . ." he began, but old Tom did not wait for any more.

His finger went up like a rocket, and he began drawing the stumps at his end as a sign that the game was at an end.

"Out?" I protested, but old Tom is not the official to be drawn into an argument. It was the bowler who replied.

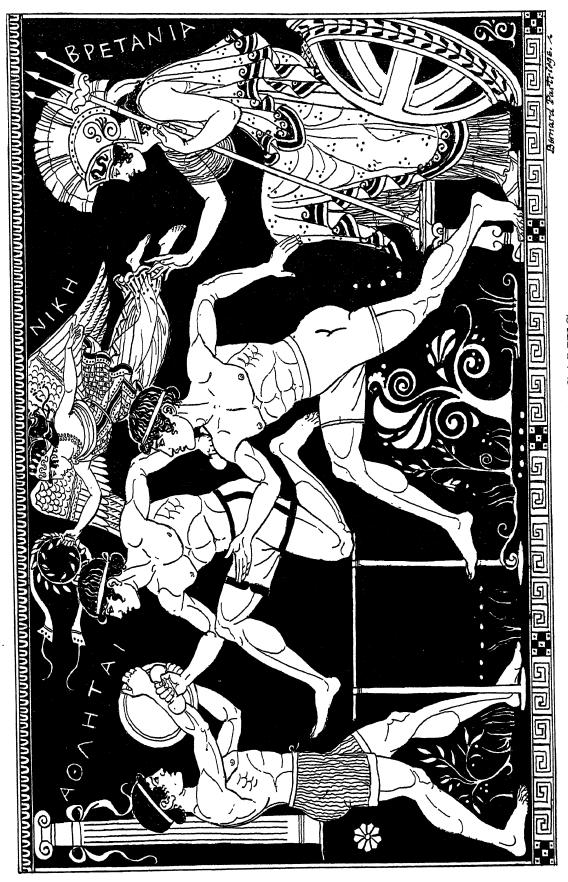
"Hit the ball twice," he said.

"But without attempting to run. I did it 'for the purpose of guarding my wicket,'" I shouted, quoting Rule 27.

"Well, anyway you scored four for it," he replied, and old Tom so far departed from custom as to nod in confirmation before setting off for the pavilion.

The incident was closed save for such heated argument as went on until the departure of our triumphant visitors

Did I say "triumphant?" The only real sign of triumph was to be seen on the face of old Tom.



THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

MR. PUNCH, THINKING THAT WHAT'S WORTH DOING AT ALL IS WORTH DOING WELL, WISHES TO SUPPORT TO-DAY'S. MANSION HOUSE APPEAL FOR THE PROPER TRAINING AND EQUIPMENT OF BRITISH COMPETITORS AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES, 1924.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 16th.—Since the passing of the Parliament Act it has not been the habit of the Peers to spend much time over the Finance Bill—a measure which they can neither amend nor reject. This afternoon, however, Lord Beauchamp utilized it as a peg on which to hang an indictment of the Preference system. This, in his view, diminishes our revenue without cheapening our food. The fact that the chief demand for it comes from Australia seemed in no way to diminish the objections of the Ex-Governor of New South Wales, and he took occasion to warn Mr. Bruce, when he comes over for the Imperial Conference, not to imitate his predecessor's incursions into our domestic politics.

Lord BIRKENHEAD raised the question of trade-union levies for political purposes. It is not in itself a particularly lively subject, but thanks to Lord Lin-COLNSHIRE, who objected to a Conservative ex-Lord Chancellor delivering an attack on Labour from what he called "the Liberal Front Opposition Bench," it produced an animated debate. There was some rather strange history in Lord Lincolnshire's comparison between "the new Brougham" and the old one-he confused Lord COTTENHAM with Lord CAMPBELL and described Lord LIVERPOOL (died 1827) as being alive in 1843—but the Peers forgave him his lapses for the sake of the picture of Brougham invading the Woolsack after his fall, "his sinister leg dangling over the side of that great ottoman," and executing "a slight glissade to his left" when he rose to address the House. As a result, added Lord LINCOLNSHIRE in monitory tones, "he was never asked by his old friends to join them in any other Government."

How far we have travelled from Coalition methods in less than one short year! Under Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the Press was invariably kept abreast of Government policy—occasionally, as in the case of a famous message to the Dominions, even ahead of it. Mr. BALDWIN has reverted to the reticence of our ancestors, and, in firmly negativing a suggestion that he should publish," with the object of eliciting public opinion," the main outlines of the British Note on Reparations before it was sent, said that was the last way in which we should be likely to secure the desired acquiescence of our Allies.

After an interval of nearly four months the adjourned debate on Mr. Snowden's anti-capitalist motion was resumed by Sir John Simon, who, having had plenty indictment of Socialism as effective, if | Socialistic State, with its Butcher-Bank-Rate than Mr. Weller, senior,



Abstenious Gentleman. "Can you tell me what time it is?" Constable. "THEY'LL BE OPEN IN TEN MINUTES."

not quite so gay, as that of Sir Alfred Mond on the earlier occasion. Mr. CLYNES, who thought there was more head than heart in it, perhaps laid himself open to the reverse criticism in an appeal based more upon sentiment than logic.

In a maiden speech Mr. E. C. GREN-FELL gave some concrete examples showing the actual effect of capitalism in promoting employment, and attributed much of the present distress to the action of those Labour leaders who preached "co-inefficiency."

A jeremiad of the now familiar type came from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who warned the House that even the restoration of peace in Europe would not save this country from a long period of depression, and urged the PRIME MINISTER to set up yet another inquiry into our industrial evils. Mr. AMERY let his

General, Baker - General, and Fishmonger-General (plus an Under-Secretary for Poultry and Rabbits), to which Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD boldly replied that "there is going to be very little bureaucracy under Socialism." The House however rejected Mr. Snowden's motion by 368 to 121.

Tuesday, July 17th.—In the debate upon the Wild Birds Protection Bill Lord Somerlevton proposed to omit the kestrel from the list of protected birds, and gave a horrifying account of its depredations among game and poultry. Lord Montagu, on the contrary, considered that on balance it did more good than harm. The kestrel kills the vole, the vole preys on the bumblebee, and the bumble-bee fertilises the clover. Therefore let us keep our kestrels and live in clover.

Some Members of Parliament do not of time to study his brief, produced an imagination loose on a picture of the appear to know much more about the

knew about Consols, "those things that go up and down in the City." Mr. FRANK GRAY seemed quite surprised to learn from the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY that the Directors do not consult His Majesty's Government be fore altering the rate; and Mr. W. THORNE was disappointed that the same right hon. gentleman could not tell him "what one per cent. on the bank-rate meant to the community." It is a ques-

ing the electors of West

Ham.

An attempt to get rid of the Aliens Act was supported by Mr. Kirkwood (who incidentally referred to the Union Jack as "that rag"), and was successfully resisted by Mr. BRIDGEMAN. who said it would be madness to allow free immigration at a time when we had a million unemployed.

Wednesday, July 18th. Mr. Snowden and Lieut. Commander KENWORTHY used to vie with one another in championing the Soviet Government of Russia against its detractors. But Mr. Snowden has changed his mind. This afternoon he inveighed against the Bolshevist tyranny in Georgia, and actually asked if the Government could not bring pressure on Moscow to stop it. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was greatly shocked by this apostasy. Did not the Government know that the Russian Army had been invited to Georgia by the Georgian people, and that complete tranquillity reigned in that country? Mr. McNeill knew nothing of the kind, and expressed his concurrence with Mr. Whereupon Snowden. Lieut. Commander KEN-

WORTHY cried scornfully, "The new | cheerful as he went on, and pleased the | had loyally reduced the Fleet to a one-Coalition—Snowden and Ronald Mc-NEILL!'

Viscount Curzon's inquiry why the privilege of being supplied with tobacco, wine and spirits duty-free had been withdrawn from H.M.S. Glorious reminded me of an irreverent version of the National Anthem current in my youth, "Happy and glorious, a pint among four o' us." Luckily the crew of the Glorious have not yet been reduced to such straits, for Commander itself in his advocacy; to the Bishop EYRES-MONSELL was able to assure his questioner that, although some doubt

seagoing ship" within the meaning of the Customs regulations, the privilege is being continued pro tem.

The Board of Trade vote produced some fine confused feeding, the criticisms of hon. Members ranging from the grievances of seamen to the price of milk, and from the shortage of dyestuffs | that the expenditure on the Pensions to the glut of zinc concentrates. No wonder Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME was a little amounted to close on five hundred mildepressed in attempting to satisfy these lions. A week ago it was stated that tion, I gather, that is seriously agitat-| various grumblers; but he grew more | the expenditure on the relief of the un-









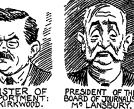


WEBB.



















THE SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT: SOME MINOR POSTS. AWIL

House by his final assertion that the Power standard it must be as mobile dairymen could and should lower their charges during the coming winter.

Thursday, July 19th.—Lady Astor had so much difficulty in piloting through the Commons her Bill for prohibiting the supply of liquor to young persons that she may well have trembled for its fate among the Lords-a proverbially bibulous race. But thanks to Lord Astor, who was discretion of Southwark, who welcomed it on behalf of the youth of his diocese, where

boys; and most of all, perhaps, to Lord Dawson of Penn, who made a sparkling defence of alcohol for the adult, but agreed that the adolescent were better without it, the Bill got a Second Reading without a division.

Major Tryon informed the Commons Department since its foundation in 1917

> employed since the Armistice wassomething over four hundred millions.

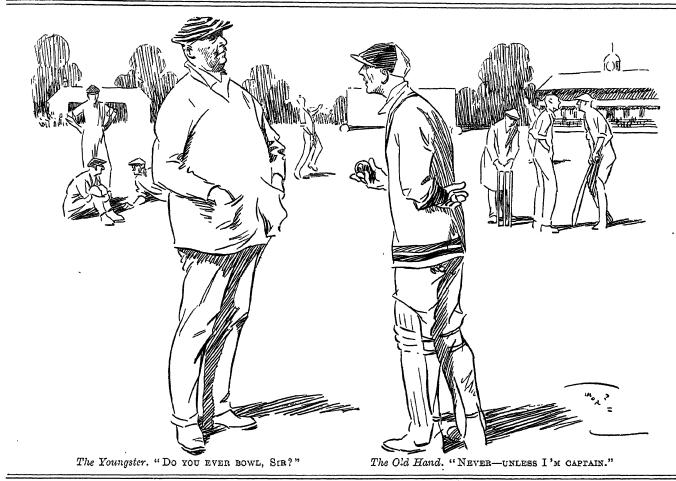
> Bearing these little items in mind it is hardly wonderful that Members show little enthusiasm for anything that suggests the possibility of another war. Mr. LAM-BERT wound up an all-round attack upon the proposed naval base at Singapore by an appeal that the Government should "give a breathing-space to the angels of peace." Support for his view came from the economist pur-sang, and also from the Air Party, who hold the view that, if the country can afford another ten millions, it would be much better to spend it on aircraft at home than on a naval base ten thousand miles away. The Admiralty found supporters in Commander Burney, who incidentally mentioned that he had designed a submarine to travel at forty knots submerged, and in Sir Guy GAUNT, who maintained the reputation of Naval officers for "breeziness" by turning upon Mr. Kirkwood, who had interrupted him, with the words, "You never were wronger in your life, old chap!" Mr. AMERY's argument was that now that we

as possible, and you could not have mobility without a base.

Friday, July 20th.—Mr. James BUTLER, despite his illustrious parentage, could not induce the House of Commons to accept his proposal that the University of Cambridge should be compelled to admit women to full membership.

Another Sex Problem.

From a Dutch bulb-grower's list:-"The Hyacinths offered as first size are has arisen as to whether she is "a the girls, it seems, drink more than the selected from the 'top roof mother bulls.'



THE STAGE SERVANT.

STAGE folk have a good deal to put up with, but they have at least two great compensations. Their telephone service has become a byword for miraculous efficiency, while as for their servantsah, the sighs of envy which go up from stalls and circle when, at the touch of a picture of decorous contentment. "Have this posted at once, Parker," says the mistress of the house, and, with that gesture of silent respect which stamps the stage domestic, Parker retires with the letter that is to cause so much unpleasantness in the Third Act.

In real life Parker would probably have been at the pictures, or would have taken ten minutes to answer the bell, and the fateful letter would have missed the post, and all would have been well. But on the stage Parker allows nothing to come between her and her devotion to her master and mistress. She knows that they are out for trouble, and that that one feels sure they could all do they rely upon her to forward their misfortunes by every means in her power. Consequently she is ever at hand when wanted.

The apparent ease with which stage surprising when one considers that the efficiency. Duties which require a cer- times the perfection of the stage ser-

a restful one. The husband and wife, if not actually quarrelling, are almost invariably in a state of mutual suspicion and distrust; the other members of the family are either in revolt or getting into trouble of some kind or other, and the principal guests are a bell-push, the stage servant appears, or otherwise disturbing temperament.

Then the amount of love-making that goes on all over the house must be very is looking and with an entire absence trying to the domestic staff. It is difficult to conceive an ordinary reallife servant standing it for a week. But stage servants seem to like it; | back-yard or by a thumping overhead anyway one never hears them complain.

Nor is the natural course of troublous events ever interrupted by the mistress of the house having to spend valuable time in making heartrending appeals over the telephone to the nearest rethe butlers and so graceful and winwell on the films if they wished to. Which makes their contentment with their humbler sphere of action all the more praiseworthy.

average stage menage is anything but | tain amount of style in their fulfilment -such as bringing in a letter or afternoon tea, announcing a visitor, throwing open the folding-doors, answering the bell or the telephone; or delivering a message—are carried out with a quiet dignity that never fails to charm the eye. Tasks of a less picturesque napretty certain to be of an eccentric ture—scrubbing steps, blacking grates, cleaning windows and so forth—are performed, apparently, when no one of noise and fuss. Conversation on the stage is never rendered difficult by the sound of carpets being beaten in the occasioned by the turning-out of a spare bedroom. Yet these things must be done, and done well, because in a stage house everything invariably looks nice and new and clean.

The stage servant never upsets the gistry office. And yet so imposing are household routine by getting married, falling ill or rushing off to another some the parlour-maids and tweenies situation without giving notice. A play may run for years, but you may still see the same faithful butler throwing open the folding doors, and the same devoted parlour-maid handing round the same appetising soup. Is it to be What is so impressive in the conduct | wondered at that we on the other side folk obtain and retain their servants is of stage servants is their unassuming of the footlights sit and sigh? Some-



"Doan't we put the name in, Zur. Of wouldn't loike for nobody to think I were skipper o' a wessel like you've painted."

vant becomes almost oppressive. We are filled with a wicked longing to see Parker come a cropper with the teatray, or break into a passionate scene with a relentless demand for higher wages and a gramophone. But she never does.

Some day the stage servant will hear rumours of what is going on in real life. Then there will be unrest, upheaval and revolution, and our drama will be bereft of one of its most transcendental features.

THE BLUEBOTTLE.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE summer evening, luck denied, I laid me down on Wansbeckside. Bootless my rod and line and reel; No fish adorned my empty creel. My last remaining fine-drawn cast High in a willow-tree was fast; No tackle left in all my book Save one diminutive bare hook.

But swarms of gnats conspired to keep

Far off the blessed balm of sleep.

No sconer did my eyelids close
Than twenty settled on my nose.
In vain I lit my oldest pipe,
In vain I flicked them with my wipe;
One slain, her mate her place supplies.

Oh! how I cursed the god of flies.

Then in the darkling pool below I saw a widening circle grow, Where an enormous yellow trout Extruded lazily his snout; While on a dock-leaf to my right I marked a gaudy fly alight, With hinder-part of azure hue, Brighte: than peacock ever knew.

With crafty hand the fly I took, Impaled it on the tiny hook And on the surface let it drop. One minute of suspense—then flop! The fish is in the landing-net—Three-quarters of a pound, I bet. Lord of the insect and the grub, I bless thee, good Beelzebub!

"For Sale, 25 dozen Beetles, 6ft. 6in. x 4½in. x 4½in."—Advt. in Ulster Paper.
We never buy beetles of that size.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL PLICHT.

"Can anybody," said one, "remember a time when London was so bedevilled by builders and housebreakers? I can't, and I'm older than any one ought to be. Scaffolding has become this city's only wear, and a superstitious man had better stop at home if he dislikes walking under ladders."

he dislikes walking under ladders." "Yes," said another, "it's amazing, and builders must be the richest men in the country-rich enough, for instance, to take over the whole financial responsibility of the Olympic Games. But the strange part of it is that where once the only houses that were pulled down to be set up again were houses in decay, they now seem to pick out the good ones. 'Hullo!' they say, 'here are some fine business premises. Let's destroy them.' And destroy them they do. Nothing can exceed the celerity with which in London a huge building can be knocked down and packed away. This, I suppose, is because we all rejoice in the act of destruction, and labourers are very human. When the time comes to build up again there is

no such speed."

"I can't think how any of you have the nerve to use the word 'build' any more," said another speaker. "Building in the old sense has vanished. This new steel frame construction isn't building; it's assembling at best. Building is an art; this is a device."

"One of the worst things about this present craze," said the second speaker, is that you can't get about any more. They let that new cinema palace in the Strand hold up the traffic for a fortnight while the road in front of it was being made up. There's civic government for you — a new movie theatre allowed to block traffic for hours

every day!"

"Oh! but when it comes to traffic there's too much to say," said another man. "Nothing could be more absurd than the waste of time that is imposed on London now by the unwillingness of Scotland Yard, or whatever body it is, to grapple with traffic. A policeman's hand is their only solution, whereas the 'one-way street' system, which has done so much to clarify New York, and is now in force in Paris, might work wonders."

"Ah," said some one else, "those policemen's hands! How I hate them! and never so much as when the policemen talk to people at the same time as they hold up the traffic. That's an outrage, if you like. Let the fellows hold up their hands if they must, but make

them concentrate on it."

"I must admit," said the first speaker, "that a policeman's hand lifted on point duty arouses my worst passions. I am invariably in the first vehicle to be stopped, and I sit there foaming at the mouth. During the past month I am sure that I have spent as many as sixty hours in this way—and at great

expense too."
"I suspect Scotland Yard of having an interest in the taxi industry," said some one. "It is only the taxis that gain. Buses fortunately charge by distance and not time. One frequently has taxis now with three-shilling fares, two shillings of which are due solely to

the blocks.

"As for 'buses," said the second speaker, "have you noticed how they are increasing in number? They now come along often in an unbroken line, like a moving platform—except, of course, at the points of blockage. And apparently everyone who wants to put a 'bus on the streets is perfectly free to do so.

"Or a pantechnicon drawn by a steam-engine," said another. "I saw busiest time of the afternoon. Ah! we've | What does it matter whether the traffic |



"ARE YOU THE OLDEST INHABITANT?" "No, WE AIN'T GOT ONE. 'E DIED LAST WEEK."

In a suitably run city these things would be allowed to move about only at night. As it is, any crawling waggon may go anywhere.'

"Yes," said the second man, "and the middle of the Season is now chosen for repairing the roads. Once upon a time this work was reserved till August. The new rule with the authorities is 'Inconvenience first.' Look at the way that the stopping-places for 'buses are continually being shifted."

It was then that I spoke. "You have all," said I, "been talking of trifles, excrescences. What does it matter one in Bond Street the other day at the | whether houses are pulled down or not?

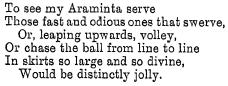
got some very clever traffic officials! [is blocked? Nothing, nothing. What matters is that we shall never see again the wise man with the beautiful forehead who said the best things that fell on London's and Oxford's ears; the humourist and humanist of Gower Street, where he lived among a million books, which he read by the light of two candles, yet never missed anything good or ever forgot it, and where when one bottle of Burgundy was finished another was ready on the hearth; the appreciator of everything that was best in learning, literature, tradition, art and nature, who has just met his death on the first long holiday of his life climbing the Alps? What does anything matter when "W. P." is dead? E. V. L.











To see her dart and dive and swoop
With liquefactions of the hoop
Whene'er the footwork smartened
Would bring a zest that life has lacked,
And reconcile me to the fact
That when we meet I'm always
whacked,
Which makes me

Which makes me so disheartened.





FANCY DRESS.

THE shepherd said, "I was merry a bit (Along o' the Fair befall?)

Or I'd never a' tried or attempted it-Two hundred o' ewes an' al \hat{l} ;

Or I'd never ha' wagered to drive a flock With devil a dog to the Knowes o' Knock.

But where was a readier lad, you'd hold, Than me at twenty-four?

My cheek was brown and my eye was bold,

And I stood as high as the door; I've picked a ewe under either arm And carried 'em in from fold to farm;

And every lass, when the sheep came down,

'Ud turn at Oliver Rigg,

In the wet grey streets o' the market town,

So bonny an' clean-huilt big,

And tell 'emselves, "Yon's the gradely chap

From the sole o' his brogues to the crown o' his cap!"

Well, 'twas Fair-time, same as I 've said

And I took Ben Mogg's half-quid That I'd drive two hundred o' ewes, an' more

(And I tried, by all, I did),

With never a wave or wag of a dog— But he won his money, did Benjamin Mogg.'

Eight miles to go to the Knowes o' Knock,

But the moon was nigh at full. And me as bold as a fighting-cock And strong as a yearling bull;

Eight miles to walk 'em, the Roman's

And deliver 'em sound by break o' day.

I slipped the rails and I walked 'em through,

As the summer dusk spilt o'er, They were fell-land bred and they kind o' knew

They were due for the fells once more; And they powdered on in a pattering mob;

For the first two miles 'twas a baby's job.

But when we'd gotten to Garcross Ring And the unfenced grass again,

string,

While I sweated and swore like Cain; For some broke this way and some broke that,

Some took the fell side and some the flat.

Thinks I, we'll never make out to

When white as a moonbeam came Afine tall maid in a moon-white frock; She moved like a wind-blown flame

In her queer strapped shoes; she was bare o' head;

"A visitor up to the Grange," I said.

And a duchess, too, you'd imagine, Sir, And finely bred as few;

And she'd two long dogs at the side o'

And she carried a long bow too; And a shimmery moon in her hair, no

Well, the gentry's potty on fancy dress.

"Will I lend you a hand?" she says

"For I've known a shepherd of old, And I've turned the buck and the roe,' says she,

"So sheep 'll be light to fold;

"Yes, I knew a shepherd," she kind of

"He looked like a god when the gods were young."

She spoke a word and her grevhounds

With a wrench and a racing sweep, And they packed the ewes where the grass-track led

As though they were bred to sheep; Then, a bit too fast, though, to take a flock,

They worked'em over the dale to Knock.

And she talked the while, so kind, so grand,

And her voice was like woods in Spring,

And she told of a hill in a mountain land Till her eyes were the stars that sing; So deep were her eyes, with their fire and ken,

That I've never looked much at a lass since then.

She bade me go at the carse o' Knock; But I says, "Your grace," says I,

"You've helped a shepherd lad drive a flock

Through half of a night—now why?" She spoke a riddle, she laughed, "O dunce,

For the love o' your brother on Lat Moss once!"

3,5 I paid Ben's money come market day, And he stood me a quart—Ben Mogg; I told him I'd had a hand on the way From a mate with a likely dog;

They broke like beads from a broken But I never said how 'twas a queen, to

And I 've never spoke much with a lass sinće then.

Our Erudite Advertisers.

"Here is a copy of the historic cape of Drake, only had the redbotable Admiral thought of wearing Moleskin surely the capricious Elizabeth would have been too tender hearted to tread it into the mud."

Advt. in Daily Paper

THE BOTANIST AT COLF.

Bill Savile was quite a decent fellow till he became possessed of the demon of botany. Let me briefly describe our first-and last-game together since the madness seized him.

On the first tee he rattled like a milk-train, and I asked him if he was wearing an under-suit of armour which didn't fit him. "No," he said, "but I've got a few cases in my pockets."

The first tee on a crowded links is not a convenient place for personal explanations, and I did not press him further. We halved the first hole noisily and Bill pulled his second drive into the rough. My own being inadvertently straight, I went to help him to find his ball. It was then that I realised his mental condition:

"It's a bit marshy just here," I said. "It only grows on marshes," he replied abstractedly; and I observed that he was taking no interest in the recovery of his ball. "I have not yet seen the bog-pimpernel in flower," he added.

By the time I had found the ball and Bill the bog-pimpernel, five couples and two foursomes had passed us. He then put his specimen into a case and flogged his ball into the fairway with three strokes of his niblick. My ball had been kindly treated by passers-by and looked to me nicely teed up. "By Jove," he shouted, just as I was about to swing, "you're lying on a Lesser Stitchwort. I daresay you didn't know that there are seven Stitchworts—the Water, the Wood, the Marsh. . . .

"Anyhow," I broke in, as I struck the ball and raised a large divot with it, "there's one less now." And I told him in a few firm words what I thought of him and all Stitchworts.

After this little incident the milktrain rattled slowly towards the second green, Bill following a track that ran through rough and flowery country. When at last we met on the green he had no idea how many strokes he had played, but began to babble of gentians.

At the end of an hour-and-a-half we found ourselves on the seventh green, which is close to the club-house. Seizing my chance, I told him that he would probably enjoy the rest of the round better without the distraction of having an opponent, and that I personally was going in to lunch.

An hour later, through a window of the club-house, I heard Bill talking to his wife. "I've had the morning of

my life," he was saying.
"Did you win?" she asked.
"Win?" he echoed dreamily. "No; I lost three balls and the fellow I was playing with, but I found nine new specimens."



Maid (helping to unpack new tea-service). "We shan't use these every day, shall we, Mum? They're too pretty to

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM not ashamed to admit that Ruthenia and its capital, Užhorod, have hitherto ranked in my mind with Ruritania, Swat, the ghoul-haunted regions of Weir, and all that there is of the topographically fabulous. Now, however, thanks to Mr. Henry Baerlein, I know that when you arrive at Eger (a name that would have delighted EDWARD LEAR) you will actually find on that outpost of the Czecho-Slovakian frontier a train to convey you to Užhorod. I do not intend to take it myself, but that is largely because Mr. BAERLEIN has made a personal visit unnecessary. In Over the Hills of Ruthenia (Parsons) he describes his wanderings among Magyars, Jews and Ruthenes—Magyars truly Hibernian in their hospitality, Jews "so immensely capable that they could even earn a living out of one another," and Ruthenes so amiable that each of them belongs to at least five of the available nineteen political parties. Mr. BAERLEIN is catholic in his choice of quarters, a forest hut coming no more amiss to him than a nobleman's pavilion; and his travelling companions range from a Czech schoolmaster to a Dalmatian pedlar. His style is a thought too unwinnowed for distinction, but on the whole very pleasantly adapted to his modest purpose, which is to shed some casual light on the interior of Ruthenia and on the reaction of that unstabilised little country to the intrusions of the outside world.

There are short story-writers who spin their yarns out of their heads according to a formula which shows no trace of the apt observation which is of the essence of this attrac-

stories in the world, of which some thirty are improper, we are bound to suffer a certain sameness and tameness. Mr. STACY AUMONIER is not of this class. I feel sure he has penetrated to odd places and wormed himself (as the saying is) into the confidence of queer types, storing strange true things in a retentive memory from which he draws at will; so that while his stories are ingenious in construction and often bizarre in conception his people are for the most part real folk. Also he has the saving grace of humour without facetiousness. Of the baker's dozen-in no sense an unlucky number-of stories in Miss Bracegirdle and Others (HUTCHINSON) I would particularly commend "The Accident of Crime," "The Funnyman's Day," which rings particularly true in its humour and pathos, and "The Man of Letters," which relates what happened to a "Littery" Society to which Mr. Alfred Codling, late lance-corporal in Egypt, where he got hold of some queer ideas, was admitted by a puckish secretary. Perhaps the author will forgive me for pointing out that it is envy, not jealousy certainly, which is the operating motive in his third story misnamed "The Octave of Jealousy.'

Old Brandy (CAPE) is the kind of book that its admirers will call "vivacious" and its detractors, "noisy;" but I hope Miss Louise Valmer will not range me among the second class for laying my personal stress on the second adjective, for I am quite willing to admit that a considerable amount of talent is lying perdu among its somewhat hoydenish pages. It has a bright and original opening, an overture on the "brandy" theme, in which the Anglo-Jewish heir of a firm of City wine-merchants meets the tive art-form at its best. And as there are only thirty-nine | French owner of a cellarful of old Armagnac in the dolls-

amiable but lengthy haggle gets to know a couple of English women who are absorbing local colour in the neighbourhood. The overture ends on an invitation to the two men to dance at the wedding (as yet unarranged) of the younger lady's school-girl daughter; and the rest of the book is mainly concerned with the chequered romance of Mundi, the daughter in question, and her fickle adorer, Binkie. There are a few scattered pages about the firm in Pilgrim Square and the interesting fortunes of the old Armagnac, and Binkie himself has a short span of viticulture in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux; but there is far too much young, and would-be young, Chelsea to be endured on the way to these attractive oases.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis is a great novelist. In Main Street he gave us an absolutely encyclopædic record of the smalltown American's life, habits, customs, foibles, prejudices and outlook on this world and the next. The book had two

drawbacks: if one had had the misfortune to live on Main Street the accuracy of Mr. Sin-CLAIR LEWIS'S observations was not a sufficient inducement to renew the relationship; if, on the other hand, one was a stranger to Main Street, one concluded that it would be preferable to deal either with mellower civilizations or with no civilizations at all. Babbitt was more readable than Main Street, because Mr. Babbitt could be readily recognised among one's own acquaintances. Now Mr. Lewis has tried the rather dangerous experiment of republishing an earlier work,

written before he had become a best-seller. Personally I prefer Our Mr. Wrenn (CAPE) to both Main Street and Babbitt. It is shorter and brighter, and yet it lacks nothing of Mr. Lewis's creative skill. Mr. Wrenn is the American Kipps, a little insignificant metropolitan, efficiently holding down a drab and insignificant job, yet withal a king of dreamers. His passion is for foreign travel. All he asks is a tall ship and a list of Cook's tours to steer her by. How his passion is gratified, how he comes to England on a cattle-boat, has mild adventures in London, and finally settles down as a contented New Yorker with a wife and real prospects in the Souvenir and Art Novelty Company is for Mr. Lewis to tell. It is a real pleasure to have met Our Mr. Wrenn and to recommend him to the friendly consideration of other readers.

I flatter myself that my agility in following the workings of a favourite author's mind is rather remarkable. Therefore, when the last chapter of Restoration (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) found me a little unsure of my footing, wounded self-esteem led me to suspect that Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK herself did not feel quite solidly planted on both feet just there. Did she, I asked myself, really all along mean "the ally intended for that felicity, disappoint her creator, as she | be tempered with pity for the murdered.

house château of its concealment, and in the course of an | did me, not in charm but in character, and so prove worthy of only the second best, the virtuous owner of Toothpowder Town? Restoration is the story, very obliquely told, of a few months in the lives of a circle of acquaintances as seen through the eyes of one Henry Wicken, whom an illness imposed—dropped, one might say, from the clouds—upon their hospitality. Henry is—well, no gossip, but he has an eye for character and an urgent need to find out the whys and wherefores of appearances. The story is unfolded to us much as it unfolds itself to Henry. We jump with him to wrong conclusions—I to my undoing—and jump on again to right ones. We adore Geraldine, and learn how she can fail; we tolerate Lady Didsbury, and find that she is pathetic and a dear. Any attempt to tell what it is all about in a few words would be a flagrant affront to Henry; but I may say that all Henry-minded persons—of whom I confess myself to be one - will positively exult in it.

Readers of Where the Pavement Ends will require

Angry Visitor (to Jones, recently elected member of yacht club). "HI, ATTENDANT! THESE CHAIRS ARE ROTTEN!"

no encouragement to make them turn to InDark Places (BUTTER-WORTH). I have often heard that Mr. John Russell owes an enormous debt to Mr. Kip-LING and Mr. CONRAD, but I decline to share this opinion. You will not find so natural a manner and so keen an enthusiasm in work that is imitative. His present book of short stories, "mainly of the South Seas," affords most excellent entertainment which should last you for twelve separate sittings if you take my counsel and refrain from reading more than one of them at a time. I give this advice because the chief

characters in several of these stories are very much of the same type. If I had to apply one epithet to Mr. Russell's work, I should choose "pagan"; but it is freshly and delightfully pagan; and I know no author of short stories whose colouring is at once so gorgeous and so true.

The publishers (Hodder and Stoughton) of The Clue of the New Pin describe it as "calculated to produce a veritable 'brain-snarl' in the eager reader." I don't think I quite understand what a "brain-snarl" is, so I may have had it without knowing; in that case it cannot be so severe an affliction as it sounds. What, however, I am fully aware of is that this story of Mr. EDGAR WALLAGE'S, though interesting, never really gripped me. I admit that the mystery is there all right; that we have two murders, and a very Chinese Chinaman, whose philosophy I enjoyed, and a detective who knew a lot and said very little—a type unusual in fiction; but still, in spite of Mr. WALLACE's generosity, the New Pin failed to prick me to the length of drawing blood, and the reason was that the victims were such disagreeable persons that it was impossible to be greatly concerned about the ends they came to. And in a rushy girl" to marry "the knave," or did Geraldine, origin- tale of this genre I like my curiosity about the murderer to

CHARIVARIA.

We gather from a statement of the First Commissioner of Works that there is no intention of removing the barricades from Downing Street at present. But surely he must know that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE escaped from No. 10 | monster tower which it has been demany months ago.

Peace has been signed at Lausanne, and Surrey has at last defeated Kent at Blackheath. Somebody might now tell us what else there is to do.

of the Reptile House at the Zoo. In feminist circles this is regarded as marking a splendid advance since the days of Eve.

Although there is a precedent for it, we are doubt-ful whether there is any truth in the story that an Anti-Prohibitionist recently released a dove in order that it might try to find a dry spot in America.

There is some talk of extending the three-mile limit to twelve miles. It is said that the present area is now so congested with revenue ships that the rum fleet cannot move about with any comfort.

Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson and Mr. E. SCRYMGEOUR, M.P., have recently been seen in earnest conversation. It is being freely rumoured that before they had been together for two hours the topic veered round to the liquor traffic.

With reference to the London traffic problem, Mr. G. B. Shaw has expressed the opinion that omnibuses should be than for transporting passengers. But with a strong vegetarian bias.

It may be added that Mr. Shaw was born on July 26th, sixty-seven years ago. It was a very quiet affair.

"Some days ago I asked who was fooling the British Government, and still await a reply," writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. Our heart goes out to him as he lies awake at night thinking of the reply that never comes.

The Lancashire and Cheshire Undertakers' Association spent a day's holiday at Morecambe last week. They are said to have returned to their business | ludicrous in 1920. with renewed enthusiasm.

It has been pointed out that from the cided not to erect at Wembley it would have been possible to see Birmingham. The promoters were apparently prepared to take that risk.

According to the Pekin Correspondent

Robinson (flushed with victory, having at last reached the raft). "Pardon me, Sir, but exactly how far away is France?"

cannot get a quorum. Our ownGovern- is alleged to have had his sixteenth conment seems never to have thought of that one.

An engineer who has invented a colused for growing tomatoes in rather lapsible motor-car body has taken three years to do it. The invention of the foldof course he approaches the question ing pedestrian was a much easier job.

> Five hundred embryo bards recited poems at Oxford the other day in the presence of Professor S. Gordon, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD and the POET LAU-REATE. All three are said to be going on as well as can be expected.

> The Dominions are to be filmed for propaganda purposes. It is hoped that the features will include a retardedaction picture of a Canadian Prohibitionist refusing a drink.

A fashion article mentions a 1920 gown that looks ludicrous to-day. We can remember 1920 gowns that looked

There seems no end to the ingenuity of the modern journalist in devising ways of arresting the attention of newspaper readers. A recent article by Mr. LOVAT FRASER was printed without any italics.

With reference to the approaching Twelfth, an evening paper remarks that of The Times there are no sittings of in Park Lane and such-like places men-A lady has been appointed Curator the Chinese Government because they servants are busy with pull-through and the Reptile House at the

guns. It is satisfactory to think that the lessons of the Great War are not forgotten in the gun-rooms of Mayfair.

Aviators are officially warned not to mistake the Crystal Palace fireworks for aerodrome signals. The intelligence of the general public is relied upon for the avoidance of the reverse error.

The threat of the Stonemasons' section of the Building Trades Operatives Federation to cease work last week must have come as a surprise to those who didn't know they had started.

A Tottenham woman recently told the magistrates that her husband had beaten her at Christmas, Easter and Whitsun. Our thoughts will be with her this coming week-end.

Viscount Čurzon, M.P., viction for exceeding the speed limit. There is now some talk, we understand, of issuing him a book of blank summonses in order to save time and trouble.

A lecturer suggests that sad and sorrowful news should be cut down to a minimum in our daily papers. In response to this advice it has been proposed in sporting circles that the names of horses that "also ran" should not be reported.

From a short story:—

"Barbara's only brother was a missionary, and taught with unbounding patience little Chinese children out in Singapore," Ladies' Paper.

So much wiser than always jumping on them for every little thing.

THE END OF THE WAR.

(1914-1923.)

IT needed only this to make My mug of ecstasy replete; Now with assurance I can take Steps to my holiday retreat, Now that the long palaver 's done And we and Turkey are at one.

Oh, not for many a year have I So blithely put my pen to bed; The clouds are off that hid the sky, Weighing upon my mind like lead; The glass is set at perfect weather-CURZON and KEMAL have kissed to-

gether.

Descending to the sea again Viá the Duchy's moon-white shore, I go to wallow in the main

More radiantly than heretofore, With fearless limbs, heart stout and tum bold,

Thanks to the tact of Horace Rumbold.

More like the genuine côte d'azur Will "England's Riviera" seem; More often and with greed more pure I look to gorge on clotted cream, Knowing that nothing whatsoever Me from my Ismet now can sever.

And, though at times my bunkered ball Deride the iterated biff, Or in a spasm of humour fall To limbo o'er the bestling cliff, I shall not curse Creation's plan, Butsimply say, "God bless Lausanne!" O. S.

THE MARINERS.

Few people step aboard a ship which is to be their home for a whole month without some slight feeling of trepidation. The perils of the sea are infinite, and protracted ocean travel, even in these days of wireless, is still a hazardous thing. Some people, when they go down to the sea, even make their wills. Some insure their lives; others buy inflatable waistcoats; others, again, invest in remedies for mal-de-mer. But few, I venture to repeat, take leave of dry land for a whole month completely

Angela and I did none of these things. We neither insured our lives nor made our wills; we do not possess an inflatable waistcoat between us. As for seasickness, we scorn the very thought of it. Is not the blood of a hundred Viking ancestors in our veins? Are we not of the breed of RALEIGH and HAWKINS, FROBISHER and DRAKE?

You will understand, of course, that those last two sentences are rhetorical questions. I am not sure about the answers, although in my own case I should think it is very doubtful. But with which the crew regards the shore,

it is a wonderful thing to belong to an island race.

Angela and I, I repeat, stepped aboard name; I regret it, but I must stick to facts-without a tremor. For my part I can distinctly remember not feeling a

She looked small—I am speaking now of Kate, not Angela; these pronouns are most confusing. There was nothing of the floating hotel about her; her sides did not rise majestically like cliffs from out the water. (See Cunard pamphlets.) She was just a little boat, a hundred tons at the outside, and she was to be our home for a whole month. I didn't show it as I stepped on board, but I had a pretty good idea of what Colum-BUS must have felt like.

And now, as I write, the boundless ocean stretches about us in all directions. In one direction it stretches as much as eight feet. But we are not dismayed, for we have been aboard for more than a week, and we have come to trust our stout little craft. We mariners are like that; any sailor will tell unknown amongst the crew.

No, Kate will not fail us; there is no danger of her sinking. It is difficult anyway for a ship to sink when her bottom is resting firmly on the mud. There is comfort in a thought like that when the storms rage and the wind hums in the rigging.

For Kate is a house-boat. Once upon a time she was a schooner or a lugger or a sloop or something, but now she lies snug in a little creek. When the tide is out she is apt to be high and dry, but twice a day romance surrounds her. Then the whispering tide creeps up over the ribbed sand and for a short hour the little waves lap at her black sides. Not that she floats. There is nothing like that about *Kate*. Spring tides or neaps are the same to her; she never moves an inch out of the perpendicular. Long before you have lived on board for a whole month you realise what an extraordinarily reassuring characteristic that is in a ship. The P. & O. and the Cunard and the White Star and those people ought to make more of a feature of it.

Then, when the ocean is all about her, is the time for the skipper and his crew to walk the poop with jaunty steps. Or maybe the dinghy is hauled round to the companion-way and all hands go ashore for a spell. Of course it is possible to go ashore any time when the tide is out by the simple process of dropping over the ship's side on to the sand. But there is no romance in it, and the apathy

when nothing but shore is visible, is as remarkable as the eagerness displayed by the same person to go ashore as soon the good ship Kate—that is the ship's as the state of the tide renders the dinghy necessary

She is a well-found craft. Do not make the mistake of imagining that tremor; and Angela — well, women | romances of the sea cannot exist apart are often braver than men in these | from salt junk and biscuits with weevils in them. I am not sure what weevils are, but I am practically certain that there are none aboard Kate. One or other of us would most certainly have noticed them by this time. No, if you only look at it in the right way there is no end of romance in fresh milk daily and vegetables by arrange-. ment. There may not be much in it at home when the cook takes them in by the back door, but when you are at sea and the captain himself leans over and hauls them up the ship's side-Besides, there is no knowing what perils that intrepid fellow may not have gone through to bring them. Sometimes he has to take his shoes and stockings off.

> Anyhow the arrangement has its advantages. So far scurvy is absolutely

> It is a wenderful thing to come up on deck in the early morning and look eagerly round the horizon in search of land. Any sailor will understand what I mean. Every morning I do it—often quite early—and I have never been disappointed yet. Always there is the row of sand dunes to starboard and the golflinks across the creek to port. Then a glad shout of "Land Ho!" brings Angela on deck to my side in a flutter of excitement. Anyone who has ever made a successful land-fall after a long voyage will understand what-

And, you know, you soon get thoroughly nautical, living this wild seafaring life. Even Angela hardly ever speaks now of going downstairs, and it must be at least three days since she last referred to the upper deck as the roof. She is away forrard now, doing something in the galley, whilst I sit here aft in the stern sheets writing up the ship's log. You see what I mean? Oh, you soon pick it up.

Hallo, what's that? Some fellow has just sliced his drive from the seventh tee and bounced off the port bow. Like his cheek.

"Hi, you, Sir! Can't you see this is a ship? What-

Why, it 's old Gilbey.

"All right, old man. What? An Adjutant Red Spot, I'll get it for you. I say, Angela—I mean, tumble aft, my hearties! Lower away the dinghy! Adjutant Red Spot overboard on the port bow!" Excuse me



THE OLD FIRM AND THE NEW MODEL.

LICENSED BOOKIE. "MY BRETHREN, I AM ABOUT TO COMPILE A VOLUME ON THE COMPETITION WHICH WILL BE DECIDED AT HALF-PAST TWO P.M. BUT I WOULD HAVE NO ONE JOIN ME IN THIS ENTERPRISE UNLESS HE HAS ADEQUATE MEANS AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE."

THE OLD FIRM. "HELP!" (Collapses.)



The Lady. "One of the maids I brought down. That's her young man. We were fortunate enough to be able to GET A ROOM AT THE GRAND FOR HIM WHILE HE'S HAVING HIS HOLIDAY."

A NEAR EAST "INCIDENT."

Of course I cannot tell you where we really are. In the Army List the War Office, with great cunning, describes us as being in Constantinople. This we regard as a mere lure for the use of the recruiting staff. Most of the ordinary simple sort of soldiers, like us, actually inhabit the Dardanelles, the Anatolian wilds or the wind-swept heaths of Mashlak.

We ourselves live in Nissen huts, surrounded by barbed-wire and wilderness. The function of the wire is to help us to retain possession of our own personal belongings and those of His Majesty, both of which are greatly coveted by the natives. Our near neighbours at the village (which I shall call Buyuk Toprak Keui) have an insatiable appetite for blankets, boots, wire, corrugated iron, wood, socks and various odd items which they think might ameliorate the harsh conditions of their primitive life.

Apart from the business of acquiring our property, the principal occupation of the villagers is to superintend the village goats, while the latter wander around the most unpromising-looking places seeking nourishment. A pleasant,

that of a goatherd in a country where the goats are not athletic. It is also useful as a pretext for prowling round our camp to search for imaginary strayed goats. A few days ago, Hussein Abdullah, while pretending to shepherd an isolated goat, annexed a pair of Army boots. For him it was most unfortunate that he was seen. Chase supervened, but, being fleet of foot, he escaped. We

however captured the goat.

Now our relations with the natives are unhappily not as cordial as they should be. This is due to a change in the official methods of store-keeping and accounting, which impels us to a greater vigilance in guarding our own and the Government's property than was necessary in the spacious days after the War had just been won. The villagers, accustomed to our Army when it was great-hearted, generous and, to be truthful, a little careless, do not understand our pernickety anxiety over such trifles as a "lost" blanket or a "missing" shirt. Our popularity has suffered in consequence.

To continue the narrative. The village Hodja, a clerical functionary who was described by the interpreter as

elders. Negotiations were opened by the Hodja saying that some of our evilly-disposed soldiers had stolen one of the village goats. The said goat was the sole support of an invalid elderly widow, who subsisted entirely on its milk. As a consequence of the theft the widow was at the point of death, and the goat must be restored at once.

We assumed a firm and dignified attitude. We narrated the theft of the boots, demanded immediate restitution and the surrender of the thief, and stated our unwavering determination to retain the goat as a hostage. We threatened implacably to refuse to continue negotiations unless he withdrew his remarks about our soldiers being

disposed to evil.

As we were spending most of our leisure in reading about the Lausanne Conference we thought we had initiated the negotiations in the most suitable fashion. The Hodja, however, had been reading the Turkish version in his papers and was equally fitted to negotiate in the approved manner. He immediately withdrew his disparaging remarks, saying that he had a very high regard for the noble English soldiers, but he re-"him one padre, like Padre Smith, like | fused to recognise our rights to impound Padre Jones," arrived next day. He his village goats. For the impending gentlemanly, rather lazy occupation is was accompanied by two of the village death of the widow who lived on the milk of the goat in question we, he contended, would have to bear the sole and irrefutable responsibility.

We replied by a vigorous and emphatic restatement of our claims. Further we said that his village was well known to have accumulated feloniously much British Government property during the past few years. That the village was consequently very rich and well able to support the widow—if his tale were true, which we gravely doubted in the absence of proof.

No progress was made, and negotiations were concluded for the day after further discussion.

Next day the Hodja was accompanied by the village gendarme armed with a rifle and a half-grown sword. The presence of the gendarme was in the nature of an armed demonstration of force. Unfortunately the gendarme was not a free agent. He seemed to get daily messages from his headquarters as to how cordial or how surly he should be towards us. His conduct appeared to be regulated by the local view of what was happening at Lausanne. Some days he tried to smile, other days he tried to scowl, and one splendid and unforgettable day he saluted us in a shamefaced and sullen fashion.

Ibrahim Mehmet (the gendarme) is a placid fellow and no play-actor. On this day, as he seemed to have instructions to be friendly, his display of armed force was unconvincing.

The Hodja opened on a minor point. He could never recognise our right to impound goats; but, apart from principle and as a practical issue, he demanded a daily delivery of all milk yielded by the goat.

Now, if we conceded this point, it meant the loss of much prestige. So we reasoned temperately that the goat, besides grazing inside our wire, also consumed the tibbin of the mules and drank our best chlorinated water. In addition our three pet sunflowers outside the Orderly Room had vanished, and the goat was clearly to blame. We stated that we were preparing a "suspense account," in which all costs of forage and damage would be entered.

The Hodja countered by saying that, although he still denied that the boots had ever been stolen, there would be a great temptation for the alleged thief to wear the alleged stolen boots as a measure of reprisal. That the country was notoriously rocky and destructive to boots, and no responsibility could be accepted for damage to this pair.

Negotiations continued sporadically over several days. The Hodja eventually admitted without prejudice that the thief could be produced. This was



Visitor to Provincial Course (tactfully). "Wonderful Aspect Here. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE ONE IS SO FAR FROM LONDON."

tremely improbable hypotheses had been put forward. First, that the alleged thief had quitted the village for the purpose of joining the Kemalist army as a volunteer to avenge the injustice we were attempting to perpetrate. Secondly, that, as the alleged thief could not be found in the village, he must have been kidnapped by us.

The goat had now become a pet of the soldiery, was waxing fat and was obviously pleased with the new mode of life. As a trump-card we suggested that its fate should be made a subject of "self-determination."

After this both parties showed a more conciliatory attitude. Compromise was in the air and terms were arranged as follows:-

The Hodja, who still denied our right to impound the village goats, would treat the present case as a fait accompli, without prejudice to the recognition of our camp almost wrecked the negotiaa great advance, as previously two ex- his sacred principle. While denying tions at the last minute.

that the alleged thief was in fact the thief he was prepared to hand him over if we guaranteed him complete immunity from punishment, immediate release and the admission that the surrender was merely a symbolical formality. While denying that the boots were stolen he was prepared to hand over a pair of British Army boots, if we agreed to his formula and called them "Restitution Fcot-wear." He refused completely and irrevocably to pay our so-called "suspense account" for the maintenance of the goat. He was willing, however, to forgo his counterclaim for the price of the milk produced by the goat while in captivity.

These terms were accepted. "Restitution Foot-wear" proved to be the actual stolen boots. The nonproduction of the bootlaces and the extreme reluctance of the goat to leave

SPORTING DRAMA.

THE CRICKET UMPIRE AS VILLAIN.

As a general rule our stage sportsman is a far too casual and subsidiary figure to do justice to the greatest sport-loving nation in the world. It is high time that our playwrights recognised the position which sport holds in our national life.

Take cricket for example. You would scarcely suppose from what you see at the theatre that we played cricket at all in England. Yet what better hero could you have than the county cricketer? Nice, strong, clean-cut athletic man with the heart of a child. Just the sort of innocent to marry a butterfly type of woman who does not know a yorker from a googly. The fond foolish fellow thinks she asks for nothing better than to travel about with him and sit.on a hard seat while he keeps his wicket up or chews grass in the long field. Ah! do her eyes light up when he returns to the pavilion after scoring twenty-seven in five-and-a-quarter hours? They do not. His honest mind is puzzled, his childlike heart is sore. But does he suspect that she has been vamping with one of the umpires during the tea interval? He does not.

I like the idea of a cricket umpire as a stage-villain. A beetle-browed saturnine man with a past. Surely some of our cricket umpires must have had pasts. Let the playwright unearth them remorselessly. And what a chance for the ironic touch! Spotless white overall covering black heart.

Black-hearted umpire plots with butterfly wife to ruin simple-minded cricketer's public career at the forthcoming Gentlemen v. Players' match by doping his ginger-beer during the luncheon interval. They imagine him staggering grotesquely on that long, long trail from the pavilion to the wicket under the blasting gaze of the élité of Lord's. After that there will be nothing left for him but to crawl away to Patagonia or go on the films. Anyway she will be free. After his interview with the M.C.C. he will not jib at a little thing like a divorce.

Behold the butterfly wife awaiting the fateful tidings in her lover's apartments. She pictures her umpire, his black heart beating coldly beneath the white overall, gloating over the downfall of his clean-cut rival. Ah! an evening paper. Heavens! her husband is the hero of the day. Never since the days of Jessop has there been such hitting all round the wicket. There is scarcely a pane of glass left in the pavilion; the spectators are crouching under the

seats; the scoring boards are in splinters.

He will be coming home in triumph. She must hide all traces of her attempted crime. She must delete the packet of dope, of which the unused portion is still in her pocket. What is this? Fool that she is, she has given her lover some of her early-morning stimulative powder in mistake. There must have been enough to cover a dozen half-crowns. No wonder her husband abandoned his customary caution at the wicket. Hark! They are bringing something upstairs. It is her umpire lover rendered unconscious by a terrible and retributive hook to square-leg. They are taking things out of his pocket and handing them to her clean-cut husband, who is giving second-aid to the man he has inadvertently stunned. Her letters. Just like a stage umpire to carry incriminating correspondence in his overall.

The simple-minded batsman stands beside her, the idol of England, yet none the less a broken man. He sees it all. Heavens, how she loves him now! Why could not she love him like that in the Second Act? Luckily he still has the heart of a child. He can understand—and forgive. So can she. See! The umpire has been removed for repairs, and they are sitting together again, very close together. He is stroking her hair while she is reading aloud in the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the country of the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat."—Straits Paper "The Oldest and mean the city the temporal this sudden rise of heat.

to him selections from Wisden's Almanack. How happy she is! Life will always be like that now.

she is! Life will always be like that now.

Then there is lawn tennis. The lady tennis champion would make a first-rate temperamental heroine. Not that I would limit sporting drama to the more spectacular pastimes. Far from it. I should like also to see the Badminton player and the dominoes enthusiast strutting their brief hour upon the stage. I want to thrill at the sight of those passions which crouch within the soul of a chess expert being let loose in a flood of wanton fury. And I would wager that there is as much elemental drama in the composition of a ping-pong professional as in that of a successful financier, an American crook, a Robot or a beetle.

A PROMISED LAND.

Our of the gloom and the grit and the grey,
Out of the fog and the cold,
Ye shall pass to a land where the parrots play
In a garden of green and gold;
Where big blue butterflies haunt the glades
And the snow-white egret dreams,
And rubies are found by nut-brown maids
Wading in orange streams.

Bored with the drama of Western life,
Yours shall it be to come,
At the plaintive call of a love-sick fife
And the rumbling of a drum,
To a crazy stage in a village street
Where the daintiest damsels sway,
Striving with smiles and arms and feet
To witch your heart away.

Should aught go wrong with a grip or an aim, And the sight of a niblick pall,
Ye shall come and gaze at a different game
That's the deftest game of all,
Where four stripped lads run to and fro
And the cane-ball leaps on high,
Jerked from a shoulder, a heel or a toe,
To poise on a naked thigh.

Straight from the fret of a city's throng
Ye shall pass to a land of cheer,
Where the temple bells make ceaseless song
And the Buddha smiles to hear;
Where the lotus lures and the rice-fields laugh
At a harvest's easy boon,
Where nebedy worries and more than helf

Where nobody worries and more than half The day is afternoon.

Ivory dragons and ghouls that stare
Out of a lacquer tray,
Apple-green jade and silks that wear
For ever and a day,
Flaming amber that scorns the dark—
These shall ye see and more,
For Burma is coming to Wembley Park
In 1924.

J. M. S.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

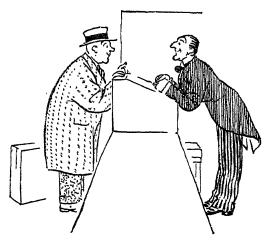
"An oppressive heat wave passed over Calcutta at midday on June 12. In the city the temperature rose to the record figure of about 108°. This sudden rise of temperature was responsible for the intolerable heat."—Straits Paper.

"The Oldest and most Reliable House in the United Kingdom for Fur Tails of any description. Customers' own Tails, broken or otherwise, twisted."—Advt. in Telephone Book.

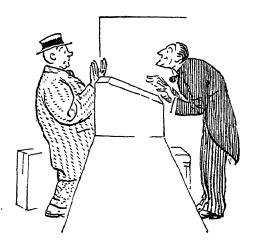
So it's unnecessary for the British Lion to go to America for this operation.

RECEPTION.

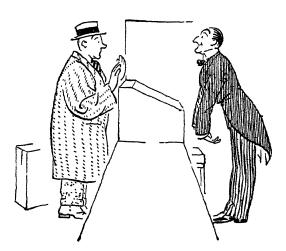




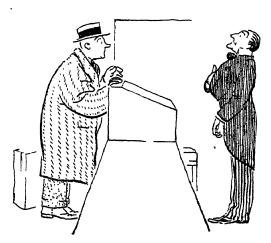
"Have we any rooms vacant, Sir? Certainly, Sir—



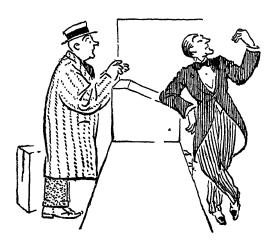
"WE HAVE A LARGE SUITE WITH BALCONY, FACING SOUTH, ON THE FIRST FLOOR—



"A SMALLER SUITE, FACING WEST, ON THE SECOND FLOOR—



"A BEDROOM, WITH BATHROOM, FACING EAST, ON THE THIRD FLOOR—



"A BEDROOM WITHOUT, FACING NORTH, ON THE FOURTH—



"OR AN ATTIC, WITH SKYLIGHT."

THE LITTLE CAR.

How it is that so many people succeed in buying those little motor-cars like beetles I simply cannot imagine. The obstacles seem to me to be insuperable. That is to say, if one wishes to

retain any friends . . .

Whenever the sky looks very blue and the trees look very green, and one feels that it would be pleasant to get quite quickly to the sea and bathe in it, or to the river and punt on it, or to call on Aunt Joscelyne in Hertfordshire, who has not seen one for so long and has so many raspberry canes in her garden, I say at breakfast time:-

"We really ought to get a

car."

And it is agreed that we

really ought.

One is not speaking here, let me make it plain, of the kind of car which is possessed by the inordinately well-to-do. That kind of car, I imagine, comes to one softly with a whisper like the Greek temple in the hollow of the park, or the peacocks on the lower lawn. One is speaking, as I said, of the small car. One is, in fact, constantly speaking of the small car. And money is not an obstacle to the purchase of the small car. Oh, no. By a process of reasoning familiar to students of economics it has long ago been settled that it is really a saving to have a small car. I need not set forth the arguments in detail here; it is sufficient to mention the abandoned expense of railway journeys, the natural abstinence from other and more costly pleasures, the increased volume of fresh air, the quick relief from

the worry and overstrain of work. One has already calculated exactly what it will cost to feed the small car, and where it will make its toilet and sleep. One has long had a feeling, in fact, that one is really wallowing in unjustifiable luxury by not having a small car.

Nor is the obstacle of a mechanical kind. In the bad old days it used to be. I used to feel then, whenever I was taken for a ride in a small car, that thank heavens at any rate I was not should be able to learn in time. driving the thing. Even so I used to consider myself in the light rather of a student in an operating theatre than of a man who was being taken for a ride. Sooner or later there was certain to be an autopsy, and I was certain to

twilight gathered on the Great North And things used to go pop oftener then than they do now.

"Hullo! Is that a tyre?" the driver used to shout.

"No, I don't think it was a tyre exactly," I used to reply, hoping that he would find some jollier explanation | it?" and of course, when you are lookif I only soothed him down.

" Perhaps it's the exhaust," he would

"Ah, yes, the exhaust," I would murmur, sinking back with a sigh.

And then something would go pop

driver does not have to understand any-

The Son. "Look, Mother-Father's diving!" The Mother. "No, DEAR, THAT'S NOT A DIVE. I THINK YOUR FATHER DID THAT ONCE BEFORE WHEN HE TROD ON THE SOAP."

thing about the organs of the small car in order to drive it. He only has to learn two or three movements with the fingers and feet, and placate the animal at intervals with water and oil. He does not even have to get out and develop handle trouble in front whenever he wants to go on again. A child can drive a modern small car. A child, in fact, frequently does. They tell me that even I, if I gave my whole soul to it,

The real difficulty in buying a small car lies in the people who have bought one already. Now and then, on one of the mornings when I have said, "We really ought to get a car," I meet somebody who has got one and is proudly driving

"A Grunch," he says. "If you're thinking of getting a small car, take my advice and get a Grunch."

"How many horse-power is it?" I ask. I always ask that about a car, because it is the only technical question I know except " How many seats has ing at a car, you can tell that at once, unless the seats are hidden very carefully in a kind of box. Not that I really understand what horse-power means when it is applied to a car, but I always have a vision in my mind of cars being pulled along by faint and ghostly teams But nowadays, they tell me, even the of horses, sometimes 60 horses all white, and sometimes 11.9 horses, 11 skew-

> bald, and 9 bay. Elsworthy explains to me how many horses he has pulling his car, and tells me to jump in and come for a spin (why a spin I don't know), because it's

such a beautiful day.

"How do you like it?" he says, after we have been spin-

ning for some time.

"Very much," I say. "The cushions were rather too hot when we started, but I feel easier now. Isn't your mascot slightly on one side?"

"Doesn't she run sweetly?" he wants to know, as we whizz

along the tarmac.

"She seems to me to go per-

fectly," I rejoin.

"Goes well, doesn't she?" he inquires again as we turn off on to the badly-worn macadam.

"Bu-bu-beautifully," I reply. No accidents occur. Elsworthy dodges all the bicycles and pedestrians, and even the cats, without the slightest difficulty. Whenever we slow down to ask the oldest inhabitant of a

village the way, he talks to us very kindly for a long time, and we pretend to understand him, and go on a little further and ask someone else. It is an absurd mistake to suppose that oldest inhabitants object to a motorist. They adore him. Especially do they like telling a motorist the way. It rather stamps them as men of the world to be singled out for this honourable task, and though they do not actually know the way they enjoy suggesting various devices, garnered from long experience, for finding it, and for recognising it when found . . . As soon as we do hit the right road we rush along with such tremendous speed that every village begins the moment the last one left off. There does not have to hold on to something, and his wife or his dog about in it.

"Hullo, Elsworthy!" I say, if he why, if I want a small car, I should rummaged about in the entrails and stops. "What kind of car is yours?" buy anything but a Grunch. . . .



Stranger. "Who is that man fielding at point? He doesn't attempt to stop the ball." Villager. "That be the Squire. 'E don't bend to nobody or nothink."

Until, of course, I talk to Parker. "Take my advice," says Parker; "whatever you do, don't buy a Grunch. If you want a small car, get a Cambridge-Rossetti." It turns out in the course of subsequent conversation that Parker's car is a Cambridge-Rossetti, and he suggests that we should have a spin in it. We do, and the Cambridge-Rossetti seems to spin quite as well as the Grunch. I promise Parker that I will think very seriously before I get any car except a Cambridge-Rossetti.

Then I meet Wallingford in his Artichoke.

"Take my advice," says Wallingford -but you know what he says. Precisely the same as what Carmichael says about his Flick. Carmichael indeed the other day actually offered to sell me his Flick when we were spinning in it—although it is the best small car in the world—because he was going to buy a larger one. But I pretended not to hear him.

"Do you mind stopping at the to-bacconist's at the corner?" I said. "I want to buy some more cigarettecards." How could I face Elsworthy and Parker and Wallingford if I went and bought Carmichael's Flick? They would never speak to me again.

The fact is that I know men in too many milieux. I touch the Cambridge- dome.

Rossetti circle and I have acquaintances in Grunch spheres. One night I ances in Grunch spheres. One night I "Wanted, weekly, Fresh Butcher's Small am dining with an Artichoke, and next Bones."—Yorkshire Paper. day I am lunching with a Flick. How can I possibly buy a small car? My only chance would seem to be that some maker should produce an anonymous small car. I could meet Elsworthy and all the rest of them then with a cheerful face.

"What kind of a car have you got?" they would demand.

"It has no name," I should say solemnly.

They would hate me for a little. But it would not be any worse for one of them than for the others, and in time no doubt they would be willing to come with me for a spin. And I dare say my car would look every bit as much like a beetle as theirs. Evoe.

Grace before Meat.

"Porthcawl was reached at about eleven o'clock, which gave the men two hours' grace before lunch, which was served in the Marine Hotel."-Provincial Paper.

From a correspondence school's prospectus:-

"The epitaph to Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral reads as follows: Si momentum requires, circumspice."

Another method is to jump from the

Fee Faw Fi Fum.

"No grand army manœuvres will be held in France this autumn, on the ground of economy."—Daily Paper.

Or on any other ground, we trust.

"Wanted, ladies' and children's clothing: suit 36 chest."—Ladus' Paper.

We never can get children's clothing to suit our 36 chest.

"There were twenty-four trade guilds . . . at that time, and each one took a separate play . . . the Drapers following with 'The Creation.'"—Monthly Magazine. Very appropriate.

"The telephone operator in the Dock Board Offices close by was the first person to notice the flames and he managed to warm Mr. — by telephone."—Channel Islands Paper.

It sounds rather superfluous.

From a Dutch bulb-catalogue:—

"Wat I offer is the very cream of constant and reliable bloomers."

We accept this admission in the spirit in which it is made.

"Gentleman (little dog) wants home. Own rooms or bed-sitting preferred."

Ladies' Paper.

We hope the little fellow will get the kennel he wants.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXXII.—CRIME.

IT all arose from one of these dangerous town sports. We were motoring, Joan and I, from Kensington to Piccadilly, which is perhaps the best in their city and hospital drive in London. We were sitting, in ness; and they loved us; a fact, on the top of our omnibus on the them. It is a great game. back seat, enjoying the air and the sun on the Gardens. And as we approached of our hearts, we were moved to play that silly old omnibus game which, doubtless, you played in your youth. Not that it is entirely silly (though with delicacy, it gives pleasure to all hand and stared straight in front of him. concerned.

"Albert Hall?" Joan whispered.

"Âll right," I said, "I'll begin."

And as we passed the mighty structure I remarked in a loud tone knowingly, like a country cousin showing the sights to a country niece:-

"That's the National Gallery."

"Is it really?" said Joan, awed; and all the people about us pricked up their ears and faintly turned their heads.

"Yes," I said, "that's the National Gallery."

"Are you sure, dear?" said Joan. "I thought Aunt Susie said it was

the Brompton Oratory, or something of that."

"No. no. I remember my father taking me there as a boy.'

There happened then what always happens. The man across the gangway looked at me with a friendly smile and said, "That's the Albert Hall, Sir," at which I thanked him and looked properly crestfallen. And the man in front of Joan-a well-dressed, timid little man -leaned back and whispered confidentially, as if half afraid that I should do him a mischief, "It's the Albert Hall, Miss." And the man in front of him turned round with his mouth open at the letter "A" and, having made sure that Joan was not to be left in her hideous error, contented himself with a kind smile. I noticed him particularly—some kind of a clerk, he was because he had a large old-fashioned silver pencil behind his left ear, which seemed an odd place to wear it.

Well, at Knightsbridge Joan looked

"That's right," I answered. And everybody on the bus turned round happily and corrected me; and all their hearts were warmed towards us, and they glowed with their knowledge and pride in their city and hospitable friendliness; and they loved us; and we loved dreamily down into the street, the

And then a terrible thing happened. It was just after the timid little man the Albert Hall, such was the lightness in front had pointed out the real Hyde Park Corner, and we had all settled down again. Suddenly he leaned forward and deftly twitched the silver pencil from behind the ear of the clerk what if it were?), for it brings out in front of him. The clerk noticed nothe general kindliness of men, and thing, and went on gazing at the Clubs. Londoners in particular; and, played | The criminal concealed the pencil in his

Rude Boy. "They got yer both ways, Steve!"

Joan saw, and I saw, and we sat astounded.

"Whatshall we do?" Joan whispered

"Let's think it out," I said.

We thought it out in fierce whispers. The argument took the form of most arguments on ethical problems. First, I said that we ought to give the man in charge, and Joan said, woman-like, that we mustn't do that because he had been so nice about the Albert Hall. Then I said that we wouldn't give him in charge, and Joan said, woman-like, that he deserved to be punished because he had spoiled the jolly "atmosphere" of the bus. She also complained about his being so well-dressed, and said he was a swell-mobsman, and they were the worst. (I don't know where she picks up these expressions.) There were train-thieves and car-thieves; this was a new kind—a bus-thief. Then I said that he'd behaved very well about

Hyde Park Corner, I suppose?" And and anyhow it was his pencil. And I said that the atmosphere of the bus' would be ruined irretrievably if we had the thief arrested; and she said, "Well, we'd better tell him to return the pencil, and we'll say no more."

Meanwhile the little man gazed accomplished villain gloating, no doubt,

over his ridiculous crime.

We began to discuss the proper form of words for telling a rather attractive thief that all is discovered, and which of us should say them. And while we were doing this the bus suddenly stopped at Bond Street, and, before we knew it, both men were descending the

"Quick!" said Joan. "After them!" I clattered down and tapped the clerk on the shoulder. "Excuse

me," I said, "but have you lost anything?"

There is a right way and a wrong of doing these things. If you see a lady drop a large fur muff, you must never say, "This is your muff, I think?" but "Excuse me—have you lost anything?" I don't know why, but it is so.

"A pencil?" I went on, to save time; and, spoiling the whole drama of the thing, "That man

took it."

The clerk searched incredulously behind his ear, said, "Well, I'm-" and gave chase. We followed.

The little man was now about thirty yards ahead, walking up Bond Street. And just then, scenting danger perhaps, he jumped into another bus. The clerk ran after it shouting, but the conductor cried, "Full up!" and left him fuming.

"Taxi!" cried Joan, now pink with excitement, and bundled in the pair of us. "Dog that bus!" she shouted to the driver, and we were off. It is my opinion that Joan reads too many detective stories.

"Keep your eye on him," she said. "He'll probably try a double at Oxford Circus.

The clerk, now raging, explained to us that it wasn't so much the value of the thing, but his "friend" had given it to him. For vindictive punishment and the abstract rights of property he cared nothing; all the same, in his view it was a bit thick. And by this time I thoroughly agreed.

The bus led us to the top of Great Hyde Park Corner, and she retorted Portland Street, where the little man curiously about her and said, "This is that the clerk had pointed out Harrod's, got out and walked briskly down a side-



American (profcundly impressed by delirious abandonment of merry-makers). "Gee! Wouldn't the 'Marche Funèbre' make just the cutest one-step!"

street. We caught him at the door of a trim little house.

"Oy!" said the clerk at twenty yards. "Oy! You give me my pencil!"

The little man started with a most natural air of surprise. "Your pencil, Sir? I don't——" And then he grew a little red and, fumbling in his waistcoat, slowly produced it. I was disappointed—a mean-spirited criminal after all.

"I'm sorry," he said. "D' you know, I'd forgotten all about it."

"I dessay," said the clerk, with fine irony; "I believe you. And whatchew take it for, I wonder?"

"I'll tell you," said the thief; "I'll tell you the truth. I'm an artist, and I'm doing a picture of a London crowd, and I just wanted to make a note of the back of your head. A drawing, you know. I hadn't a pencil on me. I you us saw yours—and——" he finished with ously.

an expressive shrug.
" Wall I'm——!" said the clerk. "Where's the drawing, then?" he

added suspiciously.

"I found I hadn't any paper on me, so I didn't do one. And then I forgot all about it. I'm very sorry. I'm a little absent-minded, you know."

"Absent-minded!" said the clerk, raising his eyes to heaven; then, generously, to me, "Well, Sir, I reckon he's in no fit state to go to prison, so if he'll pay my fare back I'll say no more about it.

And with a gesture which indicated that in his view it was mistaken policy to commit the feeble-minded to gaol, he went off, muttering.

"What a shame!" said Joan; "we thought you were a real thief.'

"So I am," said the little man, surprisingly, raising his mild blue eyes. "Did you believe my story?"

"Certainly," I said.

"I thought so. Well, it wasn't trueat least, not the whole truth. I couldn't tell him that. The fact is, that pencil annoyed me. I couldn't bear it. Not just there. Not behind the ear. Can you understand that?" he added anxi-

"Yes, I quite see that," I said.

"It was your fault, really," he went on. "I knew you'd see, but I knew that game you'd been playing—I used to play it myself—and I thought you weren't the kind of people to make a fuss."

was you who told us about the Albert Hall-and-and-

"Yes," he said, "I knew you were enjoying yourselves. And I didn't want you to be disappointed." A. P. H.

Another Sex Problem.

"Lieut.-Col. — to be a Lady Trustee of St. Mary's Church."—Indian Paper.

"Don't just say 'Honey' to your grocer."

Advt. in Daily Paper

Unless you are on exceptionally friendly terms with him.

"Two water spots were in view for about half an hour yesterday from the beach at Herne Bay."—Daily Paper.

Southend-"on-Sea" must look to its laurels.

"Colonel Leslie Wilson, who was born in London 47 years ago, entered the Royal Marines in 1875."—Daily Paper.

Did the Marines know this before it was told them?

"Wanted.—The Post of a Secretary or Manager by a noble young Mahomedan of 23, married, very beautiful, well up in many Indian languages, either in a large European mercantile firm or in any big Native Estate."

Advt. in Indian Paper.

He would be wasted in an office. The "You knew!" we gasped. "But it | "movies" are clearly indicated.



"IF YOU'RE NOT GOOD, MASTER TOMMY, I SHALL PULL THE PLUG AND LET YOU GO DOWN THE PIPE." "RIGHT AWAY TO THE SEA."

"WHERE WILL I GO TO?"

"OH, WILL I? THEN I SHALL TAKE MY SPADE."

A NEW CATCHWORD,

[How these things get into the wrong papers is not for us to say. But, if this article was intended for an august daily contemporary and has strayed, we do not doubt that "Our Dramatic Critic" of that journal is equal to the task of supplying another column in time for to-morrow's issue.

"YES, we have no bananas." You may hear that said, one man speaking to another, though you be far from Covent Garden Market and the local fruiterers be remote. that saying, you must know, is the latest catchword. And as serviceable a catchword as any for the use of such as would convince their fellows that they are not unfamiliar with le dernier cri.

I, for one, see no reason why it should not be said. And said even by the likes of you and me. If anyone is up to his neck in Gallic literature I am, and I have yet to find that the assertion is one of which it has been declared that cela va sans dire. And, take it all round, there is many a word spoken, even in circles where the catchword of the street is defendu, that is less intelligent.

As for me, I have a liking for catchwords, a fondness vraiment tendre. Because I like butterflies, I shouldn't For, like the butterfly of a summer morning, the catchword floats into radiant being, fluttering hither and thither to adorn the flowers of speech, and in a day or two, pouf!—it is gone. "Jy suis, jy reste," someone has said. But not the butterfly, helas!

The riches of ROCHEFOUCAULD contain nothing quite like "Yes, we have no bananas." And what of DUMAS fils? For the fruit was perhaps not unknown to him. Yet he has nothing quite like it, either. I surmise, indeed, that the great French novelist's acquaintance with the banana A little tactless perhaps.

was not intimate. Can you picture—now, can you?— Dumas fils eating a banana? Likely as not we have to thank his indifference to the succulent comestible, and his consequent lack of interest in its scarcity, for his omission to point out in his time what is being proclaimed throughout the town to-day. Not that I blame him, for who of us has opened the door to every opportunity that sounded the music of its knocker? (I must remember here, however, that music is not my department; I will leave a gifted colleague to deal with that.) Still, I would that the saying had been donein French; it would have pleased me to borrow it at times.

Who says that the English stage is dead? Never of my life. Proof? Why, the speed with which the catchword is taken by the stage for its own. As I sit in my office chair writing this article, I close my eyes yet again and try to hear Siddons and Macready and Kemble—each in his or her own way-uttering the words. That, alas, must remain an experience of the imagination. Would they have got it across the footlights, I wonder? Now, Toole—O, là, là! We have no such comedians now. If we had had that catchword thirty-five years ago, think of the laughter that might have been. But the laughter that might have been must be the subject of an article some other day.

"Wanted, Set of 8, 10 or 12 handbells; good condition; tenor about 15 cwt."—Ringing World.

Hefty fellows, these campanologists.

"The Parochial Church Council were unanimous last July in the decision that they wished him [the Rector] to accept the Canonry, knowing it involved an absence from the parish for three months." Parish Magazine.



THE "IDLE SINGER."

Unemplloyd George (fortissimo). "WHAT WILL BECOME OF EUROPE IF FRANCE GOES ON THIS WAY?"

Mr. Baldwin. "A LITTLE LESS NOISE, PLEASE. I AM ENGAGED IN SOME RATHER DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE NATION TO WHICH YOU REFER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 23rd.—The most satisfactory feature of the debate on the grievances of the Southern Irish Unionists initiated by Lord MIDLETON was the general admission that the Free State Government was doing its best to restore law and order. The least satisfactory, from the British taxpayer's point of view, was the demand from nearly every Peer who spoke that the British Exchequer should provide further money to enable the Free State to fulfil its obligations. The most amusing, I think, was the peroration with which Lord BIRKENHEAD concluded his defence of the Treaty against those who still thought it "a ghastly surrender and even a piece of poltroonery"-

"Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni."

Somehow it is difficult to picture the EX-LORD-CHANCELLOR as a Stoic philo-

sopher.

Notall replies given from the Treasury Bench are as convincing as that returned to Mr. Saklatvala's inquiry why professional men in Tanganyika territory are exempt from income-tax. "There is no income-tax in Tanganyika territory," said Mr. Ormsby-Gore. A



"A STOIC PHILOSOPHER." LORD BIRKENHEAD.

harassed Member, on whose mantelpiece the demand-notes are accumulating, was afterwards heard humming in the Lobby, "I'm off to Tanganyika in the morning."

This afternoon was to have been had chevoted to a debate on the Capital Levy, but the Labour Party, for reasons best known to themselves, decided a few would days ago that disarmament would be about.

a more suitable subject. Accordingly Mr. Ramsay MacDonald moved a Resolution deploring the enormous expenditure on military preparations, and urging the Government immediately to



IN THE OTHER FELLOW'S SHOES.
"What would you say if you were a Jap?"
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

call an international conference to consider the question of disarmament.

As an avowed and unrepentant pacifist Mr. MacDonald should have been quite in his element in moving the Resolution; and it was unfortunate for him that the trumpet-tone of his voice so often suggested a call to arms rather than an ingemination of peace. He was at his best in attacking the Government for what he called "the wild and wanton escapade of Singapore." He might be told, he said, that the British Fleet had never been used as a instrument of oppression, but "What would you say if you were a Jap?"

Mr. Asquith gave the Resolution the guarded measure of support that might be expected from a Statesman who had been responsible for securing when in office a Navy "predominant over all the other navies in the world," and was obviously glad to switch off to Singapore. His speech provoked from Mr. Ponsonby the profound observation that "if the PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY of any country which declared war were to be shot there would be no more war."

The PRIME MINISTER gently bantered the pacifists upon their pugnacity, and reminded them that even Napoleon had cherished the dream of universal peace. But he assured the House that the Government were doing and would do all in their power to bring it about

Tuesday, July 24th.—Though the mark continues to sink, Germany's merchant-fleet continues to swim. Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME told Colonel GRETTON this afternoon that she had built three-quarters of a million tons last year and a million and a-half in the last three years.

The PRIME MINISTER turned down rather unceremoniously Mr. CLYNES' suggestion that out of the amount received from the Entertainments Duty (nearly ten millions last year) the Government should set aside a sum sufficient to endow the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, and to establish a National Theatre in London. "I do not favour the extension of Government enterprise to art," he said. I hope it is merely a case of "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," and that when the national finances have improved Mr. Baldwin will revise his dictum.

As the PRIME MINISTER gave no reason for his inability to make a statement about House of Lords' Reform Mr. WILL THORNE kindly suggested that the Government were waiting for "a second OLIVER CROMWELL."

A description of the new scheme of Empire wireless, under which the Government and the Marconi Company are partners, led to some hostile criticism.



OLIVER CROMWELL II. Mr. WILL THORNE.

Sir Henry Norman in particular complained that it was a complete reversal of the policy decided upon only two years ago. The Postmaster-General replied that as the Dominion Governments had changed their policy the British Government had had to follow suit. There was no strategic risk, for all messages sent from Britain would be "routed" by the Post Office; enemy



spies would be "routed" in the other

sense of that ambiguous word.

Wednesday, July 25th.—Lord New-Ton's appeal that Hungary should be treated like Austria, and given an international loan to set her on her legs again, received a sympathetic reply from Lord Curzon, who expressed his regret that so far the French representative on the Reparations Commission had stood in the way. He added, however, that Hungary must do her best to fulfil her treaty-obligations and remove the suspicions of her neigh-

Viscount GREY entirely agreed with the Foreign Secretary and (addressing himself as much, perhaps, to the Quai d'Orsay as to Westminster) pointed out that it was impossible to get reparations from a ruined country, or to secure future peace by keeping any nation permanently bankrupt and miserable:

A proposal to place the House of Lords' War Memorial in the Princes' Chamber, removing therefrom the marble monument that has stood there since early-Victorian times, met with vigorous criticism from Lord CRAWFORD,

tion as an integral part of the Palace of existed," but to ask him to extend his Westminster, "the greatest structural and artistic achievement of the last thousand years." Lord Curzon was



PUCK "PUTS A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH" IN NINETY MINUTES.

Mr. Örmsby-Gore.

willing to admit the general beauty of the Palace, "considering that it was built in a style of architecture wholly the Smoke Abatement Bill, introduced

admiration to the monument-"well, that was the limit." Startled out of their usual impassivity by this sudden declension from the grandiose to the vernacular, the Peers indulged in loud laughter.

In the Commons the POSTMASTER-GENERAL apologised for the "vulgar and stupid personal puffs" of himself which some unauthorised subordinate had sent to the Press the day before. It is supposed that the news of the decease of the Coalition (under which such "advance paragraphs" were issued almost daily) has not yet reached St. Martin's-le-Grand.

On the Colonial Office Vote Mr. Ormsby-Gore with extensive view surveyed mankind from Kenya to Ceylon, looking in at Iraq, Rhodesia and Ireland on the way. As he skipped cheerfully from one thorny problem to another, displaying an equally detailed knowledge of each, the Committee was spell-bound--

"... and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Thursday, July 26th.—Inasmuch who described the monument in ques- unsuited for the purpose for which it by Lord Onslow, permits local authorities to fix their own standards of obfuscation it may be doubted if it will produce Italian skies in the Black Country just yet awhile. Still, for what it was worth, it received a qualified benediction from Lord NEWTON, who could not understand why Government establishments were omitted from its scope. The explanation may be the desire, inherent in all Governments, to throw up a smoke-screen between themselves and the public. This very Bill, according to Lord Donoughmore, is rendered so obscure by its abundant references to previous legislation that the ordinary man cannot be expected to co-operate in working it.

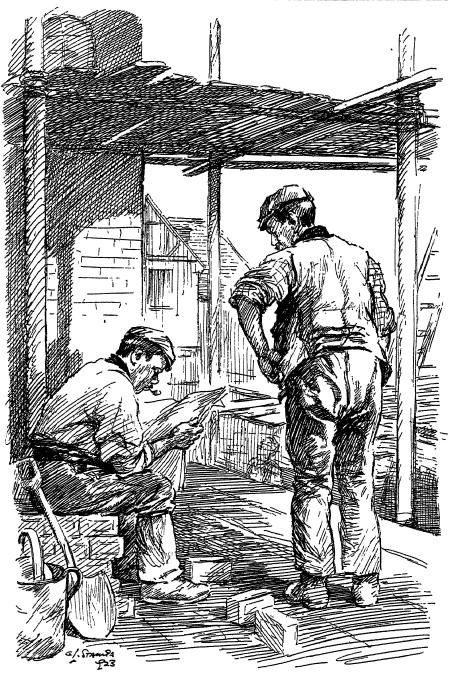
"British trusteeship for the African," said the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, has been the guiding aim of the Government in arriving at the Kenya decision. Much sympathy for the Indian's point of view was, however, expressed in the debate. Lord HARDINGE thought it particularly hard that, while aliens might hold land in the highlands, our own fellow-subjects were prohibited from doing so; and Lord CHELMSFORD declared that the settlement still bore marks of racial discrimination. But the general opinion seemed to be that the Government had evolved a fairly harmonious composition out of a singularly complicated colour-scheme.

Taking advantage of the PRIME MINISTER'S absence in Glasgow the various Oppositions did their best to rattle the Home Secretary, who was leading the House in his place. But Mr. BRIDGEMAN showed equal imperturbability in defending his wicket against the expresses of Mr. Lans-BURY, who denounced the attentions of the police to a foreign "comrade" with an unpronounceable name, and the googlies delivered by Mr. PRINGLE in regard to the non-publication of the Asia Minor papers.

Curiosity as to the manner in which Ministers will spend their approaching vacation was partially relieved to-day when Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS excused himself for not publishing the report of Lord Weir's Committee on Establishments by the announcement that he intended to spend his holidays

in reading it.

After listening to an economic lecture from Sir A. Mond, subsequently described by Mr. Hopkinson (a rival pundit) as "a pitiable, painful, miserable exhibition," and hearing from Mr. Jack Jones that the cost-of-living figures must be all wrong because "the missus can't buy the stuff at the price," the House spent a couple of hours in walking through the Lobbies and voting Supply. 'An excellent pace was maintained-about a million a minute.



"SEZ 'ERE IT TOOK EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS TO BUILD THE GREAT PYRAMID." "I DESSAY-BUT THAT 'D BE A GOV'MENT JOB."

CHANTECLER AND CHANTAIGU.

THE cock in merry England crows Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!

But there was never cock in France who crew a crow so cru-u-u;

The doughty chanticleer of Gaul crows Coqueri-co-ri-co-o-o!

But there was never German cock who smote the welkin so-o-o;

The rooster of the Fatherland crows Kıkeri-ki-ri-ki-i-i !–

But such shrill tucket never greets the dawn in Muscovy-y-y;

If you repose in Russia you must do as Russians do-o-o

And quit your slumbers to the tune of $ar{K}$ ookooroo-koo-roo-koo-oo-oo!

"The garden gate clicked softly. picked up her ears."— Magazine. This is the sort of heroine that is always dropping her eyes.

From a law-report:-

"Mr. Robert —, a member of a GGla-GsgGow GfirGmGG dealing in explosives." Liverpool Paper.

Mainly GeGlGiGnGiGtGe, we infer.



Visitor. "What about this strike of farm-labourers?" Free State Irishman. "Sure 'tis the way the dirthy farmers is helping one another. WOULDN'T YE CALL THAT A MEAN TRICK, AN' THE POOR DIVIES OF LABOURERS LOOKIN' ON AN' TIRED OUT WID HAVING NO WORK TO DO?"

SWEEPS AND KISSES.

IT used to be a favourite device of humorous artists-I think there are several examples in Leech's workto make drawings of chimney-sweeps in close conjunction with persons of superior cleanliness and fastidious attire. Indeed it is still done. But the odd thing is that, though I have seen sweeps all my life—and a very early recollection is of running out into the garden to see the brush emerge from a chimneythey have either been on foot pushing their barrows, or in little carts, or about to begin their task in the house itself. Not till last week did I ever see a sweep sitting in a railway carriage next to a person of superior cleanliness and more or less fastidious attire. But I saw it then, and I remember the incident with some clearness because the person beside him was myself.

He was a sweep of the old school. What the sweeps of the new school the Sitwells, so to speak—are like I have no notion; but I suppose that they are as revolutionary as their contemporaries in other branches of art. ${f T}$ heir rods, ${f I}$ should guess, are no longer straight but resemble corkscrews, their brushes are no longer round, and they probably maintain that soot is white.

and in our conversation he lamented the changes that have come upon the world, not so much in the matter of sweeping as in the attitude of people to himself.

"Do you," he asked me, "throw a kiss to a sweep when you meet one in the street?"

I said that I did not.

He sighed. "Just as I expected," he said. "And there are very few left that do. But when I began it was still quite a common habit. I walked about having kisses thrown to me on all sides."
"But why?" I asked.

"Because it's lucky," he said. "Didn't you know that? When you meet a sweep you should always throw him a kiss, and then you have good luck. Don't you want good luck?'

"Want it?" I exclaimed; "want it? Does a Scotsman want England?'

"Well," he said, "that's a way to get it. But people don't seem to know it any more. I suppose it's because it's only the rules for bad luck that are talked about. Mothers tell their children all about spilling salt, and walking under ladders, and going to sea on Friday, and crossing on the stairs: all the things that bring bad luck; but they don't tell them about the lucky ones. At least only a few. But my sweep belonged to the past, They tell them about ladybirds or l

spiders settling on your hand, and about picking up pins, but they don't tell them about chimney-sweeps."

"Do you share in the good luck that you produce?" I asked.

"Not us," he replied.

"But surely it 's very unfair," I said, "that sweeps should be the means of spreading good fortune, but should have no one themselves to throw kisses to? Isn't there any one?"

"Not that I've heard of," he said. "No, we just make good luck for others."

"But do you really make it for others?" I asked. "Have you any proof?"

"Proof!" he cried. "The stories I could tell you! Well, here's one. I remember one morning years and years ago I was going along Knightsbridge way a little after seven—we begin betimes, you know—and at William Street a lady on horseback was crossing the road to get into the Row. She saw me and blew me a kiss. A pretty lady she was too; a most beautiful lady. Well, I thought no more about it, and I daresay as many as three years passed when, one day as I was pushing my barrow down Park Lane, I was stopped by a lady walking with a nurse who was wheeling a perambulator, with the sweetest baby you ever saw inside it.

"'I believe you're my sweep,' the



Angler in Ireland (who has vainly tried to get his boatman to disagree with any statement of his). "There isn't much wind, is

Pat. "Faith, there's nothing at all-but phwat there is of ut's uncommon strong."

lady said to me. 'Do you remember | Take my missis now; no one could call three years ago?

"I said I did. And it was true. There was something about her that had stuck in my mind all that while.

"' Well,' she said, 'I've been looking for you ever since. You brought me luck.' And she gave me a sovereign; for those were the days when we had sovereigns.

"'And might I ask,' I said, 'if the luck be in any way connected with this little angel here? 'pointing to the baby. And she laughed and said 'Yes.'

"Well," he went on, "that's only one case. I could tell you plenty more. The gents who have backed winners after meeting me and have given me something for myself! Because there is some gratitude in the world, after all; or, at any rate, there was. I don't get enough kisses thrown to me to know | thrown to the sweep that I owe it. about it now. I used to know more than one gent who said that he never had a bet except on the days when he had met a sweep.

"But suppose he lived opposite one," I said, "and couldn't help seeing him, would that count?"

"No," said the sweep thoughtfully. "I think it ought to be an accident. Also ran: Methuselah.

my kissing my hand to you just by her lucky. Rheumatoid arthritis isn't Albert Gate one morning early about lucky, and she's doubled up with it. And she sees me often enough. No, I think it must be an accident," he repeated.

He began to collect his implements.

"Well, good morning," he said at Victoria. "I get out here. I live in the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

And he left.

Glancing round furtively to see that I was unobserved, I threw him a kiss.

That was last week; but nothing has happened yet. Unless-oh! yes, that surely was a piece of good luck. It came on to rain while I was on my way to Lord's and I stopped the taxi-driver and told him to go to the Tate instead, and there I saw the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, which otherwise I should have missed altogether, and in particular Brett's "Stone-breaker." Good luck, I should think so! And it is to the kiss

E. V. L.

"So one recalls Macready left no heir to his fame—nor did Edmund Phelps." Theatrical Paper. No, but SAMUEL KEAN did.

"Lord Eversley, the oldest member of the House of Lords, was 9191 on Tuesday."

Provincial Paper.

More Bright Golf.

"Both were on in two, but — ran his ball past, hit his opponent's core with his next offort, and then game up."-Scots Paper.

"Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., takes politics seriously enough, but he is fond of his little joke and has done much to endear me to Labour." Weekly Paper.

Like the little boy who said he was a great favourite of cheese.

"It is advisable to gather up any fallen apples as promptly as possible, to destroy any maggots they may be infested with, and under no circumstances should these be stored. Local Paper.

This may sound discouraging to those preparing to make their own gorgonzola, but they must bear in mind that in this warm weather even a worm will turn.

"That the new movement introducing the kewpie and many other extravagant and extreme productions has had a chaotic effect upon the world of art is the contention of Mr. Penleigh Boyd, a young and well-known Australian artist, who has the best part of a thousand paintings in his possession. He has works by renowned English artists in Augustus John Brangyn, Hugh Stanton, Levinson and Sickerd."—Australian Paper.

As their names are all new to us, we presume they are some of the "kewpies" in question.



Father (making exit at conclusion of lecture). "... So now you understand that I will not permit children of mine to behave in so unladylike a manner."

One of the Girls (aside). "2LO now closing down."

THE GUSHER.

In Johnson's smoke-room is a framed print labelled "The George Washington Bonanza Oilfield." It is lacking in artistic merit. It shows what I believe is called a derrick, closely surrounded by a dozen spouting geysers of oil.

"That is the origin of my fortune," said Johnson to me one night. "I may explain that the bird's-eye view is a little deceptive. I am sure that the George Washington Bonanza Syndicate wasted none of their money on a derrick. The nearest oil-gusher to the George Washington field was not at a distance of fifty yards as represented, but perhaps fifty miles away. Otherwise there is no deception about that picture."

"I see," said I. "The vendors thought that it was a bogus proposition. Ultimately to their amazement it gushed." "Only in their literature," replied

"Only in their literature," replied Johnson. "Between ourselves the George Washington Bonanza has not produced a drop of oil and never will or can unless an earthquake alters the geological strata."

"Then how did you make your for-

tune? Not, I hope, by selling the shares?"

"No. Two years ago that picture was sent me with a mass of literature. I read how impecunious Americans had sunk their last fifty dollars in oil shares and had been rewarded with incomes of from one to ten million dollars a year. Schoolmistresses had purchased palaces at Venice and butchers had endowed opera-houses. Some inner consciousness told me that the George Washington Bonanza meant wealth for me. I wrote for further particulars and got a reply that they would reserve me five hundred £1 shares for a week.

"Then I went about trying to borrow money to invest and found that my friends lacked the true speculative instinct. Even my bank-manager declined to allow any further increase in my overdraft of 11s. 9d. Fortune was at my door and I could not let it in.

"The week passed away and I felt that I was ruined. On the final day I received a letter from the Syndicates aying that they were holding the shares for me to the last minute. A prepaid telegraph-form was enclosed.

"I looked at that form sadly. It

seemed a shameful thing to waste a telegram with a shilling's worth of stamps on it. I thought of telegraphing my deep regret to the kindly Syndicate. Then all at once I remembered that it was my old aunt's birthday. I crossed out the Syndicate's address and sent her a wonderful congratulatory telegram. Naturally, being immersed in oil, I made it a gusher. Two or three more of her relations sent her messages of congratulation, but only through the niggardly medium of the post. So impressed was she by the lavishness of her most impecunious relative that she made her will next day and left me her entire fortune. By an inscrutable decree of Providence she fell downstairs before she had time to alter it. That is how I inherited £30,000 Os. 9d., the odd ninepence being the value at which five hundred £1 George Washington Bonanza Shares, which my aunt had purchased, were estimated for probate."

Hot Stuff.

"Among many of the most fastidious women slips of mustard trimmed with lace or embroidery—or both—are the first choice."

Provincial Paper.



VISITOR. "WHAT WARD IS THIS?"

DOCTOR. "THESE ARE ALL PEOPLE WHO'VE HAD A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND REVENUE."

FROM SPA AND SHORE.

(Holiday Notes from our Correspondents.)

BRINEWICH.—The Pipsqueak orchestra is appearing daily in the Salinarium at the Corporation Gardens, and is meet $ing\ with\ \overline{much}\ acceptance\ from\ residents$ and visitors. New spring-beds have been installed in the Hotel Gigantic and the ping-pong saloon is largely patronised.

The Rev. Dr. Dinwiddie has published an interesting booklet on the curative effect of brine bathing from the days of King John, in which a new theory is propounded of the cause which led to

disaster in the Wash.

At the Town Council on Saturday the Mayor, Mr. Witherby Wilting, paid a high tribute to the salubrity of Brinewich, and claimed that the munisecond to none in the kingdom.

SHINGLETON.—This beautiful and interesting old Sink Port town is looking its best, and shrimps have never been so plentiful within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Mr. Methuselah Pegler, who recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday, and was presented with an armchair by his numerous friends.

Light entertainments, in which vivacity is happily combined with refinement, are given nightly by the Lipstick Concert Party in the Purdonium Hall.

Good catches of mackerel have been landed, many thousands of which have been satisfactorily soused for the con-

sumption of visitors.

The Mayor, who presided last Thursday at the annual dinner of the Shingleton Temperance Reed Band, claimed that the annual death-rate of the locality was lower than that of any other Sink Port.

Rockside. — Holiday arrangements are now in full swing. On all hands the season promises to be the best on record. The hydros are already extensively patronised by a chic and recherché clientèle, and all the mineral-water manufactories are working at full blast.

The Peakland Branch of the Vegetarian Society held their Annual Beanfeast last Friday, at which a Farinaceous Pageant was presented and carried out with the utmost éclat, Mrs. Chigwell's impersonation of Ceres being the subject of general encomium.

Burble-on-Sea.—The Mayor (Alderman Stogdon), in the presence of a large assemblage, including the members of the Corporation and the entire company of the Pinkie-Ponk Pierrots, unveiled a new drinking-fountain in Pergola Park to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the first Hydro established in the locality.

This week the Corporation have inthe Burble and Warbleton Piers. The first ride was taken by members and officials of the Corporation, and in suitable celebration of the occasion the Municipal Jazz Band included a syncopated version of WAGNER'S "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine" at their concert held on the same evening. No casualties occurred during the trip.

The Mothers' annual Athletic Sports were held on Saturday, and the championship cup was carried off by Mrs. Ballington Bompas, who was first in the Mothers' Flat Race, the Hop, Step and Jump, and the Vacuum-Cleaning

competition.

STRATHPAWKIE WELLS.—This famous cipal amenities of the locality were | Highland health-resort, long renowned as the Mecca of Hydroland, has been en fête all the last week in celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the

opening of the Spa Hotel.

The Conference of Psycho-hydropathists, presided over by Dr. Volney Pupe, of Los Angeles, has been well attended by delegates from all quarters of the globe, and the performance of HANDEL'S water-music, arranged as a ballet by Mr. Eugene Seltzer, and danced by a bevy of agile "teetotalettes," was a triumph of non-alcoholic choreography, appealing with irresistible force to the aural as well as the visual senses of the enraptured audience.

The town has been gay with bunting, but in deference to the wishes of the Rev. Chadley Bandman, the revered Baptist divine, an embargo has been laid on the employment of confetti at the Grand Hydropathic Gala which is to conclude the celebrations.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Bandman's son, Cyril, has won the first prize of £100 for the best topical epigram, offered by Mr. John Drinkwater, with the following couplet:-

"Great was the fall of Humpty-Dumpty, But greater far the rise of Mumpty.

Ramscliff.—The success of the recent Carnival may be gauged by the fact that the "clean-up" of the confetti discharged during the hostilities has cost nearly four hundred pounds. In view of the extra labour required for this purpose it has been proposed to hold carnivals every fortnight until further notice, but the reactionary majority of the Chamber of Commerce are opposed to the scheme.

The Public Amenities Committee have approached the Corporation with a view to the provision of extra facilities for midnight bathing during August. Amongst the most attractive features

of the scheme is a luminous floating augurated a service of side-cars on the hard tennis court, a floating bandstand, sea front to convey passengers between and an aquatic pavilion, where early morning teas can be served between 2 and 6 A.M.

> LLANYBWLCH.—Visitors to this exhilarating Cambrian beauty spot will certainly not lack attractions during the season. On August 5th the Utility Duck Club and the Large Black Pig Society will hold their annual pageant, in which a massed band of six hundred saxophonists will participate. On the 9th and 10th there will be an Eisteddfod, for which the local police force has been largely reinforced.

> On the 13th the Llanybwlch Field Club has arranged an excursion to the extinct volcano of Penmaenbach, satisfactory guarantees having been obtained that there will be no recrudescence of its

activities on that day.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

ONCE we looked for four-leaf clover Where a hog-back down turned over And the red hawk sailed, a rover

On the singing summer blue; "'Twould be grand," said we, and bended.

"If our hunt were duly ended With the capture of the splendid Leaves of Luck, by me and you!"

So, the gods of chance invoking, And with peering and with poking Where the thymy turf was cloaking

The stark mystery of chalk, Down we bent us nearer, nearer, Till the old down (you could hear her) Stirred and whispered clearer, clearer, Till, one said, she seemed to talk.

Yes, you'll hear a down like this 'un. If you lend an ear and listen

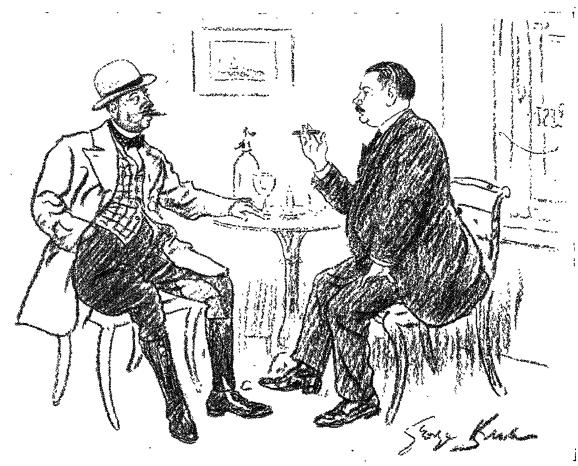
Where the sunny grasses glisten And the chalk-blues dance and duck, Telling tales of Time's bestowing, Of some ancient folk worth knowing, Down our very Ridgeway going In a search, like ours, for Luck.

Did King Alfred there endeavour To find four-leaf clover ever? Or did Cæsar's self? I never

Heard they did in all their days; But the grey down, grimly sloping, Said she'd seen mankind go groping Since Pandora founded hoping After Fortune, scores of ways.

So our lengthening shadows found us With this ancient sooth around us And, if no four-leaf had crowned us,

We could say, my dear, could say, Since Good Luck's a thing to treasure Just for what she brings of pleasure, We had found her in full measure On a down that summer day.



Agent. "You go into a good many hotels. You might ask if they have 'The Rock' mineral waters." Convivial Gentleman. "YES, OLD CHAP-BUT SUPPOSING THEY HAVE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Punch's readers owe so many pleasant hours to Sir HENRY LUCY, who for over thirty years as "Toby, M.P. distilled for them the "Essence of Parliament," that they will give a hearty welcome to the latest volume of The Diary of a Journalist (MURRAY). It deals with the years 1910 to 1916, and is as lively and informing as its predecessors. I confess, however, that one item of information rather startled me. Nearly fifty years ago the author published in The Gentleman's Magazine, under the title, "Men and Manners in Parliament," a series of articles touching off in his now familiar style the characteristics of the typical politicians of that day. The volume containing them fell into the hands of a young student at Princeton named Woodrow Wilson. "From that moment," according to the ex-President's biographer, "his life-plan was fixed. . . . No one circumstance did more to make public life the purpose of his existence, nor more to determine the first cast of his political ideas." The question is, ought Sir Henry Lucy to be praised or impeached? If he had not written that first book, or written it less attractively, we might never have heard of "self-determination" or the Fourteen Points; the Versailles Treaty might have been a less ambitious but a more effective instrument of peace; and the United States might be helping Europe at this moment to solve her problems instead of standing aloof on a pile of useless gold. Nevertheless, at the risk of encouraging other young students to take to the hazardous obscurely together at the end of the series.

game of politics, with possibly disastrous results to themselves if not to their countries, I cordially recommend the present volume, with its wealth of anecdotes, to all who enjoy the lighter side of public affairs.

There is a cumulative charm about Mr. WILFRANC HUB-BARD'S Shadows on the Palatine (Constable); but until he gets well under way with his fifteen dialogues of Imperial Rome I can quite imagine them failing to grip an unsympathetic reader. Their initial unattractiveness I put down to the meditative cast of the first three or four examples (Mr. HUBBARD's best vein is unmistakably the episodic) and to their somewhat indiscreet exploitation of easily assignable sources. Their subsequent lure is due (I think) to the tardy assertion of a genuine dramatic talent reinforced by the use of more exclusive material. At their least beguiling they are Petronius and water, or Theocritus with an extra drop of honey, the dialogue "On the Gods" being a curious mixture of both. But when Mr. HUBBARD gets the upper hand of his classics he is an excellent companion; and I should like to record my particular enjoyment of "With the Sentries," in which the banter of two or three military gossips ushers in the death of Commodus; of "On the Palace Bridge," where the statue of an actor and its unassuming original fall under the displeasure of the Divine Caligula; and of "Where Cæsar Bled," a pathetic appendix to the usually unregretted death of the second of those two tyrants. These dialogues are the pick of the book; and I think it was a tactical mistake, though a generous one, to huddle them

The Diary of Nellie Ptaschkina (CAPE), agreeably translated from the Russian by PAULINE DE CHARY, relates the inner history of a young Russian girl who died by a tragic accident at Chamounix some twenty months after making an entry of a premonition that this would be the way of her death. It is a strange and moving book. It covers the period January 1918 to October 1919 in Moscow, Kieff and finally Paris, whither the Ptaschkinas, who belonged to the hateful bourgeois, seem to have escaped without very much difficulty. Nellie was only eighteen when she died, and had just passed her baccalaureat. Her diary begins with her sixteenth year and is full of comments and speculations, which we English would regard as precocious in a much older girl, on art, religion, fame, politics, sex, the family. There are of course many naïve and childish things in it. This perhaps is typical both of the depths and the shallows: "What is love? I did not answer this question before" (as if it was as easy as all that!). "Unquestionably, in its depths this is a purely physiological and unconscious phenomenon—let us say like some physical pain. . . .

But in reality love acquires, as does physical pain, a tremendous importance for man." In the commentary on life under the Bolshevists in Kieff wefind that, while the hearsay-things reported are terrible enough, actual contact with these unpleasant folk proved them to be gratifyingly inefficient in their tyranny. But the book will be read less for its treatment of outside facts than as a revelation of an extraordinarily detached and gifted Russian child.

There is some very fine writing in *Untrodden Ways* (UNWIN) and also some that seems trying

hard to be fine writing and not quite succeeding. That Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM is of the right company is clear; he belongs to the school of the late W. H. Hudson, whose character and genius he commemorates fittingly in his opening chapter; and perhaps he is even more thorough than Hunson (who once defended fox-hunting) in his scorn and detestation of sportsmen and collectors. To him birds appear to be nature's most consummate expression; and here he takes a more comprehensive view of bird-life than he was able to embrace in Some Birds of the Countryside. For these are a naturalist's adventures on our English coasts, heaths and marshes: we are taken to the shingle beaches and saltings of Suffolk, the Broads and sand dunes of Norfolk, the rocky Farne Islands off Northumberland, the cliffs of Cornwall, the heaths of Surrey. But I think he is most at home in the fen-land of the Eastern counties. There is a very charming chapter about Blakeney, on the north coast of Norfolk, and he writes nobly of the "triumphal sonority" of the bittern, which appears to have resumed breeding in the Broads once more after a lapse of something like half a century. I like, too, his appreciation of CRABBE, whom he styles the Genius of the East Wind, maintaining that he can be understood by none who knows not Aldeburgh. But I cannot quite forgive Mr. Massingham for putting

this sentence on his opening page: "He wrote a dewy prose and like far sheep-bells, or a bullfinch making colour-tunes among the red-cheeked apples." This led me to search perhaps too minutely for other gems of preciousness.

I note that Mr. A. E. COPPARD'S publishers state that the manner of his short stories is "easier to enjoy than to analyse," and I venture to suggest that the versatile nature of the author's talent has possibly something to do with the difficulty. There have been at least four Mr. Coppards at work on The Black Dog (Cape); and while a sufficiently comprehensive and uncritical appetite might swallow the methods of each member of the quartette with the same zest I defy any intelligence to hit on a common formula that shall adequately describe them all. There is, in the first place, the ironic style, that deals (it must be admitted a little vulgarly) with the minor exaltations and agonies of middle-class life—the style of "The Fancy Dress Ball" and "Huxley Rustem." There is the "Ercles' vein"—a very passionate and gory humour—of "The Tiger." There is the

Cubist method — not wholly successful — of "Tanil." And lastly And lastly there is the old English ballad manner of "Mordecai and Cocking, "The Devil in the Churchyard" and "The Poor Man." This genre shows Mr. Coppard at his best. He handles hisgrotesqueorpathetic dramas of rural life with the unabashed simplicity of a Georgian broadsheet. And his work under this aspect is part of a great, if homely, tradition which few contemporary writers have either the will or the ability to perpetuate.

The Lunch Basket

HISTORY REVISED.

Little G. W. "FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE. AND, BESIDES, THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IS VERY STRONG AGAINST ME. I DID IT, AS YOU MUST HAVE CONJECTURED, WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."

(MILLS AND BOON) is the title that Mr. Pett Ridge has chosen for his latest collection of short stories. If by this he means that the fare provided is light and of the picnic order I agree cordially with his choice. I have read these twenty-six tales in the hottest weather without being conscious of the least mental strain. It is a generous array of dishes for a lunch-basket; but they are all trifles and so easily digested that they are not likely to obtrude upon one's memory. Perhaps the most diverting of them is "Police Sports." Here he gives us some ingenious complications, and you will find more resilience in this tale than in any of the others. A book for reading when you are in holiday mood, seated, for choice, in a deck-chair by a smiling sea.

"The new lantern that is to be crected on Port Said Lighthouse, Egypt. The light will be seen across 100 miles of the Mediterranean Sea, and weighs 3\frac{3}{4} tons."—Picture Paper.

Very heavy for a light-weight.

From an account of the Aerial Derby:—

"The lady-owner looked as if she had just arrived from an Arctic expedition instead of having flown through a heat wave with the barometer jazzing round 125 in the sun."—Scots Paper.

The reporter seems to have been over-tapping the glass.

CHARIVARIA.

THE House of Commons adjourned on Thursday for the country's summer holiday.

Miss Pola Negri has confirmed the rumour that her engagement to Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN is broken off. Our fear is that this news will cast a gloom over millions of holiday-makers.

We gather from many hints in the Press that America has most of the world's gold, but no bananas.

The French Ambassador in London is reported to have described Brighton air as the most bracing in the world.

readers will continue to salute France.

Large numbers of counterfeit American dollars are said to be in circulation in Russia. How many roubles now go to the counterfeit American dollar is not stated.

According to The Evening News, a woman aged sixty has just seen the sea at Southend for the first time in her life. A resident, we suppose.

An entire edition of the complete writings of LENIN has been destroyed by water. Bol-

at their wits' end to supply their customers with light reading for the holidays.

A Welshwoman who attained the age of a hundred last Christmas is reported to have taken her first dose of medicine to become reckless after passing the for this. century.

A woman recently told the London magistrates that her seven-year-old son was untruthful and delighted in deceiving everybody. A budding weather or a motor-tyre pump. or racing expert, evidently.

The projected giant flywheel at claims to know twelve languages. Wembley, from which, it was claimed, he has not yet begun to play go been abandoned. It is believed that to learn. influential Birmingham opinion was unfavourable to the idea of the city being made a peep-show.

sort of news that sours our Divorce going back for a second helping. Judges.

"I never speak without thinking," recently declared a Member of Parliament. He should take heart, however, as a silent Member is often a most useful one.

Several small blisters have appeared on the face of the moon. All the neighbouring stars are being vaccinated, we understand.

As the apparent slight to Thanet was Brighton the extras exceeded by eight Thirteenth, this year), however, it will obviously an oversight, Daily Mail the total number of runs scored by the be found that many of the hardier birds



PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE FIGURE-HEAD IDEA.

shevist booksellers are in consequence | batsmen of the home team. This idea of employing a local landlady as scorer will no doubt spread to other seaside not be where they are either.

An American has offered a prize of five thousand pounds for a peace plan that will stop all fighting. We fancy the week before last. People are apt that Mr. BECKETT is in the running siderate as this.

> "While on holiday always stretch the lungs by deep breathing," writes a medical man. This is much better than

A twelve-year-old American boy he has not yet begun to play golf it

serve a warning notice on a man whose out.

The parish magazine of the village | dog had attacked a postman, was himof Ripley, in Surrey, states that there self bitten on the leg. The owner have been no marriages in the parish pleaded that the dog mistook the for nearly twelve months. This is the constable for the postman and was only

> A writer on etiquette complains that some men walk in and out of a house without even shaking hands with the host. Burglars are notoriously like that.

> We have also noticed that the custom of kissing the Income-Tax collector has practically died out. What an undemonstrative race we are!

Grouse are reported to have suffered severely from the frost and snow in the In a cricket match played recently at | Spring. On the Twelfth (or rather the

have survived even the refrigerator.

A Lichfield boy has been awarded a prize as the champion smiler of his school; but he will one day grow up and become a ratepayer.

At a League of Nations fête at Oxford Mr. John Masefield told ghost stories. It is suggested that he should be asked to undertake the task of frightening little militarists to sleep.

"But for the motorcar," says a trade journal, "Mr. Ford wouldn't

be where he is." And but for the motorcar many departed pedestrians would

The Dean of WINDSOR recently told an audience that he used to write books and then burn them. Some authors we have read were never quite so con-

An aeroplane travelling at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, flying night and day, would reach the sun in fifty-two years. In that case prospecexpanding them with glove-stretchers tive passengers are advised to take a luncheon-basket.

Sergeant Movise, the veteran commissionaire who has stood outside Cox's Bank for thirty-five years is about to Birmingham could have been seen, has is felt he still has a lot of fancy-work retire. It is said that the sight of so many subalterns leaving the premises during the War and singing lullabys A Dudley policeman who called to to their overdraft has almost worn him

VOL. CLXV.

A GREAT COMEDIAN.

WHEN (it has often been said) artists, authors, composers die they leave some-, thing by which their genius can be proved. We look at their pictures, read their books, listen to their music and know that rare minds have been at work. But when actors die, and singers and musicians and great performers at cricket and other games, their genius dies too, and it is only according to the sincerity or eloquence of the tongues which extol them that their supremacy is believed in. For the rest of my life I shall be trying to convince those who never saw CHARLES HAWTREY how supremely gifted, attractive and amusing an actor he was: sometimes, I hope, with acceptance, but often, no doubt, without success: for those who too eagerly praise dead actors can be accused of want of true critical sense. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and so on. None the less, we who are now mourning his death and who know what a loss the stage has suffered—we shall be undeterred. "Ah! you should have seen Charles Hawtrey," we shall continue to say.

Only a few days before he died I heard him relate an incident in his career, with that mixture of drollery, mischief and intense relish of which he had the secret, and in those rich, halfwhispered, creamy, confidential tones of which he had the secret also: two secrets, alas! that have vanished with him. Someone was speaking of his persistent search for winners. "You began at Eton, didn't you, Charlie?" he asked. "No," he said, "it wasn't at Eton. It was when I was at a preparatory school near by. I played truant on the day of Windsor races and I lost half-a-crown; and "-here those extraordinarily mobile eyes snapped and moistened and gleamed-"I've spent twenty thousand pounds since trying to get that half-crown back again.

The story and its telling were indicative, for they held the same whimsical spirit of recklessness and amused selfexamination and self-exoneration that were always present on the surface or in the background of every part he played. That he was a superb technician is beyond question: he knew when to move, how to divide a sentence between words and gestures, everything that we usually associate with French accomplishment on the stage; but in the sense of creating new characters he was content to be extremely limited. For his strength was that he was himself. He changed his appearance very little from play to play; he was always debonair, welldressed, well-appointed, with the same movements, the same voice, the same by its success.

expression wavering between surprise and an infectious gusto, the same—well, the same everything. Hence he came in time to play only Hawtrey parts. Whatever was written for him he converted it into a Hawtrey part; and I am sure that the author was mollified, for among mollifiers he was chief.

Nothing could be farther from the old repertory days when an actor delighted to be as different as possible in six different parts a week. HAWTREY'S delight would be to take six different parts and be himself in all; and it would be our delight too. The result was that no legitimate actor's understudies had so thankless a task as his. No legitimate actor of recent times was so essential to the programme. You went to see HAWTREY; to be within the atmosphere of that bland, smiling, ingratiating, naughty, incorrigible and altogether adorable personality. It mattered very little who wrote the play or what it was like: you went to see HAWTREY; and if he was absent it was as though the light of the sun was E. V. L. extinguished.

"LADY VI" ON LITERARY FASHIONS.

Many of my readers, who have been writing to me about the new styles for autumn novels, will be interested to hear that the vogue of the sheik as hero is rapidly on the wane, and that by the autumn the passionate son of the desert will be no longer bon ton.

The manager of one of our most noted publishing houses said to me only yesterday afternoon, "I think the sheikhero must have achieved a record in popularity, though of course he owed a good deal to his predecessor, the strong silent man.

"They had so much in common, you see. Each had a tall sinewy figure without a grain of superfluous flesh. I've spoken to several of the gifted authors in regard to this point, and they all insist that even a grain of superfluous flesh would have spoiled a beautiful creation. Each had the knack of making his nostrils quiver when his anger was aroused. Each had wellchiselled features, though in the case of the strong silent chap the chisel appeared to have slipped once or twice, as he was admitted to be no OWEN NARES. Each had flashing white teeth, perfectly cut, and also dark deep-set eyes.

"Here, however, I am forced to admit that the introduction of a Russian hero, with green eyes and tawny side-whiskers, who could say 'Sapristi' without a trace of self-consciousness, by the famous author of Three Squeaks, was a daring innovation which was justified

"Reverting to our comparison, each loved with a glow and passion that simply could not be realised by the average suburban male, the man that catches the 9.10 every morning and is buying his house through a building society. Each had the habit of throwing the heroine over his shoulder and, irrespective of her weight, striding forth into the night.

"Still the sheik had the pull in respect of the hush of the desert, the alter-glow, the sough of the camel beneath the palm-trees, and the one-piece garment, which, when trouble arose—a rival sheik wanting to take an axe to him, or a difficulty over small change when exacting a ransom—he could draw more tightly around his athletic frame.

"The strong silent one was always at a loss for an equivalent gesture; all he could do was to set his lips firmly together."

together."
"Well," said I, "give me an inkling as to what the winter styles are likely

to be."

"Esquimaux," he replied, "so far as heroes are concerned. We're going to have a Frozen North vogue in novels. There will be, as you may imagine, a lot about the pure spotless snow of the icy silences around the trackless Poles, the clear uncontaminated air, the lonely figure of the great-hearted young Esquimaux, seated in his igloo—I think they call it—dreaming of a maiden who will come to him from the warm South. He spurns the maidens of his tribe, a greedy lot of girls who covet the sharks'teeth necklace, the tin-opener and the reserve supply of blubber and animal fat that are treasured in the cupboard. Then she comes, the girl of his dreams, weary of a sordid civilisation with its shams and jazzing insincerities. You know the sort of thing, don't you? Sounds strong—what?"
"Delightful!" said I, enraptured.

"Delightful!" said I, enraptured. "Look at the priceless furs she can wear and those dinky Russian boots. But—just one word more; what is the heroine to be like this autumn?"

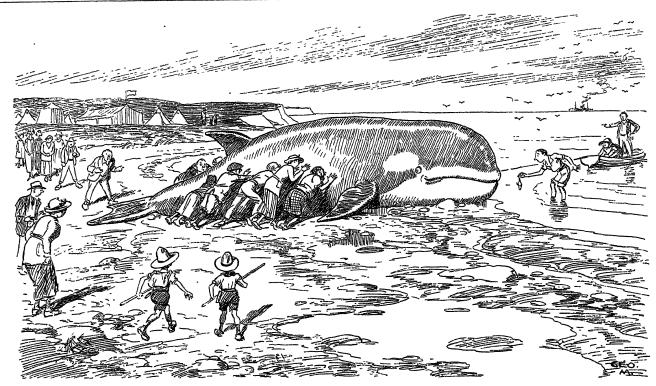
"There's very little change," said he with a smile, "except that her favourite name will be Nutria. The hair is to be dark brown, with of course the usual tinge of bronze when the light shines on it. The mouth will be worn not quite so large, and the nose Grecian instead of tip-tilted. And the slim figure will have to be rounded a bit. They like it that way about the Poles. That's the lot."

All the same I shall miss that fascinating sheik—shan't you? He was so unconventional and such a dear. Let's hopethat the Esquimaux will be equally nice; but I have my doubts.



THE EYES OF THE FLEET.

Admiral Noah. "GLAD I HAVEN'T TO ASK ANYBODY'S LEAVE TO USE THESE BIRDS."



"Last week a live whale thirty feet long was left stranded on the beach at Twinkleton. A holiday camp of THE LEAGUE OF KINDNESS HAPPENED TO BE NEAR, AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE, WITH GREAT CONSIDERATION, RETURNED THE UNFORTUNATE CETACEAN TO ITS NATIVE ELEMENT."

ELIZABETH EXPOSTULATES.

Henry, being a Scotsman, is cautious. Until recently, however, this cautiousness took a mild form, such as insuring against accident, loss, fire, earthquake, and—when we go on a holiday—wet weather; he is careful to tip the policeman on the beat so that he will keep a watchful eye on our abode; he never fails to turn off the gas at the main every night before retiring.

Such precautions as these no one could resent; it was after Henry had bought the handbook on "Everyday Swindles" that he became positively

objectionable. It is true that there was much in that book to sow the seeds of suspicion in the most confiding nature. Until I had read it, I never imagined that the street holds such dangers; that at almost every corner there lurk men who lie in wait to palm off alleged diamond rings that are but glass, and gold bracelets that turn out, on closer inspection, to be of baser metal. Strangers who called at the side-door selling goods were to be regarded as potential house-breakers, taking their bearings for a convenient burgle later on. Even domestic agencies, it was suggested, were frequently bogus, accepting fees, then raising false hopes by giving false addresses.

extracts from this book aloud in the evenings. "The fact is, my dear," he said, looking up from a harrowing chapter entitled "Home Employment Swindles," "one can't be too careful. Reading this has put me up to a thing or two.

Unfortunately Henry began to be too When, for example, Elizabeth careful. came and told me that the gas-man had called to look at the meter, Henry, who happened to be present, sprang to his feet with an exclamation.

"How do you know he's a gas man?" he demanded sternly.

Elizabeth tossed her head. "Well. Sir, I first got the ideer by seein' it written on 'is 'at." There was a faint suggestion of sarcasm in her words.

"Written on his hat—that's an old trick," scoffed Henry. "I'll see this fellow myself." And striding to the sideentrance he confronted the inspector.

"You've come to see the gas meter, you say," remarked Henry with a faint inflection on the two last words. "Very well, I'll show you where it is."

"That's all right, Sir. I know the way," said the man, stepping inside.

"Excuse me, 'replied Henry, now very white and firm, "I will accompany you."

The man looked surprised as Henry followed him down into the cellar, stood close beside him while he read the indi-Henry went to the length of reading cator, examined the figures he jotted

down on the card, and finally watched him off the premises.

The same scene was gone through with the official who came from the water company to examine the washers on the taps, and the inspector who arrived to look at the electric light; while the man who came to see if the telephone was in order was, according to Henry, the greatest object of suspicion of the lot. "You read in the papers every day," he said, "of the men who pretended they had called to examine the telephone and then made off with all the valuables the minute they were left alone." It was no use pointing out that as we had no valuables we were not likely to be victims of such a plot. Henry obsessed is far more difficult to convince than just ordinary Henry. It was, however, an unfortunate hour for him when his suspicions fell on Elizabeth.

"It has occurred to me," he remarked one day, "that these frequently changing young men of Elizabeth's are a menace. It's one of the well-known dodges amongst burglars to get friendly with the servants at the house they 're going to rob. Who was that young man Elizabeth brought to the side-door last night?"

"I don't know, Henry. And I don't think I'd like to ask her.

"You needn't ask outright. It would

be enough if you were to sound her on the subject."

"I leave it to you, partner," I replied.

"Please, 'm, can I speak to you a minnit?" asked Elizabeth.

When Elizabeth bursts into my study with this request, I know that something ominous is in the air.

"What is it now, Elizabeth?" I

asked resignedly.

"Only that I'd like you to take my

notice a month from to-day.'

I will not deny that Elizabeth is in the habit of giving me notice, and, lightheartedly, I accept it. It is, indeed, her favourite form of protest if she senses injustice; it is the principal weapon in her armour, a little blunted perhaps by too much use. But this time I was aware that Elizabeth was not bluffing. There was an unusual quality in her voice, a sinister note in her deep nasal breathing, which filled me with foreboding.

"Tell me what is wrong," I said

soothingly.
'Well, 'm, it's time for me to go when folks begin sayin' I 'aven't been properly introjooced to my young man."
"Who said that?"

"Marster, 'm. Lor, the things 'e 's

been 'inting at about 'Erbert''
"'Erbert?" I interposed wonder-

ingly.
"My new young man, 'm. Well,
I'm not goin' to stand by and 'ear it
sed 'e isn't all 'e orter be. And so, if you'll please take my-

"Wait a moment," I said, catching at a straw. "I'm sure you're making a mistake. Isn't Herbert the young man who borrowed fifteen shillings from you and was never heard of again?"

"'Im!" Scorn, hatred and contempt were packed in tabloid form in that word. "Indeed it isn't. I'd like to see that 'Erbert again just for a few I HAVE a little puppy, and he often runs minutes. I know I'd-

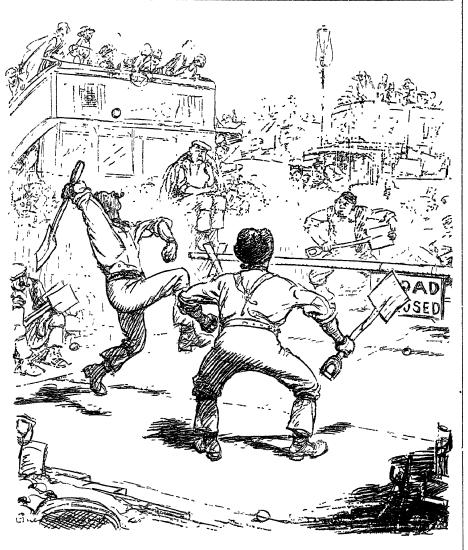
"But that's just it, Elizabeth. Your master was warning you against the false Herbert."

Her face cleared. "Oh, well, Marster can say what 'e likes about 'im.

"I shouldn't think if I were you, Elizabeth. It's bad for the head.

"Orl right, 'm. But I shouldn't like it to be sed that I went about with a young man wot I 'adn't been properly introjooced to;" and drawing up her lank form with pride, she drifted

Elizabeth never guessed that Honry was ignorant of the names of any of her young men. He has now apologised to Elizabeth, and I have burnt the book on "Everyday Swindles." So we are all happy again.



BRIGHTENING THE LUNCHEON HOUR.

A LITTLE HARD-COURT PRACTICE UNDER L.C.C. RULES.

A STERN STORY.

around

And tries to catch the tail he hasn't got;

He always seems surprised and hurt to see it can't be found,

But knowing men assure me he is not. Because he was so little that his baby eyes were shut,

He never saw it, so he never knew How very nice and long it was before they had it cut,

And only left him just an inch or two.

They say he looks more handsome and is saved a lot of woes;

One can't step on a tail that is ro more:

Hot cinders cannot burn it, and, as every Manx cat knows,

It can't get caught within a slamming door.

But he quivers with excitement from his head down to his toes When I light back from the station

with my bag, And he wriggles from his little stump

right to his little nose,

And I know he'd like a longer tail to wag.

"The late organist. . broke out into Pom, pom, pom,' to illustrate one of the musical bars, and the patter of his feet on the floor . . . strengthened the harmony." Daily Paper.

By adding the ground bass, of course.

"During the night the pigs were removed from the paddocks under military escort." Irish Paper.

This proves indisputably that, under the Free State Government, our old friend, "the gintleman that pays the rent," is still treated with that respectful consideration which has been his heritage for past centuries.

THE FALLEN SPA.

[" --- has been completely ruined."-Extract from a Letter.] I FOUND the fisherman standing alone On a desolate shore by a piece of stone;

And "List, O stranger," he said to me, "To the tale I shall tell you of Watlingsea.

"Pinnacle-proud she stood on her cliffs, And the bay underneath were alive with skiffs;

"And the cry of 'Fore!' rose up from the bents, And the beach were a glory of bathing-tents;

"And the sun brought tan to the toil-worn face, And a Pierrot-troupe comed down to the place,

"And the salt winds blew with their salt sea smell, And they puts in a lounge at the Grand Hotel.

"Why, many's the morn when a thousand near Has paid at the turnstiles to go on the pier;

"And many's the morn when I've taken boats With the passengers paying me one-pound notes,

"Till the name went forth through the length of the

Of the Watlingsea air and—we started a band.

"And that were the signal—from that there day As we started a band-stand we slides away;

"For the chaps got talking and says to their friends, 'Where be I going to? That depends.

"'Where be I goin' to? Goodness knows; There's Britleigh and Whelkton, I don't like those;

"'And it may be Brightpool, and some folks say There be quite nice people at Barboro' Bay;

"'But wherever I go to, you take it from me That I doesn't be going to Watlingsea,

"'For the place be filled with a noisy, loud, Impossibly vulgar an' smart-dressed crowd.

"'They loafs on the foreshore, they sits on the sand; You'd think as they comed there for sake of the band.'

"So little by little we loses our boom Till on Watlingsea there were laid a doom;

"For the word passed on from the great to the small, Till nobody went there or stayed there at all;

"For no one of course what has self-respect Will go to a place when it bain't select.

"And no one returns, bein' well-advised, To a watering-place what is vulgarised.

"So the shops fell down and were lost in the waves, And the boarding-houses were hushed like graves;

"And over the golf-house, whipped with spume, The wild sea-poppy begins for to bloom;

"And the wind-blown shale and the drifted shell Comes in through the rooms of the Grand Hotel;

"And the piers get cluttered wi' weeds and mess All along of our unexclusiveness;

"And the trains left off, for there weren't no loads, And the samphire creeps through the cracks in the roads;

"And nobody shrimps here and nobody digs, And the old Kursaal be a sty for pigs.

- "And the fruit-kiosks that were once so gay Has, yes, no bananas at all to-day.
- "Only the sea-gulls as walk on the sand Remember the bandstand and dream of the band.
- "But sometimes a fisherman old and bent, As it might be me, falls in with a gent,

"On a holiday morning, when sun be hot, As takes a fancy to this here spot;

"On a holiday morning, when warm it be, And he tells him the story of Watlingsea.'

Evoe.

THE RESTFUL ART.

When a character in a film drama calls up another character on the telephone, the producer is careful not to subject our imaginative faculties to any white-hot friction. We see Character No. 1 approach the telephone with that strong stern grace peculiar to film financiers. An interval of highly expressive mouthing and eyebrow contorting ensues, and then the scene is shifted to the office or private residence of Character No. 2. We are treated to a "closeup" of the telephone bell, showing the hammer in a state of violent agitation. The bell is ringing; the caller has got through. No need for any violent effort of imagination.

The drama proceeds. The attention of a footman or some other subordinate is attracted. He raises his head and looks at the telephone. He has heard the bell. By Jove, things are moving! The subordinate does his little bit of mouthing and departs with the dignity of a faithful servitor to summon Character No. 2. We then get an alternate display of facial gymnastics on the part of No. 1 and No. 2 respectively, and then the receivers are replaced. Do we quite understand that No. 1 has rung up No. 2 on the telephone? We do.

Now then. We know that No. 1 has asked No. 2 to come to him immediately, because we have gathered from the preceding three reels that it is No. 1's intention to ruin No. 2 by forcing him to buy his (No. 1's) shares in the Hunk-and-Chunk Chewing-Gum Syndicate. "Ah!" we say to ourselves (unless we are regular picture-goers), "now we shall see No. 2 walk into No. 1's office and push on with the story." Heavens! how horrified the producer would be if he thought we wanted him to hurtle along like that. We must see No. 2 attiring himself for the journey in the intervals of casting those long, lingering film glances at his wife's miniature (about the size of a small hand-mirror); we must see him pat the faithful dog on the head; we must see him walk slowly down the old oak staircase, pausing to trace with a highly-magnified forefinger the embossed lettering of the family motto ("close-up," followed by scene depicting ancestral devotion to motto at the Battle of Naseby); we must see him step out of the front-door and into his motor. car. We must be hold him driven luxuriously along a variety of thoroughfares, in order that there may be absolutely no deception, and finally deposited outside No. 1's palatial City offices, after which the almost sizzling wheels of the filmplot begin once more to revolve.

How the ordinary theatre lets us down by its brusque

And when the film hero goes away anywhere he takes a well-drawn out departure down an apparently interminable avenue, or drifts for miles along a sunlit stream, shading his eyes with his hand. He would no more dream of just vanishing suddenly through a door than he would of going up a staircase without turning to look back three times.

Yet there are people who shake their heads over the cinema as being the hectic product of a feverish age.



THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH CRICKET-IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT IN THE DULL WAY THE COUNTIES DO.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXXIII .- THE LAST PARTY.

WE wanted this to be a special day, the last day of our Season. We had been reading about the doings of a real Man About Town in an evening paper. An active fellow. Morning: A Private View, and watched the riders in the in the mind. Park; lunched at the Ritz, at Ranelagh and Soho, saw the polo at Roehampton, had tea on the Terrace and chatted with a Princess at a Charity matinée; dined at Claridge's and met an Ambasdanced at Nero's, Spider's and the Cave of Harmony, and rounded off a quiet day with an artists' revel in Chelsea.

that. I declined. I said, "To-day I erley Brook.

will show you a part of the town that Londoners never see-and a thrilling part it is."

"What's that?"

they said. "The river Thames. You, George, will borrow the Mary Jane and take Daphne. I shall take Joan in the Susan, and we'll race you to Westminster Pier."

(George is not a bad fellow at heart and I have slowly educated him into a taste for sailing. What was more difficult, I have taught him to handle a boat.)

The sun was shining, the tide was high and

the swelling river wore its most hospitable air. They agreed—Daphne with some reserve, for Daphne confessed to a certain lack of confidence in

George's seamanship.

I do not know what yacht-racing may be like at Cowes, but if they have anything there as difficult as the course from Hammersmith to Westminster they deserve what little publicity they get. There are tugs which run about like taxis, trailing a hundred yards of barges astern; and there are shoals and mudbanks when the tide falls; and reaches iron buoy, or a cluster of moored barges, empty barges with terrible overhanging prows. And there are nine bridges on smallest consideration for the yachtsman.

A heron flew over us from east to west as we set off, which of course is

The Susan has a very high west. mast for her size, and Hammersmith Bridge is ridiculously low, and she may or may not crash into it, according to the state of the tide; and I know no sensation like rapid motion towards a bridge with this particular uncertainty

We weathered it by a few inches. Putney Bridge is worse; it is not high enough, and the arches were made for steam-ships; the wind is always tricky there, and small boys, standing on it, sador, attended two first-nights, heard drop pebbles on the mariner. A dana debate in the House of Commons, gerous place. George shot Putney gerous place. Bridge stern first, a quarter of a mile behind. The Mary Jane moves slower than the Susan, especially when aground, Daphne wanted to spend a day like as she was for some time opposite Bev-

Enthusiastic Proprietor. "Is she safe, Sir? Safe! Why, many a shipwrecked crew 'ave been glad to see me an' 'er come bounding over THE WAVES!"

In the next reach nothing much happened, if I except our fight with the swan. We were passing the fine old trees of Hurlingham. The swan has cygnets, and perhaps I went too close. He fluffed up his feathers, rose out of the water and pursued us with a fearful flapping. I am seldom in complete sympathy with swans, though they do belong to the King, and in such a moment one cannot forget that a swan can break a man's leg. We prepared to sell our legs dearly, and, sitting low in the boat, I waved a boat-hook at the flanked with tall factories where the bird, while a passing police-boat spoke wind drops suddenly and the swishing roughly to him. Swans hate boattide sucks you into a bridge or a vast | hooks, and what with that and the police, he returned to the water and went off, hissing. Then we passed the mouth of the river Wandle, which you the course, built as a rule without the have never seen. Some charming factory-girls waved to us at Wandsworth, and off Cheyne Walk, where Joan took the tiller, we had words with a motorboat. It is a rule of the road that a good omen, and we bowled away on steam-ships keep out of the way of Vauxhall. You try.

the ebb before a fresh breeze from the sailing-vessels. But these brutes, these river-hogs, these human swans, tooted at us with a motor-horn, drove us on to some moored boats, invited us to mind where we were going, and passed on rejoicing. And while we were thinking of new things to say we fouled a chain with our rudder and stuck.

While stuck, we were passed by the Mary Jane, and the race became exciting. Off Lambeth Palace we caught them again; and we were neck-andneck abreast of the House of Lords. George ran under the Terrace to look for his own M.P., was, very properly, snubbed by a policeman, lost the wind, and was beaten by two hundred yards.

Daphne agreed that she had never seen the West End in quite that sort of way before. But I feared that

Daphne was bored, poor girl.

During the afternoon the sun vanished, the sky grew grey and menacing, and we started home on the first of the flood, beating dashingly against a powerful wind. By Lambeth the wind had become a young gale, and just above Vauxhall Bridge on this summer afternoon we came to grips with the elements. For if you are in Vauxhall Reach in an open boat when the tide is very low, and the river is bordered by two wide stretches of impassable mud, and your nearest harbour is at Putney,

and the wind against the tide makes a formidable sea, with great white horses charging down from Chelsea, and not another soul is to be seen upon the waters, and you carry no ballast, and perhaps a little too much sail—then you may experience in Vauxhall Reach all the sensations of a ship about to sink in mid-ocean. For all practical purposes you might be off Cape Horninstead of off St. George's Square. The wind increased, the heavens scowled. and the Susan reeled and scudded over the waves,* tossing her head and flinging high the spray, behaving nobly, but taking half the Thames on board. Joan bailed, and I lowered the sail to take in a reef, Joan receiving three blows on the head from the boom in the process. And while we drifted in the howling wind, cold, kneeling in water and fumbling at the reef-points, I came to a decision.

^{*} You don't believe there can be waves at

"Joan," I said, "I have always felt that it was scarcely fair to propose marriage by moonlight, or in a romantic forest, or even at a dance. Our present situation is probably, in a material sense, the most unpleasant you have ever experienced in my company. You are wet through, and I see small chance of our reaching Hammersmith before midnight, if indeed we are not sunk or dismasted before Battersea. Itherefore ask you to marry me. This is a fair test. But I must warn you that if you do you will be constantly exposed to this kind of foolishness, and that there are even more perilous places than Vauxhall in the river of this town. Next time it may be Wapping. By the way, I should have said that, if you like, we can leave the sail where it is and row home. But meanwhile will you be my wife?

"Yes," she said. "Let's get the sail up again. Then let's go back and tell the others," she added, the odd

creature.

Without further ceremony we hoisted the sail and were whirled towards Westminster in a cloud of spray.

"There they are!" I said. "By this time Daphne will have broken off the engagement, I'm afraid."

I was wrong. But who can understand these women?

It was a strange scene. There was the Many Jane, heaving and wallowing under the gloomy shores of Vauxhall, not so long ago the haunt of fashionable London; and there was Daphne, the darling of Nero's, happily tying reefpoints, bedraggled it is true, but with her eyes sparkling and an entirely new complexion.

"Glorious!" she cried. "The best

party of the Season!"

Ah, London! What a town! THE END. A. P. H.

A Left-Handed Compliment.

From a theatrical criticism :-

"It is difficult to put the finger on the secret of his success except to say that it is art 'in extremis.'"—South African Paper.

Yet we are sure the writer meant to be kind.

"'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by distinction dwell in doubtful joy."

Daily Paper.

Macbeth revised, presumably by a member of the Honours Committee.

"Drug to Take the Place of Dangerous Cocaine.

By Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

From the Manchester Guardian which, during several decades, has served mankind as a local anæsthetic."—Japanese Paper.

Yet we have sometimes heard complaints that our respected contemporary was almost too stimulating.



OLD DOGS AND NEW MASTERS.

A PIGEON OF KENSINGTON.

GREY-HOODED and in crimson shod, He moves along with beck and nod, As if to keep some solemn tryst Which he has nearly missed, And seeming anxious, from his gait, In case he should be late.

Illusion! For he merely goes
Upon his six pink-pointed toes
To catch some drifting grain of corn
From a tossed nose-bag borne,
Eager, yet easily deterred,
Like many a larger bird.

Sometimes the nose-bag's wearer shakes His ears; then how Sir Pigeon quakes, And with what haste to heaven he springs

On whirring purple wings! Yet reassured he soon resumes His march, with placid plumes.

Not far away, and just beyond The half-seen trees, there is a pond Where sometimes, like blown leaves of grev.

The sea-gulls swerve and sway; But staid Sir Pigeon pays no heed To such a wild, bluff breed.

He takes no interest in their tales Of masts and funnels, salt and sails, Nor listens to their anecdotes Of men and fish and boats; Better he loves to make his perch Hard by a droning church.

Somewhere, beneath a golden sky, Rome, Venice and Assisi lie; On pavements many-hued and fair His cousins murmur there, While at St. Paul's his brother dwells Above the humming bells.

But wise Sir Pigeon envies not His kindred their more stately lot; Far from the pomp of spire and dome He wills to make his home, And, like Dutch WILLIAM, loves the sun That shines on Kensington. D. M. S.

THE RAID.

Last year Aunt Rebecca insisted on leaving the safe and happy town of London to pay us a visit at Kilbeg, in the wilds of Ireland. Three weeks had passed with tranquillity. We had shown her the gutted police barracks, the ashes of the local castle, and fragments of a signal-box. But, except for shooting at night, there had not been much to make it plain to our visitor that this was still the genuine Old Ireland.

"I think," she said, "that the stories of outrages are greatly exaggerated. Why, I've found nothing to say in my diary except 'Had a pleasant day.' When I came here I expected to find enough incident to fill a chapter."

"AuntRebecca," said Charles, "you're not writing your reminis-cences?"

am, Charles. "I Everyone writes reminiscences now - most unsuitable people too. I think I have more to say than many of these writers.

"What's it going to be called?" I asked.

"'A Fitzgerald in Peace and War.' You see there'll be all my war-time experiences, my W.W.A. work and medal, and the air raids. Then for the sake of the members of our family I've collected all the

family history, pedi- CAME IN JUSt grees, legends and achievements. should like you to read the MS. while

I'm here."

When Aunt Rebecca went to bed that night Charles gave way to the

melancholy he had so nobly concealed.
"I've seen it," he said bitterly;
"I've weighed it. I think it weighs a stone. And you know Aunt Rebecca's writing. It's the Romanesque period, I fancy. And she deletes and inserts and adds marginal notes. Is there no hope?"

"Couldn't you get kidnapped?" I suggested. "Others greater than you have been removed. Denounce yourself on a post-card to the Republican Army.'

"I'm a peaceful home-loving man. Couldn't I read it by proxy—by you, for example?"

"No. I'm not a Fitzgerald; I'm only an alien introduced into the family."

"If," said Charles more brightly, "we get blown up or burnt down, that MS. will perish too, and I shouldn't have to read it. There'd be no MS.,

and no me and probably no Aunt Rebecca. It's the only hope."

"We haven't been burnt down yet," I said; "it must be about our turn by

The next morning Aunt Rebecca announced her intention of leaving us in

three days' time.

"I've left my book in the study, Charles, and I'd like you to look it over and make any suggestions that occur to you. I fear my Irish chapter will be rather flat. I shall have to say that I saw and heard nothing remarkable; but perhaps that's as well for I have the Fitzgerald heart, you know, and the doctor told me to avoid excitement."

"I hope we shan't be burnt out tonight," I said; "it's so cold."

Wife. "Oh, that reminds me, John, the bill for the water-rate came in just as we left home."

That night was cold indeed. had a large turf fire in the library and before this Aunt Rebecca sat to read The Times, which was sent her from England. As usual she nodded, the paper slipped from her fingers and her head drooped forward till her chin rested on a large cameo brooch. Deafness assisted her sleep, and she did not hear the loud knock on the front-door. I knew that this meant no good at that time of the night. I went quickly into the hall and found Charles looking at three revolvers which were very near his head.

"Don't be alarmed," he said as I joined him; "these gentlemen have come to search the house. We will go with them."

The raiding party searched the drawing-room and confiscated a few useful articles, such as a dagger, a purse which had been improperly left on the mantelpiece and an antique watch. We then approached the library door.

respect the feelings of my old aunt, who is in there. She's over eighty and a shock might kill her.

But the leader of the raid had opened the door. Aunt Rebecca still slept, her head forward, The Times upon her

knee

"I've an old aunt meself," he remarked in a more affable tone; "pushing ninety she must be, a little old butt of a woman an' terrible tough. You'd need to shoot her before she'd die on

The second raider surveyed Aunt Rebecca over his captain's shoulder.

"God save us!" he exclaimed piously, "isn't she nice and quite an' aisy? Mebbe she'd lose her life if she saw us foreninst her. I've an old granny at home the very spit of her. If you

roused her from her sleep she 'd be very contentious."

"I'm thinking'twould be luckier leaving the old lady so," said a third, who had been having trouble with his mask.

"Lead on, boys. Leave the old lady in quiteness," ordered the leader.

We did a very complete tour of the upstair rooms, and various sums of loose cash were annexed, owing to Charles's untidy ways of keeping money. When we came down it occurred to the captain that he had

We not seen the study.

Charles led the way with surprising agility. On the desk was lying a manuscript, which he made a show of attempting to conceal. Suspicion was at once aroused.

"What's thim papers?" the captain asked in a court-martial voice.

"They're important—er—documents written by one of the household," Charles stammered. "If you feel it your duty to burn them you must of course do so.' And he gave a wistful glance at the turf

The captain strode to the desk and spelt out the title in a loud voice, "A Fitzger'ld in Peace and War."

"Thim may be treason," he remarked severely. "I'll be for handing thim to a milit'ry board. If 'tis information to the enemy you'll die," he added.

"I'll give you some paper and string,"

Charles answered meekly.

"Mike Leahy, let you bring the documents," ordered the captain, and he "I must beg you," said Charles, "to strode out of the house. Mike Leahy lingered to accept a brown-paper bundle that Charles thrust into his hands.

We returned to the library, both of us rather shaken and incoherent. Aunt Rebecca was awake, her spectacles on

"There seemed a great noise in the hall just now," she remarked a little

sternly.

"We have just had a raid," I explained. "Don't be alarmed, Aunt Rebecca; they 've gone. And I will say they were quite courteous in not waking you up.

Aunt Rebecca rose to her feet. She looked like all the indignant heroines

of fiction rolled into one.

"A raid!" she exclaimed; "a raid -and you never told me! Why, my dear Marion, you know that of all things I wished to see a real raid. It was almost essential to my book, and I've missed it. You were very wrong not to have awakened me directly. See what the book lost!"

"Aunt Rebecca," said Charles, and his eyes gleamed though his voice was tragic, "please brace yourself for bad

news.

"Speak, Charles! Am I not a Fitz-

gerald?" asked Aunt Rebecca.

"The raiders have taken your book. If it is treasonable I shall be shot. But in any case we shall not see it again."

Charles drew breath for the lie that

was to follow.

"The worst is," he added, "I shan't have the chance to read it, a pleasure to which I was looking forward keenly." Aunt Rebecca's face grew radiant.

"Ah, my dear Charles," she exclaimed, "don't let that distress you. We have only lost the manuscript. 1 have the typescript and a carbon copy at home. I shall send it to you directly I get home. I should so grieve to disappoint you. And now I can add a good Irish chapter and call it 'The Raid.'"

"Thank you," said Charles with resignation, and a sigh that scemed to make a little draught in the room.

The Pièce de Résistance.

"PRIMATE WITH THE WESLEYANS.

The President thanked the Archbishop for his address, and said everything showed their common ground of agreement was as vast as the Continent, whilst the things which divided them were as a narrow neck of lamb.

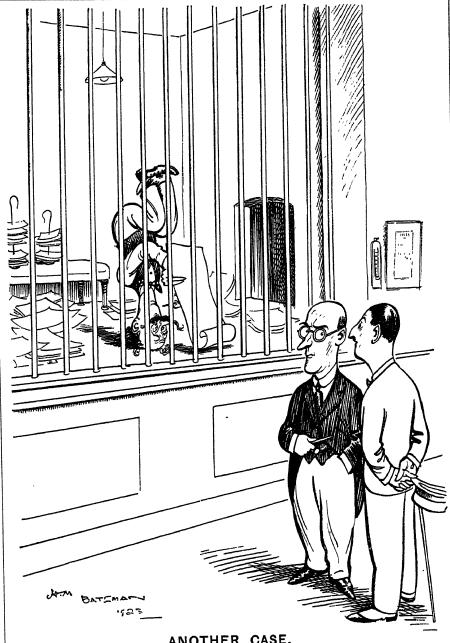
East Anglian Paper.

"Wesleyan Methodist seeks re-engagement as Branch Manager. Married, no family. Would entertain buying same later on." Advt. in Weekly Paper.

Perhaps the subjoined would prove a convenience to him :-

"To Let for the summer, or longer, 2 furnished rooms, with use of children.

Advt. in Local Paper.



ANOTHER CASE.

Visitor. "He's RATHER UNUSUAL, ISN'T HE?" Doctor. "YES; A VERY RABE CASE—HE UNDERSTANDS INCOME-TAX."

"Tough Typewriting Taught Practically. A special Course of 12 Lessons. Fee 10/6. College."--Provincial Paper.

Some of the typescript which reaches this office is pretty tough, but we had no idea there was a special college for teaching it.

"ROYAL GOODWOOD.

Thousands of people will throng the principal streets of Colchester on Friday evening to get a glimpse of the King and Queen as they motor through to Cowes for the regatta." Sunday Paper.

We understand, however, that their Majesties afterwards decided to adopt the more direct route through Chichester.

"Most people would welcome the substitution of public opinion for farce in the councils of the world."—Birmingham Paper. Everyone, we should have thought.

"It is harder to pass through the eye of a needle' than for certain persons to obtain the entry to the Royal Yacht Squadron." $\tilde{S}cots\ Paper$.

How are the mighty fallen! It used to be easier.

"The building surveyor said that he had received numerous complaints about the water supply being cut off between 6 o'clock and 7 o'clock in the morning. The milk-sellers were particulary loud in their complaints." Local Paper.

Comment appears to be unnecessary.



Impatient Elder Brother. "On, do come on, you girls! Surely you're ready now? Dash it all—this isn't Ostend!"

HILARY HANN: DUALIST.

When my varied acquaintance I thoughtfully scan, None stirs me to wonder like HILARY HANN, Whose agile "mentality" aids him to gauge And humour all moods of our wonderful age.

In orthodox circles he lavishes praise
On Coventry Patmore's or Tennyson's lays;
Yet in poetry teashops he loves to preside
When the Georgian bardlets their elders deride.

An equally broad toleration he shows In weighing the merits of writers of prose, And lauds with a wholly impartial voice The sunshine of Dickens, the squalors of Joyce.

In music his catholic taste is unique, For he clings to the classic yet fosters the freak, And, owning a harpsichord, nightly resorts To the dancing saloons where the saxophone snorts.

In art he's the versatile hierophant Of Herkomer, Gauguin, Picasso and Sant, And will pass an identical verdict upon The portraits of Raeburn and Cowper and John.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS he sets on a par with CLIVE BELL, Reveres Aldous Huxley as much as Miss Dell, Loves the sermons of Crane yet admires Clutton-Brock,

And simply adores Sybil Thorndike and Grock.

His diet is varied and ranges from chops To caviare mingled with chocolate drops; With Shaw he applauds vegetarian cheer, With Belloc the virtues of glorious beer. In the path of the noble he ne'er lays a snag, When with the δι πόλλοι he waves the red flag; On week-days a "die-hard." precise, categoric, On Sundays at Easton he joins Lady Warwick.

The future of Hilary Hann is obscure And occult from the view, but of this I am sure That a soul of so finely elastic a stuff Will never be downed by the direct rebuff.

For whatever the ultimate form of our State—Be it governed by kindness or ruled by class-hate—Such a grand opportunist will always be found With his head above water, his feet on firm ground.

"Deauville has just heard of a three-cornered tussle for some magnificent jewels between Baroness Dapostrophe Erlanger, Darcia Romes, the latest ruling beauty, and Irene Castle."—American Paper.

It used to be said of a French aristocrat that he "had the particle." The Baroness has gone one better.

"An analytical authority a short time ago declared that the average man contains the constituents found in 1,200 cggs. There is enough gas in him to fill a gasometer of 3,649 cubic feet."—Morning Paper. "The average man," mark you; not the super-man who gets into Parliament.

From the new rules for the I.C.S. examination:

"For Rule 6, which at present is as follows:

'(6) A candidate must be of good moral character,' it is proposed to substitute the following:

'(6) A candidate shall satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners that his character is such as to qualify him for employment in the Indian Civil Service.'"—Indian Paper.

We trust, for the sake of the reputation of the I.C.S., thatthis is a distinction without a difference.



THE PATIENT LOVER.

JOHN BULL. "MADAM, WILL YOU WALK?" JOHN BULL. "MADAM, WILL YOU TALK?" FRANCE, "NO, I WILL NOT WALK."

FRANCE. "OH, YES, I'LL TALK FOR EVER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 30th. — Parliament Square was packed with charabanes and omnibuses full of sensation-hunters curious to see what would happen to the four Members who had advertised their intention of retaking the seats from which they were ejected a month ago. But the performance was not equal to the advance-notices. Mr. Maxton and his comrades duly arrived soon after four o'clock, but, on hearing from the police-inspector that there was no admittance, wisely decided not to keep their taxi waiting, and departed as they came.

The Lords, having nothing more important to do, listened while Lord BEAUCHAMP expatiated on slavery in Abyssinia and urged the Government to bring the matter before the League of Nations. Lord Curzon, his mind full of the Ruhr, showed no corresponding enthusiasm. All he could say was that there had been no revival of slavery in British territory. He could not answer for other people, but he was sceptical as to both the freshness and accuracy of the French report, on which his noble friend appeared to have relied, while the remedy therein suggested that the Abyssinian Government should be allowed to import more arms and ammunition—seemed to him worse than useless, since the guns and cartridges would infallibly find their way into the hands of the slave-traders.

Early in the sitting of the House of Commons there appeared in the seat just behind the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS a burly figure, surmounted by a rosy countenance and crowned with a silvery thatch. It was as if the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft had grown to man's estate and had come to take care of Sir Colin Keppel. The elderly cherub was really Sir Charles Wilson, the new Member for Central Hull. He is reported to have won his election on the slogan, "I am Leeds," and, to judge by his conquering air as he walked up the floor to take the oath, it may not be long before he will be able to say with equal truth, "I am the House of Commons."

An air of frivolity, symptomatic of the approaching holidays, pervaded the House. Mr. Ormsby-Gore was de-lighted to display his newly-acquired knowledge of Irish pronunciation by informing Sir W. Davison, who had complained of the absence of any reference to the King in the Statutes of the Irish Free State, that the words were, "Be it enacted by the Oireachtas of the Saorstat Eireann," and that the Oireachtas was defined by the Free King and two Houses.



Small Boy (to attendant of baths, rather overcome by the hot weather). "ARE YOU THE SWIMMING BATH, PLEASE?

Some Members were secretly relieved, I fancy, when Sir John Baird explained that he could not set aside a special room where their wives could wait for them. He gallantly added, however, that there was already accommodation for the use of ladies visiting the House, "whether they are the wives of Members or other ladies," thereby provoking ironical cries of "Withdraw."

To inquiries regarding the restocking of the St. James's Park lake with fish and fowl the same Minister replied that fish had already appeared in large quantities, "at no expense to my department," and that as to fowl he was hoping for similar results "in the process of nature." He was probably thinking of the famous "gondola" story.

The debate on the Lords' Amendments to the Rent Restrictions Bill was State Constitution as consisting of the chiefly taken up with complaints from Opposition speakers that the Minister charges of extravagance and financial

of Health had meekly accepted from the Peers improvements which, when they had proposed them in the Commons, he had contumeliously rejected. That only showed, retorted Mr. Cham-BERLAIN, that the Lords were much the better draftsmen.

Tuesday, July 31st.—Question-time in the Commons was enlivened by the spectacle of Captain ARTHUR EVANS, ex-National Liberal, performing the perilous manœuvre known as "crossing the floor." He carried it out as unobtrusively as possible, by means of the side-door at the back of the Ministerial benches. Even so his entry was observed by eagle eyes on the Opposition benches, and was greeted with the sarcastic cries-such as "Why don't you resign your seat? "—customary on these occasions.

Mr. Rose called attention to the

inefficiency brought by the Estimates Committee against the Air Ministry. The PRIME MINISTER was inclined to think that they were exaggerated. Then Mr. Rose disclosed his real objective. Did the right hon gentleman think that a department brought under such strictures was a fit and proper authority to meddle with the Royal Navy?

Thanks primarily to the PRIME MINISTER, who moved that the suspension of Messis. Maxton, Buchanan, WHEATLEY and STEPHEN should be terminated, those gentlemen are now free to resume attendance in the House of Commons. But they owe a good deal to the adroitness of their leader, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who made it quite clear that their foolish letter to

their reinstatement, and something besides to the forbearance of Sir F. BANBURY—the man they called "murderer"-who did not persist in his demand for an apology, and allowed the motion to be passed without a division.

Fortunately for the POSTMASTER - GENERAL he possesses in full measure the detachment and imperturbability cultiva-ted by the young ladies of his Department, for he had a decidedly trying time. First he had to admit that, owing to a clerical error, the Corporation of London had been charged for ten thousand telephone-calls

more than it had had; and his hearers | lished. were left wondering how often these clerical errors occur.

Next he had to listen for half-anhour while the Member for Penistone gave an exhibition of the gentle art of "pringling," which consists in so administering pin-pricks as to make the victim tingle.

With considerable ingenuity Mr. PRINGLE suggested that the "Worthy" paragraphs sent to the Press last week, which the Postmaster-General had attributed to the over-zeal of a subordinate, had nevertheless owed something to official inspiration. "A somewhat clumsy exercise in the art of selective autobiography," was his carefully-coined phrase.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans again repudiated all personal responsibility. He frankly admitted that he had a talk with the Intelligence Officer before the Post-Office debate, and had given him | some information which subsequently behind them.

appeared in the offending paragraphs. "But I had not the faintest idea," he added, "that I should see it in that vulgar form in the Press next day.' He was, in fact, as innocent as Mr. Vincent Crummles, who never could understand how these things got into the

Wednesday, August 1st.—According to Mr. Hurd, "the leading English public schools" are using as text-books on the late War American publications in which the battle of Jutland is relegated to a footnote and is described as a success for the German rather than the British Navy. Had the producers of these text-books made any application to the Admiralty for the official documents? Mr. AMERY pointed out that no application was necessary, since the Speaker had nothing to do with the documents had long since been pub- slips for two, I have set my teeth and



THE "PENITENTS."

Messrs. Stephen, Maxton, Wheatley and Buchanan.

why British historians and British publishers have allowed their American rivals to get ahead of them like this.

The PRIME MINISTER informed Colonel Moore-Brabazon that he would make a statement next day regarding the relations between the Navy and the Air Force, and, when asked whether there would be an opportunity of debating it, replied, "All the opportunity there

It was pointed out by several Members later on that, after the House had discussed the Ruhr situation and the Lausanne Treaty, there would be no time for anything more; and the PRIME MINISTER gladly se zed upon Commander Bellairs' suggestion that he should give a special day in the Autumn for the Air discussion. That arrangement would serve a double purpose. Members would have all the papers before them, and Ministers a fait accompli

THE PERFECT DUCK. By J. D. Blobs.

How do I make my ducks? It is a question I have often been asked.

My first egg, I remember, came to me in the year 1889, in the back-garden of my father's house at Wisbech. It was a single-wicket match. Little Sally, my sister, was the bowler, and as the ball knocked over the malacca-cane which we used as a stump my father exclaimed, "That boy will never make a great batsman." How right he was!

Though I have made so many in my

time, I do not recommend ducks as the best things for cricketers to make. Centuries are far, far better. Sometimes, when I have inadvertently opened my score, perhaps by a drive through the

> muttered, "Only ninetyeight more for the century!" But something hasalwayshappened, and I have been able very soon to relax my dentures.

> My present remarks are addressed to those who, like myself, hardly ever make runs, yet desire that their ducks shall be accomplished with the maximum of good form and the minimum of humiliation.

As to externals, the batsman who does not score should be clothed and equipped in precisely the same way as the batsman who does. The distinction between the two

What puzzles me rather is classes should lie, not in what a man wears to the wickets, but in what he does when he gets there. This fact is not always appreciated. Hence the lamentable one-pad school.

In my own experience the first symptom of class-consciousness occurs as the bowler moves to the attack. I have tried to analyse my thoughts at such a moment. The batsman who makes runs is now wondering to which part of the field he shall hit the ball; the batsman who makes ducks is wondering whether he will be bowled or caught, and whether this ball or the next will get him. Sometimes too, when his mind is exceptionally active, he wonders why bowlers seem to hate him so.

With me, the actual production of the egg has become nearly automatic. As a preliminary I always take guard. My captain once asked me why. 1 thanked him warmly for his generous interest, but was unable to give a convincing answer. I could only reply that I supposed one ought to make use

of the umpire.

Once the ball has left the bowler's hand my responsibility has almost ceased. Generally speaking, one of two things happens. If the ball is straight, I am bowled; if it is crooked but reachable, I am caught. What do I do with my bat? To the best of my belief, nothing much. It is a knack, I suppose. I have had it since the days of Little Sally, and it persists.

There are times, of course, when the ball will impinge upon my bat and fail to reach the hands of a fieldsman before bouncing. I treat these incidents as the luck of the game. One cannot help

luck.

Though the making of ducks becomes so simple with practice, it is less easy to bear oneself with dignity once they are made. I strongly recommend an attitude of philosophic calm. There must be no panic. Never rush away from the wicket as though you were on the verge of disgraceful tears. After all, you have only just come. You should not, however, linger until the umpire shoos you off. That would be carrying deliberation to tedious lengths.

Among permissible facial expressions when the egg is made are the wryly comical, the reproachfully humorous, the self-castigatory, and the patently mystified. It is a good plan to use these in rotation, thereby avoiding

monotony.

One last touch of refinement never fails to impress. Before returning to the pavilion, pause for ten seconds or so and give the pitch a few prods with the toe of the bat. This will not help you—it is too late for that—but it will prove you to be a supreme sportsman who, in the moment of his own trouble, can still spare a thought for those who

are yet to come (if any).

Finally, be warned against a danger which assails the habitual maker of ducks. A man may start making them innocently enough, but the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Guard against this. Never play for your average. I once knew an enthusiastic collector of eggs who went out of his way to obstruct silly-point rather than complete a run from his own bat for which his partner had called him. He safely preserved the contours of his average, but his conduct was rightly condemned, even by his own team, as "not cricket."

"Never before in its history and it is the third oldest in the realm of King George V., has the borough been so well served with motor omnibuses as it is to-day."

Local Paper.

Strange, but probably true.



"PHWAT DID YE SAY? I MISSED IT. WHEN YE SHPOKE I WAS JUST THRANS-FERRING ME MOUTH TO ME EAR.'

OLD LADIES.

WHERE are they gone, the dear Old Ladies,

Dainty of speech and gently bred, Sweet old darlings with airs and graces (Not these people with made-up faces Counterfeiting a youth long sped)?

What has become of the real Old Ladies, Where are the folk of whom we've read?

Hark to the tale of the dear Old Ladies: Manners were lost and courtesy dead; Age could win from the young no duty, Eyes grew blind to their charm and beauty,

So one night, as we lay abed, Fairies came for the dear Old Ladies, Leaving us nothing at all instead.

Under a spell the dear Old Ladies Off to their magic realms they led, Put them away with their silver tresses, Wrinkles and delicate-scented dresses, Gossamer coverlets o'er them spread; There they arelying, the dear Old Ladies, Laid in lavender foot to head.

Ever around the dear Old Ladies Sentinels pace with noiseless tread Till we repent of our ill-behaving (Ever so humbly pardon craving);

Then they'll pity the tears we shed, Bringing us back the dear Old Ladies, Dear Old Ladies that now are fled.

"The only acid test would be the sweet reasonableness of the Liberal creed."

Provincial Paper. But won't the sweetness neutralise the acidity?

THE PROBLEM PICTURE AND THE EXPERTS.

Once upon a time there was an artist named Aubrey Ford Wilkinson, and he determined to paint at least one picture in which nobody could find any fault of detail whatever.

would see it—as he hoped—in the Royal Academy, he made it a problem picture. He realised that the public know very little b about perspective and grouping and chiaroscuro. They like a good heart drama in their pictures, whether they see them on a canvas or at the cinema.

As originally conceived the painting represented a man and a woman. The woman was seated at a table, weeping, while the man stood with his back to a fireplace, a look of mingled despair, determination and liver trouble on his face. In front of the weeping woman on the table was a paper; through the open window you could see a rolling hillside dotted with | a doublet and a sword. sheep; while outside the open door

stood the man's motor-car. Like all the most successful problem pictures this was capable of many in-

guilt, or, on the other hand, she may have found in his pocket a letter that she had written and he had forgotten to post last week, or it might have meant the collapse of everything owing to the arrival of the gas bill, or even that the man was a humorous writer and had given his wife one of his stories to read, with dreadful results. In any case Aubrey deleted the public from his list. He felt that he had satisfied them.

He was not much perturbed about the Art Critics. He knew that most Art Critics were dyspeptic by reason of having gazed on paintings for many years. He fiendishly placed a handful of fruit in a dish on the table, and a vase with a flower in it, hoping

very long in front of his picture when it appeared.

A month or so before sending-in day Aubrey read the satirical comments passed annually by The Tailor and Cutter on the clothes worn by male sitters for Academy portraits, and consulted

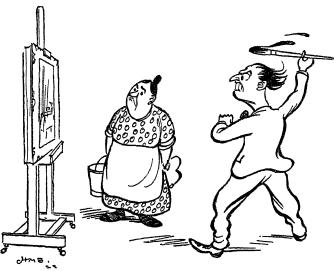
a sartorial expert. The tailor pointed out that the man's trousers were baggy and that he apparently used a piece of string instead of braces, and that while student. He told Aubrey that the man he had three coat buttons there were had odd collar-bones, an enlargement four button-holes. Whereupon Aubrey of the hip-joint that looked like ossifipainted out the man's clothes, repressed a desire to put him into plus fours, and | such an advanced stage of consumption In order to please the public, who dressed him instead in mediaval tights, that it was simple cruelty to leave him



THE PICTURE AS ORIGINALLY CONCEIVED.

J+M.B. 23.

and had come downstairs to find that out the woman altogether. terpretations. It might, of course, have his wife had mistaken the date on the



"Aubrey seized a big erush, dipped it in some crimson lake, AND HURLED IT TWO OR THREE TIMES AT HIS MASTERPIECE."

that the medley of colours would advice he called in, informed him that reminiscent of a mammoth typewriter make the critics too bilious to stay the man was a bundle of anachronisms. being carted away on a lorry. Aubrey He had eleventh-century hose, a sixteenth-century doublet and Roman sandals. So Aubrey repainted the man in the Classic style, with just a suggestion of drapery round the lower part of him. | the table on which stood a dish of fruit The problem of the picture now was, and a vase containing a daffodil. And

Turkish bath, and why was the door open?'

Aubrey's next expert was a medical cation, and that he was apparently in

there to face the rigours of an English summer without anything on. So Aubrey deleted the man altogether and stuck a clock on the mantelpiece instead. The story now seemed to be that the woman had just had an express message to say that her husband was bringing somebody home to dinner, and it was the cook's evening out.

By this time Aubrey was not so confident. He began to doubt the woman. He consulted a hairdresser, who explained that the woman's hair looked just like a bundle of oakum that had just been picked. Aubrey didn't like to remove the hair, so he painted a

It looked | large hat over it, until a milliner told odd, but there was still a problem. It him that that style of hat went out in might now be that the man had got | 1820, whereas the woman's dress was all ready to go to a fancy-dress ball, fashionable in 1870. So Aubrey painted

By now the problem suggested itself been that the man was confronting ticket.

the woman with some evidence of her But a theatrical costumier, whose ments. The tenants had seen the bill

on the table and were upstairs packing, intending to bolt. But an architect of Aubrey's acquaintance suggested a new problem, which was, "How was it that the open window overlapped the fireplace?"

Out went the window. Then an expert scoffed at the clock, saying that it was more like a tin of condensed milk. On the next day an ironmonger gazed fascinated at the grate, and told Aubrey that it was like nothing on

That same night the background of the picture was a blank wall.

It was only to be expected now that the motor expert should tell Aubrey that his conception of the car was

shut the door.

There wasn't a great deal of the picture left by now. It consisted of the chair on which the woman had sat, and "What was the woman doing in a Aubrey was sure about the chair and



Owner, "I SAY! YOU REALLY OUGHT NOT TO DO THIS SORT OF THING WHEN A MAN'S SHAVING."

the table, because he had copied them from a furniture dealer's catalogue. The vase was also in order, having been taken from life. But the fruit? Aubrey stayed up one morning until dawn and went to Covent Garden, where he learned for the first time that strawberries and blackberries are not in season during the same month. So the fruit passed out of the picture.

The only problem that might now appeal to a beholder was why on earth the picture was painted. But Aubrey was still full of optimism. At last he had produced something that was beyond all expert criticism.

On the day before he proposed to invite his friends to see it, he sent for a charwoman to "do out" the studio. The charwoman looked at the picture once, then sniffed contemptuously. Aubrey's heart sank.

"What's the matter with it?" he said. "Huh!" she said. "Look at that vase on the table-stuck right on the edge, just where anybody dusting would knock it off on the floor and get halfa-crown stopped out of her wages for smashing it!"

It was the last straw. Aubrey seized a big brush, dipped it in some crimson lake, and hurled it two or three times at his unhappy work. A little later it hung in a gallery of Young Masters as a Futuristic impression of a Bathing Girl at Paris Plage. A masterpiece.

PEGASUS.

Like a star descending on The calm heights of Helicon, Free of bridle, free of girth, Dropped the winged horse to earth; Came he thus The sky-coursing Pegasus.

Down he swept in spirals through Jove's immensity of blue; Now his hoof hath struck the sward And, like leap and flash of sword,

Waters throng Bubbling with the soul of Song.

Kings and rich men, I've heard say, "Silver Pegasus," said they, "We've got money without end, Be our magic horse, O friend!"

But the steed Flung his heels and didn't heed.

Walked a herd-boy (hear my tale), Seeking, in a Dorian dale Where the stone-pine breathed above, For a fitting rhyme to "love";

Velvet, bland, Dropped a muzzle in his hand.

Turning then he saw (of course, As you've guessed) the winged horse, Mounted him, and at a bound Mounted him, and at a bound

Reached those heights where Rhyme is found;

"On the flat car ahead, piled high with pipe, a couple of hijackers were frisking a drifter."

American Paper. found;

Ripple clear Tripped the ditty of his dear. As he got him down again On the humdrum homely plain, Pegasus addressed him thus; Comradely spoke Pegasus, And the youth

Learned this old, this equine sooth:

"Money makes the mare to go Where you want her, fast or slow; Money drives a million things, Never, though, the horse with wings On the azure road, where 'love' Rhymes triumphantly with 'dove'; He, unlike the foresaid mare, Goes by fasting and by prayer."

Thus and thus Spoke the cloud-white Pegasus.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The sword of Damocles hangs over the heads of dwellers in the famous Adelphi Terrace, the amazing architectural structure raised by the genius of the brothers Adelphi." American Paper.

From the description of a gang of

"They were armed with deadly weapons, one of them were a wrist watch." Indian Paper.

To kill time, it is supposed.

From a short story:—

We hope some enterprising publisher will issue an English translation.

THE STAGE GARDEN.

IT is the one garden that makes me feel I could shine as a gardener. In an ordinary garden something or other is sure to be requiring attention, but I can see myself spending hours of peaceful delight in a stage garden; it is always so tidy and knows so well how to take care of itself. You rarely, if ever, see stage folk getting up at six o'clock in the morning in order to plant or pot-out things. There is no necessity for it. They can get up when they like and count upon the garden looking bright and cheerful when they come down. As for messing about with vegetables, I do not believe they ever grow such sordid things. If they do they keep them well out of sight.

The flowers in the stage garden do not wither away before the owner has had his money's-worth out of them, or drop their petals about, as is the way of less well-behaved flowers. They stay where they are put and bloom industriously until someone picks them or knocks them over. The lawn always looks nice and green and is no trouble to anyone. It requires no mowing; no worm-casts or plantains render it unsightly, and it is never too damp to be sat on. The stage tree too is quite the most delightful tree you could have, as it does not have depressing fits of sighing and soughing; nor does it flick caterpillars and spiders and things down your neck when you are having tea on the lawn. Sometimes there are birds in the tree, but they are well-trained birds. They do not carry on noisy domestic quarrels or burst into showy operatic solos. They just twitter softly in gentle unison when they think the effect will be pleasing to the people in the garden, and they are careful to leave off when anybody of importance hegins to speak. The stage bird knows that its mission in life is to be heard occasionally but seen never. It does not intrude in search of food or building material, or offend the human eye by bathing and tittivating itself in public. Apparently when it wants anything it goes and gets it from some-secret and secluded spot.

Naturally in the stage garden the master of the house can do all that is necessary with his hands in his pockets. It follows therefore that the professional gardener is something of a rarity. Now and again you may see one pushing a wheelbarrow or walking about with a trowel in his hand. He is invariably an old, low-comedy type of man, employed, it would seem, more for his picturesque appearance and gift of rustic wisdom or humorous repartee than for anything else. If he really does start trying to do some work someone is pretty certain to come out of the house and provide him with an excuse for laying down his tools and letting off some of his dialectal philosophy. When he has done that he goes away, and probably does not appear again. The garden does not miss him much.

The stage garden invariably commands a beautiful and thoroughly reliable view. Stage folk can invite their friends down to admire it in the happy assurance that it will not be blotted out by rain or shrouded in a sea-mist. It may wobble a bit in the breeze now and again, but it is always there and always at its best. You have only to walk in by, or lean against, the little wicket-gate that usually stands between the garden and the view to be certain of being shown off to advantage. That is where stage scenery is so much superior to ordinary scenery.

Nature on the stage is only too anxious to oblige. When you pause by the gate to take a last lingering look at the woman whom your strong manly temperament forbids you ever to see again, the sunset nearly breaks a blood-vessel, so anxious is it to spread itself around and envelop you in a flood of sombre glory. And if and when the lady calls head-dress, and wore his spectral cross."—Provincial Paper.

been and that there is really no need for you to go away at all, the moon hastens to take up a good position from which to bathe you both in her soft romantic beams. You never get all that attention in an ordinary garden. Many and many a time have I gone into and out of a garden in a picturesque and emotional manner, and on each occasion the sky has undergone no perceptible change. It is very disheartening, and it makes me yearn more and more to possess a stage garden, where Nature takes a little interest in what goes on.

TO THE THIRD ELEVEN.

["And never, oh never, this heart will range from that old, old love again."]

TEAM, 'neath whose ægis, schooldays being ended, I further fostered my apprentice style On bowling that was not exactly splendid, Lacking in length and not too full of guile, Nurse of my manhood's cricket aspirations, With whom in days agone full oft I knew The waiting batsman's nervous expectations, Lo! I return to you.

Old Team, what happy days we had together, Fighting our battles with a youthful zest Which cared not though the wicket and the weather Alike were often far from at their best, Till that proud era dawned when I was reckoned (An ora I 've admittedly survived) A handy thing to have about the Second; In short, when I "arrived."

That was my zenith; there ambition slumbered; It had been folly had I ever nursed A fond delusion that I might be numbered Among the august heroes of the First. I knew, although my zeal remained unflagging, My course could take no further upward curve, Though once, if you'll forgive a note of bragging, They made me fifth reserve.

This is no time for further reminiscing; Suffice to mention how the slow years dealt So sternly with me that I started missing The sort of ball I had been wont to welt. So back to you I come with none to pity; And hope that still I may contrive to score; Time's heavy foot (and that of our committee) Has hoofed me down once more.

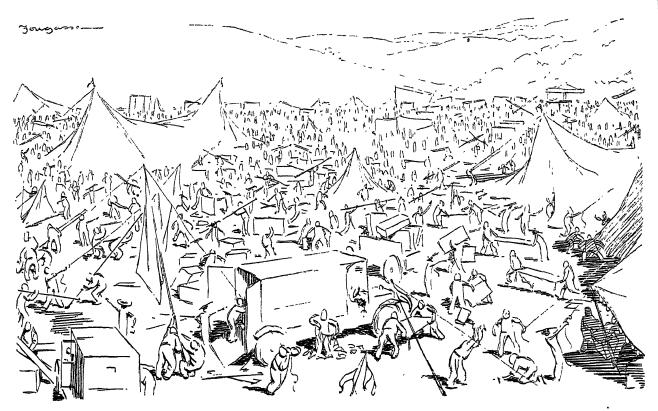
Old Team, what welcome is it that will greet me? Will it be roses, roses all the way? Or will this season's youngsters harshly treat me As just a rabbit that has had his day? Can youth and I mix weekly without variance, Or, since the game still lures me, must I strive To mobilise my co-quinquagenarians And form a Four or Five?

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

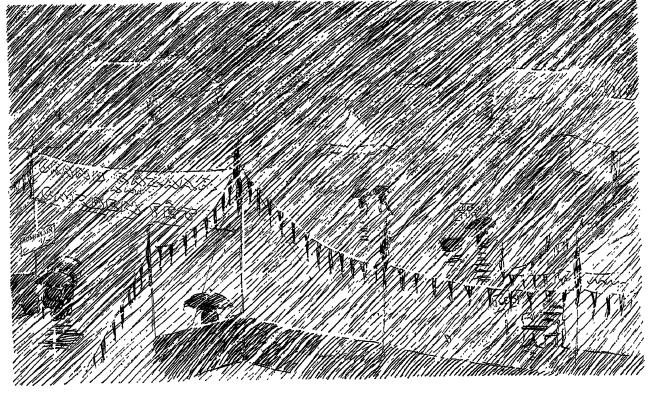
"1,600 candidates were invited to sit at a fee of 10s. each. On the figures quoted in this question the total entrance money would work out at £800."—Daily Paper.

From a concert-programme:— "PIANO SOLO. Romance in a flat." It sounds as if someone had forgotten the key.

"The Metropolitan was robed in his black canonicals, with a black you back and makes you understand how blind you have | This is what lawyers call an incorporeal hereditament.



ALTHOUGH HELPING TO GET READY FOR A CHARITY FÊTE IS ONE OF THE HOTTEST JOBS I KNOW;
ON THE OTHER HAND I MUST ADMIT THAT—



HELPING WITH A FÊTE ITSELF IS OFTEN ONE OF THE COOLEST.

THE CHAMPION CHILD.

" Now do try and be frightfully pleasant to everybody," implored Lady Harbottle as she and her brother crossed the park. Behind them the great house drowsed in the afternoon sunshine, while in the field towards which they were making their way three swings, a roundabout, and a couple of marquees indicated that some kind of festivity was

in progress.

"Of course, Henry ought to be here," she said. "I rather wish he hadn't bought this place. He takes it hard, if you know what I mean. He would have been here, only he simply had to meet an American who is over on business-a very important person-steel or iron, or something. Poor Henry is very sick about it. The village people think so much of their Flower Show, and he does so want to be liked."

"Does he?" said Cuthbert Stevenage. He had not noticed this rather endearing trait in his brother-in-law.

'You see," his sister reminded him, "he means to stand for this division at the next election. So he is giving several special prizes for vegetables and things, and I am presenting a silver trophy—a cup-for the finest child between the ages of three and five. Henry said it ought to be babies, but I have got to award it myself and go quite near them, and I fancy they don't dribble so much | herself and marched off with it.' after three.

"After three," remarked Cuthbert, "they suck sweets and drop them, and they ask you why you've got flour on your nose, and things like that."

Lady Harbottle shuddered. She bred Pekinese dogs and was rather an authority on them, but she made no secret of her indifference to the young of her own species. She had a baby herself now and then, inadvertently, as it were, and fortunately their arrival had never happened to clash with any of the Toy Dog Shows. She left them in the care of a competent nurse and an underling, and forgot all about them, with the happiest results.

"I wish it had been potatoes or broad beans," she sighed. "But Mackintosh, our gardener, is judging those. I suppose when I give the cup I ought to say a few words to the mothers about watchful care, and the coming race, and baths, and having the windows open-

"And keeping their coats in condition and avoiding mange," said Cuthbert.

"Please don't confuse me."

2/5 જ The shadows were lengthening when they walked back towards the house. Both were pale and weary; both felt

with a large majority at the next election it would not be for lack of exertions made on his behalf by his family. Cuthbert had entered for all the races, and had been careful not to win any, and he had been indefatigable in handing round plates of currant cake and mugs containing a brown liquid which the local caterer had described as tea. The tenantry had been there in force, and there had been contingents from other villages. The heat in the marquees, where the exhibitors and their friends stared with hostile eyes at one another's red currants and vegetable marrows, was stifling, and the blaring of the steam-organ of the roundabout made coherent thought impossible. That Lady Harbottle should smile incessantly under such conditions was a touching proof of her wifely devotion.

"I think it went off very well," she congratulated herself. "Give me a cigarette, Cuthbert. I left my case at In the line from Beinn na Chree until home. I promised Henry I wouldn't smoke there. He thinks country people are easily shocked.'

"What a binge it was," said Cuthbert. "That was a jolly kid you gave your prize to. I'm glad I shoved her forward. She had a dirtier face than some of the others; and her mother, or her aunt, or whoever was with her, seemed shy about coming to the front. I liked the way she grabbed the cup

"Did you?" said the donor of the trophy indifferently. "I didn't notice. My head was splitting, and they all looked alike to me. By the way, Cuthbert, did it strike you that something had gone wrong just at the end? Wasn't there a pause before the people clapped? Perhaps that child's mother wasn't respectable. Henry will be so vexed if we made a mistake."

"I shouldn't worry," advised her brother; "we made the thing go, and he ought to be jolly grateful.

They parted in the hall, and Cuthbert went to his room to change for dinner. The door of the nursery was open and he glanced in as he passed. He had been abroad and it was some time since he had seen any of the little Harbottles.

A small child, whose face might have been cleaner, was seated on the floor, nursing a kitten. By her side was a silver cup. The nurse came in from an adjoining room.

"Get up at once and say how do you do to your uncle," she commanded. "Yes, this is Miss Rosemary. A naughty girl, giving us all the slip, and breaking open her money-box to spend the pennies on the roundabout." She lowered her voice confidentially. "And between you that if Sir Henry was not returned | and me, Sir, Sir Henry is a hasty gentle- | Paris.

man, and he won't be best pleased when he learns that her ladyship has given the prize to one of her own."

"Won't he?" said Cuthbert feebly. "Silly old mug!" chanted his niece. But whether she referred to the silver cup or to one-or more-of her relations it is impossible to say.

"THE TWELFTH" (Plus one, 1923).

[The Spirit of the Highlands speaks to the sportsman.

Now I make you free of all my treasure, All my old delights—

A country robed and ready for your pleasure,

Clear days and mist-clad nights: But will you see these sights?

Or will you see no further than your loader-

Him and the next-door butt? Carn Odbar,

Up by Glencruim Hut, Will your eyes be shut?

Shut to all the pictures I have painted, Painted all for you-

Loch and burn, the solemn hills and sainted,

Sunset, morning dew? . . . Won't you see these too?

Spare my fairyland an hour of dreaming-

Glen and purple hill,

Corrie, crag and scree, the white mist streaming;

Taking your fill,

Forget, forget that you came here to

Yours the profit; from my secret phial (Mine and only mine)

You may drink, if you will make a trial, Sorrow's anodyne,

Happiness and peace of mind, like wine.

And if amid the solace I have found you You lose a shot or two,

Or haply when-for once-you're looking round you

One driven bird gets through— Need we make a terrible ado?

<u>н</u> н. в.

"WANTED.

Two Furnished Rooms by Naval Couple with baby (permanent)."-Provincial Paper. Another example of the boy (or girl) who never grew up.

"The Church rejoices in the fact that alone in all the capitals of Europe the Lord Mayor of London, whatever be his religion, invites the Bishops to dinner."—Ecclesiastical Paper. Now that this singularity has been pointed out perhaps his Lordship will, for a change, invite them to dine in



(Small Girl finishes her strawberries-and-cream by licking the plate.)

Mother. "Marjorie! What manners! Who ever have you seen doing that?"

Marjorie. "Dogs."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I can never callously dismiss the young attaché who spends his own and his Sovereign's time courting the only daughter of a noble foreign house; but I should not call Noel Ellington, who fulfils this rôle in The Foolish Virgin (LANE), an unexceptionable specimen of his class. To begin with, he is more wooed than wooing, which does not become a young gentleman. Secondly, being accredited to Republican Lisbon, he causes considerable heartburning by his pursuit of the heiress of a Monarchist family. But his attentions to Melita pale into insignificance beside the pestering he himself endures from the mysterious writer of love-letters whose disposition is all too faintly indicated by the book's title. Then, for a hero of romance, he is too frivolous and too precise: too frivolous when he accedes to the anonymous one's first overtures; too precise when he allows her crescendo of passion to bring him to the verge of a reluctant marriage. Mr. George Vane (Visconde DE SARMENTO) assures me that her letters are translations of genuine French originals, and I am very willing to believe that they are not wholly his own invention. But I doubt if the story is benefited by their inclusion; more especially as the type of character to which he rightly attributes them is (perhaps luckily) well outside his creative range. The book's Portuguese setting—Noel's rooms and the old Palacio Assumar—is conveyed with marked felicity.

The English reader who gets his ideas of Chicago from the daily papers will probably conclude that The Breath of Scandal (Arnold) has got to be a pretty stiff blow if it is to make the windy city sit up and take notice. Mr. Edwin despite all official opposition, its distinctive naval character.

Balmer however knows his own people. Mr. Hale, the successful business man, who is also a kind father and considerate husband, but keeps a spare wife (morganatic) in a less fashionable but still quite respectable neighbourhood, simply because Mrs. Hale has no time for him, is a true American type. Mrs. Hale, the middle-aged leader of fashion, always engaged in social activities, either in Europe or at home, but heavily incapable of holding her husband's affections, is also a type. She allows him to provide the money and take what pride he can in her ponderous successes. In Chicago such men married to such wives generally have morganatic wives elsewhere. Everybody knows about it except the Society wife; but it must never get into the papers. It is a rule of the game that if the Society wife finds out about the morganatic wife she has to bring a divorce action; the thing is then in the papers, and the hardware company of which he is the live-wire manager has to dispense with his services. If Mr. Hale does not get fired after a former husband of the morganatic wife has shot him (having failed to extract the usual blackmail), it is because the lawyer keeps the thing from getting to the Society wife's ears. There are other living people in The Breath of Scandal, and plenty of action and no dull chapters.

In The Royal Naval Division (HUTCHINSON) Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD has written a chronicle which should surely become a classic. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, to whose initiative as First Lord of the Admiralty the creation of the Royal Naval Division was largely due, contributes, by way of preface, an interesting and a thoroughly well-deserved eulogy of its achievements. Throughout the War, although the Naval Division served continuously with the Army, it retained, despite all official opposition, its distinctive naval character.

Its origin was the Advanced Base Force of the Royal Marines, already existing when war was declared. Then the Admiralty decided to strengthen their only land force with Naval reservists, and to make it into an Infantry Division, with headquarters at the Crystal Palace. The great greenhouse of Paxton became a man-of-war. Men of every condition of life thronged there, and thence to the camp at Blandford; and thence, as Mr. Churchill writes, "'from Dunkirk to Belgrade,' from Antwerp to Gallipoli, from the Somme and Ancre in 1916 to the Drocourt-Queant switch in 1918, through every bloody battle and in the brunt of it they marched and suffered." It is indeed most brunt of it they marched and suffered." It is indeed most unfortunate that in the public mind the gallant R.N.D. should be so generally associated with the Antwerp failure, which was no fault of the Division. Mr. JERROLD's vivid sympathetic narrative of its years of superb service sets it in its right place, which is second to none.

"Advertising," says a friend of Elmslie, the narrator of the rather tedious and quite unlikely story of The Hoarding (Hodder and Stoughton), is now a profession," and, being | many knights-errant of the last half-century. That ideal

such, "must now be supposed to have itshuman, even its spiritual side—and its stories." Which if it means anything ought to mean that there is no human or spiritual side to a trade or "occupation"; and this is typical of many pseudo-profundities in a book that, as we reviewers say, scarcely sustains the reputation of its author (Mr. John OWEN). As a fact it goes as near to being a thoroughly bad novel as is decent. The hero, Boxrider, an advertising agent himself, is a tolerable and tolerably

well-drawn fellow, but he gives no sort of sign of being | changeful as modern science can make them. Wherever optimism that it "would double their turnover," is a fied his essential outlook on the road. colourless being; which, however, does not prevent every male in the story falling deeply in love with her in the first moments of the first interview. Coleton, a literary man, and Netta, the girl-artist's stable companion, seem to me as unplausible as any characters I have met in fiction. There is much talk of Art, but little understanding of it, while in general it may be said that neither the defence of the real services of advertising nor the indictment of its manifest errors is adequately done. Dramatists and novelists don't seem to have much luck with advertising men. It would be helpful to remember that, while some of them may be mountebanks, they are not all congenital idiots.

In The Rolling Road (HUTCHINSON) Mr. BOYD CABLE is at the top of his form. Of these seventeen stories, all salt with the right sea-tang, I commend in particular, "Eat or be Eaten," with its picture of primitive instincts and its unexpected climax, and "A Contest of Wits," which reminds me of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Or, if you ask to be thrilled, I select for you "The Last Minute" and "The Slayer of Seven." For myself I got most pleasure out of "Tramps,"

which does not pretend to offer any excitement, but shows Mr. Cable as one who understands his fellow-men and can write of them with a very human sympathy. But throughout the book he is always supremely master of his subject; and I can say with great confidence that his Rolling Road is well worth travelling.

The simple statement that Major-General Sir George Younghusband's latest literary essay is entitled Forty Years a Soldier (Jenkins) very nearly constitutes a review of his book, since it shows that it belongs to a class of literature, now becoming pretty familiar, in which the main features do not greatly vary. His volume of memoirs is not indeed a particularly good specimen of its group, being all too apt to say least where most would be welcome, and being affected at times too with a certain "breeziness" that becomes irritating; still it does show how one of a famous fighting family has travelled, with his life but lightly held, for many years and in many lands, all for the sake of that wholesome ideal of empire that has inspired so

has sent him wandering alone through the forests of Burmah, has exposed him to dervish spears in the Eastern Sudan, has set him chasing Boer commandoes on the high veld, or has stranded him shivering on the banks of the Tigris. Most of all it has compelled him to watch the mountain frontiers of India with his beloved regiment of Guides. During the long period of his service he has seen the British army learn through hard-won experience to adapt itself



Old Lady (paying her first visit to a racecourse). "AH! AN ARTIST AT WORK ON HIS EASEL. WHAT A STRIKING COSTUME HE IS WEARING!"

to modes of fighting as the paragon his creator wishes him to appear. The girl- he has gone he has found good sport and infinitely good artist who painted the picture bought by Boxrider for friends by the way, and, though he has passed from Kingfords, the cocoa people, who said with incredible subaltern to General, he has not in the least degree modi-

> The Astonishing Adventure of Jane Smith (Melrose) should easily live down its cumbersome title. Many adventures fell to the lot of Jane, some of them extremely astonishing; but Miss Patricia Wentworth is so excellently equipped for this kind of craft that she had no difficulty in making me believe in the least credible of her inventions. No heroine ever had a greater facility than Jane for getting into and out of tight places; and I admit that I was dead to the world while reading the tale of her experiences. But Miss Wentworth is something more than an expert in the art of the shocker. She has a nice sense of fun and a natural gift for light dialogue.

At a Guardians' meeting:-

book."-Local Paper.

We are rather glad the reporter did not take the hint.

[&]quot;Mr. — said if they were not the responsible authority then they were a trio of Aunt Sallies to be stuck up by the Board and knocked down by the shuttlecock of officialdom.

Mr. ——: Don't you think it desirable for the reporter to close his

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no confirmation of the rumour that Carmelite House has suggested that the well-known anthem should be altered to "Britannia Waives the Ruhr."

Mr. P. M. Ryves, the astronomer, reports to The Daily Mail that he has been watching the planet Mars for twelve months. Then he has been too busy to raise his hat to France.

More than ninety thousand persons travelled from London to Southend-on-Sea on Bank Holiday Monday. Quite a number of other persons preferred a day at the seaside.

The German mark has fallen so low that it is hardly possible to lunch in that a man has a legal right to rule the the statement that house flies are less

Berlin without the assistance of a chartered accountant.

The antics of a school of porpoises in the Thames off Westminster have attracted attention. A rumour got about that they were the ex-suspended Labour M.P.'s enjoying the Recess.

Pola Negri has written to Charlie Chaplin breaking off their engagement. It is said that ČHARLIE Wasstaggered, and received the news in three reels.

"As usual the first week in August has been marked by a lack of excitement," remarks a contemporary writer. This slur on the number of flower-shows held in rural districts is in shocking taste.

There was an unprecedented rush of weddings during the Bank Holiday, according to a news item. We Britishers still take our pleasures sadly.

A telescope which makes anything within its range appear two hundred times larger is installed on the beach at a South Coast resort. Many local landladies are said to be making use of it when issuing their daily meat rations.

Mr. Andrew Volstead, the author of the Prohibition law in America, is expected in London this month. The excitement caused by the news was so profound that you could have heard a cork pop.

been abandoned by his Ford.

So many London medical men are now on holiday that quite a number of hypochondriacs are in consequence enjoying a well-earned rest.

Mr. Edward Bok, who is offering a money prize for the best plan to avoid war, seems to have overlooked the fact that we still have the Ten Commandments.

There is no Ku Klux Klan in Britain, we are informed. That may be so, but we still have a number of very desperate characters who play bowls.

A jury in Yonkers, U.S.A., has decided

"MUMMIE, WILL YOU ASK THAT GENTLEMAN TO GET UP? I DON'T QUITE LIKE TO.

"Why do you want him to get up, dear?"

"Well, you see, he's sitting on my jelly-fish."

home. The general impression is that | it is a good idea if some man would only try the experiment.

Viscount Curzon has stated that he does not like travelling fast in a motorcar. In that case the manner in which the streets whizz past his car must be very annoying.

A propos of the fact that a leopard is now appearing in a London play, we understand that Mr. Cochran is of the opinion that the idea is a good one if a front cloth scene could be arranged so that the leopard could lunch off some of the tougher critics.

Mr. J. Spencer, of Eastbourne, has fished from the pier every day for six hours for the last eighteen years. It is said that if he does not get a bite soon he will try another spot.

We have just heard of an angler in the last chronic stages who, while a Christmas-card from a bookmaker.

A man found lying in a hedge last explaining the size of a fish he caught, week near Chertsey is thought to have had to get out of the railway-carriage to do it.

> "Money goes, never to return, before one realises it is in one's possession," laments. "Housewife" in a daily paper. We understand however that a serious attempt is to be made by the Taxpayers' Guild to cross treasury notes with homing-pigeons. * *

> A laundry machine just perfected is capable of washing three hundred garments at once. One of our most cherished ambitions is to see the laundry machine that takes dress-shirts and turns them out again as pocket-handkerchiefs.

A Medical Officer of Health disputes

numerousthisyearthan last. The only safe test is to count them.

Mr. EDOUARD BELIM promises the world that he will shortly produce a telephone which will present an image of the person speaking. It is a terrifying prospect for exchange operators when dealing with short-tempered subscribers who have been stung by a swarm of wrong numbers.

Fifty husbands are reported to have lost their wives at whist

drives in one night in New York. This is believed to be a subtle attempt to popularise whist drives in America.

* * Many pedestrians in Surrey complain of trippers who throw empty bottles from their charabancs. The more festive motor-coach travellers assert that these people have no sense of humour.

A cricket-match was played the other day between two teams of dairymen. It is whispered that both sides were suspected of watering the pitch.

Those who read the newspapers carefully cannot have failed to note that an American has swum the Channel. No doubt he had his own good reasons for choosing this method of crossing.

Professor VERNON BARTLET, in The Times, has described betting as an antisocial method of getting money for nothing. Evidently he has never received

THE FRUSTRATED FEUILLETON.

A SHORT while ago there appeared in The Daily Distress an enthralling feuilleton of Society life entitled "The Dreadful Indiscretions of the Duchess." All the characters were either aristocrats of the deepest blue dye, or else millionaires; and there were so many of them that they had to publish a special "Who's Who" of them in each number that took up three-quarters of the space. The thing had all the necessary attributes of popularity, yet suddenly it went off with a flat "pop" and reached a hurried end.

This was not because the proprietors of the paper had received complaints from the Lunacy Commissioners of the sudden overcrowding in the asylums, or anything like that. The real reason

was quite different.

The author of the tale was Augustus Tompkins, and he and Mrs. Tompkins had procured a cook. Never mind how; that is another story, and it reeks with

bribery and corruption.

Now the cook was not a good cook. She could take an ordinary cabbage and serve it up like parboiled oilcloth, and, when gently remonstrated with, she could do it again. She could take the finest potato in the world and convert it in twenty minutes into something looking and tasting like carbolic soap. By some devilish artistry she could send up an expensive joint burnt in parts to a cinder, yet in other parts absolutely raw. But for all her faults she was a cook.

Tompkins's digestion disappeared, but he consoled himself with the fact that he now enjoyed the same advantages as Thomas Carlyle; and he fancied that at times a vein of sardonic

genius appeared in his work.

All cooks suffer from the Wanderlust and after a month or two begin to yearn for fresh ranges and kitchens new; and presently this one did. The Tompkinses, looking back with a shudder on their cookless days, lulled her into inactivity. They shifted their best sofa from the drawing-room into the kitchen; they chopped up the kitchen his pocket he gulped down half of its condresser and installed in its place a bookcase loaded with the latest fiction. Tompkins even broke the Masonic rules of his craft and told her what was going to happen to the characters in his story weeks before it happened.

Still cook was discontented. Then Tompkins got a brilliant idea. He introduced into the kitchen a wireless receiver, complete with valves and

amplifier.

The effect on the cooking was to render it, if possible, even worse than before. Pastry kneaded to the strains cook.

of a fox-trot is apt to be lumpy, owing to the syncopated action of the rollingpin. The eggs were generally hard because cook insisted on endeavouring to synchronise her time with that of Greenwich, and occasionally atmospherics would intervene and delude her into the idea that it was still five minutes to, when it was actually five minutes past.

Tompkins grew more dyspeptic, and his pen more and more sarcastic. Still he struggled on gamely, although the incessant turmoil that emanated from the wireless distracted him. He mixed up his plot. He tried to get over it by introducing more and more aristocrats and millionaires, thus putting off the evil day when he would have to insert the inevitable couple of explanatory paragraphs telling the reader what it was all about; but, as the reader will have anticipated, it was of no use.

Eventually he decided that he would have to see cook about it. Of course it was possible-nay, even probablethat she would resent it and leave. But perhaps he might tactfully suggest a close season, say an hour a day, during which he might work. Turning this He that hath made of his life a load over in his mind he went out across the

common for a walk.

When he came back Mrs. Tompkins said to him in a flat voice of doom, "Cook's given notice."

"Great Heavens!" he said. "Why?"

"Because," said Mrs. Tompkins, "she says that the everlasting clicking of your typewriter interferes with her wireless. She refuses to be put upon any longer, and she's going.

Well, under the circumstances, what could Tompkins do? Either the serial

or the cook-one must go.

That is why the next, and last, instalment of the serial appeared somehow thus: "Drawing a revolver from his pocket, Harold Fortescue blew out the brains of Mona-Renfrew, those of her mother, her father, the pet Peke, the cockatoo, and finally his own. At this Gideon Holmes crawled out from under the sofa, where he had been hiding. Extracting a bottle of prussic acid from tents and handed it to his accomplice, the Duchess, who drained the rest. Meanwhile the newsboys were shouting the news of a fearful railway disaster, in which no fewer than sixteen millionaires had perished. [Note.—Any character in this serial who has been inadvertently overlooked in this holocaust will be finished off free of charge by an influenza epidemic next week, on a complaint being forwarded to the Editor.]"

And the Tompkinses still have their

LITTLE RIVERS.

I in my time have fashioned a rhyme On Forth and Tay and Tweed; Now will I choose for a homelier Muse A lowlier lonelier breed;

Leaving the rivers of poets' dreams That the years have honoured and known,

Let a song be sung of the little streams That honour has left alone.

 ${
m L}$ ət a song be sung of Gelder and Gairn, Callater, Clunie and Shee; Of Isla springing from Glashna Cairn, Of Gady at Bennachie;

Of Urie's Bass and the crags of Tarf, Of Bogie, Buchat and Dye;

Of Dullan and Fiddich, Livet and Garff-

Sing on, sing on, say.I.

Who knows their ways and who will

Their flashing water and fleet?— He that hath trod with a roving rod In valleys of turf and peat; He that hath strayed from the beater

To solace himself afield; And of solitude a shield.

Let a song be sung of the birks of Tilt And the shadowy firs of Aan; Sing me of Truim and Garry a lilt, A rouse for Bruar and Bran; Sing me of Divie leaping apace From the long Relugas ridge, Of Nethy and Druie that ripple and race, And the thunder of Dulnan's Bridge.

Sing me again the forsaken glen And the little streams that run Merry and gay their sparkling day, Though the day be swiftly done; Little they are, but fond and loyal, And, though fame may pass them by, What would become of the rivers royal If the little streams went dry?

Let songs be sung of Monessie Lynn, Affric and Allt-na-Bo; A song of Torridon, Naver and Shin, Halladale, Glass and Coe; Forget nct Dochart, remember Roy, Falloch, Fintaig and Fyne; Let the lave be left for another's joy, But the little streams are mine.

"Ten Years ago began the Great War, DINNA FORGET."—Jersey Paper. In spite of this exhortation, Mr. Punch still makes it nine.

H. B.

Beneath a picture:---

"The earliest form of sport with the rifleduck shooting—began on Tuesday." Scots Paper.

But, surely, shooting ducks with a rifle must be the latest form of sport.



THE EXCHANGE ASYLUM.

ROUBLE. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

MARK. "MARK."

ROUBLE. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

MARK. "FALLING."

ROUBLE. "WHAT'S YOUR FACE VALUE?"

MARK. "A SHILLING."

ROUBLE. "WHAT ARE YOU WORTH NOW?" MARK. "TWENTY MILLION TO THE POUND."

ROUBLE. "COME INSIDE."

Franc (nervously). "I'M NOT FEELING TOO SANE MYSELF."



Farmer (from whom we have just asked permission to rest our c wavan for the night). "Jim, are all them fowls shut up?"

THE NEXT LEAGUE.

Though not much in favour of societies and organisations I am bound to admit that there is room for one more; and if I were a silver-tongued orator I should like to be its apostle. I have thought this for a long while, and I always think it again after a Bank Holiday. Last week I thought it most poignantly as I walked across Hampstead Heath and Parliament Hill Fields three days after the carnival of the 6th—St. Lubbock at his finest. .

The Boy Scouts are splendid in their way. They are drilled into discipline; they early acquire a sense of responsibility; they learn to use their eyes and their powers of deduction. And to do a good deed every day cannot but be beneficial both to themselves and to us, although I personally have never been an object of their ministrations. Nor have I ever met anyone who has. A census of persons whom Boy Scouts that the Society for the Prevention of have been humane to, with the record of the benefit conferred, would make interesting reading.

efficient body, very nicely dressed, who | and also because I was once a provincial also do excellent work. I watched a Vice-President-just in time, too, for body of them in Gloucestershire last | the day after I had accepted this honour

I was their age our fires had to be surreptitiously built and ignited; no one urged us to do anything so dangerous or exciting. But now all is changed, and tender infants of both sexes are encouraged to be Red Indians. The Girl Guides, I believe, also perform a good deed every day; and here again I am out in the cold. No dark-blue Amazonettes have ever done anything for me.

But I don't want them to. My own needs don't matter. I would stand aside from any kindness that either Boy Scouts or Girl Guides might design for me rather than that a certain good deed which now awaits them should be neglected-a good deed crying to Heaven to be performed—a most imperative, peremptory good deed.

Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, as I have said, are fine little fellows, filling a new place in the world very sportingly and capably. And I have no doubt Cruelty to Animals does admirable work. I ought to say that I know it does, because I have seen all those terrible The Girl Guides are a smiling and exhibits in the Jermyn Street window,

rose, for a cock-fight; and of course I had to say "No."

And the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children does admirable work, judging by those terrible photographs in the Leicester Square window. And the Blue Ribbon Army, if it still exists, does admirable work; but it is long since I saw a blue ribbon on a lapel. And the Salvation Army does admirable work; and the League of Nations is going to; and all the other countless ameliorative organisations I am sure are splendid.

But there is still a League to foundnot exactly a League of Mercy, but a League of Decency, of Orderliness, of Decorum. A League of Public Comeliness. And if I were a silver-tongued orator, with time and money, I should stump the country trying to win recruits. Grown-up people might come and listen to me if they liked, but I should expect very little from them, because they have already been tried and have failed. They know their duty but they have been too lazy or careless to do it. It is the young that I should endeavour to enlist, and they could

hardly be too young.
"Children," I should say, "I have come to invite you to make the easiest Spring being taught how to make I had a letter from an old friend asking promise that anyone was ever asked. camp-fires; and I envied them. When if I would lend him a barn, under the It means no self-sacrifice whatever, no

strength of mind, no trouble; it is just to perform a simple deed that will quickly become automatic; and if each of you makes the promise and keeps it for the rest of your life you will be doing Old England an almost inestimable service, and you will be beamed upon by Heaven. This is it; no more than this—I want you to promise that whenever you take a paper-bag into the country you will bring it back. For of all the disfiguring things among trees and grass and flowers there is none to compare with paper. And I want you to promise also that, if you see any scraps left by other people blowing about among the greenery, you will pick them up. Now, hands up to show that you will do this absurdly easy thing!'

And surely all the hands would go up. And if this were asked of every child in every school in England—not by a travelling orator but by the masters and mistresses—we should have a debonair England again, and August Bank Holidays would not degrade Hampstead Heath and Parliament Hill Fields into rubbish heaps, as they were

last Thursday.

Nor are the London parks and open spaces all. What of the other resorts? What of Burnham Beeches and Epping Forest? What of Box Hill and Leith Hill? What of Banstead Downs and Reigate Heath? What of the great parks such as Arundel and Petworth? All, I will wager, were transformed by waste-paper and refuse into wildernesses on St. Lubbock's Day—and St. Lubbock was a naturalist and lover of the countryside: which makes it worse. The present generation of grown-ups, as I have said, are hopeless; but a new race of little gentlemen and ladies might so easily be trained.

And the good deeds awaiting the attention of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides? Merely to walk up to Hampstead and Highgate and pick up the paper. I should consider it a deed good enough to pass if each of these young bloods picked up but one scrap; but each might easily pick up fifty.

"God made the country," says the old adage, "and man made the town." God made the country, yes; but who marred it?

E. V. L.

Commercial Candour.

A confectioner's advertisement:—
"IF IT'S SWEETS, TRY US.
The Best is none too Good."

From an Indian storekeeper's catalogue:—

- "GREAT HIGHLAND OR MILITARY BAGPIPES.
 (Played into the Regimental Popularity.)
 A reliable Weapon at popular Price."
- "Weapon" is the word.



She (breaking long silence). "If you've thought of anythin' amusin' to say yet, lef's 'ear it."

If the true wonders' if you're the yer tea. 'Cos if the tipe's comin' in

 \dot{H}_{ℓ} . "I was wonderin" if you'd like yer tea. 'Cos, if the tide 's comin' in, I dunno where you'll get it."

From an article on "Stings and their Cure":—

"For goat stings liquid ammonia or vinegar write charcoal in big letters down on her." Provincial Paper.

Persons who find this prescription a little cryptic may be comforted by the reflection that a goat-sting is rarely fatal, though all butt.

"Professor Stewart Macalister also recalled that Josephus states that Simon MacCabacus demolished the Akra, which was a sort of citadel overtopping the temple."

New Zealand Paper.
We like to see one Scotsman recalling the exploits of another. SIMON was doubtless an ancestor of the Jordan Highlanders who did such fine service in the late War.

THE "TRYPHENA'S" EXTRA HAND.

A SHELLBACK YARN.

[The legend of the "Extra Hand" is well known to the older type of segman

In the clipper-ship *Tryphena*, swinging nor ard from the Line With the Trade-wind blowing steady and her flying kites ashine,

Five-and-sixty days from Anjer with her freight of Foochow

There a sailorman lay dying, and the words he spoke were these:—

"Many a year I've knowed this packet, and I've got to like her well,

And I've not much hopes of heaven and I've not much use for hell;

But if so be as they'll let me, by the great hook-block I swear When the old Tryphena wants me, dead as living I'll be there.

"There'll be one more at the halyards, there'll be one more on the yard

Fisting down them thundering courses when they 're frosted good and hard,

One more tallying on the forebrace when the waist's neckdeep in foam,

One more hand to sweat the royals up and sheet the tops'ls home. . . ."

So, just off the Western Islands, when he smelt the land he died,

And they laid aback the mainyard and they dropped him overside:

Then they squared away for England, pullyhauling with a will—

But, for all they thought they'd left him, he was there aboard her still.

And the chaps as was his shipmates went the way as all chaps go.

And the folks as was her owners sold the old ship long ago; But whoever owned or sold her, and whoever went or came, The *Tryphena's* Extra Hand he sailed aboard her just the same.

He never signed no Articles, he never drawed no pay, He never scoffed no grub, but he was there by night and day; And you'd never know his coming, nor you'd never see him go.

But you'd find him somewheres handy and it coming on to blow.

And he'd stand by wheel and lookout, and you'd kind o' feel him near.

For you'd see him and not see him, and you'd hear him and not hear;

And the funny thing about it was you somehow couldn't swear—

Though you knowed it sure as shooting that the Extra Hand was there.

And in port, when all the chaps had gone ashore to take their ease,

And left the ship as Ionely and as quiet as you please, Not a blessed soul aboard her but the galley-cat and you, Then you'd hear a sort o' something—more than once I've heard it too—

Like a feller up aloft there, pottering round among the gear, Seizing there another ratline, putting on a mousing here, And humming old tunes over such as shellbacks used to

In the good old China tea trade, many and many a year ago. . . C. F. S.

THE STAGE AUTHOR.

It is pleasant to notice the highly satisfactory pecuniary results which nowadays attend the stage literary profession. The modern stage author appears usually to be either very successful or just on the point of becoming very successful. He does not have to wrestle with poverty nearly so much as did his serio-comic predecessors. On the contrary he invariably has a comfortable study, a faithful housekeeper and a set of golf-clubs. In addition to which he is often quite an important dramatic personage. He can scarcely help getting on. The stage publisher must be a nice man.

The faithful housekeeper is a great boon to the stage author, as the latter is generally a middle-aged bachelor. Occasionally he may have a wife whom he does not understand, but it is more likely that he will have no wife to understand; not in the first Act, anyway. For, despite the brilliance and popularity of his novels, the big boyish fellow does not know everything. He does not know much about love; not more than enough, that is, than enables him to be epigrammatic about it. And because he is so big and boyish and handsome (you rarely see a dried-up undersized novelist on the stage), women in general take to him in a motherly sort of way, though, despite his epigrams, he is rather afraid of them. A few of the more self-sacrificing ones are even ready to marry him for the sake of taking care of his royalties for him; but he cannot work up any tumultuous passion even for them.

Then his lady typist steps in and takes him in hand. The stage literary amanuensis has to be a fairly bright girl. Unlike her real-life sister far more is required of her than mere technical competence. Not the least part of her job is to show authors what is lacking in their lives and in their work, and to teach them what true love is, even at the cost of marrying them herself. And it says a good deal for the efficiency of the stage secretarial training colleges that these conscientious girls rarely fail to do their work

well and marry their employers.

Needless to say the stage author puts up a stiff fight, but the girl is too much for him. The poor fellow is badly handicapped in the first place by the fact that on the stage it is practically impossible to engage an unattractive and inefficient lady secretary. Failing that, he tries hard to make himself thoroughly objectionable; but his pose as an unrelenting misogynist would not impress a simple village maiden, and the girl loves him all the more for it. So he has to give in and fold her in his arms. After that, presumably, he becomes more successful than ever.

There can be no doubt that, on the stage, literary success is a very beautiful and mysterious thing, inasmuch as one rarely sees the stage author doing any really solid work. Still, from his conversation (and he talks a good deal) you gather that he has just left off, or is just about to begin, so it is quite obvious that he is a fairly busy man. One sometimes hears him dictating for almost five minutes without being interrupted. The working day of a stage author is full of interruptions. But that does not prevent his being successful. His charming and determined secretary and his genial publisher are dead certain to pull him through.

The Vatican.

"POPE'S DRESS BAN.

No Women with Bare Arms Admitted."

Daily Paper.

If arms and neck are in unsuited gear, All Pope abandon, ye who enter here.

From a school-girl's examination paper:—

Q. What is a monsoon?

A. A French gentleman.

SOCIETY BY THE SEA.

(By our Social Correspondent.)



"OF COURSE ALL THE REALLY IMPORTANT PEOPLE ARE DOWN AT SEAVILLE.



"I SAW LADY DARLING IN A FASHIONABLE HAT AND LINEN GOWN.



"SKIRTS WERE ON THE SHORT SIDE—



'WHILE SOME CREATIONS COULD ALNOST BE DESCRIBED AS NÉG-LIGÉ.



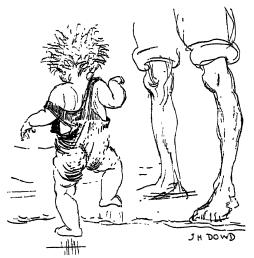
"THE CLOSE-FIT-TING JUMPER STILL HAS IIS DEVOTEES.



"I SAW LORD WINKY-DINKY, WHO, AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, RECENTLY INHERITED A SILVER SPOON—



"AND PRINCESS DUCKY WAS THERE TAKING THE WATERS IN APPLE-GREEN AND PINK WITH A PANIER EFFECT—



"ALSO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF BINKS COLONY, WHO BROUGHT HIS FATHER."

THE THIRD BATHE.

I shall bathe again. I do not care what they say. Nothing shall stop me. I shall bathe again. I shall proceed down the shore gently flapping my gown, and wallow and float and swim under a blue sky in water which is unruffled, glittering with sunshine, and not cold but cool. In water also which is just conveniently deep. I shall not have very long to live afterwards, I suppose, if all they tell me is true, and I should like to take the opportunity of saying farewell to anyone who may happen to read this article. About to bathe, I salute him. He may have my white mouse and the bound volume of Chatterbox. In a very few moments now

compels me to leave my home during the month of August, and the place to which I am to be taken has after long argument been decided.

I always ask first, "Is

there sea there?"

Some people regard the sea historically, commercially or poetically. I prefer to look at it as one of the triumphs of municipal progress, like paving or gas. If I am told that there is sea there, I say, "How splendid! Then we shall be able to bathe."

But why I say "How splendid!" I really do not know, for nothing can be more unsatisfac-

tory than the state of British bathing at the present time. Nearly all the savageries of nature and the restrictive regulations of mankind have been enlisted to make it so. Only philosophy, a philosophy that does not fear death, a philosophy like mine, can conquer them.

Theoretically the number of days on which it is possible to bathe off the British coast is three hundred and sixty-five. At no period of the year is any portion of the British coast ice-bound or dangerously infested with sharks. Practically, however, the number of days is about twenty-three. Obviously it becomes a matter of the flimsiest chance whether any of those twenty-three days coincide with any of the days on which the Briton has dealings with the sea.

But the trouble is not ended here.

There is a very detestable type of man who insists on bathing in the early

horses upon it. It is in a kind of condition when it wants breasting. You find that it is even worse than it looks, and tastes worse still. Without professing to be a gourmet, I may say that I have rolled round my tongue a fairly considerable number of brands of the British sea. There is the light and heady Atlantic; the glutinous yet stimulating tipple of Scarborough and Skegness; but for real body commend me to the littleknown chalk vintage of Rottingdean. There is a strong gritty flavour about the Whenever the force of circumstances kind here. . . . But I digress.



Student of Detective Novels. "Double fare if you reach Rumbleton in TWENTY MINUTES."

Driver of Fly. "Wot do yer mean by 'double fare'? Double the LEGAL FARE, OR DOUBLE WOT I WAS GOIN' TO ASK YER?"

> When one has tasted and breasted rose up sharply like the end of a bath. for five minutes of deep suffering, one gets out and returns. There may be those—in fact I feel sure there are those -whose characters are fortified by sorrow. They are the people for whose sake bathing before breakfast in the sea was given to us. They come purged, as it were, out of great tribulation and find that life has a newer and fuller meaning for them. They are more tolerant and kindly towards their fellowa chill on the liver. Always after an experience like this I decide that the time for bathing, so far as I am con-cerned, is not before breakfast; and those who have breakfast with me invariably agree.

I have bathed before breakfast to-

The obvious time for bathing is much later, when the universe has become a morning before breakfast. He suborns little warmer and the chill more or less

accomplices, and one goes out to find the | has been taken off the sea. I say more sea grey, ruffled and inhospitable, having or less because the sea has never really obviously passed a bad night. It is been anything but chilly, ever. One agitated. It is heaving. There are white | should bathe, for example, about noon. But when you look out of the window you find that the sea has gone about half-way across to France or cannot fool about in it, you cannot about half-way across to France or wallow, you cannot float. Nothing but America, as the case may be. In my breasting will do. You get into it and case it was France. One cannot help looking a fool as one pursues a reluctant sea half-way to France at about eleventhirty in the forenoon merely in order to wet oneself all over without lying down. The white cliffs of Kent become a mere far-away glimmer. Anybody would suppose that one was going to settle the Ruhr problem off one's own bat. What I have never been able to discover is whether the fellows who swim the Channel are obliged to keep their feet off the ground all the way,

or whether that counts as a foul. In wading one thinks of many things of that sort in the intervals between the sharper pebbles. I suppose that will be Dieppe over there. . . .

I bathed at eleventhirty this morning.

When I returned to the British coast I found a man standing beside a boat. He was ruminating and seemed to be a man versed in the ways of the sea.

"I want you to tell me," I said to him, "what time to-day the sea will be just up to here?" And I indicated with myforefinger a spot where the beach

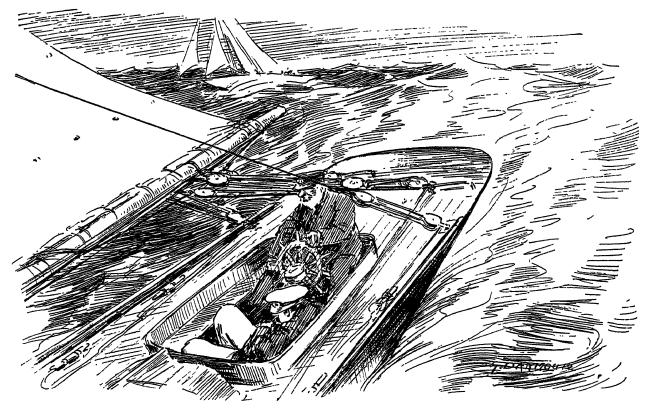
"It will be high tide," he began.
"I don't want to know anything about tides," I said to him gently. "I'm not a mariner. I'm not even a Younger Brother of Trinity House. I only want to know when the sea will be just up to here." And I indicated the required spot again.

"'Bout har-par-five," he said.

I went home and had a very large lunch. After that I went to sleep. men. I am not like that. I simply get | When I woke up I ate a very large tea. Then I looked out of the window, and sure enough the man was right. The sea had come right up to the deep end of the shore. In about half-an-hour there would be enough of it for a thorough bath. The surface of the water was calm and bright, the sky was radiantly blue.

I immediately announced my momentous decision.

"I shall bathe," I said, "again."



"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of earren ground."—The Tempest.

There was a febrile chorus of protest. "You can't possibly bathe again," they said. "You've bathed twice already."

"You can't possibly bathe now," they said. "You've just had a heavy meal."

"Hearty," I said, "not heavy."
"It's really very dangerous," said
my sister. "I heard of a man who bathed three times and got cramp and

"I heard of a man," I rejoined, "who refused to bathe more than once, and he was bitten by a jelly-fish that time, and caught scarlatina.'

"You'll be horribly tired when you come out," said my brother-in-law. "You'd much better wait till to-morrow and go in before breakfast."

"I'm going to bathe once before breakfast to-morrow," I said, "and I'm going to do it now.'

"Any doctor would forbid you," said my sister. "You'd much better bathe at mid-day to-morrow."

"Never at mid-day again," I said. "My French isn't good enough. I have a short article to write, and then I shall bathe."

EVOE. And bathe I shall.

"Paint will not scratch or peel off if kept in an air-tight can."—Weekly Paper.

This is a very good way too to prevent | Where a poor spurless loon would fall. money melting.

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS.

I.—THE SPURRIER.

WHEN ARTHUR reigned at Camelot Our chivalry began, And there the spurs were clapped all hot

On many a gentleman; Yea, it was merry fortune then For spurriers and for gentlemen!

When George against the Dragon flew With his victorious spear,

He used his knightly rowels two And made his charger rear; Some spurrier he had cause to thank When in the dust that Dragon sank.

Like some bold battle-cock he went, All plumed and spurred was he; And ever since knights are content

His followers to be, Knowing that knighthood has its part Both on the heels and in the heart.

The sword that gives the accolade Can never make the knight,

For he is never truly made Until his rowels bright Are gilt, and girt upon his heels With buckled thongs and pointed wheels.

The knight that bears a gallant mind And rides a gallant horse

Fareth like fire before the wind Resistless in its course, And lightly leaps across the wall

D. M. S.

of three.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Correct Bridge Club."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-May I ask you, as an expert authority on Auction Bridge, to tell me what action the Club ought to take towards players who are heard to remark fifteen times during the course of one evening's play, "Having no bananas, Partner"?

As the epidemic appears to be catching, your prompt attention would greatly oblige.

Yours faithfully, N. O. HAY, Hon. Secretary.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a short story:-

"Running across this nonsense was a whimsical travesty of the meaning of Tennyson's lines, 'Three fishers went sailing out into the West.'"——Mayazine.

"Two days of perfect August weather have already filled the countryside and all the beaches with the sea."—Daily Paper.

Strange that no other journal has reported this inundation.

"Great improvements have recently been made, as the result of experiment, in the Post Office telephone.

It is now impossible, on the new cables, to maintain a perfectly audible conversation over a distance of 3,000 miles."—Daily Paper. And not always easy over a distance

MACHEATH, M.P.

(Being a newly-discovered sequel to "The Beggar's Opera" and "Polly." It deals with the life of Captain and Mrs. Macheath on their return to London from the West Indies. From internal evidence we are inclined to think that it is not, as it purports to be, by John GAY, but the work of some imitator of a later period.)

Scene I .- MACHEATH'S HOME AT CHELSEA.

Macheath. Polly. Fitch.

Polly. Husband, why do you sigh? By your melancholy I suspect you have married another wife.

Macheath. Nay, Polly, you wrong me.

Air I .- The Spanish Shawl. When wind and water teases To shore the sailors come; Though any harbour pleases, The dearest port is home. Hi! Ho! Ahoy! The dearest port is home.

One kiss, Polly, and I am a man again.

Polly. What—only one? This is not the Macheath I have married so often.

Macheath. Polly, you are right; I am not the man I was. These weeks of virtue at home have corrupted my constitution. The air of Chelsea suffocates me. Besides, I am concerned for our expenses. Your routs and dances are well enough for a highwayman who has the means, but they are ruinous to a respectable man of no employment. What do you say, Fitch? Shall we take rum, Fitch. the road? or turn pirate again?

Polly. Ah, Macheath, you promised to stay respectable till Michaelmas. Macheath. So I will, Polly. It will

take time to get the gang together.

[Exit Polly. Fitch. There is one other profession which a gentleman may still pursue without losing his good name. You are become a little portly for the road, Captain, but you may yet be a Member of Parliament.

> Air II.—The Tinker's Wedding. Pirates must be young and lusty, Robbers grow infirm and rusty If too long their trade they ply. Statesmanship 's another story; Lawyers steal till they are hoary, Politicians till they die.

Enter Diana Trapes. Macheath. Why, who is this? Death if it is not Diana Trapes! Mrs. Trapes, your servant.

Trapes. Lady Diana Trapes, Captain, if it pleases you, for I have married a

lord and have a house.

Macheath. Such a misfortune has sent many a woman to the bad, but I dare of my history and connections?

swear that Diana Trapes is as charming and virtuous as ever.

Air III .- Cheapside.

High or humble, dark or fair, Wenches ever wenches were, Fal-de-riddle-fal-al-lay.

Trapes. Captain, I have come upon a matter of business concerning your future.

Macheath. You have brought me no more wives, I hope, for I am very content with my dear Polly, so long as no one shows me a better.

Trapes. No, Captain; this affair is serious. You must know that among the poorer people there is a certain illdisposed kind of creature that is in the habit of taking drams to an extraordinary pitch; and such is the effect upon them that the rich are no longer able to rely upon their industry and devotion as they should.

Macheath. This is strange, Lady Di. For when I have taken a dram I am

ready for anything.

Trapes. The poor too are capable of any wickedness to avoid work. And my husband's men so stupefy themselves with ale and spirits that it is as much as he can do to earn a living from their labours. A number of good citizens therefore have formed themselves into a company to put down this beastly traffic. We are called the No Rum Company, and I am the President.

Macheath. Well, Lady Di, this is a pretty topic for conversation, to be sure, and the very thought of what you mention has tickled my fancy. Bring fExit Fitch.

Trapes. Now, Captain, to come to a conclusion, it is necessary for the success of our designs that we should have in Parliament some well-disposed gentleman of known reputation to defend our cause; and since you came to anchor in Chelsea you have made such a name for piety and good behaviour that our choice has fallen on you.

Macheath. Lady Di, no man has more at heart than I the cause of temperance among the poor; but things have come to a pretty pass if my private life is to be interfered with.

[Fitch brings rum. Trapes. Have no fear, Captain. The rich will always be able to satisfy their moderate desires. Your health, Cap-She drinks.

Macheath. Your health, Lady Di. He drinks.

Trapes. But with you at Westminster we will soon stamp out the excesses of the people.

Macheath. Then I am your man. But, Lady Di, do you not think this cloak will sit strange upon a gentleman

Trapes. Why, no, Captain; your brand plucked from the burning is ever the handiest instrument to beat out a fire.

> Air IV.—Phyllis went to London. Dogs delight to bark and bite-Wangle-dangle-doo! When dog eats dog how sharp the fight! Wangle-dangle-doo!

Trapes. And now, Captain, if Mrs. Polly is not too handy, I will introduce you to an old friend, who will be overjoyed to hear of your readiness.

Enter JENNY DIVER.

Macheath. Jenny, the slut! (He kisses her.) But, Lady Di, I warned you. I will not be put to the expense of another

Trapes. Indeed, Sir, I am not likely to forget this squeamishness. But now that you are to become a statesman you will have employment for her, and plenty.

Macheath. What is this? Do Members of Parliament have more wives

than others?

Trapes. No, Sir; but you will require a secretary. And Jenny can write a letter or deceive a constituent as well as any wench in Sydenham.

Jenny. It is true, Sir. I have till late been secretary to a merchant that became a Knight, but I had the misfortune to take his watch while sitting on his knee.

Macheath. Ah, Jenny, you must cast off the old habits if you are to be employed by me; for if a man may not embrace his secretary without losing his watch, then family life will become impossible.

Jenny. It is cruel for a master to put temptation in the way of his servants. I hope, Captain, that you will not wear

a watch.

Macheath. Very well, Jenny. You are employed. But, Jenny, you know my beliefs. Is your heart in the cause?

Jenny. Indeed, Sir, I do think that rum is an invention of the Devil. I can take nothing but good wine-and brandy when I am tired.

> Air V .- Green Brocade. Every pleasure is a sin, Jill loves ginger, Jack loves gin, Please your taste whate'er it is, But save your sinful friend from his.

> > Enter Polly.

Macheath. Polly, my dear, here is your old friend, Jenny Diver, who has come to stay with us for a year or two.

Polly. You saucy julep! Out of my house!

> Air VI.—Hop-o'-my-Thumb. Polly. Baggage! Diver. Bully ! Polly. Jackal! Diver. Jade!

Polly. Oh, Macheath, send her away.



This is the anniversary of our second my gallantry. Kiss all babies, but wedding, and I would be alone with

Macheath. My dear, you misunderstand me. I am to go into Parliament, and Jenny is to be my secretary.

Polly. Your secretary? Oh, Macheath, what new wickedness is this?

Trapes. You had better make yourself used to the idea, Mrs. Polly, for when he is in Parliament he will want two, and by the time he is a Minister six will not suffice him.

Polly. Wretched Polly! from the very first you were fated to live in a crowd.

Macheath. But come, Polly, this is no time for repining. There is work to be done, and work for all. Jenny, dear, will you at once make ready some kind of plausible Address to win the hearts of my constituents? Good Fitch, acquaint the gang of my intentions, and bid them be ready for any devilry. As for you, Polly— Lady Di, for what constituency am I to sit?

Trapes. For Chelsea, Captain, where you have lived so long and honourably.

Macheath. Then, Polly, put on your black poplin and prepare to impress the | Dental Association . . ." Well, why women of Chelsea with your virtue and | not?

go delicately with the electors. And now, friends, fill and let us pledge a toast. (He drinks.) Down with rum! and may we never have too much Canary!

All. Down with rum! And long live our Honourable Member!

Traves. Down with rum—for the last They drink. time, Captain.

Air VII. - Where is Martin? Down with rum that rots our livers! Let the poor man tap the rivers; Rum's no drink of mine.

Down with rum, the people's ruin! Down with beer and down with brewin'— We'll make shift with wine!

[CURTAIN.] End of Scene I. A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"COAL, COKE AND ANTHRACITE .--Arthur begs to advise that he is now delivering Coal and Coke in quantities at very Special Prices. Now is the time to fill your cellars. Sand, Gravel, Ashes, Clinkers, &c., supplied."

Local Paper.

An evening paper referred recently to "the annual conference of the Bitish From a Trade Unionist speech:-

"The proportion of women who intended to remain in industry as long as they lived was steadily increasing each year, and more and more women were regarding marriage as a double job."—Local Paper.

Well, it certainly isn't a single one.

Notice appearing in the porch of an ancient parish church :-

"Anyone having relatives buried in this churchyard are asked to be so good as to keep them in order."

We were under the impression that spirits were now decontrolled.

"Several old coins, including a Queen Elizabeth shilling, dated 1531, have been found in excavations for laying cables in Maiden-lane." Daily Paper.

Very precocious of the Maiden Queen to get herself "featured" on her father's coinage two years before she was born.

"A writer's reputation is often a premature ghost that soars up between him and his audience, bothering and blurring their vision; and in Mr. Kipling's case this exasperating doppel-ganger has proved specially pobby and impervious and full of energy.

Literary Weekly.

We have not the faintest idea what the word may mean, but "pobby" pleases us.



"Lady." HOTEL LIFE IS SO INTIMATE, ONE SPEAKS TO PEOPLE THAT ONE WOULDN'T DREAM OF HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH IN ORDINARY LIFE."

Lady. "OH, WELL, I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY MIND MUCH."

SHOULD BATHERS BE PAID?

WITH all modesty I should like to point out that this is positively the first time in the history of journalism that the question has been asked. And what is more remarkable, especially at this season of the year, it will be definitely answered without the unremunerated assistance of our readers.

The answer is "Yes."

If there is any sense of justice left in this country, if the old pride of the Englishman that he is prepared to pay for his amusements remains, then the bathers round our coasts ought certainly to be in receipt of pecuniary reward.

The Pierrots are paid; the Punch-and-Judy man is paid; the Italian woman with the pair of love-birds is paid—everybody else who makes us laugh is paid, so why not the

bathers?

The portly gentleman with the stern eyes and the fierce moustache, who with arms folded walks with dignity down the strip of matting, and before he reaches the water's edge lets out an exotic oath, grips his right foot in both hands, and rotates, hopping, massaging the while the toe he has stubbed against a jutting rock—who would not put two-pence in the hat for him?

And the Lighthead sisters, with party, from the Foamview En Pension Boarding Establishment, who so skilfully present their clever imitations of some of the most striking photographic art displayed in the illustrated papers—are not these worthy of some return for the amusement they

give?

Should not some tangible recognition be made of the diversion caused by the lady who, having attired her Pomeranian, as well as herself, in unsuitable hathing dress, endeavours to teach the little dog how to swim without getting her wrist-watch wet?

A simple method of collecting the tribute of the public could surely be devised with the aid of the bathing-hut staff. I personally hope the day will soon come when it will be no uncommon thing for those who are sitting on the beach, convulsed with laughter, to be approached by a badged official and an offertory-box, who will ask, "Patronise the old gent in the stripes this morning, Sir?" or "Don't forget the raft-party, gents." On a fifty-fifty basis, both bather and bathing-hut proprietor should be better off. For my part I shall refuse to bathe in public until some such inducement exists.

THE PIXIE-PIPER.

THERE is a little piper who plays an elfin tune
In the sun-light and the moth-light and underneath the
moon;

If you know how to listen you're sure to hear him soon.

By hedge and barn and woodland, in city, street or square, You'll catch the pixie-piping, like star-dust in the air, Of the little shy musician, so gay, so debonair.

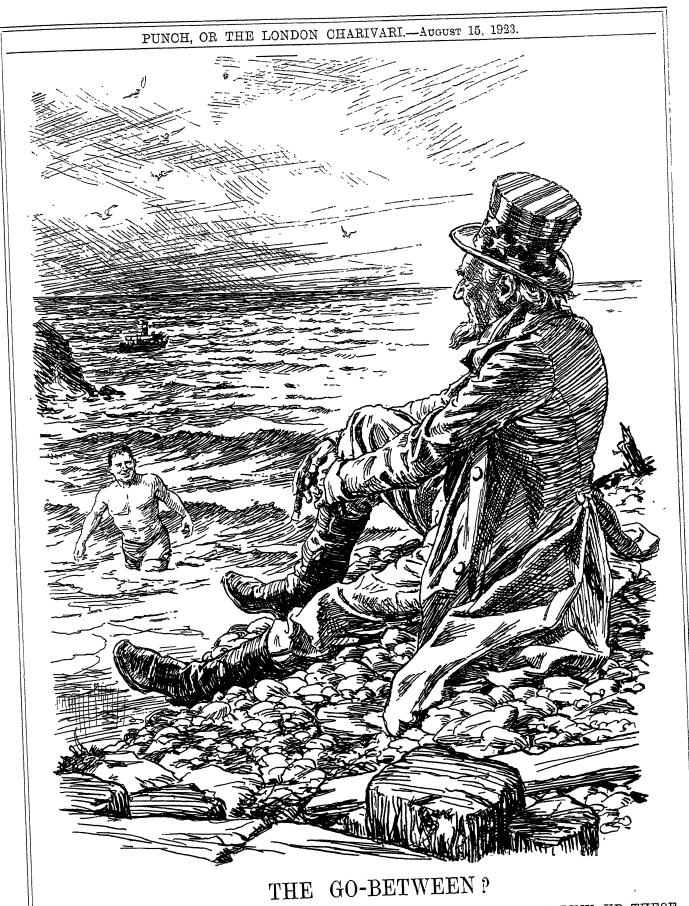
He cares not how you seek him, in rags or tags or lace, You may limp out a beggar or ride in royal grace, He will not flute his fancy unless he likes your face.

He will not play for silver, he will not play for gold, He will not play for maid or man whose heart is waxing cold,

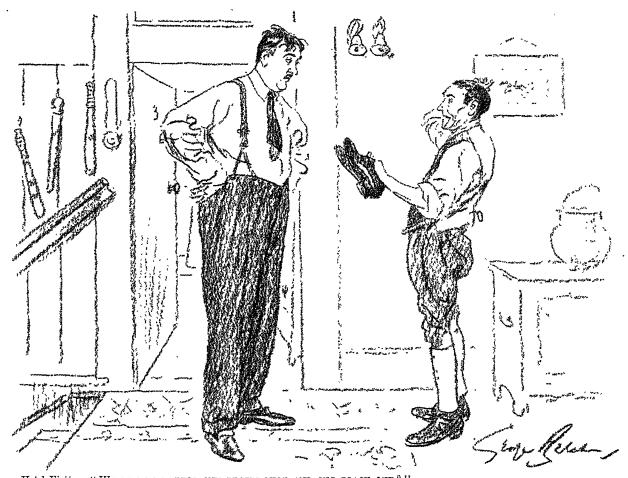
But if you love to listen you'll never quite grow old.

Commercial Candour.

"A never-increasing number of men are making our Café a rendezvous for a cup of coffee."—Advt. in Provincial Paper.



 $U_{\rm NOLE}$ Sam. "LOOKS AS IF AN AMERICAN IS THE ONLY PERSON TO LINK UP THESE TWO OLD COUNTRIES."



Hotel Visitor. "Why do you bring one brown shoe and one black one?" Boots at "The Swan." "Sure that's a funny thing, Sorr; it's the second toime that's happened this morning."

SIDECAR CONVERSATIONS.

Some day, no doubt, a genius will invent the perfect means of communication between the people who travel on motor-bicycles and the people who travel in the sidecars attached thereto.

You have probably imagined that all the men whom you have met grimly driving their motor-cycles along the high-road, with their lips firmly set and with never a word to their spouses alongside, have either quarrelled irrevocably with them or are speed-maniacs of the worst description. Not in the least. They are the mildest of men they discuss with their wives the Vicar's | it? sermon or Mrs. Symperson's hat in the most affectionate and rational manner. Their closed lips are only an outward lovely. indication that they have reached the stage of disillusionment, and have given up attempting the impossible.

If I wish to address a remark from the saddle to the sidecar in transit I have a choice of three ways of trying to do it. The first, salest and most

My wife, if she sees my lips moving at | this from the growing whiteness of my all, then concludes that I am either cursing the carburetter or talking to the fly which has settled in the corner of my eye and cannot be dislodged because I have on my driving-gloves, which are oily.

The second method consists in adopting a position so that my wife catches parts of my conversation and thinks she catches others. After several vain repetitions I pick out the salient points of the remark and frantically hurl them at her in a sort of staccato dot-and-dash code, something like this:-

Me. How lovely the hay smells on and the best of husbands, and at home | these warm summer evenings, doesn't

Wife. What did you say?

Me (louder). I said the hay smells

Wife. What?

Me (louder still). HAY-NICE!

You can imagine how irritating it must be for a conversational stylist to have to prune off his finest flowers of speech and leave a bare stalk like that.

After a time I come to the conclusion futile, is to speak straight forward in that my wife is not really trying and the direction in which we are travelling. | my anger rises rapidly. | She realises | they ?

left ear, and, getting flurried, begins to reply at random, hoping, by the general law of averages, to hit the right answer sometimes. Now and then she is lucky; more often we strike a patch like this:-

Me. Did you see the name on that sign-post?

Wife. Yes.
Me. What was it?

Wife. WHAT?

Me. SIGN-POST—NAME?

Wife. Didn't see.

Me. Why did you say "Yes," then? Wife. Sorry, dear, I thought you said, "Are you comfortable?'

At this stage silence supervenes for the rest of the run.

The third way is to slew myself round, so that she realises that I am proposing to address her. The front wheel immediately follows suit.

By the time I have picked up the circumjacent pedestrians and returned to the road I have forgotten (a) what I intended to say; (b) whether I have said it; (c) what, in the latter event, was my wife's reply, if any.

Sociable things, these sidecars, aren't

MAINTAININ' OOR PRESTICE.

"An wis readin' a bit in the papers whaur it says the country owes a lot tae the Merchant Service.

oor ships bring in we'd a' be stairvin' in a matter o' weeks."

"Nae doot, McNidder; but tak' it frae me that 's no' a' the country owes

Ah saw a guid lot o' them a while back, but they 're no' in it wi' oor ain officers when it comes tae keepin' up the prestige o' the auld country.

"There's nae braggin' or boastin', mind ye; jist a natural demonstration o' the stamina an' endurance o' oor prood island race. Nae effort aboot it; it's a' part o' the day's work wi' them. Ah mind a case in point.

"It happened a wheen o' years back, when Ah wis bosun o' a fower - masted barque. We were lyin' in a Dago port, an' wan nicht the second mate, the third mate an' masel' were up toon in yin o' thae cafés. In a wind-ship, Ah micht tell ye, it 's nae disgrace for the mates tae hae a drink wi' the bosun, provided he's a sailor an' no' a puddin'.

"We'd had no' a bad evenin', wan way an' anither, and it wis gettin' latish when in cam' three Dago officers—sojers, no sailors. They'd nae English an' we didna savvy their lingo, but onybody kens the signs for a drink. In a wee while we were a' like brithers.

"By-and-by yin o' the Dagoes got up an' gied us a song. When he'd feen-

ished we could see frae the looks o' them that it wis up tae us, so the third mate, a wee Cockney like a bit o' steel wire, got up an' sang 'The Lights o' the 'arbour.' Everybody wis satisfied, so we had anither drink. That's whit ye ca' the entente cordiale.

"Dagoes aye seem to get mair an' mair patriotic as the nicht goes on, an' jumped up an' sang their National Anthem wi' due solemnity. That kind mind, hate tae be patriotic in public. The ither two whispered thegether, though, an' finally got up on a bench, lookin' awfu' solemn. They sang 'Ah've middle o' the room; the wee third mate

hymn-tune, an' the Dagoes stood at the salute richt through the performance; there wis aboot twinty verses. Man, it wis fine tae see twa Britishers keepin' up the prestige o' their country in the face o' sich overwhelmin' odds, for "Jist that," remarked Peter.

"It said that if it wasnae for the grub the vino we had tae drink wasnae calculated tae bring inspiration to onybody but a Dago.

"Weel, there we were, a' square as ye micht say, though, if ye tak, volume tae the Merchant Service. Ah've nae- intae account, we had them licked; the mooth. But he got it up, steadied thing tae say against Naval officers, an' second mate had a voice that cairried it on his chin an' stretched oot his Ah saw a guid lot o' them a arms, jist like they dae on

TAFE OU VAGABOND BIEN A

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." W. J. LOCKE ON THE IMAGINATION.

frae the poop tae the fore to'-gallan' yaird in the teeth o' a gale.

"Anither drink or twa an' yin o' the Dagoes got busy wi' a gless an' a cork an' showed us some conjurin'. He followed it up wi' a few caird tricks, an' wance mair they looked at us wi' expectation. The situation wis fair desperate; nane o' us had a trick tae his it wisnae lang afore the three o' them | name. Efter a consultation we decided on a grand finale, jist tae pit the lid on thae Dagoes wance an' for a' an' estabo' disconcertit us, for Britishers, ye'll | lish oor national superiority beyond a doot.

"The second mate, a great big redheided son o' the Manse, got intae the a Nigger Wench in Tiger Bay' tae a slow | climbed on tae his shoulders an' stood | naughty word.

there balancin' by the skin o' his teeth, wi' the second hangin' on tae his ankles like grim daith. Ma job wis tae haun' up yin' o' the chairs, an' he was gaun tae balance it on his chin. Wid he manage it? Think o' it, McNidder; it had become an affair o' national importance.

"The wee third mate got the chair up, inch by inch, an' lang afore it wis near his chin ma he'rt was in ma

the stage.

"'Viva!' yelled the wee Dago officers.

"That did it; the twa equileebrists swayed an' collapsed. The chair brained an admiring waiter, an' the third mate cam' doon wi' a rattle an' brought the chandelier as weel. It wis an awfu' wreck, but Britain's prestige wis secure.

"When we got things squared up we saw oor freens hame tae their barracks an' tried tae wish them Guidnicht; but thae Latin races are naething if they're no' polite, so they turned oot the guard an' escorted us back tae the ship. Oor shipmates pit a wrang construction on that. But Ah'm telling ye the truth; it wis a guard o' honour an' no' the ither

"Grub? Ay, we feed the country richt enough, Mc-Nidder, but individually an' quietly an' without ony trumpets the officer lads keep up oor prestige frae wan end o' the globe tae the ither, jist as Ah 've been tellin' ve.

"An' that 's whit the country owes tae the Merchant Service; but ye'll never read

it in the papers.'

From a house-agent's advertisement:-

"A VERITABLE LITTLE JEM. BERKELEY SQUARE (Best Side).'

Daily Paper.

We prefer our little Jem with no side.

"Dr. - said the present milk grading orders were too complicated to be practical. There were seven grades, of which the last might be called 'A. O. D. S.,' meaning 'any other filthy stuff.'"—Ulster Paper.

We should have suggested "dirty" as a better substitute for the M.O.'s



THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE SURE OF A SEAT AFTER DANCES IN OUR CROWDED BALLROOMS.

LINES ON A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY.

AT ease beneath the ancient yew
I watch the flaming day decline
On farthest hills divinely blue,
Athwart the pillared groves of pine.
This mellow hour before we dine,
Runs in my head, solutus curis,
A tag from a Virgilian line,
Divini gloria ruris.

Beyond the isle of murmuring shade
A sea of sun the garden glows,
In shimmering calm or lightly swayed
As the rich south dies down or blows,
With hints of jasmine, musk or rose,
Of raspberries in their netted cages,
Of jargonelles the blackbird knows,
Of bloomy ripe greengages.

Here I can share the rustic weed,
The simple life and honest toil
That mark the old Saturnian breed,
Replete with corn and wine and
oil:

Well, corn perhaps; and, not to spoil The argument, but make it wider And racier of the local soil, Let's say, a scrumptious cider.

Ah, blissful hour while I forget
To-morrow's punctual stress and
strain;

Forget the wild alarum set
For 6 A.M., the car again
That honks towards the townward
train.

The dust, the jolts, the smells, the noises, That raise the gorge and jar the brain From all its finer poises.

Blest realm, where dashed superfluous things

In Lethe dumped are clean forgot;
Where no shrill bell insistent rings
To send my brightest thoughts to pot,
Where ghostly voices gibber not
Their boredoms over wire or wireless;
Nor lack of specie for the slot
Leaves the consumer fireless.

'Twere but to stay the falling rose,
To bid the coursing sun abide,
To learn the bland Virgilian pose
In calm contempt of time and tide;
And I would daff the world aside,
Take an old song for all my wages,
And let my blesséd birthright slide,
As heir of all the ages.

"Madrid.—At mid-day to-day eight men armed with revolvers burst into the dining-room of a restaurant here and compelled everyone in the room to hand over the money and articles of value they had on them. They then calmly withdrew, after wishing the discomfited guests 'Buen apetito.'

New telephone call offices with trunk connections have been opened at Luss and Rowardennan Post Offices, on the shores of Loch Lomond."—Scots Paper.

But not even a Scottish telephone will affect a Spanish desperado when he is really on his game.

"A capital programme of sports was then carried out, the most interesting event being a one mile walking race, in which J. A. Clayton, Thorpe Arnold, beat G. Green, Melton, by six wickets."—Provincial Paper.

Not, however, what we should call a really convincing victory.

"In order to keep my hands fully employed during the holiday season, I am offering a large range of cloths for Ladies' Costumes or Gent's Suits at £770 each."

Advt. in Irish Paper.

He must be a bit of an optimist if he expects a rush of business at that price.

AT THE PLAY.

I .- "ENTER KIKI!" (PLAYHOUSE).

MISS GLADYS COOPER courageously which she plays with intelligence, enormous gusto and, I imagine I ought to add, considerable gymnastic skill. The part indeed has points, for Kiki is an original.

the play as it stands! M. Andre PICARD must have put in things which Mr. SYDNEY BLOW and Mr. Douglas Hoare; his adaptors, have thought fit to leave out. I couldn't detect more than four really amusing lines or half-a-dozen amusing incidents, among which I cannot honestly reckon the spectacle of Kiki and the valet rolling over and over on the floor, or-in this year of grace-Kiki changing her dress with the assistance of a zealous clerk. My plaint, of course, isn't of any impropriety. On the contrary, a dish that might conceivably have been diverting if served with the sauce piquante designed for it is apt to be extraordinarily dull without it. For in this kind the sauce is nearly everything, the dish almost nothing. One would think this point had been often enough proved by the dully bowdlerised French pieces we suffer from time to time. It ought to be clear that this kind of thing isn't our business, for we haven't either the candour or the lightness of touch.

Let it be quite clear that Kiki was, though in the Chorus at the Monplaisir, entirely virtuous. She was also desperately in love with the manager thereof, Victor Leroux, who had never even noticed her till, sacked for some breach of discipline, she resourcefully contrives an inter-

view with him, which ends with an | however, that this odd heroine need abrupt and unlikely invitation to share | have been quite so outrageously dressed his flat. Kiki accepts, but not in the or quite so ignorantly gauche, for chorussimple spirit of the sporting offer. She has her own serious long-headed game to play, part of which is to detach her Victor from a reunion with his divorced wife, who happens also to be his leading lady. Victor, repulsed in his first | For all this is, surprisingly, not offered crude perfunctory attempt at making love to Kiki, relapses into his customary boredom, and, not unnaturally disturbed | in Kiki that could impress or satisfy a by her outrageous displays of temper, is by way of transferring her to the like Victor Leroux for two days. Mr. inevitable elderly stage baron-roue. Ivon Novello perhaps heightened the ous glances at Siva and the sarcopha-

amusing but unduly protracted mo-believed in it as thoroughly as I did. ments), in the midst of which she sud- There was not a single other likely denly kisses her quarry, and finally gets | character: baron, clerk, stage-manager, opensher theatre in the depths of August into his dull head the quite patent fact with a busy and in itself attractive part, | that she is his, body and soul—but | transient embarrassed phantoms of dequite honestly and permanently, it is parted farces, while the leading lady, well understood.

Kiki, tempestuous, single minded, in-But Paris surely never laughed at spirit and intelligence. I don't think, prised if this queer performance wins



CATALEPTIC KIKI. A TRIFLE OFF HER BALANCE. MISS GLADYS COOPER. Victor Leroux Mr. Ivor Novello.

girls of any intelligence have some little chance of seeing and hearing what's what; and there must be something to explain Victor's surrender in the end to this unscrupulous untamed oddity. as mere wild farce, but as sentimental comedy; and I saw nothing whatever rather fastidious and distracted person

trance (a situation that has its mildly in a sort of dreamy trance, as if he disauthor, cook, valet, doctor, were all mere Kiki's rival, was a mere gesture of sustained ill-temper. So you get an effect genuous gamine, is worth playing, and of Miss Cooper playing against a quite Miss Gladys Cooper played her with impossible background. I shall be sur-

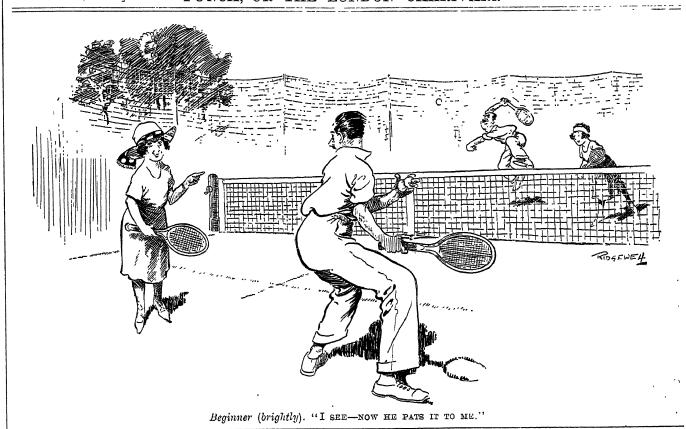
> the suffrages even of our most popular actress's most loyal audiences. But you never can tell.

> II.--"THE EYE OF SIVA" (NEW).

In The Eye of Siva Mr. SAX ROHMER, specialist in nefarious Orientalism, gives us a new version of the Yellow Peril. The Council of Seven, with a tremendous White Peacock Mandarin as Chairman, is going to wipe out the West. It is going to do it with Ericksen's Ray, which it stole from the inventor before he had had time to patent it, and by a pleasant turn of Oriental humour removed poor Ericksen himself with it by way of practice. You die, apparently, with a queer frozen smile upon your face as of one, I suppose, surprised at anything quite so quaint.

And in a moated Grange in Norfolk on this night of intermittent thunderstorm-(off), when the jokes are being made: (ON), when the sinister stuff is being put through—all that stands between the West and complete destruction is (as Harley, the Secret Service Agent, says) Harley, the Secret Service Agent actually sent down by the Foreign Office. A bad business for the West indeed, as I have never met a less effective sleuth. A Council of One-halfof-one-per-cent. wcu'd have been quite sufficient to manage him.

It is an American Orientalist, Norris Clay, who has leased this mysterious house, and the Council of Seven is apparently after him. A tramp has been found in the shrubbery, a victim evidently of the Smiling Death. Of course he wasn't a tramp really, but one of Scotland Yard's best. Člay is nervous. Everybody is nervous. An image of the goddess Siva stands prominent in the room; also a sarcophagus, curtained; a blandly sinister Chinese servant moves noiselessly with mysteri-Whereupon Kiki has a faked cataleptic unlikeliness of it all by playing his part gus; a silent Indian brings in a tray of



cocktails every few seconds; the thunder peals; a leopardess growls angrily (OFF) and behaves very prettily and briefly in a gilded cage (on); the lights are turned down, the lights are turned up; twice or thrice a hand appears from the sarcophagus vaguely feeling for something but effecting nothing; Harley puts on a fez-Heaven and the experienced playgoer alone know why. Of course he is going to place his hat where it will be mistaken for himself by the terrifically astute Council of Seven.

But I mustn't give away anything more. Perhaps you will already have guessed that it is not a play for the Mr. Sax Rohmer's sophisticated. method is not exactly subtle.

"Aha!" he says in effect, "you think this man here is a British Admiral (or what not), behold (whisking away a wig) the Sacred Emperor's Chief Poisoner! You thought-didn't you?that the doing-in of Don the dog in the First Act had something to do with the plot? Not at all—that was only put in to make it more difficult, and that 's why everybody in the same Act came in three times and turned off the electric light. Atmosphere, we call that.

"You noticed that elaborate arrangement of automatic signals in the library, by which one could see exactly where anybody getting in or out of the place was located? Well, when I wanted somebody to get out unnoticed they

why? I just didn't choose that they should. They were all right again a moment afterwards when the leopard was stalking the villain.

"And you 're thinking that, if there was one place more inconvenient than another, not to say impossible, for the judicious operation of the switch that controlled the 'Smiling Death,' it was the sarcophagus? That, of course, was why I chose it. Naturally.

"And perhaps I don't think it altogether likely that the master-brain of the Council of Seven would allow a detective from Scotland Yard to be palmed off on it as a native servant? But I must have somebody in the enemy's camp, mustn't I?

. "And that picture. Yes, I suppose, as you say, if the holes in it were big enough for the eyes behind it to be seen to move, the emissaries of the Council might have been expected to spot it. Well, they just didn't, that's all. And what use was it, anyway? Well, not much. An effective curtain, however, don't you think, supposing the picture really had fallen down as intended and not stuck half-way?

" And what did the fellow in the cowl think he was doing when he ran in and carried off one of the young ladies? Oh! nothing. Action, you know; action, and again action, as somebody or other justly said." Well, well!

As it happened, of course, The Eye didn't work, did they? Do you know of Siva put the smile on the face of the transportine effect.

wrong man. And I was consoled to think that, if all that elaboration of apparatus and atmosphere was needed to dispose of one Secret Service Agent, neither very serviceable nor secret, and failed, the West may breathe freely for some little while yet.

Naturally we were all mystified. But couldn't anybody mystify any other

body on the same terms?

Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER looked and spoke well as the unbelievable Secret Service Agent. As Norris Clay Mr. REGINALD BACH didn't fail—he never does—to make one wonder how he gets outside his own skin into that of his part. Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT musthave been haunted by memories of more intelligent lines dealt her in the past. Mr. S. J. Warmington did very well as a British officer determined that no nonsense about immediate doom of the West should put off his marriage by special licence arranged for the morrow. Mr. MALCOLM MORLEY'S Ráma Dáss was creditable. Mr. Forrester HARVEY as a sinister heathen Chinee was impressive, distinctly. On Mr. EDMOND BREON fell the heavy burden of the major part of the humour with which the author, no doubt with merciful intent, endeavoured to soften the shock of his accumulated horrors. It cannot be easy to be funny plausibly in an atmosphere of imminent murder. However, it all added to the distinctly

THE STORY OF A.S.S.

OF all the people in my life I have consorted with The least conspicuous I deem my ancient schoolmate, Smith, On whom his parents at the font, to help him on life's road, The names Augustus Sinclair unpropitiously bestowed.

"Augustus was a chubby lad," and chubby was my friend; But there the similarities begin and also end;

He was not squeamish with his food, but when he let it

His bread invariably fell upon the buttered side.

If any maladies were rife he never gave a miss; He caught all catchable complaints and generally bis; And when he was not suffering from measles or from mumps He spent his time accumulating bruises, sprains and bumps.

Whene'er his parents entertained some influential guest With the prospect of enlisting his benevolent interest, Augustus, though the eldest child, was always sent to bed Lest he should say—it was his way—things better left unsaid.

His asinine initials from the day he went to school Foredoomed him to unending jibes and ceaseless ridicule; He was not good at any games nor brilliant at his books, Nor did he by a caustic tongue redeem his homely looks.

He was not good at languages, like great Sir William Jones, But he held the family record in regard to broken bones; And, when climbing in the Highlands, as he crouched beneath a crag,

He was potted by a stalker, who mistook him for a stag.

At Oxford he was just a straw upon the youthful flood; He never was distinguished as a scholar or a "blood;" The only time he seemed to be emerging from the throng Was when he gained some kudos for his prowess at ping-

The wisest man of ancient Greece was wont to recommend, In testing human happiness, that we should "watch the end;

And the subsequent proceedings of Augustus Sinclair Smith Prove that venerable maxim to be full of point and pith.

For this blundering nonentity, this pebble on the shore, Showed uncomplaining valour and endurance in the War; Was wounded thrice, recovered, and escaped the O.B.E., And finds his East End Boys' Club one perpetual jamboree.

DENTISTS AND HOLIDAYS.

I have up my dentist this morning on an urgent matter

and was told that he was away on holiday.

This seems to me to raise the whole question as to whether dentists should go away for holidays. Is it either expedient or necessary that they should? I do not mind the doctor being away—one can always find another doctor to count one's pulse, inspect one's tongue and prescribe more exercise. But when you have trained your dentist so that he can pick his way from tooth to tooth almost blindfold, and can estimate from the intensity of your sighs and the vibratory quality of your throat-noises just how much more you can endure before he need ease up and tell you to sip water, it is a hard thing to have to entrust yourself to the grip of an entire stranger.

Surely in an occupation which, after all, is merely one continuous round of amusement no holiday should be redentist has that keenest of all delights, the joy of antici-ingly poor at the field events.

pation, which more often than not yields place to the pleasure of realisation as surely as the tooth follows the forceps. His is a merry life; none of the health resorts of Europe, so far as I know them, has anything to touch it for sheer fun. He may deny it; he may tell you that his is frequently a boring job, and that often he is down in the mouth; but that is only his little joke.

For a real holiday one needs to get right away from all that would remind one of the daily grind. Where can the dentist do this? In Switzerland, where the mountains' jagged outline against the pink sunsets is always confronting him, where the Dent du Midi flaunts itself as a dental problem beyond the largest cylinder of gas and the most powerful pair of forceps ever made? At Dieppe, with the air full of the shrill cries of the bathers? On the sea, with the ship's board always forbidding one to speak to the man at the wheel? Among the gold teeth of Brighton's front, recalling to the loyal L.D.S. the rivalry of the Transatlantic quack who would snatch the very toothpaste from his children's mouths?

No, there is no ideal holiday resort for the dentist. Wherever he may go, every time he causes his boarding-house companions to laugh heartily at his wit, he will find himself confronted by horrible displays of third-rate bridge-work, inlays out of harmony with their surroundings, crowns that will make his head uneasy, and even crumbling ruins. He will thus be tantalised by guineas' worth of work within his reach, yet impossible to do—not so much because of his unwillingness to spoil other people's holidays, as because he did not bring his bag of tools with him.

What more does the dentist want, when his daily occupation so closely resembles that which went to make a

Roman holiday?

OUR CRYING NEED.

(On reading a proposal in an Evening Paper for the establishment of a new Bank Holiday on the first Monday in October.)

England! I'm told you lack sufficient leisure; Your public feasts are all too few, they say; That Parliament, in fact, should pass a measure For one more holiday.

They hint a rest when Autumn comes to robe her Matronly form by forest, brake and lea, On the first Monday, namely, in October Should suit you to a T.

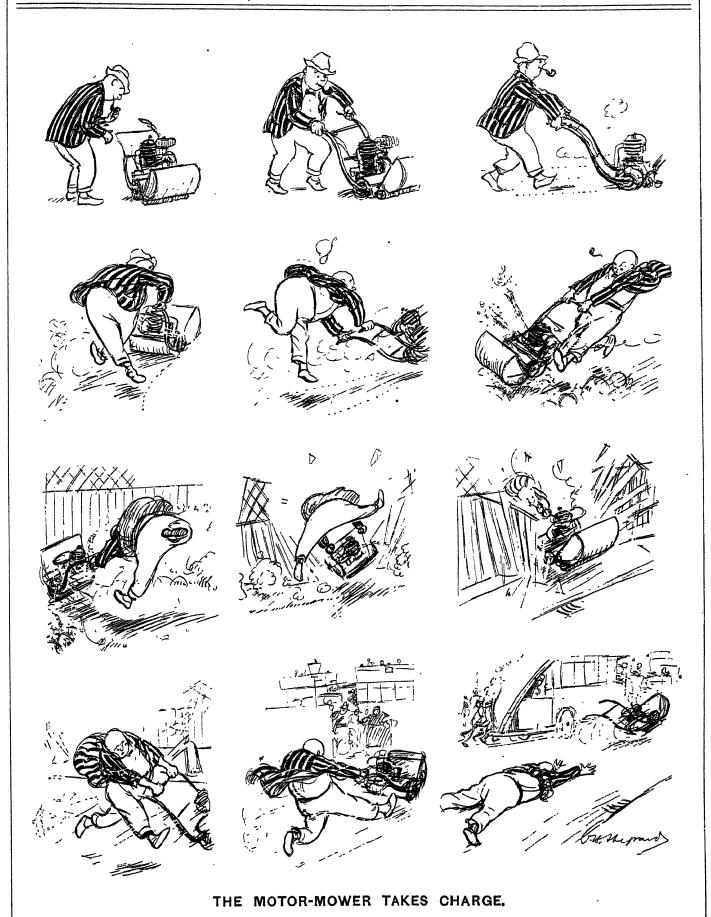
Thus shall the worn-out citizen, poor fellow, Revive himself with roundabout and song, And keep, 'tis said, as chirpy as a 'cello Till Noël comes along.

But, though a pleasure-seeker on occasion, I'm bound in common candour to admit That what we want, so far from recreation, Is just the opposite.

For while we'd jump at one more day's enjoyment, It seems to me from what I've seen and read That our chief need with growing unemployment Is extra work instead.

"It was a great day for the Cameron Highlanders, who won the high jump (9ft. 11in.), the long jump (38ft. 14in.), putting the weight (62ft. 74in.), and their heats in the furlong (1m. 41 2-5s.), and the half-mile (8m. 53-5s.)."—Daily Paper.

This throws some doubt on the hitherto accepted theory quired. With the announcement of every new patient the | that British athletes excel in running and are correspond-



HOLIDAY HUSBANDRY.

(Lines to a City Clerk carrying home a new garden spade on the evening of Friday before Bank-Holiday.)

While eager crowds on pleasure bent Their devious week-end ways are wending,

For you that garden implement Forebodes a dreadful fate impending.

Of course I know "Quot homines" Tot every kind of recreation; But do you number amongst these The ungentle art of excavation?

Golf, Cricket, Tennis find me not, Their claims on my exertions shirking, But digging in a garden plot Appears to me too much like working.

When noonday's fiercest rays attack

And blistered fingers make you wince,

Will solace not your aching back To know that "Labor omnia vincit."

But was this plan your own free choice? Or did you, scenting trouble brewing, Yield to your wife's insistent voice Declaring something "wanted do-

If so, you have my sympathy; And, when on some shore gently shelving

I dream beside the summer sea, I'll pray for you at Tooting, delving.

For, when the evening shadows fall, I, by a like imperious order, Obedient to one clear call, Must water our herbaceous border.

NEW ENDINGS TO OLD TALES.

II.—HERO AND LEANDER.

THE sun was rising as Leander returned from his swim. Early as it was a small crowd was waiting for him on the beach, including some Press photographers and a sprinkling of amateurs with Kodaks.

As he emerged from the water the representative of a maker of meat extract came up to him.

"Did you find the sample of Beefolac we sent you sustaining?" he inquired.

"Very." "Then will you kindly sign this?" He proffered a typewritten testimonial, a cheque made out to bearer and a fountain pen.

"You can use my back as a desk,"

he said obligingly.

Leander, who was not quite so imprudent as he appeared, glanced over the testimonial before he appended his signature:-

"Thanks to the strength and vigour imparted by your wonderful meat ex- the water's edge.

tract I swim the Hellespont without the slightest difficulty. I shall recommend it to all my friends."

He signed similar effusions for five other agents representing makers of concentratedfoods, rubber caps with earflaps, embrocation and electric torches, promised to write an article on natation for the editor of a boys' paper, and was going up the beach when an older man, who had been standing a little apart from the others, approached.

"May I speak to you?" he asked. "Well, I want my breakfast," said Leander, "but if it's business-

The other lowered his voice. "I interest in you is waning?" he said.

Leander looked around. Yesterday there had been nine men with cameras and to-day there were only five. The crowd too was smaller, and it was dispersing already.

"Perhaps it is," he admitted.

"I suppose you've had cheques from all these firms?" proceeded the stranger.

Leander eyed him distrustfully. "If it's about my income-tax returns-

"It isn't," said the other soothingly. "On the contrary, I want to put money into your pocket. I assume that you ming under water.

are saving up to get married?"
"That's right," said Leander.

"A nice little home, eh, and furniture bought outright and not on the hire system?"

"I don't know if we can run to that,"

said Leander.

"You can. That is, my firm is prepared to compensate you handsomely for any little inconvenience ——" He named a sum considerably larger than Leander had yet earned. "All you have got to do," he added, "is to get drowned."

"Thanks," said Leander, "but I'd

rather not.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the other earnestly. "We shall be at hand in a boat to bring you to life again with our Automatic Reviving Pump. Patent applied for. It's a sure thing. Neither you nor your young lady need feel the slightest anxiety. And think of all you could do with five hundred. Then we shall have a cinema-man with his machine on board, and you will have a share in the film rights.

Leander hesitated. It was a risk, but he was tired of his present exist-

ence. So was Hero.
"I'll do it," he said, "for seven hundred."

Hero switched off her electric torch. It was useless in broad daylight. A motor-boat was approaching the shore. She left her tower and went down to

"You'll ground if you_come in any farther," she shouted. "Is Leander on board? I don't see him."

· The agent of the Automatic Reviving Pump Company lifted his yachting-cap

His manners were urbane.

"I am very sorry," he shouted in reply. "It wasn't our fault. The pump would have revived him, but we weren't able to make the connection, so to speak. That is, he sank and did not come up again. Most unfortunate. I regret it extremely on your account."

Hero uttered a loud shriek and began

to tear her hair.

"We are prepared to feature you in suppose you realise that the public a super-film," bellowed the cinema-man. "At what salary?" inquired Hero

tearfully.

He named a sum which appeared satisfactory. And Leander had insured his life for two thousand in Hero's favour, so that altogether she was left comfortably off. She appeared inconsolable nevertheless, and it was not until some months later that she left Sestos and went to Crete, where she married a young man who had recently been engaged as attendant at the Public Baths. It may have been only a coincidence that his speciality was swim-

THE INDICTMENT.

"Your face," said the magistrate, "is familiar to me. I don't know how many times I have seen it before. I never liked your expression less than I do this morning—never!

"Let's have a look at your hands . . . H'm, I don't like 'em! I don't believe you have been telling the truth. I am tired of hearing your monotonous voice always saying the same thing.

"Well, this morning at six o'clock you created a breach of the peace. You made a violent noise, which caused considerable annoyance. It is obvious that for some time you have been fast. Your conduct, in fact, is alarming.

"Can't you keep your hands still? That impudent look on your face will drive me to desperation-

So saying, the magistrate pitched the little alarm clock out of the window. jumped into bed again, and overslept himself.

From a coal-merchant's circular: "Consumers should protect themselves by dealing from persons or firms who trade under their own names, as numerous Companies and Associations now advertised do not exist."

A case of "dust to dust," we suppose.

"Music, Musical Instruments, &c. Wanted, house-waitress, immediately."

Advt. in Scots Paper.

What the old theatre-programme used to call the "singing chambermaid."



Mr. Smith (who is taking the rôle of Neptunc in the sea pageant at Little Pebbleton). "Now, look 'ere, you chaps, I want you TO BE CAREFUL AND DON'T UPSET THE BOAT. I CAN'T SWIM A STROKE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have always suspected that the dilemmas of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's heroes and heroines were problems of etiquette rather than of principle; but he has seldom shown so departmental a notion of what is done and what is not done as he evinces in The Winding Stair (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Apart from this complaint I have little but praise for the novel in question. It was a thoroughly happy idea to stage the spiral ascents of Paul Ravenel's military career in French North Africa; and I cannot letter day for me when it came my way. sufficiently admire the ingenuity with which that young gentleman is induced to keep his French mother's name, to refrain from disclaiming the French nationality assumed by his English father, and to seek for a commission in the French Colonial army, all in order that the English pioneer spirit may be seen at heroic advantage in a yet unsubjugated empire. The motives which induce Paul to establish the English ingénuc, Marguerite Lambert, as his secret mistress in a beautiful old house in Fez are less happily manœuvred; and the story of the young couple's subsequent relations owes all the interest it possesses to the thrilling pressure of their outside circumstances. There is one really commanding figure in the book, the figure of Paul's friend, Gerard de Montignac. He has more than a touch of the Sahara's famous Général LAPERRINE. But he is unmistakably Mr. Mason's own.

In a foreword Mr. Seton Gordon says that Hebridean Memories (Cassell) is "an attempt to bring before the reader something of the peculiar attraction of the lonely

attempt is entirely successful; whether Mr. Seton Gordon is relating the legends that belong to these islands, describing their birds and their flowers, or telling us about their inhabitants, he is always instructive and sympathetic. His natural style of writing and bent of mind are absolutely in tune with his theme, and the combination helps to make a book of rare beauty. I do not imagine that any readers of the chapters, "The Island Piper," "The Life of a Hebridean Crofter," and "A Hebridean Emigration," will fail to respond to their wistfulness and pathos. The volume is lavishly and excellently illustrated, and it was a red-

Babel (Heinemann) is the continuation, by the author of The Mask and The Wall, of the Odyssey, interminable apparently, but still vitally interesting, of John Gombarov. the Russo-Jewish American, who has now cut away from a safe job on a New York paper to try his hand at independent and, for the time at any rate, quite unsuccessful authorship in London. The wayward Winifred, who had cruelly thrown him over, renews a friendship which means little but pain to this sad wanderer so manifestly destined for suffering and essential loneliness. Mr. John Cournes has attempted a new and rather staccato manner, perhaps by way of counteracting a feared tendency to monotony in a narrative not lightened by many joyous happenings. He inserts some interviews of Gombarov with well-known men, of whom Wells, Chesterton, Arnold Bennett and GORDON CRAIG will be readily recognised. And his chapter headings are a little restless and flamboyant. There are two admirably drawn episodes of Gombarov's friendship with an unusual and charming Jewish cocotte and of his less platonic group of Hebridean Islands which lie far to the west of relations with the whip-carrying suffragette. There is power the mainland of Scotland." Let me say at once that the in the writing and an impression of immense sincerity. A book to read for the meat rather than the sweet in it. But I think *Gombarov* is not recalling the facts truly when he speaks of a London delirious with the "On to Berlin" mood when war was declared. I carry an ineffaceable memory of a city tragically dismayed, reluctant, incredulous.

The note on the jacket of *The Secret Years* (Palmer), by Edwin Pugh, speaks of it as "mainly autobiographical." This probably means no more than that it is founded on episodes and ideas of the author's life, for here is so obviously not the treatment of an autobiographer, but of an imaginative writer. This, while it may tend to make it more interesting in one direction by mitigating the banalities and inconsequences of ordinary life, essentially sterilizes a great

deal of the real interest which in autobiography is primarily the interest which literal truth gives. Once you begin to doctor the facts and amplify the comments in the sacred cause of art and entertainment you destroy an essential. Much too that is trivial will, if true, pass muster as informing, while if imagined will be tedious. "The Secret Years" are the years of adolescence. Mr. Pugh's sincerity, his generous sympathies, his experiences bought dear and made valuable, make this study of a youth's achievements and temptations in poverty and generally difficult circumstances interesting enough to hold a reader most of the time. But for myself I'd certainly prefer a strict autobiography or a straight yarn. One's lest guessing without a clue.

I fear that I am one of those difficult people who can laugh when they see a farcical comedy but are inclined to suffer from depression when they have to read it. The pages of Rookery Nook (Lane) will, I confidently predict, be moistened by tears of other people's laughter. The dog, Conrad, who seizes several of his master's opponents by vulnerable parts of their anat-

omy, is enough in himself to produce convulsions of mirth if you are susceptible to the humour of such incidents on paper. Some of the ludicrous situations which Mr. Ben Travers is so expert in devising may to puritanical minds seem a little risky, but nobody could be seriously shocked by them. Anyhow, the energy which he brings to the task of purveying fun commands my respectful admiration; and if he left me rather indifferent to his humour I shall still believe that in his peculiar way he must be regarded as a public benefactor.

No one has a prettier pen with which to write of children than Mrs. L. Allen Harker. I have enjoyed The Vagaries of Tod and Peter (John Murray) and all the other young people, stories of whom form the contents of her latest book, so much that I feel ungrateful in saying that perhaps a little less prettiness and a little more of other qualities would have made me like them even better. That said, I

have nothing but praise for mischievous *Tod* and *Peter*, and the jolly little boy who saluted St. Dunstan's men and was terribly upset when they didn't salute back again; or for *Mary Burton's* two boys in "The Intervention of the Duke"; and the spoiled little sister in "A Throw Back"; and the really naughty *Easter*, nicest of them all. Perhaps the fair estimate of the water-colour charm of these stories is that read one at a time they satisfy, and taken by the bookful they seem a little faint.

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to extremity becomes "the proletarian menace." One is the attitude of Mr. Thomson, who was always "a little gentleman" in the nursery and continues that pleasant purblind rôle in his little office and his little villa long after the War should have shown him its sinister implications. The other is the attitude of the Hon. Claude Raeburn, who emancipates himself from the precarious mercy of his social inferiors by living in a tent and fending for himself. Neither gentleman has a shred of reasoned morality; but Thomson clings to conventions which, in a state of suspended animation, happen to have preserved a few genuine principles, while Rac-burn prides himself on a superman's immunity from conventions and principles alike. Both figures are equally out of scale with the vast problems ahead of them and with the dies ir a whose consummation is the main topic of Mr. Wharton's story. This upheaval, and its effect on an idle and vicious village where the Thomsons live and the Hon. Claude camps out, are told with much circumstantial spirit. But Mr. Wharton is not magician enough to lay the horrors he has raised, and the end of the



Bowler (fiercely). "No Ball! Wotcher Mean, 'No Ball'?"

Umpire (nervously). "A—all right; 'S—some Ball,'
Then."

book is casual and unconvincing.

Nicolette of the Quarter (FISHER UNWIN) had her pretty little head screwed on the right way and her heart in the right place for readers of the lighter magazines. Mr. VICTOR MACCLURE'S Quarter is a Quarter neatly trimmed and coloured to meet the expectations of these same readers, with the morals of its eccentric inhabitants clipped and straitened to pass muster with the watchful British editor. I like particularly the two argumentative and impecunious idiots, Anatole and Aristide. Nicolette is of course a little too good to be true—everybody's friend, contriving happiness, gaiety, loans, consolation for her many protégés. I gathered when the English art student, Djohn, turned up, that he was for it, and of course Nicolette becomes in due course Mrs. Djohn. This chronicle, cut up into convenient lengths, should not be swallowed at a gulp, but is better taken leisurely at odd moments.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is still some doubt concerning the origin of the song, "Yes, we have no Reparations," as different versions have appeared in Paris, London and Berlin.

General opinion, we fancy, is inclined to the theory that The Daily Mail is hinting that it does not agree with the Government's foreign policy.

Mr. ARTHUR McDowall, writing in The London Mercury, describes August | train came over very giddy and decided as a dull somnolent month. We fear to give up the struggle. it is too late to do anything

about it this year.

It is stated that twenty-five million pounds is spent on birdseed in Great Britain every year. We mistrust these round figures.

"If I were President," is the title of an interview with Mr. HENRY FORD, the well-known motor-car manufacturer. It is an open secret that he would not retire from business, but attend to his Presidential duties during the luncheon-hour.

Sir Thomas Lipton stated recently that it is a great pity the American Cup remains in America, as they have nothing to put in it. We understand that Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson has been acquainted of this oversight.

In view of The Daily Sketch's offer of a thousand pounds for successful Channel swimmers, there is no truth in the rumour that it has been decided to alter it to a million for the first swimmer who crosses the Atlantic.

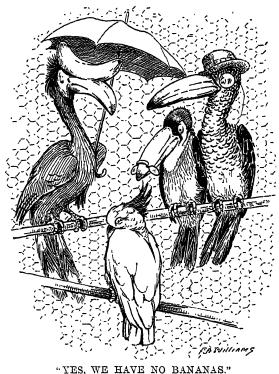
A crocodile killed in Lake Tanganyika was found to contain eight screws, a tin-opener, a piece of rope, a packet of pins and a tin can. The local mystery of a missing Ford car has thus been cleared up. * *

The communication cord on a corridor-train was pulled recently, but on investigation the perpetrator could not be discovered. It is thought, however, that a schoolboy was under the impression that he had dropped a cigarettecard out of the window, but discovered, after giving the alarm, that it was only his railway-ticket.

"We do not drink sufficient water," declares "Medico" in a morning paper.

A large swimming gala is to take foreigners are now visiting this country. place in London on September 3rd. Several American and Argentine swimmers who have not even attempted to swim the Channel have promised to give an exhibition of restraint.

Upon reading that a speed of four miles a minute by aeroplane is a generally accepted possibility, it is said that an engine-driver on a South Coast



TACTLESS SPEECH BY A COCKATOO BEFORE SOME WELL-KNOWN-RESIDENTS AT THE ZOO.

Fire broke out on a Monday and again on the following Friday in a large wheat-barn near Leicester. It is not his tools as well. known where the fire was in the mean-

A new order has been issued that the London policeman must look the part as well as fill the rôle. If this sort of thing spreads to other occupations all our thoughts will be with the man who happens to be second assistant to a muffin perforator.

Some parsnip-seeds planted by an amateur gardener of Swanage have burst into bloom as hollyhocks. But what did an amateur gardener expect? Parsnips?

All previous records were broken in this Court.

That's right—put the Brewers on their the number of persons visiting the National Gallery last month. This is a clear proof that a vast number of

> According to an official circular a private in a line regiment will in future be known as a "trooper," and a private in a rifle regiment as a "rifleman." It was tactful not to say anything about it, but we imagine that the sergeantmajor will still be called by the old pet courtesy titles.

A statistical writer is wondering why the United States should hold most of

the world's gold. The reason we fancy is that when they have secured the lot they will offer it as a purse in the hope of tempting Mr. Dempsey into the ring.

It is pointed out by a contemporary that the Board of Education never meets. It is consoling to find a newspaper having a good word to say for a Government body.

A Louisiana man, after being arrested, sent to prison and fined, is reported to have sold his motorcar to pay the fine. He then escaped from jail, stole the car and drove home. We cannot help thinking there are possibilities in a man of this calibre.

The British Championship Chess Tournament opened at Southsea last week. The report that one of the contestants was seen to move yesterday is explained by the fact that he was merely taking a deep breath in preparation for a move on Thursday.

A plumber has left over thirty thousand pounds. Depend upon it, he left

A new invention, we note, is a perambulator which can be folded up like a stick. Very handy when one of the older children requires chastisement.

Another novelty is a racket-press convertible into a seat. Most useful against an opponent who persists in serving double faults.

The Treasury has decided to dispense with quill-pens at Southwark County Court and to use steel-pens instead. In the eyes of lovers of oldworld customs this is calculated to drive away some of the best customers at

AN APPLICATION FOR LIFE INSURANCE.

(In the manner of Dr. Frank Crane.)

1. Tell all about yourself.

(a) Give your name and don't be ashamed of it. What does it matter whether you are John, Dick, Harry, James or Stephen? Give it in full. Greater men than you have had poorer names. Think of DRAKE, the great admiral; Æsop, the fable sage; Hogg, another great poet; and Job, the man who never gave up.

(b) Where were you born? If you are from a small town; don't be ashamed to say it. Maybe the town is bigger than you. No doubt it is.

(c) What year were you born? Don't be silly. There is no such thing as an old maid: you are either a girl or a woman. And if you are a man, you are not sentimental about your

age, or should not be.

(d) State your residence, the place where you live and grow; your business address where you are blessed to work; who is your employer. Don't storm against him if he is a capitalist. It is not money, but the great inordinate love of money, that is the root of all evil. Your white-waistcoated invisible wings of an angel. He may do more good with his money in a day than you could hope to do in a million years without it. The poor haven't got a monopoly on heaven.

(e) What do you do to earn your salt? Do you just play at it—work it | have one and never deserve it. for just the money there is in it-sing out a wild whoop when it is over? If you do, go hide yourself where nobody will see you. You are an wha anomaly and a cheat. On the other fear. hand, if you love your work, if you life itself, congratulate yourself, my friend; you are of the elect. The world will hear from you. You may only wash dishes in a restaurant for a living, dig a ditch or peddle soap: you belong.

(f) Are you blessed with a loving wife or proud of an affectionate hus-

band?

2. For how much do you wish to be insured? Don't be stingy. How much are you worth to your wife, your you glad when it was over? Don't mother or your offspring? If you hesitate to say. We have all been there. are worth next to nothing to them, insure yourself for a hundred dollars and forget it. Perhaps they will get along better with the hundred dollars than with you. Do you mean something to your children? Are you more than a figure-head, a stuffed dummy or a family burden? Then go the limit. | hemlcck.

You may have to sweat blood to pay the premiums, but it will do you good and it will save your self-respect for posterity.

3. Who is to be your beneficiary? A Don't be mother, wife, sweetheart? ashamed if you are in love. Love is a clean wholesome thing. If your passion you and make you a better man or | book. woman.

4. Now be honest with yourself: Were you ever rejected for life insurance? Don't be ashamed to say it. Greater men and higher-born ladies than you have had physical handicaps. Maybe your handicap is your blessing.

place. Get out and broaden out. A man is not necessarily rejected because he contemplates taking aerial ascensions. Up with you. Think of GALILEO, always looking up. NEWTON and the apple. COPERNICUS, the student of the stars.

6. Do you contemplate any surgical operation? Why not? It may lengthen your days. Modern surgery has performed wonders. Maybe an operation gold-ringed employer may wear the is just what you need. Try it; it can do no harm. Or do you shrink from the surgeon's knife? If you do, there is no help for you. The hope is you are dissatisfied with your present condition. Yes or No. Better be refused a life insurance policy for telling the truth than | With their various sporting tackle;

> 7. How about your parents? Are they dead? Living? State their age, if living, or tell us when they died. Tell what you know without hesitation or

8. Did you have any grandparents? would rather do your work than How many? Are you sure? Do you listen to a passing jazz band, if it is know what they died of, or may die of? more to you than the very breath of | How about their age? Perhaps they can help you.

9. Have you been under the care of a physician in the past ten years? If you have not, congratulate yourself, my

friend. You are one of the elect. On the other hand, if you have, how did you come out? Let us hear your story from your own lips. The shorter the

10. Have you ever been physically examined? With what results? Were

11. Do you suffer from dyspepsia, rheumatics or the gout? This does not mean that you are a glutton or a sot, but it may. Look to it. On the other hand, you may be entirely blameless. No doubt you are. Think of SOCRATES -what he suffered after quaffing the The only kind, obviously, that would

- 12. Do you drink? Or can you take it or leave it? Be outspoken. I have known men in all walks of life, from the highest to the lowest, who imbibed. Men whose libraries were filled with beautiful writings by WALTER PATER, CARLYLE, MONTAIGNE and THOREAU, and men to whom all nature, history is the right stuff, it cannot but ennoble and the world of events were a sealed
- 13. Were you ever subject to apoplexy, epilepsy, dizziness, conceit, loss of memory or self-respect, palpitation of the heart, a swelled head, frequent headaches or flights of temper, loss of faith in your fellow-men, worry about business ventures, a sneaking fondness 5. Do you contemplate making any aerial ascensions? Why not? It will do you good. Too many men have a answer "No" to all the foregoing, narrow viewpoint. The world is a big congratulate yourself, my friend. You are not necessarily certain of an insurance policy, but the chances are your application will be favourably acted upon. The hope is you haven't lied in any particular. If you have, it will go hard with you.

THE VACANT SEATS.

Where are those familiar faces? Where the forms that graced the scene

In the old accustomed places Daily on the 9.15? Gone the matutinal cackle; All have vanished like the wind

I alone am left behind.

Jones, who simply dotes on Surrey, Tries no more to score off me; "Gardener" Brown has gone to worry

Someone else at X.-on-sea; Smith, the lad they used to sit on For his views upon the Ruhr, Now is busy sampling Britain On a hectic motor tour.

So I settle on my cushion In that silent City train And so long as it will push on Neither murmur nor complain; Conscious rather in the matter Of a merciful release-That I can digest the patter Of my morning sheet in peace.

Agricultural News.

"A few nice rooms are vacant at the --- HOTEL, COWES.

Bull Board 31 to 5 guineas." Advt. in Dayly Paper.

"Will some generously disposed person give to this old established Training Ship, for boys of good character only, an Upright Piano?" Advt. in Daily Paper.

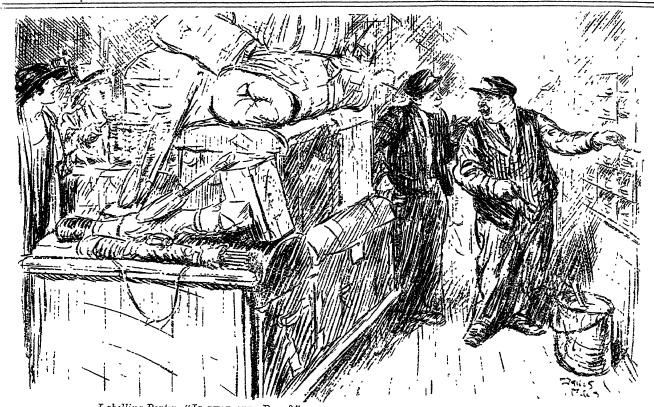
suit the environment.



THOSE "YELLOW" SANDS.

LORD CURZON. "EXTRAORDINARY HOW EVEN INANIMATE NATURE RE-ECHOES MY NOTE; BUT I WISH THAT HER TONE WAS MILDER."

[Lord Curzon's forthcoming book of travel, his publishers state, will contain "a full and picturesque study of the Singing Sands, i.e., the sand slopes and dunes which in remote and often inaccessible parts of Asia, Arabia, and even America, give forth sounds which resemble the noise of trumpets and drums."



Labelling Porter. "Is that all, Bill?" Port.r. "I'm afraid so. In the 'urry o' the moment they quite forcot the 'ouse."

THE PROMISE.

I sar alone at dead of night, thinking peacefully about nothing whatever. Beside me was a table; and on the table was some fruit. Suddenly I was startled by the sound of a piping little voice, and, looking up, I beheld a little voice, and, looking up, I beheld a little is always the same. Why is it? Why a little (I hesitate to say it lest you do you laugh at me?" should throwdown the paper in disgust, exclaiming, with good reason, "When will this idiotic business cease?" But "I was thinking," I replied, "that you look more like a fish than a fruit." "What then?" he asked. "Do you I beg you to continue)—a little, yes, banana, detached from his companions and perched up on the edge of the dish, staring at me with an appealing woe-

begone expression.
"Please, please," he cried, "will you do something to help us?"
"Me?" I answered, laughing at the sight of the funny little fellow. "What

can I do for you?"
"I want you," he said, "to redeem for us our lost prestige; to try to put an end to the ridicule which has so long and so unjustly surrounded us. We have become, without the slightest reason, the laughing-stock of the civilized world. And why? We are at a loss to know. We are a thoroughly respectable fruit; there is, we claim, no fruit to touch us. We have no pips; we are not messy; we can be eaten without noise and without the aid of a knife; we have a pretty name—and and defiled until we are ashamed for it \mid I ask you, what other fruit is treated to be seen in print.'

He raised himself higher on his tail, bent eagerly forward and gazed at me pathetically with his two black smudgy

eyes. I could not repress a smile. "There you are!" he wailed.

laugh at fish? And, anyhow, that is | cried, his little voice ringing with indignation: "Let's all go down the Strand. Have a banana?' It is monstrous; it is iniquitous. Why a banana? Why like that, I r not an orange? Surely people who go banana skin."

down the Strand like that would be

more likely to have an orange?"
"It wouldn't scan," I suggested.
"Well, then, a tomato. Tomato is a funnier word than banana; and it's a funnier word than banana; and it's roll over and go to sleep. He was a just the messy sort of thing that those pathetic little figure. people would love to go eating down the Strand.'

"Cheer up," I said; "it's only a joke."

"But it is not a joke—to us," he replied. "We are being ruined. We dare not be seen about. We get into a tram or a bus, and everybody nudges everybody and bursts into laughter, and that stupid whisper goes round. yet it has been dragged down, smirched 'Yes, we have no-'It is sickening! They would be.

like this?

"The answer," I said, "must be a lemon.

"A lemon?" he exclaimed. "And serve him right. He is no proper fruit. "It He is a mongrel—a trimming; no use alone. Fit only for flavouring-for apple-tarts, cocktails and the like. And yet he does not come in for the wicked treatment endured by us. Look at us. Apart from vulgar ridicule, we are blamed for every street accident. Bannot the joke about us. Listen," he ana skin, indeed! Bah! Nine times out of ten it is orange-peel—or drunkenness."

"Sh!" I said. "You must not talk like that. I myself have slipped on a

"I beg your pardon," he said politely; "I talk too much. But I do most earnestly entreat you to help us."

I looked at him as he prepared to

"If it were in my power," I said, "I promise you I wou'd."

And, thanks to your very kind indulgence, I have kept my promise.

> "THE RARAWA'S DELA DUE TO UNWORKABLE BAR. PASSENGERS INCONVENIENCED. New Zealand Papri

THE CONSCIENTIOUS COMPOSER.

I Amstudying percussion with a Russian, A specialist in devastating din;

Eustachian bombination and synthetic syncopation

With a Swede, and astrophysics with a Finn.

I am working at phlebitis and arthritis In the clinic of a Salonica Jew;

I am learning the prognosis of arteriosclerosis

From a prominent professor from Peru.

I shun the style Teutonic like bubonic, For I reverence the ruling of The Mand

In italics or small pica, but I play the balalaika

And I'm master of the Melanesian scale.

I can play the ekulele pretty gaily; Upon the Afghan harp I'm quite first-rate;

And the folk-songs of the Suabians and the Jugo-Bessarabians

I am diligently striving to collate.

I am setting tunes from Cuba for the tuba

And acclimatizing airs from the Azores;

And the luscious cherimoya and the canvases of Gova

Are imparting richer flavour to my scores.

I have interviewed Siberians and Algerians,

Algonquins, Aztecs, Copts and Touaregs;

I have written to Roumanians and consulted the Albanians

On the morals of the Tosks and of the Ghegs.

I have analysed the flora of Sonora; And I'm hoping very shortly to convey

The giant sloth's aroma and its enervating coma

In the realistic Patagonian way.

My methods may be hectic and eclectic, Yet governed are they by two aims alone—

To ban the insularity of simple English clarity:

To use all racial idioms save our own. I own the task's fatiguing and intrigu-

But in the end the grind will bring me grist,

For when it is completed I am certain to be greeted

As a "genuine all-British melodist."

From an advertisement of tobacco: "Who Would Canoe in a Silk Har?"

Daily Paper.

Who would have a silk hat big enough? Mulvaney.



Umpire (to new bowler). "Well, George, what's it going to be—over, or round the wicket?"

George (suspecting a "leg pull"). "Noa, Zur, I bowls straight at un."

"Mascots, Grotesque or Artistic. Prices 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere."—Advt. in Provincial Paper.

They can't be more grotesque than the arithmetic.

Of an entertainer:

"He tells me that a great difficulty he experiences in doing impersonations (especially of living people) is to avoid giving offence. For instance, he is allowed to do almost what he likes with Svengali, because he was merely the creation of Kipling's brain."

Provincial Paper.

But we should advise him to be careful when he tackles Du MAURIER'S Mulvaney.

"The question of the legality of the French occupation of the Ruhr is raised in purely legal form. The Low Officers of the Crown reached the conclusion that the Treaty of Versailles does not authorise any such action."

Irish Paper.

Our contemporary's estimate of the officers in question is shared, we understand, by M. Poincaré.

"It is just as well to bear in mind that there are two sorts of Nationalists, or rather that the Nationalist, like Jason, is possessed of a face which looks two ways."

South African Paper.

But, like Janus, always keeps an eye on the Golden Fleece.

A GRAND FINALE.

I am very glad that Margate had an ox roasted, whole, at the conclusion of its carnival. This served to mark a departure from the Continental method, and at the same time provided a truly English climax towards which the revellers could press with unflagging zeal through their week of somewhat fatiguing gaiety.

I imagine that with the roasting of an ox, whole, in prospect, one could endure a considerable period, not only of joyous abandon but even of desperate ennui. That is why I think of having one of my own at the end of the Bitter-

wins' visit.

When the Bitterwins come—we have to ask them for family reasons (thank you, I felt sure you would understand)—the gaiety of our home seems to need stimulus. Last time we borrowed a gramophone, but the Bitterwins, man and wife, were very lofty indeed about it. He is the sort of man who quotes Chaucer in the original, and then glances sideways over his glasses at you to suggest that there ought to have been no need for him to remind you of the poet's words. She is interested in morris dances and natural dyes, and gauges your intelligence by your reaction to such topics as cottage industries. I fancy they are peevish and pitying about us when they retire for the night. We have observed, however, that they both have an appreciation for good English food, freshly cooked.

"Delighted to see you both—de-lighted!" This is what

"Delighted to see you both—de-lighted!" This is what I shall say (for family reasons) on their arrival. And not long afterwards I shall tell them that, as a climax to our happy fortnight, I have arranged to have an ox roasted, whole, on the lawn. I rather think they will be pleased, and that when they get to their room that night they will have nothing disparaging to say of the state of the bedroom

carpet.

I may change my mind about having it on the lawn; I must inquire whether ox-gravy is a good thing for killing dandelions. And I have yet to decide whether we will have just the Bitterwins and our two selves, with the maid and the boot-boy to help, or whether we might have the Vicar and his sister as well. Hilary and Egbert will not be allowed to stay up for it, as I do not consider a whole ox, roasting, is a suitable plaything for the little ones. cannot hope to do it as well as Margate; we shall not have the low undertone of the sobbing of the summer sea to accompany the sizzling of the meat, or the gaily-attired throng dancing round the carcase in merry abandon—unless, of course, the Vicar and his sister care to relax. My idea is just a pleasant little ox-roasting, whole, with its fine Old English sentiment, its joyous air of hospitality, its appetising odours, all of which should appeal strongly enough to the Bitterwins to keep them within reasonable limits during their visit.

It is a bit of a nuisance that my neighbour is apt to make a fuss whenever there is a smell of burning from my garden. And I wish he were not a vegetarian. It will be wise perhaps to send a postcard to the fire brigade to prevent any

untoward misunderstanding, and to the police.

Of course, with beef in the neighbourhood of one-andtenpence a pound, it will be a bit expensive, but not too expensive, you will agree, if you know the Bitterwins. If you should hear of a small ox, whole, and suitable for roasting, that might suit us and that is going reasonably, perhaps you would let me know.

"The lady's prize for the prettiest costume was a cake-basket, which was worn by Miss —— for her representation of 'If winter comes.'"

Frovincial Paper.

A muffin-dish would have been more appropriate.

MAC'S CREED.

"THESE jungle days," said Mac on our last night, Out at Kalhalli in the Forest Hut, "They're not just mere adventure and delight—

Anything but;

Not every chap is nearly good enough
For this; not every fellow's got the stuff;
It tests a chap and tests him pretty tight,
And sometimes chaps go phut."

June lightning waved its banners in the sky, Coolies and trackers chattered in the shed, Out in the wood I heard the chital cry, And overhead,

Friend among friends, enchantress still to thrall, The huntress moon looked down upon us all And the dear place we cherished, Mac and I . . . "Go on, old son!" I said.

He laughed. "Oh, well, I don't intend to spout, But—what's a man? What constitutes a friend? Not looks or brains or what he's read about,

Or what he 'll spend.

There's something else, there's something deep inside
That schools and clubs and cities always hide,
And if it's there the jungle brings it out;
The jungle test's the end.

"You can't mind manners on these wanderings, Keep up appearances and all that rot; If a chap's right it shows in lots of things,

And if he's not
He'll show that too. When odds and ends go wrong,
When game gets scarce and marches mighty long,
When a gaur charges or a tiger springs
He'll show the stuff he's got."

The coolies' talk had ceased and all around, Scented and still, the jungle night pressed in; Mac sighed and laid his pipe upon the ground,

Then with a grin—
"If I had doubts," he said, "about a pal
I'd tramp him through the teak and thorn and sal
Until I knew. The jungle test is sound;
You back it and you'll win.

"I don't want angels, I've no use for saints; Give me an outdoor fellow who can see The little subtle pictures Nature paints—

A fellow free
From extras, taking worst the same as best,
A fellow who can pass the jungle test:
Bring him along and there'll be no complaints—
That's man enough for me."

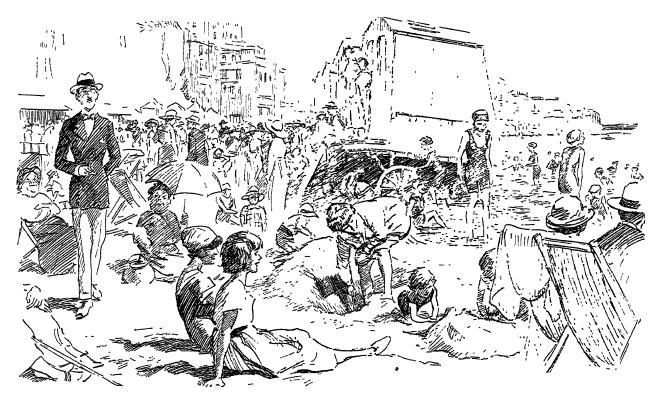
Dawn sped her heralds and the world came back
Dew-drenched, a world a-shine like polished brass;
And loth was I to face the homeward track
Over the pass.

And there lay Mac upon his trestle-bed,
One sunburnt arm beneath his honest head.
"A man?" I thought. "A friend? My dear old Mac,
You'll see one in your glass!" H.B.

"An electrical storm struck Keuora Sunday night. The separate school was unroofed, many trees blown down and gardens ruined. The guests reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour."

Canadian Paper.

The storm seems to have been successful in "speeding" the parting guest.



THE YOUNG MAN WHO WENT TO A POPULAR RESORT AND WAS QUITE ALONE.



THE YOUNG COUPLE WHO WENT TO A QUIET SPOT AND FOUND IT CROWDED.

HOOTS!

"Or course they won't get out of the way for that," said my friend, as his powerful car slackened down on our return journey by road from the delectable mountains of Dorset.

By "that" he meant the mild booming of the motor-horn, and by "they" a company of unruffled cows spreading right across the road and shambling from side to side of it, less than perturbed by our onset-deliberately dis-

regarding it.

"If a motor-horn sounds exactly like the friendly cow herself—as this one does," he resumed, "why should she be expected to take alarm and give way? If you want to make a cow jump you must have a motor-horn that emits a sound that she dreads-such as a dog barking.'

"Of course," I said. "Why haven't I ever thought of that

for myself?" I added.

"What a chauffeur really wants, "the road-hog continued —for he is a road-hog; in fact, you have but to scratch any motorist, however gentle in exterior, to find that animal beneath—"is something like an organ, with stops. Without something like that you will never get the road clear, never have all the impediments removed. For other motorists and for the drivers of carts and waggons the present horn is more or less all right; but of course there should be an Act of Parliament forcing everyone to have a mirror too. It is the infernal creatures not on wheels that are the real trouble. Here are these cows, for example "and it is true that the obstructionist creatures were still there, ulthough by advancing at the

slowest possible pace and now and then scraping a leg or a side with our mudguards, we were gradually cleaving the obstacle-"here are these cows undismayed by anything but a bark. Then there must be a stop in the organ producing a bark. Next, what about sheep? The bark would probably be all right for them too," he added, "and for cots. But obviously it would power. for cats. But obviously it would never frighten a dog. For fowls and ducks you want a sound like a fox."

"And for foxes," I said, "a sound like a pack."

He looked sternly at me. "There's no need to be funny," he said. "Who practical. What other animals are terrifies them.'

there that impede the progress of the gods of the machines?

"Pedestrians," I said.
"Well, there you come to a great problem," he replied. "Because pedestrians are divided into so many varieties. For a large number the best kind of motor-horn would be a gramophone which uttered the words, in as commanding a tone as could be mustered the original speaker could be a drill sergeant — 'Stand still!' or 'Don't whole attitude of the Stamove!' Because it is the people who homicide must be revised." start to cross the road and then, after

A GOOD REASON.

Old Gent. "Now, why do you keep knocking this BALL OVER HERE?"

The Junior Cricketer. "Because it's six, Sir, Every time we 'Its it over."

steer clear of them. Do you see?"

"Perfectly," I said.

"Then there are the people who are too shrewd to be run over but who dislike motoring much and motorists more, and who therefore do their best, by and force them to do the most depressing and ignominious thing that can happen to a driver-reduce speed. This class obviously must be frightened; has ever been bothered by a fox? Be but how? You must find a sound that

"Why not carry a revolver?" I suggested. "That surely would be simplest in the end.'

"I quite agree," he said. "But the laws of this country are in such a mess there would almost certainly be trouble. Pursuit, inquiries, inquests: unpleasant consequences, anyway. Motoring will never be the joy it was ordained to be until a lot of vexatious restrictions are removed from the Statute Book. The whole attitude of the State towards

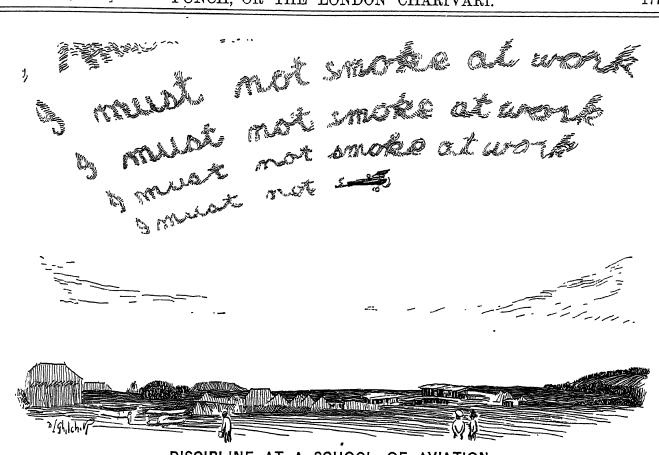
He sighed.

"But we are getting into deep water," he went on. "The motorist, I fear, will always have enemies, until roads are made exclusively for him and other vehicles are sent round by other ways, and pedestrians have tunnels to grope through. May that day scon arrive! Meanwhile let me remind you that a car properly fitted with all the necessary stops and horns could be made to serve a double purpose: it could convey its owner swiftly about the world, with less danger of being lethal than an ordinary vehicle, while at night it could add to the gaiety of those people who find their gaiety in that way, by joining in the acceptable cacophony of the jazz band. Anything that can promote the happiness of men and women who are made happy only by dancing to discord should be unstintedly done. I can see the chauffeur of one of these cars being idolised and fêted.'

"Yes," I said, "and, all unknown to his employer, being made very rich."

But at this moment our high speed suddenly vanished and our motor-horn began to fill the air with those distressing sounds which have done so much to

pausing, run on or back, who soonest | endear this new form of traffic to rural reach the hospital and the tomb. If dwellers. The cause of the delay was they could be turned to stone, so to a leisurely motor-cyclist ahead, with a speak, by the drill sergeant's decision side-car attached, who was holding the and timbre, the chauffeur could easily crest of the road—his only chance of a level passage—without giving the least sign of being aware that anything could be behind him wanting to pass. The side-car amateur has reduced this wilful unconsciousness to a fine art, and this exponent was masterly. He disdained crossing very slowly, to impede them pretence altogether; he put up no affectation of being absorbed in conversation with his companion. He merely went on his undeviating way with the conviction that his own trifling conveyance was the only car on that road, or any road, or in the world.



DISCIPLINE AT A SCHOOL OF AVIATION.

TRANSGRESSING PUPIL OF THE SKY-WRITING SECTION DOES HIS IMPOSITION.

Well, we boomed at him for two miles, until, with the faintest suggestion of a smile on the back of his head, round his huge ears, and on each of his rounded shoulders, he turned down a by-road:

My friend was black with rage.

"That's where the organ and its stops are always going to fail you," I said. "It is not pedestrians who are the motorist's worst foes; it is motorists. The triumph of the foot passenger is only momentary, but the driver of a side-car who wants to keep in the middle, right on the camber, can last out, at any rate, long enough to spoil your temper sufficiently to make your next meal disagree with you. And he will."

"Wanted, English Tutor to coach young lady in school French."—Daily Paper.
So our young ladies still prefer the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

From the speech of a Colonial Governor:—

"I originally thought that Mr. — 's endeavours could be called a magnum opus, but if I recollect my Latin still I should say that last year he did his major opus and this year he has reached his maximum opus."—Local Paper.

We infer that His Excellency does not recollect his Latin.

THE WATERING-POOL.

(With some Reflections.)
THE pool where horses come to drink Is filled with roses to the brink;
Behind the roses a grey wall,
And crowns of thatch above it all.
The picture falls contrariwise
Upon the trembling river skies;
And cattle step on shadowy moons
That shine on summer afternoons.

The strong white bull walks out and goes

Snuffling the water with his nose, Making the trailing roses wink, Gulping the clouds in his great drink, Trampling upon the walls and thatch, Churning the wooden door and latch. "Come up," they cry, and twitch his

And lead him back upon a string.

Wildly the horses gallop out, How they do kick and push about! One shoves the other to be first And guzzle off his summer thirst. These nomad things with Roman fea-

Are they the willing patient creatures
Who dragged the thrown wood up the
banks

With straining muscles and hot flanks? the fair sex.

Blinkers perhaps it was, or bridle, Made them look gentle. See them sidle And stamp, and clop, and snort, and

And fill the watering-pool with mud. The flowery wall, the smooth brown roofs

Break into bits beneath their hoofs; The hollyhooks, the paths of stone— The horses drink them every one.

Now it's all over. Stand and watch. Shyly creeps back the house and thatch:

Geraniums at the window-pane Steady themselves and come again; Quivering trees their heads uplift, Petals fall down and slowly drift. The pool where all the horses drink Is filled with roses to the brink.

"DEAUVILLE JEWEL THEFT.
Fortunately Mine. — was wearing most of her jewels, and the value of those stolen only amounts to £200,000."—Evening Pager.
And that 's a mere nothing at Deauville.

"WOMEN BARRISTERS.
MIDDLE TEMPER POPULAR."
Headlines in South African Paper.

Our Colonial cousins evidently appreciate the value of an equable disposition in the professional members of the fair sex.

MACHEATH, M.P.

 $({\tt Synopsis--Macheath}, returning to Eng$ land with his Wife, is persuaded by Diana Trapes, now married to a Lord, to stand for Parliament in the interests of the No Rum Company. He employs Jenny Diver for Secretary.)

Scene II .- A STREET IN CHELSEA. Fitch and Pirates disguised as Voters. Pirates. Vote for Macheath! Down with Drammer!

ith Drammer! [They drink, Fitch. You shout well, boys. Shout once again with that spirit and the Election is won!

Enter Macheath.

Pirates. Vote for Macheath! Down with Drammer!

Macheath. Good. But now compose yourselves, for I go to Tite Street to deliver an oration against rum; and it is your charge to see that such stones as are flung at my head fall wide of the mark.

Pirates. Hurrah!

Macheath. That done, brothers, I shall become again the rascally Drammer, and deliver an oration in praise of spirits at the corner of Swan Walk, where I look to you to defend me from the fury of Captain Macheath's supporters, who are a very villainous sort of creature and violent in their cups.

Pirates. Vote for Drammer! Down

with Macheath!

Fitch. Do you think it is wise, Captain, to take upon yourself the dangers and exertions of two Parliamentary Candidates at this Election?

Macheath. Why, yes, Fitch, for in this way I have already disposed of all opposition. The electorate are fickle birds, as you know; but whatever their waywardness one of us is bound to be elected.

Fitch. I know your fondness for acting in a double capacity, Captain, and so long as it was a matter of marriage we were ready to follow you; but we are honourable men, and to stand for both Parties seems to many of us to be not far distant from underhand conduct.

Macheath. This is the first time anything of that nature was laid to my door. On the contrary, my friends, by this device I am able to present both sides to the people with a fairness never surpassed. For if the bold Macheath comes out too strong in argument, as the nimble-witted Drammer I stagger him with a retort. And if the vile Drammer blunders into an error, within the hour Macheath has nailed the lie to the mast. This is the way of all Elections, but it has never been done in Parliament I shall see to it that with such impartiality and good feeling | you are rich. before. Here in Chelsea the Candidates |

have thrown off all personal ambition and care not which may win, provided only that the truth prevail, which is more than can be said of many boroughs.

Fitch. True, Captain; but how can the truth prevail if Drammer be elected? For Lady Di has offered us money to elect Macheath.

Macheath. If the people choose Drammer, then Drammer is right; for the people know what is right, and who am I to go against them? As for your fees, have no fear, for if Lady Diana should fall behind in her duty, I will see to it that Drammer does what slut. is honourable.

Fitch. Then, Captain, we are yours; and we hope that the truth will prevail, one way or the other.

Pirates. Hurrah!

Air VIII .- "Like Cobblers a-stitching." By reason or ruction We soar to the skies; The means of production We nationalise ; While rapture surprising We bring within range By nationalising The means of exchange.

Scene III .- TITE STREET.

Macheath. Jenny Diver. Polly. Diana Trapes. Pirates. A Crowd.

Macheath on a barrel.

Macheath. Citizens of Chelsea! have been nearer hanging than any gentleman here; not for my crimes but for my passions. I have been married three times, not counting baggages, and twice to the same wife. I have been a highwayman and a pirate; and in ten days I shall be a Member of Parliament.

Pirates. Hurrah! Macheath. Citizens! I owe my misfortunes to a single circumstance. Polly. Cruel Macheath!

Air IX.—"Pop goes the Weasel!" The turtle-dove that droops and dies, Her grief complaining. Reproaches yet with startled eyes The hunters' feigning.

Macheath. Polly, you mistake me. Citizens! a man may rid himself of his wives, but rum pursues him to the grave. More men have gone to their ruin through rum than ever went to the cart for thieving; more men are destroyed by rum than are taken off by the plague. More rum is drunk than water. To work is a poor man's glory, and if you give up your drams you will have more time to work. Citizens, you are a poor lot, but what will you be if you drink water! You will be rich. When I am

Pirates. Hurrah!

Macheath. I am a better man than Drammer. I wish to say nothing to the prejudice of Drammer, for every man has his tastes, and if Drammer chooses to cut purses, that is his own affair. God save the King!

Pirates. Hurrah! Vote for Mac-[Exeunt.]

Polly. Husband, how noble a discourse! Tell me it was the thought of your Polly's virtue and constancy that breathed that resolution into your words.

Macheath. All Jenny's work, the [He kisses her.

Polly. Oh, Macheath, though you may weary of my affection, at least you should let me prepare your speeches. From this day forth Polly is your secretary.

Macheath (aside). Then Drammer is ected— Well, my dear, I am deelected---lighted. Jenny, you are dismissed.

Jenny Diver. Oh, Sir, have pity. suffer from tedium, like the fine ladies, and after three weeks of politics in your service I am in no mood to pick pockets again.

Macheath. Take my advice and call on Mr. Drammer, who needs a secretary,

as I happen to know.

Polly. She shall leave my house tonight.

Macheath. Why, no, my dear; for the fact is this Drammer is little better than a vagabond and has no house. And till he acquires a respectable dwelling I fear that Jenny must remain under our roof. For I know you would not turn the poor girl into the streets.

Polly. Willingly.

Air X.—" Bristol Maidens." Thus when cuckoo from the nest Thrusts the rightful queen, She, poor bird, with heaving breast, Longs to make a scene, Could she but resist the rough, But she is not strong enough.

Scene IV.—SWAN WALK.

Macheath. Diana Trapes (disguised). Jenny Diver. Pirates. A Crowd.

Macheath on a barrel, disguised as Drammer.

Macheath. Fellow-citizens, I am a merchant of honour, reputation and wealth.

Pirates. Hurrah!

Macheath. You have heard to-day an oration from the lips of the notorious Macheath. He lies. God save the King!

Pirates. Hurrah! Vote for Drammer! [Excunt.

Jenny Diver. Mr. Drammer, Sir, I am a secretary discharged by the vile Macheath. I seek employment. If I cannot get you into Parliament, or any other place, my name is not Diver.



"OH, JOHN, DO HURRY UP!"

"BUT, MUMMY, WHAT CAN I DO? THIS DOG KEEPS SKIDDING."

Macheath (aside). Jenny, the slut! You are engaged. [He kisses her.

Diana Trapes (aside). It is the Captain! No other politician would engage a secretary with so much ceremony. Macheuth!

Macheath (aside). Discovered! Lady

Trapes. You play me false, Captain. I employed your services for the No Rum Company. Have a care, Captain. If Drammer wins, Macheath shall have

Macheath. These apprehensions do you no credit. Come what may, Macheath will finish at the top of the poll.

Scene V.—A POLLING-BOOTH.

Macheath (disguised). Fitch.

Fitch. Vote early and often! Ha, 'tis you, Captain?

Macheath. Soft. What news? How

often have you voted?
Fitch. Nine times, Captain. You

are in.

Macheath. Naturally. But in which

eapacity?

Fitch. Macheath wins. The people are captured by his cheerfulness and honesty. They vote in hundreds, dead or alive.

Macheath. This is well. Vote again. Exit.

Scene VI.—AN OPEN PLACE—OUTSIDE "THE GEORGE." OUTSIDE "THE DOG AND THUNDERSTORM."

Sheriff's Officer. Pirates. A Crowd. Sheriff's Officer. Macheath is elected. Pirates. Hurrah!

Enter Macheath, in the windows of "The George."

Mucheath. Citizens! in the hour of victory it is our privilege to be generous. I will tell you why I won. Drammer is no gentleman. God save the King!

Pirates. Hurrah!

Enter Macheath, disquised as Drammer, in the windows of "The Dog and Thunderstorm."

Macheath. Citizens! in the hour of defeat a just man bows his head with a cheerful grace. I will tell you why I lost. Macheath is no gentleman. God save the King!

[Exit.

Pirates. He lies! Sapristi!

Air XI.—"Sweet Myrtle."

After battle
Who but cattle
Crawl upon the ground?
Melancholy
Is but folly;
Pass the bottle round!

CURTAIN.

End of Act I. A.P. H

WORTH CLIMBING FOR.

[A penny has been picked up on the summit of Ben Lomond.]

This was no tribute to the sprites
Who dwell on hill-tops high,
Nor to the gnomes who toil o'nights

And hate a mortal by:

Could meagre pennies pay the to

Could meagre pennies pay the toll That ask the outraged dwerg and troll?

Nor conscience-money quaintly thus To shooting-tenants paid By one remorseful for the fuss

His bold intrusion made
Amongst the grouse. He'd be
aware

No shooting man would find it there.

No doubt the treasure there was laid,
With careful thought and long,
By patriot natives sore dismayed
To see the Southron throng.
It is but one of many plots

It is but one of many plots
To brighten Scotland for the Scots.

"Monday morning will find numerous sportsmen early astir, and the moors will echo the sharp crack of the gun and the barking of the dogs as they 'flush' the coveted birds from the heather and moss."—Sunday Paper.

A good effort, but not quite equal to the historic "The crack of the rifle was heard on the moors."



THE QUESTION. 1823.

Small Girl. "Please don't send my love to anybody."

When first I heard that Mr. William Grey Had asked permission of Papa to speak, I swooned; and poor Mamma sent him away And said no more about it for a week, But his affection stood the test of time, He came again as ardent as before, And couched his offer in a graceful rhyme, Down on his knees upon the drawing-room floor. His noble attitude! His manly air!
I told him "No!" again, but it was hard. And then at last, observing his despair, I felt myself assured of his regard. "Dear Mr. William Grey," I murmured, "yes!" And wept to think of my unworthiness.

1923.

I met my old pal Billy yesterday (I don't think you know Billy—he 's a scream!) At Oxford Circus, and he came my way And helped me choose a hat, a perfect dream! Then we passed Custard's, and he stopped and cried: "Well, old bean, what about it?" pointing at A monstrous wedding-cake he saw inside (I'd never been proposed to quite like that. One lives and learns). I hurried him away. "We can't stand here," I said, "philandering And talking sentimental tosh all day. I might do worse . . . I'll think of it, old thing." We went at once and looked for flats To Let, And bought a saucepan and a wireless set.

2023.

"Give me your answer, Willie—yes or no? I'm sick of this coquettishness," I said.
"I'm doing well. Business is sure to grow (Here comes a flash of lightning—mind your head). I'm the best pilot in the air, they say. Just think what glorious fun to have a wife Who'll whirl you up to where the breezes play, After that stuffy office. . What a life! With week-end joy-rides to the Isles of Greece And little holidays in far Fiji" I nose-dived here to dodge some flying geese And something snapped in the machinery. The plane went smash as I renewed my suit. Willie said "No!" upon the parachute.

Historic Mysteries.

"Saffron Walden Grammar School celebrated its five hundredth anniversary yesterday. It was founded in the reign of Edward VI." Local Paper.

Its previous century of existence having been apparently in the nature of a preliminary canter.

From Lord Birkenhead's attack on the Government: "Nothing would satisfy the Prime Minister except to gallop off to New York."—Daily Paper.

To the "Galloper" (who is on his way there himself) all journeys are gallops.

"Selling Whisky without Licence.—A detective disguised as an American bought two bottles of whisky."—Scots Paper.

Aren't our sleuths clever? Disguised as a Scotsman, of course he wouldn't have had an earthly.



PEACE-WORK.

FRITZ: "AH! THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO DO ALL THROUGH THE WAR—AND NOW THEY'RE DOING IT FOR ME!"

PRECAUTIONS FOR THE COMING COLD SNAP.

(By our Special Phobologist.)

THE extreme variations of temperature experienced during the last few months, culminating in two heat waves of remarkable intensity, ought to prepare us for a further and possibly even more severe strain on the heat-regulating organisms of the average man and woman. Little less than two years ago there was a heat-wave in October, but experiments in the Cryogenic Laboratories at Earlswood indicate the possibility of a cold snap in that month, more than justifying the title of "chill

I have recently emphasised the precautions desirable in a heat-wave-the abandonment of waistcoats and furs, abstinence at breakfast and the avoidance of lunch, and, in general, a recourse to barley-water or turnip-top water in preference to old brandy, vintage port or brown sherry. I have also enlarged on the paramount necessity of restricting all brain-work-even the composition of medical articles—to an irreducible minimum. As ABERNETHY remarked in one of his most luminous aphorisms, it is better to have cold feet than a hot head. Extremes meet, but, strange to say, the precautions to be taken in the face of a cold snap differ considerably from those to be followed when the thermometer stands at 90° in the shade. An ample breakfast—with one or even two boiled eggs—can be indulged in with impunity. Luncheon may be safely resumed, with a small cup of coffee afterwards. Afternoon tea may be supplemented with sandwiches, for at times when it is easy to lose heat to the atmosphere heat production should be increased to the highest possible amount, whether by the wearing of woollies, or the consumption of cordials and the use of hot-water bottles or the old-fashioned warming-pan. As Sir Andrew Clark admirably put it, "Nature forgives but she never forgets," though there are moments when the converse is equally true.

With regard to brain-work a reasonable amount may be safely undertaken, but here, as in everything, est modus in rebus. After a prolonged abstinence from mental effort it is dangerous to plunge too abruptly into the mid-stream of cerebral activity. Medical journalists are especially to be warned against a too heroic indulgence in literary labours; they will do well to remember that they may defeat their laudable aims by imposing too great a tax on the intelligence of their readers. The impact of truisms, however obvious and even platitudin-



A GOOD BEGINNING.

Missioner (to Outside Porter who has been sent to carry his luggage). "So I am to lodge with the Barkers during the Mission, am I? Well, Mrs. Barker is a WORTHY WOMAN, I BELIEVE-A FAITHFUL CHAPEL MEMBER AND ONE OF THE ELECT; BUT I HEAR HER HUSBAND IS ONE OF THE SONS OF BELIAL-A BACKSLIDER." Porter. "I DUNNO ABOOT THEM-I'M 'IM."

explosive effect of original and unexpected information. But the duty of keeping up a supply of precautionary precepts cannot, in justice to the public, be evaded.

October is a month of infinite potentialities. Even if the cold snap should fail to materialize, we must not forget that a return of the influenza epidemic is long overdue, and that some of the most distinguished phobologists entertain the gravest apprehensions of the invasion of our coasts by a mysterious disorder, at present confined to the hinterland of Gagalit, known as hyperbotulism. The symptoms are obscure and disquieting, and I cannot too urgently impress upon all those who may find their temperature to be above 104° to ous, is often more salutary than the go to bed and send for a doctor.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Two goslings joined at the shoulders which have been recently hatched from one egg, are in the possession of a Gweedore lady. The strange fact, the lady declares, has been due to the egg having a double yolk."

Weekly Paper. "Wheelwright wanted for all-round work." Advt. in Daily Paper.

"He created a new one-hour record by covering 67 miles 384 yards in that time, at an average speed of 67.22 m.p.h."

Provincial Paper.

Headlines relating to the meeting of land-taxers at Oxford :-

"'UNMANNERLY.

Conference Deprived of Speech by Mr. Asquith."

Weekly Paper.

Unmannerly or not, we wish he would silence a few more Conferences.

THE EARL AND THE VISCOUNT.

(A wholly imaginary Telephone Conversation.)

Dramatis Persona:

The Earl Wiganhead and The Viscount Hatzoff.

First Voice. Hello! Hello! Is that Lord Hatzoff.

Second Voice. Speaking. Who are you?

First Voice. Lord Wiganhead. How's it getting on?

Lord H. How's what getting on?

Lord W. The stunt. Lord H. I'm afraid I don't understand.

Lord W. The boom, then. The Ruhr boom. Still going hot?

Lord H. You pain me by talking in that way. There may be a handful of pro-Germans in this country who still sit down and keep their hats on when the name of France is mentioned, and they may all happen to be in the Government; but no sane and thinking Englishman, no loyal Englishman, above all no Englishman with a sense of honour-

Lord W. Quite, quite. What I rang you up about was to get a kind of idea about the numbers—the figures, you know.

Lord H. Figures. Allow me to describe to you how my office day begins. At Caramel

Lord W. That's the Agglutinated Newspapers, isn't it?

Lord H. Yes. As I enter the gymnasium a concealed hand strikes up the "Marseil-The full company of sorters, which has sprung immediately to attention, pre-

sent envelope slitters, shaped like sword bayonets, and, after they have opened ranks and I have inspected them, we get to work. There are sections to deal with Cheltenham, Worthing, Leamington, Bath, Tunbridge Wells and all the other places where the heart of England still beats passionately true. As the corporal or lance-corporal in charge of each section brings up to me the total of the number of letters and hands it to me, he lifts his hat, at the same time shouting, "Vive POINCARE!" We have also a little anthem or chant.

· Lord W. (sighing a little). Oh, you

have that, have you?

Lord H. Yes. Mr. Italic Fraser com-

it line about. Just listen a moment. We have two transmitters, and Mr. Italic Fraser will take the other one.

The British Note

Mr. I. F.Is a German Note Lord H. And it sounds extremely sinister.

What can be done Mr. I. F.Lord H. With a mere pro-Hun Mr. I. F. For the British Foreign

look here-

Lancell Sk

Boy (in holiday camp who has been watching revolving ht). "Please, Sir, ir must be 'eart-breakin' for them light). PORE CHAPS TO 'AVE THEIR LAMP BLOW OUT SO OFTEN.'

Lord H. Wait a minute! There is Is that it? another verse:-

What is the way Mr. I. F. To make Germany pay? Lord H. Dance, BALDWIN, dance! Mr. I. F. Jump upon Fritz Lord H. And pound him to bits. $Mr.\ I.\ F.$ Hats off to France!

Lord W. Yes, yes. I think I understand the idea. As a matter of fact, treating it as an argument, I haven't so very much use for it. I must have a legal mind or something, you know. Your notion seems to be that the Government's trying to sacrifice honour to self-interest and make us behave like a posed it. It goes like this, and we say | nation of shopkeepers, eh?

Lord H. That's precisely it.

Lord W. And what is it that you say we ought to do?

Lord H. Stick to France, of course. Lord W. And what is the policy of

Lord H. To make Germany pay. Lord W. Wouldn't a nation of shopkeepers make Germany pay?

[There is confused buzzing for a

Mr. I. F. For the British Foreign few moments at the other end.

Minister?

Lord W. (resuming). But all this is

Lord W. Very nice, I'm sure. But rather beside the point. What I wanted to tell you was that I'm quite prepared

to support your policy if erthe—er—heart of the English people seems to beat really passionately for it and all that sort of thing. I thought if you would tell me the numbers-

Lord H.: Come, come, that's a bit thick, isn't it? After all you did belong to the late Coalition Government, you know. And we were always pitching into you then.

Lord W. I need hardly tell you, need I, that the members of the late Coalition Cabinet did not always see eye to eye with each other on all points. As for the two subsequent Prime Ministers, I have the utmost contempt for their intellectual powers. Now, my point is-

Lord H. Oh, I see your point quite well. You want to butt in on the tail end of our boom!

Lord W. (himself rather coldly by this time). I'm afraid I don't understand. When you consider the prestige which I should bring to yourer-rather curious agglutination of enthusiasms-

Lord H. Yes, there's something in that. Well, let's put it this way. We want a prestige and you want a party.

Lord W. Well, if you like. Shall we call it a deal, then?

Lord H. Right-o! A stirring article, then, from your pen to-morrow?

Lord W. Certainly. And after that I'm going to America.

Lord H. And you'll preach the gosthe good tidings there?

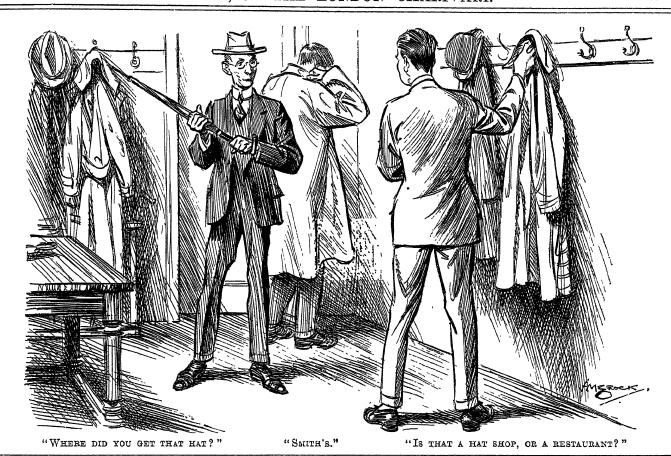
Lord W. Indeed I will.

Lord H. (rather doubtfully). Amongst the Drys.?

Lord~W. To everybody. But especially the Drys.

Lord H. And you'll cable encouragement from time to time?

Lord W. Sure thing. [Rings off. EVOE.



THE STAGE BUSINESS MAN.

ALL things considered, he has a pretty worrying time of it. I fear this is too often due to the fact that he is the possessor of a secret and somewhat shady past. One ought not to be too hard upon him for this failing, because it appears to be almost impossible to come to the front in stage business circles unless you have a dark smudge somewhere about you. In stage life the good blameless people do not go into business, save as underlings, or shareholders, in a stage counting-house. or mere catspaws. To be a commercial force the stage business man has to have a past. And just when everything appears to be at its brightest and most prosperous, he has to reckon upon his past getting busy and furning everything upside down, with disastrous results to his business and social prestige.

A stage business is a very delicate thing, and wonderfully responsive to outside influence. It may be paying a comfortable twenty or thirty per cent. dividend, and be under the control of an ideal stern, square-jawed man whom the old clerks in the office are proud to serve. Nevertheless someone has only to do, say or discover something, and financial chaos becomes imminent. I would not advise anyone to put their money into a stage business however stern and square-jawed the senior partner may be. In fact the more impressive the appearance of the head of the firm the more reason you will have to be doubtful of his past, and the more foolish you will be if you do not invest your savings in Government stock, or in something of an equally irreproachable origin.

It stands to reason, therefore, that the stage business man, when he is not cutting an imposing figure in Society or in his own home, is kept pretty busy trying to prevent anyone saying or doing or discovering whatever it may be

terribly handicapped by conditions over which, apparently, he has no control. A business office on the stage is not the select temple of privacy—accessible only to the firm's solicitors, customers, commercial travellers and such harmless and impotent folk—that it is apt to be in real life. On the contrary, the prosaic daily routine is constantly being interrupted by communications of a dramatic and generally unpleasant nature, and by the comparatively free-and-easy entry of all sorts of people. There is very little drab dulness

Female friends and relations in particular seem to regard the business man's private office as a sort of home from home, where they can meet and discuss the latest news in the intervals of shopping and paying calls. They turn up on some pretext or other at the most inconvenient times. and it often happens that their presence is so compromising to the head of the firm that he has to hide them while he gets on with his work. The moment they are left alone they overhear important conversations, or ferret around and discover incriminating photographs or documents. Then they start out to make trouble and wreck the business. You would think that the stage business man would know enough to have special unfurnished and sound-proof hiding-places constructed for his lady friends; but that is a point on which he never learns sense.

As though his past were not sufficient handicap the stage business man lays up a good deal of extra trouble for himself by weakly taking his son into the firm. This is a sad blunder, because the son of the stage business man is invariably a fine upright young fellow with ideals, and he never sees eye to eye with his father in little matters of commercial finesse. He has a steady flow of up-to-date moral eloquence too, with which he fills out the occasions during office hours when he and his father are alone together. What with his son's that will upset his commercial equilibrium. In this he is orations and the complications arising out of his past life and



Conductor (who has been tendered a half-fare). "How old are you?" Girl. "I'm eleven—and Mother will be forty next month."

present methods, it is surprising that the stage business man contrives to do any work at all. There is not much use either in his taking any home with him, because his wife or daughter is dead certain to have some domestic trouble awaiting him. One feels that it must be a great relief to him when the final exposure and crash come along, and he is able to get rid of a little of his square-jawed grimness and settle down as a reformed character, or even as a retired profiteer.

ILLE ANGULUS.

When burning August, the month of dust, Reminds the cuckoo that go he must, When the reaper clacks through the yellow wheat And I am prostrated with prickly heat; When Whitehall wilts and Trafalgar Square Melts in its blanket of used-up air, And Bond Street swelters, an easy prey To women from Syracuse (U.S.A.); When children clamour for ginger-pop And all the buses are full on top, And nobody dines or goes to the play, And those who have had no holiday Are only a trifle more tired and surly Than those who took their holidays early— Oh, then I long as never before For the swoosh of waves on a rockbound shore, Weed below and heather above And a sheer grey cliff that the sea-birds love, Wide green waters to feast the eyes on Stretching away to the blue horizon, A hidden bay with red-roofed houses, A wharf where the local shellback drowses, And, last but one of a neat white row, The cottage of Mrs. Clitheroe,

Where by-and-by, when the red dusk dies, And the night has several thousand eyes, And the mouse falls prey to the questing owl, I shall get to work on a well-cooked fowl.

Oh, when I lie, as I hope to soon,
On that high cliff with the sun at noon
(None of your tropical greenhouse suns
That make men frizzle like hot cross buns,
But a golden lamp in a dome of blue,
With a scarf of clouds to be shining through),
Never a thought will I revive
Of the hateful quill that I have to drive,
The laggard clock and the tepid air,
And Jones, the bill clerk, who oils his hair,
In London Town where a million slaves
Sigh for soft breezes and singing waves.

ALGOL.

Overdoing It.

Letter from a Mending Company, concerning the torn knee of a pair of trousers:—

- "I beg to inform you that we can make your trousers quite invisible for 12s., or almost for 8s. It will take about fourteen days."
- "Every Old Boy will at once apply to the Hon. Secretaries for the desired number of tickets, and—as if he were learning History again—will make special note of the date: July the 117h."

 South African School Magazine.

When we were learning History we always found the dates rather confusing.

"The marriage of Joe Beckett, British heavyweight champion, to Miss Ruth Ford, is to take place at St. Paul's, Worthing, to-morrow, at 11. Beckett is not relinquishing the ring."—Daily Paper.

That may have been his original intention, but we understand that he should need it of the alither relimination.

stand that he abandoned it after a little preliminary sparring, in which the best man won.

WALKING ROUND.

SITTING here, this fine hot August day, on the balcony of the Sandsbourneon-Sea Golf Clubhouse, surveying the busy scene before me and listening to the angry sound of Grant sleeping at my side; myself disappointed and puzzled by a condition of affairs that has driven us from the links, I reflect that there is this one great difference between golf and all other games—that, whereas other games must be watched from a stationary position, golf must be followed by the spectator wherever it goes. This is called "walking round"; and, walking round having increased so immensely in popularity (mainly among women) that it may now be regarded as a pastime of its own, I feel that a few words on the subject of it are called for from me this afternoon.

I ask myself, clearly and alliteratively, the question: "Why do women want to walk round?" And I answer it to the best of my ability as follows:-

(1) There are no rules for walking round. Women dislike the tyranny of rules, and there must be a great charm about this go-as-you-please recreation of walking round. There is no rule of pace, of space or of time. It may be abandoned at will; or at any moment it may be changed to a siesta on a sandhill or a picnic on the bank of a

(2) Any number of people may take part in it. Lover may go arms linked with lover; or the whole of Marina Boarding House may jog round, as merrily as if they were on their own

(3) It is suitable for all ages. Grandpa is not too old for it, or too deaf; and baby need not be left at home. And it is equally enjoyable for all-for the old ones, to potter round, pausing at times to point out the view; for the little ones, to romp in and out and up and down the bunkers.

(4) Any costume may be worn. Plimsolls or high-heeled shoes; with parasols or without; jumper or coat-and-skirt, or what looks like full evening dress; felt hat, Paris hat or no hat at all.

(5) It is frightfully amusing. watch the man, who in the ordinary affairs of life is methodical and punctilious and masterful to a degree, displaying an undisguisably ragged disorderliness both of body and mind-this is a joy to be found in no other game.

(6) It is exciting. There is the dodging of balls, the stampede from the green; the hunting for balls, the sudden discovery of balls—not only of balls lost by your own party, but of balls not lost by other parties.



Lady (who has taken Nephew to Punch-and-Judy Show). IT, DEAR?" "I HOPE YOU

Nephew. "Well, thank you for bringing me, Auntie, but I do think it's a pity they don't follow the text more closely and show less tendency to gag."

not walk round with the men they will see nothing of you all day.

(8) It stimulates the appetite. And food may be taken all the way roundfruit, biscuits, buns . . . and the paperbags float most fascinatingly in the breeze.

(9) It-

But enough. Live and let live. Sleep and let walk round. It is too hot for golf, anyhow; and Sandsbourne in August is far too jolly a place for (7) It is companionable. If you do | such a Royal and Ancient game.

Well Matched.

"ADAM.—To Eve, wife of A. D. Adam, Gold Coast—a daughter."—Daily Paper.
"GROOM—Spouse.—A quiet wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, when Isabella, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Spouse, was united in marriage to Mr. William H. Groom."—Canadian Paper.

From a guide-book:

"Everything that can help towards the enjoyment of your leisure hours is to be found here. Musical Teas, After Dinner Dances, Circulating Library, Crochet Lawn, &c." But is nothing done for the knitters?

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE'S DILEMMA.

ALTHOUGH our village contains barely two hundred souls, we are divided into something like twenty-four different social grades, between each of which common or lower orders of mankind, there are two families of "gentlefolk." There are the Bellingtowers at the Hall, who are "county," and the Ponsonbys at the Lodge, who are not, but who contrive to winter abroad each to put up with Bournemouth. It is seidlitz-powder.

This being so, you can understand that when Patience Morgan, the wife of

self to be dragooned into running an entertain-ment at the Village Hall in aid of the Sunday School outing, she had undertaken a task that would have made the League of Nations gasp.

However, she arranged for half-a-dozen different prices for admission, reserving the back rows for the labourers, the middle ones for the aristocracy of the proletariat, the next for the tradespeople, the next for the grade of the postmaster and the district nurse, the next for the professional element, and the front row of all—eight larger chairs than usual, at our First MAE five shillings each—for the "quality."

In the matter of the sale of the tickets she approached the Hall first. Lady Bellingtower inquired whether that person from the—ah, yes, of course, the Lodge—was going to give that impossible violin solo again. Patience said "No." Indeed, in order to obviate any jealousy, she had imported all her talent from London. It was a daring innovation, but it looked like being successful. Even the Vicar was content to forgo his usual recital of "Gunga Din' so long as the schoolmaster would not have an opportunity of singing "Friend o' Mine.'

Lady Bellingtower inquired again as to the arrangement of the seats.

"Ah!" she said, with a triumphant gleam in her cold, blue-blooded, baleful eyes. "I approve. I may not be able to attend, but I will take all the front row myself."

Lady B. was a mild hypochondriac. Her rheumatism paid for the upkeep of Morgan's car, and her fear of catching any low-bred disease through breathing the air exhaled by the community was so great that he made enough out of is an impassable wall. Besides the precautionary measures to pay for their summer holiday.

Of course it was impossible to suggest to the Lodge people that they should occupy inferior seats behind, especially as they would be sitting next to the Bellingtowers' solicitor, who was year; whereas the Bellingtowers have proceeding against them in the matter of a right-of-way across the potato manifestly as impossible for these two patch. Patience simply said nothing to agree as it is for the two halves of a about it, and hoped that they wouldn't find out.

The great day came and the concertroom was filled to suffocation. Patience our general practitioner, allowed her- was taking the tickets at the door, and

The Old Hand. "Sailors! There ain't no sailors nowadays. our first mate comes aboard in a bowler 'at an' colfin' sticks."

Morgan was acting as stage-manager, secretary, usher and sidesman.

Did I say the hall was full? It was not. Every seat was sold, but the front row of all, purchased by Lady B., was a row of mournful empty chairs. Patience felt a little resentment against Lady B., because she had hired a good company with a really funny comedian; but she reflected that, after all, she had got the money.

About half-past eight a car drove up from the Lodge, and out stepped Mr. Ponsonby, Mrs. Ponsonby, their son and their daughter and a couple of nondescript friends.

"Ah! Mrs. Morgan," said Ponsonby, "the tickets you undoubtedly sent to us must have got mislaid, but we saw your bills, and we like to support the lower classes, you know. You 've saved us some seats, of course?"

Patience ought to have said No, that Patience made no audible reply, for | there wasn't a seat to be had, but she

thought of that empty front row which Lady B. was apparently not intending to fill. Patience also thought of six times five shillings, and reflected that this sum would secure her a profit that would break the record created by the Vicar's wife at the last show. So she fell. She took the money and showed the Ponsonbys into Lady B.'s seats.

And then, twenty minutes later, just as the clever comedian was sending his hearers into transports of helpless delight, came the disaster.

As Patience and Morgan were standing by the door congratulating each other, a long grey limousine was seen to approach. It was brilliantly lit inside, and to their horror they could see that it contained Lady Bellingtower, her daughter, her aunt, and two other paragraphs from Debrett.

The car halted. Patience, with a face of unearthlypallor, advanced to greet Lady B. But before she could speak she was vaguely aware of her husband's voice, saying, "It's a bad case. The worst attack of involuntary movement of the facial muscles I have ever seen. There is the usual accompaniment—a peculiar expression of the eyes, together with an explosive, sonorous and intermittent expulsion of air from the lungs."

He spoke to her in a hoarse stage whisper, of which Lady B. could hear every word.

"What's this?" she

said. "Somebody ill?"

"I'm sorry to say that I suspect a case of cachinnatory convulsion, if nothing worse," said Morgan with professional gravity.

"Is it contagious?" said Lady B. "Extremely so," said Morgan. "I shouldn't be surprised if in a very short time the whole of the audience won't have got it."

"Good Heavens!" said Lady B. "James, drive home at once."

"But, Ernest," said Patience, when her heart had stopped passaging up and down in her breast, "ought you to have told a story about it?"

"I didn't," said Morgan. "Those symptoms I described to you are exactly the way the Dictionary defines 'laughter.'"

And a roar of hilarious applause at that moment greeted the comedian's impersonation of a Member of the

Upper Circles.



Fond Parent. "How much is a Ride?"

Coat Man. "WHICH ONE OF YER?"

GEMS FROM THE JUNIORS.

THE following expressions of deeplyfelt yearnings are published here in the hope that such sidelights on the everrecurring problem of what the goal of education should be may prove helpful to those parents who grope vainly among visions of Downing Street, Canterbury, Queen's Hall, the Royal Academy and other elusive pinnacles of fame:

How to be a Stowaway.

Why I want to be a stowaway is because you dont have to be so clever only brave. The way to do it is to slip on to the boat geting mixed up with the cargoe so you arent notised and stay below till mid osean when you come up and the captan cant throw you overbord because that would be merder so he says What Ho my Harty clime to the Masthead and show Us what you are made Of, but thats just a catch and when you begin he makes you swob the deck instead. Its best to take a few sanwiches or buns as you get teribly hungry waiting for mid osean and a large knife because there might be rats in the hold and you have to fite them and peraps eat them for a bit. After I was a stowaway I would be the man at the weel and look out for sharks. You may be sea-sick but other people and wore briches and legyou can be jolly sick on land too. Then lings and of course I would have to dig Old Hendrenth.

peple who are glad to see you.

PETER ROLANDS (age 101).

WHAT TO BE.

Ever since I was quite small I have always longed to be one of those ladies who rides on a horse at a circus. You just stand on one foot on a horse and point the other out in the air and jump thrugh hoops not like the kind you bowl but with paper across to make it more dificult. But if your horse is inagain as quick as you ment. The clothes are lovely and spangely but a little tigt in parts only I daresay you could choose them differnt if you said you liked them more flowy. So far I have only ridden a donkey but a livly one and I stuck on.

Delia Morton (age 10). THE BEST LIFE.

When I am grown-up I will have the dearest little garden all my own and grow strawberies and things to sell when I couldn't eat them up myself. The vegetebles would be behind a hedge as they are apped to look untidy though good for food. On Saturdays I would sell my flowers for a penny a bunch. Or I might get more if I worked for

you come home with a parot for your | but I'm, not the least bit afrade of worms really. Besides that the people would ask my advise like whether pinks come at the same time as dalhias and I should say no because they dont. On Sundays proper lady's clothes would be ELAINE CARTWRIGHT (age 11).

To choose a Career is a very impresive job because you may fail in it, but we must not be downhearted on that acount or mind too much about what people teligent he would probaly wait just a say or nothing would ever get done second if you didnt come on to his back for where would America be now if Christopher Columbus had thought a lot about his family. If it is posible for a daughter to agree with one's parents it is pleasanter for all but it may not happen like that. How I should love to keep a house full of babies not my own but other peoples who are too busy to look after them. That way you can have six or seven all a year or two old which is not usual in an ordinary family and they are simply sweet when quite young and sometimes a bother later on. But your friends might rather you went into Parliament. Let us hope they would not.

NANCY PHILLIPS (age 12).

News from Lord's.

After last week's centuries "PATSY." we understand, is to be known as "The

A LESSON IN STYLE.

HENRIETTA BURJOYCE is my friend. As a writer she is more successful than I, for she makes a lot of money. She has an exquisite little flat in Chelsea, a cottage in Cornwall, and an expensive motor-car, all acquired by writing that up-to-date type of short story where awkward situations are expressed by dots, and more attention is given to describing a man's cuff-links or bootlaces than his character and appearance.

"I wish I could turn out your sort of stories," I said enviously to Henrietta, "as they seem the kind to make the

most money."

In this brutal way do writers speak. I regret to have to lift the veil, if only for a moment, and reveal the sordid side

of those who live by their art.

"Why shouldn't you write stories like I do?" asked Henrietta, who is exceedingly good-natured. "You can't command high prices for your stuff because you don't handle it on modern of your next story and we can work it out together.

I assented joyfully. "Briefly, the plot is as follows," I began.

"You don't need a plot," said Henrietta. "What are your characters?"

"It's about a couple who have been

married ten years-

"Make it five at the most. You can't expect your couple to be interesting a tragedy."

"No, it isn't a tragedy. They have been married five years, then, if you think that's better. I mustn't forget to alter the age of their child from nine

to four-

"You're surely not going to stick a child in your story. That's sentiment

"You must. Of course your married couple have reached the breaking point?"

"Indeed they haven't."

"Then why are you writing about

"I'm not writing so much about their personal relationship. You see, the idea is that he's a cashier in a bank, and a large sum of money having disappeared-

"Wait a minute. It won't do for him to be an ordinary cashier. He must be

a banker at least."
"Why?"

"Because of the setting. Your couple must be rich, then you can expand on the background. Let us begin by introducing them to the reader at breakfastone of my favourite meals in fictionthe sunny room, the perfume of flowers, his club.

the glint of silver, the warm brownmadder tints of the toast. Atmosphere. You understand? If you want to show the woman as tiring of her husband—"
"But she isn't," I interrupted, be-

wildered.

"Oh! I see—it's the other way about. As he is bored by her you must heighten the situation by making her tender and devoted. Let me see—they are about to have breakfast. She comes up behind him and kisses the nape of his neck. 'Howstrong, how masculine you looked when you were shaving this morning!' she says."

"Does she watch him shave?"

"Certainly. You can get a good descriptive note there. Depict the red tan of his skin standing out clearly above the pure unsullied foam of lather about his jaws, the rasp-rasp of the razor as it glides across his chin. . . . " Henrietta was now getting into her stride.

"But does he shave himself? always thought that bankers-

"You only bring that in as a sidelines. Supposing you tell me the idea issue, but it shows her feelings for him. Now, as she hands him his coffee, she notices a frown between his brows. 'Is anything wrong?' she asks.

"'Yes,' he replies shortly; 'I hate calceolarias.' Now we are getting to the point of the story. Do you know what is behind that remark of his?"

"I never should guess," I admitted

"Well, his wife has filled his dressafter ten years—unless it's meant to be ing-room with calceolarias — yellow, globular, honey-perfumed calceolarias. And he hates them. You put in a few dots here to indicate her anguish of mind. The tragedy is now closing round them."

"But I don't want it to be a tragedy, Henrietta. My editor doesn't like them. And I thought of working up to the happy ending on a good dramatic note."

"A happy ending," said Henrietta faintly; "you're surely never contemplating anything so inartistic as that? I'm afraid it's no use my giving you hints. You are steeped in the tradition of Victorian literature. You couldn't reform. And I must go out now—I've an appointment with my dressmaker. Can I give you a lift anywhere in my car?"

"No, thank you," I replied meekly; "I'll take the bus as usual. I mustn't get into luxurious habits. I realise now that I can never be a best-seller."

The Greater Need.

"Wanted-Set of Golf Clubs; in good condition. Also Furnished House with three bedrooms."—Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

We gather that if the advertiser cannot get his house he will be content with

THE CROWN-UP'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, little daddy man, sleep-Dear little daddy man, sleep; Baby will some day grow into a man And go to the office and do what he can; So hush-a-bye, daddy, lie calm and con-

Later on Baby will help with the rent; So sleep, little daddy man, sleep-Dear little daddy man, sleep.

Sleep, little doctor man, sleep-Dear little doctor man, sleep; There's no one to ring at the surgery

For all the world 's perfectly happy and

So hush-a-bye, doctor, lie peaceful and still,

And when you wake up all the world will be ill;

So sleep, little doctor man, sleep— Dear little doctor man, sleep.

Sleep, little lawyer man, sleep-Dear little lawyer man, sleep; Remember a pillow-case always suc-

And try to forget all your horrible deeds, So hush-a-bye, lawyer, and dream of a land

Where fairies make laws that you can understand.

So sleep, little lawyer man, sleep-Dear little lawyer man, sleep.

Sleep, little actor man, sleep-Dear little actor man, sleep, For some time or other the curtain must

And presently Baby will give you a call; So sleep, little actor, lie comfy because Your cradle is rocked on a sea of applause;

So sleep, little actor man, sleep-Dear little actor man, sleep.

Sleep, little daddy men, sleep-All you dear daddy men, sleep; The sky is a blanket, the world is a cot And life is a dream just as likely as not; So even if things don't come right in the end

We'll run and find Mummy and all three pretend;

So sleep, little daddy men, sleep-All you dear daddy men, sleep.

"Nightingales have two distinct alarm-notes... One is a plaintiff piping, the other a deep guttural croak."—Sunday Paper. As of the Judge dismissing the said plaintiff's appeal.

From "Notes for Women":dnos Builles jo slem luru ere elequi, attractively in hot weather."—Scots Paper. But what every woman knows is that there is one way you can't serve it, and that is standing on your head.



Muriel. "Before I consent to marry you, Archie, I must ask you one thing. Do you-er-drink anything?" Archie (proudly). "ANYTHING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sometimes (CASSELL) is a facile and ingenuous story whose melodramatic properties are handled by Miss OLIVE Wadsley with disarming enthusiasm and resource. Watch her fling Robert Berkeley, heir to a respectable pre-war peerage, into the sequestered society of "Kit" Loring, innocent daughter of a drunken squire and his drug-ridden wife, by means of a timely bruising at the hands of Westend roughs and a lingering convalescence. Watch her engineer the inevitable proposal. Watch the parallel simplicity and guile with which she develops the sinister consequences of "Kit's" previous mock-marriage with the cad, Antony Mervel, and traces the result of its shirked disclosure on the married felicity of the Hon. and Mrs. Robert Watch, above all, the practised ruthlessness with which she kills off first Antony and then his expected child, so that there shall be no surviving obstacles to the final happiness of her hero and heroine. It is none of it very profound or original, but it is most of it thoroughly competent. For my own part I think the materialization of Antony's baby an error of judgment; for the purposes of the plot would have been served equally well by the mere past entanglement of Antony and "Kit." But apart from this possible flaw in discretion the book fulfils its unassuming promise; and its equipment of faithful retainers, bland physicians, nice clothes, cars and noble relatives, leaves nothing to be desired.

Sir George Buchanan, in My Mission to Russia and Other Diplomatic Memories (Cassell), has something to say about notable persons he has met in many parts of the world,

the moment, in view of recent events in Bulgaria, about the ways and works of the crafty Ferdinand. Most of his chapters, however, are devoted to the inner history of Russia between 1910 and 1918. To have been British Ambassador to that country through such a period is to have been one of the makers of history, and indeed that the author, in spite of his pleasant lack of bombast, was no mere passive spectator while the Tsardom crumbled in dust and the Moderate revolution burst in froth, was proved by his being repeatedly described by various sections of the Continental Press as the "uncrowned King of Russia." His book is a record of a continuous and often successful contest, against muddle, weakness, Bolshevism and German intrigue, to keep our eastern ally in the War on the side of freedom. It is written in a far less sensational fashion than the subject would allow, or even perhaps seem to demand; only the most casual mention being made for instance of the rough fighting that went on for months round about the British Embassy. Though one may wish occasionally for a little more of the personal touch, yet the dignity and restraint of the author's methods create possibly a more lasting impression than the high colours preferred by some other makers of history.

I am bound to admit that Mrs. Horace Tremlett has given me a pleasant surprise in The Heart Knoweth (HUTCHINSON). I had not expected anything quite so good as the exquisite delicacy and clearness with which she has expressed the feeling between Alan Ashley Wilde and Lula Berenger during the time when they were unavowed lovers drawing daily nearer to each other. When Wilde heard the story of his own birth and decided that illegitimacy was a bar to marriage, and when Lula, losing him, threw herself including a good deal that is very much to the point at | into the arms of the disagreeable Mr. Stenning, I was not so

happy about it all. Wilde was scarcely the type of man to attach too much importance to a drawback that was not his own fault, and a way of confessing it to Lula without giving away his mother's identity would not have been hard to find; neither did Lula seem to me a girl who must marry anyone rather than no one. The scene of the story shifts about half-way through to Zanzibar, where Wilde is engineer on a new railway, and the rather precariously happy ending takes place very suitably against a background of palm-trees and blue seas.

It is a singular fortune that links the biographer of Earl KITCHENER and of Lord Wolseley to the romantic memory of France's greatest actress. Although Sir George Arthur, in his Sarah Bernhardt (HEINEMANN), suggests that her official biography has yet to be written, his brief chronicle, enriched by his own recollections of Mme. BERNHARDT, will be received with delight by the younger generation, to whom Mme. BERNHARDT is but a golden legend. It is

a player quits the stage, his achievement, however wonderful, survives only in the memory of his audiences. But if posthumous fame may not be their portion, actor and actress drink nightly the living, heady draught of praise; and some of us, at least, would be content with that. 'Sir-GEORGE ARTHUR does not try to explain SARAH's magic, which indeed is inexplicable; but with sympathy and knowledge he tells of the wild and wayward enterprises of her youth and of the indomitable industry of her later years. Franceshebecame a national tradition. Above all, she was brave, a

of 1870, SARAH, who was already famous, turned her theatre, the Odéon, into a hospital. Forty-six years afterwards, disabled as she was, and still the greatest actress in the world, she had herself carried to the soldiers' billets on the fighting front, to hearten and to inspire the Army of France.

The Log of a Sportsman (Fisher Unwin) is written in a happy-go-lucky style, and is mainly a chronicle of sport and games in India and England. Mr. E. H. D. Sewell has met many of the leading athletes of his day, and writes of them with intimacy and kindness. But additionally he is a thoroughly candid critic, and I cannot help thinking that some of his criticism is more than a little peevish. school, Bedford. The tribute he pays to Mr. R. W. RICE, who has watched over Bedford cricketers for many years, is richly deserved; but Mr. SEWELL goes on to state that says, "Bedford would only produce one rowing Blue or a player who got beaten in the first round at a seaside lawn-

it is typical of Mr. Sewell when he allows peevishness to overwhelm his judgment. In normal mood he writes pleasantly enough; and I especially commend his chapter "Concerning Rugger" both to those who govern the game and to those who play it.

There are some points I rather like about The Brahmin's Treasure (MILLS AND Boon), which purports to be a new novel by Mr. C. E. BECHHOFER—a name known to me as that of a critic of Russian life and American literature. True, it is not a well-constructed story; in fact, it might be urged that there is no construction visible in the book at all. Nor do I care very much about the picture on the cover, representing a naked faquir (if that is the way they spell him nowadays) against a background of rather doubtful Indian scenery. But I think the author knows something of his subject, and that makes amends for a multitude of sins. "The Brahmin's treasure," says the Hindu proverb, "is wisdom and the acquisition of knowledge of the three often remarked, with a rather gratuitous pathos, that when worlds." I suspect that Mr. Bechhofen, like his own

Mr. Hewitt, has spent some time in India and known adventures both of the body and the spirit. Also I should be inclined to wager a small sum that he has met Mr. Martin Ross, of the Better Thought Society, or someone with a more than superficial resemblance to that singularly unpleasant charlatan, and perhaps Miss Muricl Heberdy and Strong, the editor of The Age. With the aid of these and a few other thumbnail sketches of character, and a certain amount of gambling adventure (in the course of which Mr. Hewitt sails rather near the

wind) our author has valiant daughter of France. In the Franco-German war | contrived to produce quite a readable book. But it can hardly be called a novel. And, as for his various teachers and their philosophies of life, I confess I prefer to follow the Way with Kim and his lama. Mr. BECHHOFER, for all his knowledge and assurance, cannot quite conjure with the wand of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.



dentally killed on the links.]

Visitor. "BUT THE FISH? How DID THAT HAPPEN?" Club Member. "OH, HE SWALLOWED A BALL." Visitor. "AND THE MOLE?". Club Member. "KILLED IN A RECORD DIVOT."

Miss G. V. McFadden had already won a place among novelists who have the ability, and take the trouble, to tell a good yarn, and The Turning Point (LANE) is well constructed. The date of the story is getting on for a hundred years ago, and the scene of it the Port of Poole. To this town comes one John Memory, who is at once the hero and villain of the tale. Miss McFadden has endeavoured—and Take, for instance, what he says about cricket at his old I think with success—to give us a study of an exceedingly school, Bedford. The tribute he pays to Mr. R. W. RICE, complex character. Though I knew that *Memory* had a series of misdeeds and misdemeanours to his discredit, I could not help liking the man. I am not sure that I quite cricket is in danger of being killed at the school. "If," he believed in his repentance, but more unlikely things have happened in fiction, let alone fact. At present Miss McFadden's work lacks the note of distinction, but she tennis party, there might be some justification for the knows exactly what mark she is aiming at and she hits it existing state of affairs;" and I quote that sentence because with regularity and precision.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is estimated that each child born is burdened with eleven pounds of National Debt. That probably explains why babies always cry so much.

It is said that a German has invented a machine capable of printing "marks" fast enough to pay the wages of the man operating the machine.

All lovers of sport will be pleased to learn that the close season for referees is now at an end.

A Daily Express news item states Lord Curzon. It is not known what I of Wight.

the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS will eventually decide to do about it.

A certain publishing house is said to be pushing forward with all speed the memoirs of the man who decided not to swim the Channel this year.

Now that another two of Britain's greatest art treasures, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are bound for New York, some enterprising agency might arrange a few trips to America so that we can see the Old English masterpieces.

The ocean bed in parts! of the Southern Atlantic is reported to have risen nearly two miles. This is throwing the empties overboard.

earth's crust is a solid and unbroken mass. No blame attaches to the London road-menders, who are certainly doing their best.

According to the REGISTRAR-GEN-ERAL's report there is a remarkable falling off in the number of births. The unsettled conditions in Europe naturally compel people to put off being born until the last moment.

Alarming though this may be, it has its brighter side for America. It means | can take a lot of punishment. that fewer English lecturers are being born.

of sea-water was left by a passenger in a railway-carriage last Thursday and has not yet been claimed. We understand, however, that the committee in has offered to buy it.

Four small boys recently became very ill after eating unripe blackberries at Cuffley. It is reported that the Ministry of Health has since instructed the Authorities at Cuffley to chalk, in future, a small white cross on all blackberries not sufficiently ripe for eating.

The champion marrow has been grown at Portsmouth. It is to be lathat the station-master at Victoria belled, we understand, in order that Station was last week mistaken for visitors may not mistake it for the Isle



OUR TOPICAL PUZZLE PICTURE.

READERS ARE INVITED TO PROVIDE THE LEGEND UNDER THIS DRAWING. HAVING COMPLETED THEIR EFFORT, THEY MAY TURN TO THE LAST PAGE AND COMPARE IT WITH MR. MORROW'S.

Mr. James Kirdie, of Manchester, who has just celebrated his eightieth what comes of "dry" line passengers birthday, has worked for the same firm of transport contractors since he was eighteen. It is said that he has known at last meet. A scientific lecturer states that the all their motor-lorries and horse-waggons since they were scooters and wheelbarrows.

> It is stated that, though LENIN is better, his speech is causing anxiety. But we were under the impression that the speech of Bolshevist leaders was calculated to cause anxiety.

> "This year," writes a pugilistic expert, "seems destined to set up many a boxing milestone." Though their Though their footwork is not brilliant, milestones

Professor GREGORY, of Yale Univer-A large cask containing four gallons at Sydney, predicts a return of the Ice "What's yours?" at him.

Age. We have decided to have our skates sharpened.

According to an evening paper Lord charge of the side-shows at Southend BIRKENHEAD, on his departure for America, was wearing pearl-buttoned brown boots with cloth uppers and a heliotrope-striped collar. But no doubt his wardrobe included something really cheerful for festive occasions.

> An Englishman has been discovered who professes to like rate-collectors. He declares that he appreciates them so much that whenever one of them pays him a visit he invariably asks him to call again.

A Tottenham man complained to the magistrates that someone living in the

same row of houses had a loud speaker which disturbed him every evening lastweek. Several of his neighbours cleared themselves, however, by coming forwardandstatingthat their wives were away at the seaside at the time.

According to an evening paper, Mr. Owen SHOLLICK, of Enfield, has been travelling by the same train for the last twenty-seven years. Unless it is an excursion train, he should be nearing his destination by now. ***

The scientific mind that used to ask what

would happen if an irresistible force meets an immovable object, might also tell us what would happen if two champion international boxers should

A Los Angeles woman is reported to have left her husband eight times and returned again in less than a week in every case. It is this sort of thing which is so apt to dishearten the average husband.

The late General VILLA, of Mexico, who is reported to have had five "wives," was a famous bandit. That probably is the explanation why he could afford five.

Chief "Long-Drink-of-Water" has arrived in London from Wyoming. Scotsmen are said to have tumbled over sity, a delegate to the Science Congress one another in their anxiety to shout

"ETHICS OF THE DUST."

Mrs. Napwash (yes, that really is her name) is a gaunt and gloomy female whose bony face wears an habitual expression of mingled ferocity and resignation. She suffers from a chronic snuffle and an unappeasable desire for confidential conversation, and she arrives every morning at my studio to—as she prefers to express it—"oblige me." Mrs. Napwash does not work for her employers, she "obliges" them. "My 'usban', " she confided to me at our initial interview, "is on the County Council, an' drawin' good money; but, 'avin' no children an' not wantin' time to 'ang 'eavy like, I goes out to oblige ladies, an' bachelor gents like yourself, Sir.'

A momentary vision flashed before me of Mr. Napwash sitting absorbed in his mysterious municipal duties beneath the domed and sculptured roof of the palatial edifice on the other side of Westminster Bridge. Or could she be inaccurate, and was he merely a Borough Councillor? Any-

Obligation, according to the dictionary, is "the state of being indebted to anyone for a favour;" and that exactly

decanters and eigarette-box.

her hands and in no one else's, develops a stridency comparable only with that of an electric concrete-breaker), she invariably arranges to commence her daily work in the room in which I happen at the moment to be busy. The husky sibilant ripple of her talk is punctuated by the screams of the misused machine, and ever, as I look round, I see at my elbow her grim assiduous figure, in a dingy bloozethe italics and the spelling are mine—and an apron which is

a pastiche of irreconcilable materials.

One peculiarity about her is her whim of wearing queer oddments of incongruous frippery in conspicuous places on her person. Her lank untended locks are sometimes surmounted by what was once a handsome Spanish combnow minus most of its teeth; her apron often burgeons with a variety of tarnished brooches, and a drooping circlet of grubby but authentic lace has more than once surrounded her throat. Moreover she frequently stalks about the passages in an odd pair of down-at-heel shoes, originally expensive; and the other morning I found her scrubbing the front doorsteps with what appeared to be a string of lustrous pearls dangling round her neck.

"I sees you squintin' at 'em," she remarked in her rich contemptuous contralto; "some beads, I don't think! An' who knows but what they mayn't be real? But I expects they 're fakes. An' I may as well tell yer where they come

from. Yer see, Sir, my 'usban' 's a dust-sorter."

"Your husband's a what, Mrs. Napwash?" was my per-

plexed inquiry.

"A dust-sorter, Sir," reiterated the bedizened creature, scrubbing lustily, "employed by the Council, down at the canal-bank. 'E looks after the sortin' of the stuff when they

tips it into the barges what takes it away.'

Light suddenly illuminated the dark places of my understanding; my dim notion of a Mr. Napwash resplendent with an aureole of official magnificence dwindled and faded before the stark realism of this thumb-nail sketch of the actual man groping for treasure-trove among the litter of London. The ambiguous origins of Mrs. Napwash's rusty

embellishments began to disclose themselves as she continued her saga of the refuse-heaps.

"My 'usban'," she went on, "found these 'ere pearls among the rubbish, wrop up in a screw of paper. 'E often brings me things like that . . . old photographs in frames, an' satin shoes an' such like . . . the kitchen at 'ome 's 'ung round with things 'e 's picked out of the dust. 'E 'as better luck, mind yer, than 'e used to 'ave before these 'ere sanitary dustbins become fashionable; 'cos in the ole days the dustmen 'ad to rake the stuff out of wooden bins an' that, and they had the first pick, as you might say; but now they 'as to empty the tins straight into the carts, without no time to look the rubbish over, and so my 'usban' gets is chance down at the canal-side; not but what 'e doesn't

go shares with the bargemen, o' course. "You'd be surprised at the things'e finds—'is 'perks,' 'e calls 'em. It 's a rare excitin' life, a dust-sorter's; like one of these 'ere ballotteries, but without the five-bob ticket: you never know what a lucky chance 'll bring you. Once 'e how, flattered by the prospect of having my breakfast found a gold sovering. 'E didn't give me that, though, for I cleared away and my rooms swept out by the partner of never found out about it till I 'ad to go down to the 'Birdso much civic eminence, I accordingly assented to being in-the-'and' an' bring him 'ome at closing-time. It's not one of yer kid-glove jobs, I grant yer, but it's none so Obligation, according to the dictionary, is "the state of dusty all the same. Dust to dust, as the parson says, and that's as maybe; but it brings in good money one way describes my position with regard to Mrs. Napwash. The an' another. I shall sell these ere jools when I gets tired consciousness of being indebted to her for much enlighten- of 'em an' buy one of them vanity-bags. But there, I'm ing conversation impels me to condone her devastating not one of them as can sit all day twiddlin' their thumbs breakages and her predatory incursions into my larder, in silks an' satins, an' that's why I goes out to oblige. An' now, if you don't want me no more, Sir, I'll be trottin' Armed with a duster and a carpet-sweeper (which, in off 'ome; 'oo knows but what my 'usban' mayn't 'ave found another string o' pearls?'

And with a final percussion of pails and brooms and scrubbing-gear she clattered off down the passage.

Whenever now I see a dust-cart passing with its malodorous cargo, I meditate on this proud City—heart of our great Empire—whose four million inhabitants provide each

week, under pains and penalties, a vast mass of material from which the husband of Mrs. Napwash may deign to

select adornments for her person!

A PORT FORSAKEN.

SHE sent her five fighting ships once on a day To meet the bold Spaniard in battle array; And a King's son brought to her in days that are done His beauty that perished, his dream of a throne. She had ships once in plenty from all the seven seas That thronged in her harbour and crowded her quays, The barques from the Baltic all battered with gales, And brigs from Bilbao and schooners from Wales. Oh, 'twas then she had traffic that stuffed her sheds full With ropes out of Bridport and West-country wool, With granite from Cornwall and seacoal from Tyne,

And rum from the Indies and Portingal wine.

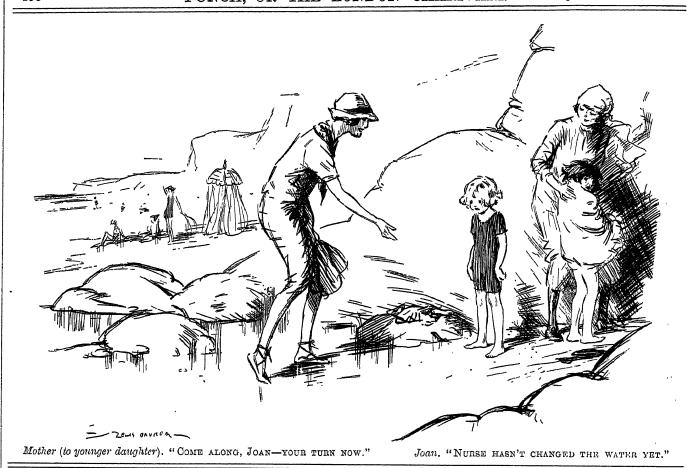
Her merchants they flourished, her pilots did thrive, Her sail-lofts and rigging-lofts hummed like a hive; There was singing o' nights at the "Ship" and the "Crown," And a sailor apiece for the girls in the town.

But now 'tis all ended and nothing comes near But the steamers in summer a few times a year; A sail on the sea-line, a smudge on the sky, She sees 'em all pass her and never come nigh.

The quays are deserted, the sail-lofts are bare, The spiders spin cables where hempen ropes were, And the wind through the wharf sheds goes singing alone A dismal old ditty of days that are done.



THE NEW SMITHFIELD MARTYR.



SIX BIRTHDAYS (25TH AUGUST).

SomeBody is six to-day!

Five long years have sped and spun
Since amid the mists of Ooty
(Monsoon mists that veil in beauty

Heavenly hills and golden sun)
In a favoured bungalow
That the Nilgiri fairies know,
Somebody was one.

Somebody was two and three
Where the Bengal billows roar
(Bengal billows sleek as satin,
Rolling, rolling, eve and matin,
From Ceylon to Gopalpore),
Where the sea-wind, singing psalms
Through the crashing coco-palms,
Laughing leaps ashore.

Somebody was four, alas!
In a stuffy Indian train
Crawling through the emerald paddy,
Bearing Someone to his daddy—
Out from England, back again.
What a birthday—dust and heat!
Ay, but it was somehow sweet,
Sweet as wanted rain.

Somebody was five in France: Who'll forget the sandhills' joys? Who'll forget the sea-girt chalet, And the ransacked shops of Calais And the funny foreign toys? Who 'll forget the birthday fare— Madeleines, brioches, éclairs— Fine for little boys?

But to-day's the best of all,
Beating all the rest to sticks;
Here at last in Highland heather,
Highland hills and Highland weather,
Fleeting camp the wanderers fix.
Fate's a niggard? Life's unkind?
Partings threaten? Never mind;
Somebody is six! H. B.

"LEGLESS SKIPPER AS GUN-RUNNER.

VAST STORE OF ARMS."

Headlines in Daily Paper.

An example of the "Law of Compensation."

From a report of the first match between Kent and Middlesex:—

"Woolley scored 145 during the luncheon and tea intervals."—Daily Paper.
Jolly good idea. We hope he will do it again in the return at Lord's.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From an article on "Trees":—
"Thus does Chaucer describe their individual characteristics:—

'The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall, The vine-prop Elm,' etc."—Scots Paper. The learned writer is evidently one who, as SPENSER says, "nedeth not to speke of that as nouthe."

THE UNFORBIDDEN BANNS.

I FELT it would be unkind to refuse my friend Manning's request, although it made my blood run cold. He was going to be married and had got the wind up over the preliminaries rather more than most men, and he asked me to go to church and hear the banns proclaimed.

"You read such awful things in the papers nowadays," he explained, "marriages upset and pronounced null and void for the most trivial reasons. I've got such a terrific string of Christian names, and so has Chumps. I must be satisfied they're given out correctly."

I tried to put him off. "Why not go and hear them for yourself?" I suggested.

"I haven't the pluck," Manning said.
"I couldn't sit in my seat and listen.
I feel I should get up and run."

I didn't like to tell Manning that I felt I might do something far worse than run. I felt I might get up and forbid the banns. Not that I knew of any cause or just impediment. Far from it. But a dreadful temptation to forbid somebody's banns besets me every time they are published in my presence. I have kept a grip on myself and strangled the desire by deliberately refusing to listen when the clergyman comes for-

ward with the book after the second lesson.

But to be obliged to listen to the banns; to attend church for the express purpose of concentrating my attention upon them—the ordeal might be beyond my strength.

I tried another excuse. "I'm sure you needn't worry," I said; "I didn't

about my banns.'

Manningsmiled wanly. "John Boffin. What was likely to go wrong with a name like that? It's different when you've been labelled Gerard Fabian Kirkpatrick Augustus."

I confess I was rather awestruck. "Is it all that? I had no idea," I said.

"Chumps is as bad. She's Clarissa Joan Marie Hermione."

I began to see that Manning had some reason for caution. "Couldn't you make a special point of it to the Vicar?" I suggested.

"He's on holiday; there's a locum

on Sunday."

"I am not a pew-holder at St. Michael's," I said; "I may be unable to secure a seat."

"You can have mine."

That settled it. I determined to accept the trust, face the temptation and do my utmost to keep it at bay.

With a sense of going over the top I entered St. Michael's on the Sunday when Manning and his betrothed were "in ask" for the first time. I had had a wretched night, but the scent of hassocks and cocoanut-matting wrought a soothing effect. As the service proceeded this tranquillity increased, and when the decrepit old clergyman advanced and, in his quavering voice, began to publish the banns of marriage I experienced very little trepidation. I felt assured that I should not give way to any fatal impulse. To be on the safe side, however, I kept my mind healthily distracted by studying the directions in the Prayer-Book on how to locate Easter for the ensuing decade, and only allowed the names, "Gerard Fabian Kirkpatrick Augustus" and "Clarissa Joan Marie Hermione" to hover as it were on the outside of my consciousness. The poor old clergyman stammered a good deal, but he got the names out all right in the end. I could swear that to Manning.

To my astonishment I saw him as I was making my exit. Evidently he had plucked up the needful courage after all. He was coming down the stairs from the gallery. He looked haggard and distraught. In the porch he clutched me by the arm. "Why didn't you for-bid the banns?" he hissed.

"Forbid the banns! My dear fellow,

why?" I said.



General (at manœuvres). "Why the dickens didn't you send your platoon to THE LEFT OF THE WOOD?'

Sub. "I gave the order, Sir, but apparently I 've been misunderstood." General. "Sir, a man who can't make his subordinates understand him is an infernal fool. Do you understand me?" Sub. "No, Sir." Sub. "No, SIR."

but I waited for you—you—until it was too late. You failed me. You must come to the vestry with me now," he said. His lips were livid; he could hardly articulate.

"But why?" I repeated.

"Didn't you hear?" he demanded.

"A little hesitation over the pronunciation of Hermione, do you mean? A mere bagatelle. You can't expect too much from a man of his years.

Manning's mouth twisted. "Do you mean to say that's all you heard?"

I racked my brains.

"I'd have done it myself—I was on called you 'Gerald' to begin with, but taking it!

my feet; the words were on my tongue he corrected it to 'Gerard' immediately, if I remember rightly."

Manning positively barked at me. "Then you are unaware that this morning banns of marriage have been proclaimed between Chumps and Albert Edward Doddridge, widower, of the parish of Bibblycombe, Devonshire, and between me and Alice Gladys Perkins, spinster, of this parish?"

"Would party who took Lady's Raincoat from Dance in -- Hall on Saturday night please return to Hallkeeper to save exposure. Scots Paper.

"Ah," I said, "I remember now. He But surely that was the object of

MUSINGS OF A MISONEIST.

I RECOGNIZE in wonder and in awe
The exploits of our latter-day inventors,
Yet little consolation can I draw
From the near advent of a race of stentors;
And though the strident megaphonic shout
May prove the only way to educate us,
I very much prefer to listen out
Than glue my ear to wireless apparatus.

I can't assent to critics who uphold
"It's only modern poetry that matters;"
Verse does not count because it's new or old—
No age is free from dunces or from satyrs—
But just because it's good; the modern lyre
Has no monopoly of the art of thrilling,
But when it wallows in the mud and mire
Excels all ancientry in bilge-distilling.

I've not the least desire to pitch my tent
In-suburbs mainly haunted by ink-slingers,
Or garden-cities, where the modest rent
Attracts a horde of impecunious singers;—
Where every second person that you meet
Is sure to be a prig or poetaster,
And sandalled spinsters worship at the feet
Of some unpublished and unshaven "Master."

I'm very sick of "gestures," "acid tests,"
Of psycho-analytic expositions,
With all their dread new-fangled verbal pests,
Especially the plague of "inhibitions";
I'm weary of acidulated jibes
At all the eminent Victorians levelled
By sour or semi-educated scribes
Both morally and mentally dishevelled.

I do not love the tenth, the silent Muse,
Whose shrine at Hollywood is duly tended
By famous Polish and Hungarian Jews
In whom exotic strains are strangely blended
With the least pleasing Transatlantic traits,
And who have bred a novel type of hero
And heroine, who "reconstruct" the days
And ways of Messalina and of Nero.

Of recent years increasingly I've felt
A strong disinclination for agreeing
With those who laud and glorify the Celt
As a superior brand of human being.
I think the Englishman, though as a rule
He paints himself in hues of deepest sable,
Far more good-natured when he is a foolAnd infinitely abler when he's able.

And so a truce to cavilling: our boys
And girls are not all mutineers or blighters;
'Tis the minority that makes most noise
In the small world of freaks or free-verse writers.
Youth will judge youth; now, as throughout the
years,

The "blessed young" can be securely trusted To deal more faithfully with their wild compeers Than critics who are old and grey and crusted.

Another Impending Apology.

From a Swiss news-bulletin:—

"Hongkong. Through very heavy storm British submarine sank. No human losses. Furthermore 16 commercial travellers destroyed."

OPERA PEOPLE.

I am sure that there is much to be said in favour of the Carl Rosa Company's proposed scheme for brightening Grand Opera, but at the same time I do hope their new producer will be careful not to trifle too freely with our well-established affections.

Opera people have endeared themselves to us by reason of their primal simplicity, a characteristic which has an increasing charm in these days. Unlike the majority of stage folk, they do not clamour to be in the latest fashion. They do not want telephones and automatic pistols and dope and six-course dinners and all those other modern embellishments of dramatic life. When they want to tell anybody anything they send a picturesque messenger, or come on themselves, and say, or rather sing, it in style and at great length; and they take care that they are not cut off or otherwise interrupted. And if they want to kill anybody they do it in an impressive and lingering manner with a bowl of poisoned wine or a good old-fashioned sword or dagger. They retain too their delightfully childish love for exhibitions of blue fire and other parlour tricks of a mystical and awe-inspiring nature, which make you long to take them to Brock's Benefit and give them the treat of their lives.

As for their meals, you do not find opera people fussing about their food. Give them a few pasteboard goblets and, maybe, a property pine-apple or two, and they will work up a first-class revel which affords them as much hilarious enjoyment as anything the modern stage chef could possibly accomplish. In fact it is perfectly wonderful how riotous they can get over the most modest repast. And they do not expect to be served with afternoon tea in the next Act. Opera life is much too strenuous and eventful to be interrupted by epigrams and seed-cake.

Opera people love to express their feelings (and they have very strong feelings) in public. If they are happy they sing about it, and if, as is more likely, they are in trouble, they sing about that too. Sometimes they feel so strongly about what they are saying that they repeat it again and again, so that you may not miss any of it. When their friends or retainers get impatient and break in on them they simply sing louder. If there happens to be nobody about for them to sing to they will unburden themselves to a tree or a bit of wild scenery. Not infrequently they are thrown into damp dungeons, in which case they sing better than ever. The rest and change seem to do them good and strengthen their chest muscles.

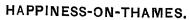
But they can do better than that. You and I, when we feel a trifle off colour, like to crawl quietly to bed in the hope of being left alone. When opera people are ill everybody in the same building knows about it, and the worse they are the more determined they are to sing. There is no sweet silent wanness or pitiful "Oh, let me die in peace" attitude about opera people. Their courage under physical weakness is sublime, and the amount of energy they put into dying is enough to make many a healthy person blush for shame. You can never be certain when opera people are going to die, because so long as they have something to say they linger stubbornly on until they have got it off their chests. They are a tough crowd.

Rus in Urbe.

- "Rospectable person wants situation in a small family, city; country preferred."—Irish Paper.
- "Wanted, Kitchenmaid, with scullery; good wages given."

 Advt. in Provincial Paper.

 And even better, no doubt, if she could contrive to bring the rest of the house with her.





THE ACCIDENT.

IT was in a carriage on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway that I saw the terrible thing. I daresay you have seen it before. I daresay I also had seen it before. But I had never taken it in. There was a coloured picture representing apparently a family of five persons about to proceed by rail to the seaside. Underneath it were written these words:-

"Pa and Ma and Tommy, Peggy and Lucette, Travel now in safety, insured by The West-minster Gazette."

Yes. We will just try that last line once over again, if you please-Tumti, tumti, tumti, ti tumtiti, tumti, tumti, tum.

The train—it was a Brighton train — was rushing rapidly at the time through the fair county of Sussex. The Downs, which have been praised by so many poets in such admirable verse, had just been left behind. The weald lay calm and shining beneath a brilliant sky. And now-there was this thing.

What was to bedone? Choking back a cry I half rose from my seat. And then I stopped and sat down again. I have never yet pulled the communication-cord in a railway-carriage. It

is true that I have never had so good a cause, but even so something restrained me. There would be con-There would be conthe scene. The Guard would be sympathetic, no doubt. There was no reason to suppose that an elementary sense of prosody had been denied to him. He was a Sussex man. I knew that because I had spoken to him. And being a Sussex man, he was probably used to poetry—to poetry that scanned. As a matter of fact, on the doors of most of the carriages there was written :-

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE EAT PAT-A-CAKE.

There was no doubt, then, that the Guard was used to better things. But do point out, that he was not the re-

the Company about it, and that in the meantime we must move on. There were other express trains, from Eastbourne, from Newhaven, on the line. How well I could imagine his absurd deferential excuses!

No, there was a better way than that. I clutched my umbrella, which has a heavy crook, and some kind of light, I suppose, must have gleamed or glinted in my eye. The young woman who was sitting opposite to me, directly, in fact, below the unspeakable thing, at least gave a gasp of fear. Once more I desisted. I was the only person on my side of the carriage. On the other side there were three - two women

-all the sad things in poetry and in

" Sunt lacrimæ rerum nos et mortalia tan-

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

"And all things living wept for Baldur

"But bending uswards with memorial urns The most high Muses who fulfil all ages Weep, and our god's heart yearns.

"Pa and Ma and Tommy, Peggy and Lucette Tumti, tumti, tumti . . .

I took out my handkerchief and pretended to blow my nose. One after another wild imaginative proposals began to surge through my brain. Surely something, some great sane thing, could Tumti, tu

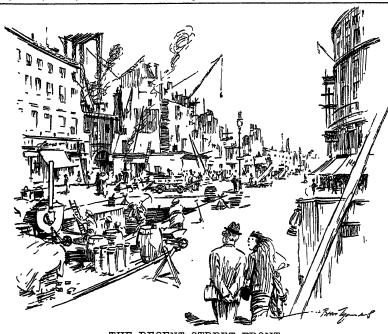
endations perhaps. . . . I began to consider them :-

"Pa and Ma and Tommy, Peggy and Lucette, Wear pyjamas woven of Westminster Gazette."

Yes. or-

"Pa and Ma and Tommy, Poggy and Lucette, Pack up all their parcels in Westminster Gazette."

Could not a question be asked in the House? Could not post-cards be sent by all the constituents of all the constituencies in Sussex to their M.P.'s demanding that the text be revised? A petition to the HOME SECRETARY? or would it be to the Board of Trade? . . . After all, The Westminster Gazcite was a paper with certain literary associations. I loved and honoured The West-



THE REGENT STREET FRONT.

Fair American. "SAY, POP-I DIDN'T KNOW ENGLAND HAD BEEN DEVAS-TATED TOO."

simple, innocent, so far as 1 could tell, lovers of beauty, of sunlight, of the birds and trees. Perhaps they fusion, a fuss. I attempted to visualise | had not seen it. Perhaps if I did not call attention to it they might never see it, never suffer the horror that I was suffering now.

I resolved to sit still and bear it. First of all I shut my eyes. I tried to distract my mind with thoughts of other things. It was impossible. The grotesque nightmare rioted through my brain-

"Pa and Ma and Tommy, Peggy and Lucette, Travel now in safety, insured by 'The West-minster Gazette."

I opened my eyes again and faced it. As a rabbit stares at a snake, I sat Guard was used to better things. But fascinated. And as I sat, gradually he would point out, as officials always horror and repulsion gave way to grief. My eyes became blurred with

minster Gazette.

"Pa and Ma and Tommy . . ."

Was it to be seared for ever into my brain?

"Tumti tumti, tumti, ti tumtiti, tumti, tumti, tumti tum!"

SHELLEY had been born in Sussex. But we had left Sussex now. We had carried our shame into Surrey. We were at Purley Oaks. . . . Could not the talented lady who conducts the Saturday Westminster, so full of verse. and such beautiful verse too, take a posse of minor poets at her back and go bravely into the office of Lord Cow-DRAY—is it Lord COWDRAY to whom The Westminster Gazette belongs ?—and compel him to remove this blot upon the paper's name? Could not a mass meeting of the shareholders of the Lonsponsible agent, that I must write to tears. I thought of all the sad things don, Brighton and South Coast Railway



INFLUENCE.

WHY SHOULD WOMEN'S FASHIONS MONOPOLISE THE PREROGATIVE OF THE CHANGING WAIST-LINE?

Company be summoned in a few days' time? Something, surely something, could be done!

We passed by Croydon. We passed by all those commons, full of children light-heartedly playing on the withered grass. Some of them even waved their hands and cheered us as we passed. Little they knew!

Battersea Bridge . . . Victoria.

The other three passengers got out of the carriage and left me, a huddled figure, still staring, in my seat. A porter came along collecting newspapers.

"Have you seen that?" I asked

hoarsely, pointing to the thing.

"Can't say as I've taken much notice of it," he said. "One of these here insurance pictures, isn't it?"

"But read it!" I moaned.

He read it out loud.

"A bit of rhyme, isn't it?" he said. "They mostly have a bit of rhyme in them nowadays. Seems to catch the eye, like.'

Sobbing, I went down the platform and gave up my ticket at the gate. The ticket-collector tore it in two. "You'll be wanting the return-half," he said.

"Never again," I responded with a catches you bending.

moan. "Never again, ti tumtiti tumti tumti tum."

And then out in the bright sunlight of the station-yard I saw a newsboy with a flaring bill:—

"SHOCKING RAILWAY ACCIDENT FIVE KILLED"

I bought the evening paper with trembling hands. In the stop-press column I read:-

"A terrible railway collision has just occurred on the London, Brighton and South-Coast system near Wivelsfield, resulting in the death of five persons, all belonging to one household. The names of the victims are Mr. John Brown, Mrs. Brown, their son Thomas, their daughter Margaret and Mademoiselle Lucette Ronsard, a French governess. A copy of The Westminster Gazette was found firmly clutched in Mr. Brown's right hand."

"Thank Heaven!" I cried. Evor.

From a gardener's calendar:—

"Bend over the spring-sown onions. They will ripen better."

But be careful, of course, that no one

HYDE PARK.

THE fairles live in Hyde Park—the London ones, I mean;

They love to see the blue sky and feel a bit of green;

They look out for the children and beckon as they pass,

And fix up fairy notices, "Please keep on the grass."

The fairies live in Hyde Park because they love to hide;

They tell the roar of London Town to keep itself outside,

For there are all the furry things, the birds and woolly lambs,

And little new-born fairy-folk asleep inside their prams.

The fairies live in Hyde Park, and in the month of March

A little girl comes riding underneath the Marble Arch;

She goes by way of Hyde Park, the fairies say she can-

A busy little Wendy girl, to stay with Peter Pan.

The Sex Problem Solved.

"Boy for motor showroom; good opportunity for smart lady who is quick at learning."—Provincial Paper.

MACHEATH, M.P.

III.

(Synopsis-Macheath, at the instance of Diana Trapes, now married to a lord, is elected to Parliament for the Borough of Chelsea in the interests of the No Rum Company.)

Scene VII.—THE House of Commons: THE CENTRAL HALL.

Jenny Diver. Diana Trapes. Fitch. Constituents. Pirates disguised as Constituents. Constables.

Jenny Diver. They say the Captain carries all before him in Parliament.

Diana Trapes. He is a House of Commons' man. The Members love a hearty rogue.

Diver. I doubt he will not carry the Bill to Abolish Rum, for they love rum

Trapes. He will carry anything. He has such a smile and speaks with such an air that no man cares what he says while he is saying it, or remembers what he had said when he has done. But all feel happier than before.

Diver. There are those here that re-

member what he said.

Constituents. Ay! Curse him! Enter Macheath.

A Constable. Does any gentleman desire speech with Captain Macheath?

Omnes. Ay! Gurse you!
A Merchant. You promised to put down the poor.

An Ostler. You promised to put down

A Farmer. You promised to put a

duty on corn.

the children. Omnes. Traitor! Booh!

Macheath. Gentlemen, have patience. I am the friend of the people, and what I promised I will perform. But you know that in this House I am but one honest man fighting the intrigues of the great. You must give me time. Look in my eyes, gentlemen. Have I the aspect of one who would deceive you?

Constituents. Never! Hurrah! Long live the Captain! $\lceil Exeunt.$

Macheath. Ha! These scum have such long memories that a gentleman can scarce make any promise without inconvenience. Lady Di, your Bill will be read a Third Time to-night; here's my hand upon it. What now, Fitch? Fitch. Captain, the boys are discon-

tented concerning this Bill. Pirates. Ha! Curse you!

Fitch. Noble Captain, we knows you have a holy mission in the matter, and we respects your sentiments; but this Bill will be the ruination of our characters, for now that we have given up

thieving and live respectable on your bounty, we have nothing to do but drink, and if there is to be no more rum we shall have no employment at all; and an idle man, Captain, is hard put to it to avoid mischief.

Macheath. Honest Fitch, the end of rum is the beginning of mischief. When this Bill becomes law, you will never lack employment again. Anchor the sloop off the Terrace, boys, and meet me there at sundown. Jenny—and you, Fitch—a word with you. [They confer.

Scene VIII.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE TERRACE.

Moonlight. A Sloop in the Offing. Jenny Diver. Enter Fitch.

Fitch. All goes well within. The Captain will speak presently. Watch for the lantern and be ready to play your part.

Diver. It is a very poor part to sit here in the dark for two hours and throw myself into the river at the end

Fitch. It is all a woman is fit for in politics, or any other great matter. But I hope the river may not be necessary. Cry loud enough and all will be well.

Diver. How slowly the hours pass when a woman is alone! In such a time the mind turns readily to love.

> Air XII.—"Twankey dillo." Come, gentle Love, And we will all the pleasures prove.

> > Enter a Minister.

Minister (aside). A woman, and de-A Mother. You promised bread for fenceless, in this spot ____ Madam, allow me to conduct you to a place of safety. It is well for you that you are discovered here by a Minister and not by a member of the Opposition.

Diver. Who are you, Sir?

Minister. I am the President of the Board of Trade.

Diver. Then let us sing a catch.

Air XIII.—" The Deer by Stealth." Though factions burn and brawl And rancour daily worsens, For all their rage Behind the stage The Parties are but persons, And life-long foes together Discuss the wine and weather.

Scene IX .- THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE CHAMBER.

The Speaker. Members. Macheath. Sir John Straight. Mr. Speaker, Sir, this Bill will be an end of the country.

[He sits down. Mr. Druggett. Mr. Speaker, I yield to no man in my zeal for Reform, but this Bill is against Nature, and there is an end of the matter. [He sits down.

Members. Hear!

Mr. Tabbery. I am a chirurgeon, and rum is a sovereign remedy for low spirits. No civilised nation has gone without rum, and is England to be the first? Was it for nothing that our fathers captured Jamaica? I am surprised that the honourable and gallant Member for Chelsea should give his name to this Bill—this wicked Bill, this [He sits down. barbarous Bill.

Members. Hear!

Mr. True. I am not surprised. Who are the Honourable Members whose names are on the back of this Bill? They represent water-side Boroughs, inhabited by low mariners, pirates and smugglers, who have an interest in this Bill. The Honourable—

Macheath. Mr. Speaker, on a point of order, Sir, I have never been a smug-

The Speaker. Order. The honourable Member must not say that another Member is a smuggler; but he may say that his constituents are smugglers.

Members. Hear!

Mr. True. The honourable and gallant Member for Chelsea was elected by pirates, smugglers and longshoremen, and he has a fleet of small sloops and ketches now lying off this Honourable House. If this Bill is passed there will be more smuggling done than any trade in the kingdom, and Honourable Members who have not the fortune to sit for maritime Boroughs will hardly hold up their heads again.

Macheath. You are a scoundrel.

Members. Order! Mr. True. Pirate!

A Member. Horse-thief! Members. Cut-purse!—You lie!— 'S'death!—Pot-belly!

The Speaker. Honourable Members must keep to the question.

Macheath. I move that the Question be now put.

[Jenny Diver cries aloud without. Diver (without). Help! Murder! Thieves!

A Member. A woman in distress! $\lceil Exit.$

Members. Villainy!-Lud, what a voice!—A stripling!—Succour the wench!—Ho! [Exeunt.

[Manent Speaker and Macheath. The Speaker. The Question is that this Bill be read a third time. Will those of that opinion say "Aye"?

Macheath. Aye!

The Speaker. Contrary—"No"? I think the "Ayes" have it.

> Air XIV .- "King Henry." Young men, be wise; Though Woman's eyes Are fatal hobbies, More danger shows In Woman's "Noes" Clear the Lobbies! Clear the Lobbies!



Granny (to her grandchildren who are about to marry). "Well, my dears, you know your own affairs best, but I do dislike THE IDEA OF YOUR BEING MARRIED IN A REGISTRY OFFICE—AT ANY RATE FOR THE FIRST TIME."

Scene X.—THE TERRACE.

Jenny Diver. The President of the Board of Trade.

Diver. Pray leave me now, Sir. I would be alone.

The President. Why, no, Madam, for I would not abandon you to the mercy of the Whigs.

Diver (aside). This booby will ruin himself and us too.

[Fitch shows a lantern. [Diver raises a great crying. Diver. Help! Murder! Thieves! The President. Madam. compose yourself.

Diver. Wretch! Ha! Let me go! Enter Members, in confusion.
Members. What!—Watchman!—Ho!

[They seize the President of the Board of Trade.

Diver. The bully offered me discourtesy. How I tremble!

Sir John Straight. This scoundrel shall know the inside of the Tower.

Diver. Stay with me, gentlemen, for I am a timid nature.

Members. Willingly.

Air XV .- "Old Ned." For faction a fig! Tho' Tory and Whig At hating are hearty, United we woo, The Red and the Blue, For Love's above Party.

Enter Macheath with Pirates.

Macheath. The Bill is carried. By one vote; but a good one.

Members. What! Trickery! Ho! [Exeunt.

Macheath. Jenny, you slut, you were born to be a politician. The Lords will pass the Bill in their sleep, and then we are all rich men. Go, boys, up sail and away, and bring back the sloop as full of liquor as she will take the water. Why, if we do no more than supply the Houses of Parliament we shall be wealthy beyond the dreams of common men. Gentlemen, away!

Pirates. Ha!

Air XVI.—"The Parson's Wooing." Let Ministers bawl till they burst, Let Parliament do as it please-Our countrymen never shall thirst, They SHALL have their penn'orth of rum!

We'll never be hung for a lamb; While Englishmen sail the wide seas, Tho' it cost them a guinea a dram, They SHALL have their penn'orth of rum, Brave boys,

They SHALL have their penn'orth of rum. A. P. H.

"Considerable amusement was caused during the javelin contest, the judges having several narrow escapes.

The cops and medals were presented to the winers by Lord ——."—Sunday Paper.

It is thought that if the "winers" had been introduced to the "cops." at an earlier stage their javelin-throwing might have been less erratic.

The Long Arm of the Law. From a policeman's evidence:—

"So another officer and I surrounded the flats."—Daily Paper.

"SCREENING CRIMINALS.

GERMAN PLAN FOR CATCHING 'WANTED' MEN. In future, portraits of wanted persons are to be shown on the screens at kinemas throughout the country."-Irish Paper.

Screening criminals? It sounds more like showing them up.

"OBITER DICTA.

'The shrew is one of the farmers' best friends.'—Prof. J. Arthur Thomson." As she only too frequently tells him.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Mr. Cook is a son of a Mr. Cook." Liverpool Paper. "The two vehicles met simultaneously." Another Liverpool Paper.

"Imagine Punch's Scotsman waiting in a traffic jamb (sic) on Waterloo Bridge, with the taximeter ticking off the post-war mileage."

Provincial Paper. Our Scotsman would certainly think that he had come in for a bad spell.

The New Cause of Suicide.

"" In the past incomnia and intoxication have been the main causes of suicide, but one will now have to add income tax,' said Mr. Ingleby Oddie at a Wandsworth inquest."

Liverpool Paper.

And call it "incomnia" too, we suppose.



Youth. "I SAY, I ARRANGED TO MEET MY GOVERNOR HERE, BUT I DON'T SEE HIM. DO YOU MIND TAKING THE COVER OFF

SAND IN EGYPT.

["Talking is a form of physical exercise."

Daily Paper.]

"My darling Jane, what is the matter?" Said I to my beloved wife. She answered, "John, I'm getting fatter; It makes me sick and tired of life. I cannot now, with all my grim Persistence, keep my figure slim.

"It seems to me I'm always hopping About at either work or play, For what with gardening and shopping And tennis nearly every day I scarcely give a moment's pause To following athletic laws.

"I've copied all that Eustace man did, I daily watch my teeth and tongue, I move about with chest expanded, I breathe with all my power of lung;

I never lounge, but sit upright, Nor do I wear my garments tight.

"With thirst however much I parch, Cream ices never pass my lips, No hydrocarbon, fat or starch, I never swallow orange pips; I always studiously avoid Things ferrous and amygdaloid.

"I ask you as a thinnish man: Now, darling, what do you advise? Can you suggest another plan Of banting or of exercise?" Said I, "Continue as before, But try to talk a little more."

THE IDEAL CIVIL SERVANT.

By a Government Employé.

WHENEVER I hear Civil Servants criticised—when business folk talk scathingly of inflated bonuses and "soft jobs"—I reflect with pride that the State has in me the ideal employé.

I have been on a Government staff now for six years. During that time I have never taken a day's holiday nor been absent from my duties, on account of sickness, urgent private affairs or my grandmother's funeral, for a single day. Not one instance of lateness at work has ever been chronicled against me.

My hours are just so long as there is work to do. Often, coming in extra dreds of pounds. early for a special job, my Chief has found me actively at work. Whatever time he quits his office he leaves me there, busy at my duties.

In personal appearance I have always been commended as scrupulously clean and tidy.

entire staff. I have never known the the Fat Boy's flesh creep.

slightest ill-feeling between myself and any of them. Without any need of supervision, without interference with my fellow-employés, I quietly pursue my own work.

I am perfectly content with my lot. Indeed I ought to be. Mine is a lifetime job. I am housed in well-built and comfortable Government quarters, receive free rations and medical attendance, and have my meals prepared for me—a great convenience, as I am a bachelor. Still, it is something to say that, although my wages have never been raised since I was placed on the establishment, my Chief has never heard a word from me on the increased cost of living.

As to results, I can truly claim that, by my unceasing vigilance in preventing petty thefts of stores and wilful damage, the State has been saved hun-

My total emoluments are twentyfour shillings a year, paid quarterlythe official allowance for the upkeep of a Government cat.

"Boy Wanted; must be plump; cleanliness essential."—Irish Paper.

I am on the best of terms with the It is the latter requirement that made





First Lady. "That's the fourth time the Doctor's bin to Mrs. Tomkins this week."

Second Lady (rather given to scandal). "Strange, ain't it? Another case of Dr. Jekyll an' Mrs. Hyde, if you ask me."

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS.

II .- THE FLETCHER.

Sweet is the pipe of Philomel;
The peacock's plume is gay;
The owl doth please Minerva well,
I have heard wise men say;
Butthough her song be something harsh,
Her plumage sober grey,
Give me the haunter of the marsh,
The good grey goose, perday!

When we are battling o'er the sea
With foemen thousand-score,
What use would owl or peacock be
To knock the rascals o'er?
Yet by the aid of Gammer Goose
They may be smitten sore,
And needeth neither axe nor noose
To make them prate no more.

She doth not pipe with pensive sound

Nor move on painted wing,
Yet many a man must kiss the ground
When she begins to sing;
Yea, when her darts speed with a will
Shrewdly they bite and sting;
And was it not her very quill
That made the Conqueror King?

To Gammer Goose I raise my song What time my craft I ply; The barb is keen, the shaft is long, May they not fall awry! Do thou, St. MICHAEL, be my speed

That when the arrows fly
We may have benisons for our meed,
The good grey goose and I. D. M. S.

THE FAIRY STORY PERIL.

[In a recently-published book dealing with the New Psychology it is argued that the reading of fairy stories is likely to lead to a craving for drugs and drink.]

So I went to see Miss Eliza Peabody.
Miss Peabody is "anti" everything
that most people are "pro." She can't
help it; she just happens to be made
like that. The odds were overwhelmingly in favour of her being a New
Psychologist.

"Of course I am," she said severely. "Every sensible person is."

"Then you agree with this observation?" I ventured.

"Naturally. The perusal of the pernicious fairy stories with which the minds of the last generation were poisoned causes the reader to identify him-

self in imagination with the prince or hero, and thus stimulates in him a desire to escape from the realities of life—a craving which can be satisfied only by recourse to drugs and drink. It is surely obvious."

"Perfectly," I replied.

"Curiously enough," Miss Peabody continued, "I have myself been intending to write a little story illustrating this very point. You would be doing me a personal favour and the world in general a very great service if you would take steps to get it published in one of the more influential journals. Will you?"

"If I can," I said weakly.

Two days later it arrived. With it was the following letter:—

DEAR MR. HENS,—I am sending you my little story, as you asked me. The scene is laid in one of our great Universities. While not entirely conversant with the students' life, I once spent a day in Oxford, and feel therefore that I am fairly competent to write about it.

Yours sincerely, ELIZA PEABODY. P.S.—Only one of the better-class ournals, please.

Well, I am a man of my word, I suppose; so here it is:-

THE NEW RAKE'S PROGRESS.

A CAUTIONARY TALE.

"Pooh, my dear fellow!" said Sackbutt Saltry contemptuously. "You are missing half the fun in life by not doing so."

"But my parents are very strict upon that point," Augustus Bellweather rejoined nervously. "In fact I have never been permitted even to handle a book of them. The after-effects, I have always understood, are liable to be disastrous."

claret-cup and let us discuss the matter

reasonably.

Augustus refilled his wine-glass with the heady beverage. Unused as he was

spell of it was even now upon him. Behind their spectacles his eyes were gleaming; already he had dared to touch upon wicked and forbidden topics.

"Tell meabout them," he muttered thickly.

Sackbutt Saltry, the black sheep of the college, now in his third year at Oxbridge and steeped in vice (the three glasses of claretcup he had drunk seemed to have had no effect upon him at all, so hardened was he), smiled cynically at the callow freshman. "Didn't the chaps read them on the

sly at your school?" he asked scorn-

fully. "How potty!"

"I have never been to school," Augustus replied simply. "My parents did not approve of it."

A cunning look came into Saltry's face. Rising from his chair he unlocked a cupboard on the other side of the room and drew out a book, which he tossed carelessly over to his companion. "Have a look at this, then," he repausing even to put marked; "it's a good one to start rushed from the room. with. But don't let the servant see it lying about or you may be expelled."

With beating heart Augustus opened the book. A few words here and there caught his eye. "Cinderella," "Fairy Godmother," "Prince." The meretricious glamour of the dreadful words fastened upon him and he breathed Without waiting to finish what was in his glass he sprang from his seat.

"I—I'll go and read it in my own apartment," he stammered. Yes, he must be alone. Saltry's mocking eyes

was under no delusions; he fully realised the insensate wickedness of the thing. Yet his mind, maddened by the powerful claret-cup, refused to heed the fond parental warnings. Stumbling blindly to his own quarters he flung himself into a chair and began to read.

In the other apartments of the college the young men worked, or indulged in pleasant games of Snap, Halma and Consequences; only in those of Augustus Bellweather and Sackbutt Saltry did vice reign supreme.

With heightened colour Augustus "Pshaw! Help yourself to some more | read on. At last he arose unsteadily and, plunging his head through the window, inhaled great gulps of the cool night air. As he did so he became suddenly aware of a mysterious craving

Workman (about to start on repairs at exclusive West-End Club). "This SEEMS A CHEERFUL SORT O' PLICE, I MUST SAY, FOR A BLOKE TO SPEND 'IS EVENIN'S!"

did he want? What must he have? | guess the rest, gentle reader. What was it that he could not exist for another minute without?

Tottering over to his cupboard he seized a bottle of the ginger-beer that was kept for the entertainment of his guests and consumed the contents at a single draught. In the same moment he became conscious of a craving for more complete abandonment. Not pausing even to put on his hat he

Sackbutt Saltry looked up curiously as his door was burst violently open and a figure that at first he scarcely recognised flung itself wildly upon the glass of claret-cup which Augustus had left and drained it to the lemon-peel. Then he smiled maliciously. "I thought you'd come back for that," he said.

With quivering hand Augustus set the glass upon the table. "More!" he gasped. "Give me some more!"

"Help yourself," replied the other cynically. "But wait a moment. I Anglo-Indians will regret to learn of

must not observe him. For Augustus occasions. More soothing, I find. Like to try?"

Once more Saltry unlocked the cupboard. On one shelf stood numberless bottles of claret-cup, on another a terrible array of drugs, on the third a whole row of the forbidden books. Gazing at them with hungry eyes Augustus scrutinised the seductive titles:—Grimm's Fairy Stories, Little Red Riding-Hood, The Three Bears, Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories, The Arabian Nights. How appalling! But, how terribly fascinating. Trembling in every limb Augustus drew one from the shelf.

"What sort of drug would you like?" Augustus, gloating over the infamous work, scarcely heard. "Anything," he

muttered. "Anything."

"Personally I prefer laudanum, with to such stimulating liquor, the potent | that was almost overpowering. What | a little soda-water. Will that do?'

"Yes, yes!"

Lost to shame now, Augustus openly surrendered himself to the detrimental pleasure. What did it matter that Saltry should see him? Saltry did the same thing himself. Saltry was an excellent chap. A glass of laudanum and soda in one hand. a bottle of claret-cup in the other, Augustus read on. He had become a confirmed fairytale"fan." Forthenext few hours the silence was broken only by the sound of swallowed liquids and by Saltry's cynical smile. You can

[Let him.—ED.]

The Superfluous Woman.

"On the 10th June, to Mrs. Pat. —, yet another daughter, Mary VII."—Indian Paper.

"Distinguished americain, good aged, searches occupation, teaching commerc. and classic. English at aducat. establishment. Helping directions. Knows (well) French, Germain."—Advt. in Swiss Paper.

If he onlyknew a little English as well!

At a wedding:-

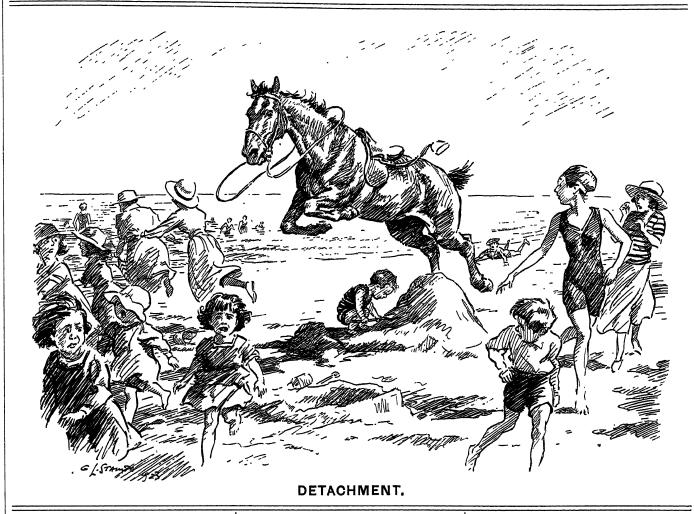
"The church had been charmingly decorated for the occasion with larkspurs and Canterbury lambs."—Provincial Paper.

In keeping, we suppose, with the sheep's eyes that the bridegroom cast at the bride.

From a description of the floods in Burma:-

"The Court House at Dak-bungalow is under water."—Daily Paper.

generally use drugs myself on these the inundation of this popular resort.



WILL ZEV MEET PAPYRUS?

Much interest is being taken in Sporting circles in the proposed attempt to arrange a meeting between Papyrus, the Derby winner, and Zev, the American three-year-old, to take place at Belmont Park, New York, on October 20th. Immediately they heard of it, Papyrus said quietly, "I shall win;" and Zev declared modestly, "I am confident of success.'

But at the time of writing it is by no means certain that the match will take place, for neither of the contestants

has yet signed the contract. For one thing the suggested purses may prove to be a subject for dissension. It is proposed that the winner shall have £40,000 and the loser £4,000, irrespective of side-bets, cinematograph rights, and journalistic fees for allowing articles, entitled "How I Won" and "How I Lost," to appear under their names in the Sunday papers. "The amount to be won by the loser should be nearer £20,000 than £4,000," said Zev's trainer the other day, gesticulating wildly. "Remember, the loser will be almost sure to come in second—only of my racing before October 20 with used to call a "coffin-ship."

a slight difference, and the present disanxious to be fair to Papyrus.'

Papyrus has announced that he is only too eager to meet Zev; that he never feels more like a warhorse than when he contemplates such an event. "At any time, at any place," he told a Press representative, "but it must be before October; and Belmont Park is out of the question, because it is a dirt track-not a blade of grass for me to munch at the winning-post while Zev draws level."

Zev laughed on hearing this. He guessed that if Papyrus ever reached the winning-post it would be only because a tin of kerosene had been affixed to his tail and set alight. "Belmont Park is by far the most convenient place for the contest," he continued. "I know it well, and I cannot think of a better track. As for the date, it would suit Papyrus to have the race before October. no doubt, as he knows as well as anyone the state of my hocks. Look at 'em!" -and he stretched them out for the Pressman to see. "Is there any chance It sounds as if she were what they

hocks like those? The vet. tells me crepancy is out of all proportion. Not that if I do he will not be responsible that it matters to Zev; we are merely for the result. They ache of a night something cruel!"

Papyrus and his trotting partners were much amused at this pretext for deferring the meeting. "Sore hocks?" they said, jumping to their hoofs. "Look at ours. If a racehorse refused to run whenever he had hockache, he ought to be between the shafts of a growler."

"I don't run with aching hocks," Zev has retorted firmly; "and Papyrus can put that in his bran-mash and swallow it.'

And there for the moment the matter rests.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Every schoolboy knows something of the soldiers and poets of ancient Rome. Cæsar, Plato, Virgil and the others." Canadian Paper.

But not every editor.

"The boat is painted snow white with green below the water-line and has one funeral which is tilted at a rakish angle."—Japanese Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"OMAR KHAYYAM" (COURT).

THERE is no end to the perverted ingenuity of the human mind. This Oriental phantasy, so-called, was in effect a long-drawn-out recitation of FITZGERALD's version of the famous quatrains, with a running commentary of (unintentionally) comic opera-ballet.

It proceeds by the blandly ingenuous way of suiting the action to the word. When the poet remembers stopping to watch a potter thumping at his clay, behold! behind semi-trans-

parent raspberry-jam-red curtain, a potter duly thumping. Does he tell of his eager frequenting of Doctor and Saint?
—lo! an old Sage with a globe lecturing in the background to a bored, unlikely audience of Moons of Delight, Ministers of Wine and Dancing Girls who happen to be lying about. If he recalls the pleasant fact that he has divorced barren Reason from his bed and taken the Daughter of the Vine to spouse, a lettered scroll is obligingly brought forward by "himself when young"—a blue youth like Mr. COURTICE POUNDS as Ali Baba in Chu Chin Chow. He rejects it with a sweeping gesture, proceeding to toy in a half-hearted manner with Daughter of the Vine aforesaid.

I am not sure that the phantasy-maker did not aim, by radical re-arrangement of the order of the verses, at some sort of a plot. At any rate there were four principal characters: Omar (Himself when old or, say, middle-aged), Omar (Himselfwhen young), Waving Cypress, the Beloved of the former, and Silverfoot, the Desired of the latter; and these

relieved the monotony of the recitation, which was great, by singing, and none too badly either, Liza Lehmann's perhaps rather over-tuneful "In a Persian Garden."

At odd moments the dancers would take a turn and dance uninspired and in the main unintelligible comments, including AMY WOODFORD FINDEN'S "The Temple Bells are Ringing."

Then would the Recitation boom forth again, eliminating all sense of rhythm by careful phrasing on the following general plan:—

"Myself when young
Did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint
And heard great argument about it.

* * * * * *

And about

* * * * * *
But evermore came out by the same door wherein I went."

I looked in vain for any touch of genuine beauty in the mounting, lighting or choreography to justify so elaborately wrong-headed an experiment. The singing alone was tolerable. All that was added to it was in effect a subtraction, so true is it that, in the kingdom of Art, one plus three is not necessarily four.

Happily for old OMAR, though the

PRISONER OF ZENDA.
THE TORTURE-CHAMBER.

Antoinette de Mauban. "Oh, Captain Hentzau, can't you see his boots are hurting?"

Antoinette de Mauban Rudolf the Fifth Captain Hentzau

MISS STELLA ARBENINA. Mr. ROBERT LORAINE. Mr. ERIC MATURIN.

wild ass stamp o'er his head, it cannot break his sleep. As for myself, I found me prematurely like water willy-nilly flowing out into the comparative beauty of Sloane Square.

As the last of the Shapes of Clay observed—

"Methinks I might recover by-and-by"
—possibly on the same terms.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" (HAYMARKET).

It is no use turning a critical eye on so well-tried a favourite as the *Prisoner* of *Zenda*. We should know, if the trick happened entirely to fail with us, that it was merely the shadow of advancing years blotting out our jolly

power of reacting to Romance and Make-believe. So we accept this gaily-embroidered pageant of the hereditary quarrel between the Red Elphbergs of Ruritania and the Black—with perhaps just this inevitable reservation that it is not and can never be quite as plausible on the too solid stage as it is when seen from between the pages of Anthony Hope's all but immortal book.

Mr. ROBERT LORAINE fits admirably the doubled part of Rassendyll and King Rudolf. I liked his faintly-Teutonic accent in the eighteenth-century

Prologue, being afterwards pleasantly surprised to find how all linguistic difficulties were overcome at the Ruritanian Court to-day. LORAINE contrives that indispensable air of enjoying and believing in it all, and is a gallant figure to set off those uniforms in which Ruritania notoriously specialises. FRANKLYN DYALL'S DukeMichael was magnificently sinister and sable—an excellent performance in just the right key. I rather wondered what precise quality it was that endeared him to the faithful Antoinette de Mauban quite effectively played by Miss STELLA ARBENINA. Of course the Colonel Sapt plays itself, but Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH put no difficulties in the way; on the contrary.

I rather think that Miss Fay Compton forgot in what kingdom it was that she was a princess. Her Flavia surely needs a little more stuffing. One mustn't be too conscientious or too likely; it throws the robustiousness of the others out of key. Mr. Eric Maturin's Hentzau could have been quite as truculent and unprincipled without being so

deliberately underbred. It was effective, however.

One or two points need attention. The sword-play is not plausible enough —a difficult matter but well worth setting right. It struck me as odd, by the way, that the sword should still be so much in active use as a weapon in 1923. Isn't the programme's "To-day in the Kingdom of Ruritania" an error of judgment? Many things would go easier if the dates were not so explicit.

I would point out to Hentzau that, if he really wants to kill the King, he can quite well stab him through the bars of the cell without fiddling in that unconvincing way with the door. And the whole affair of the rescue is too tame



Mother. "Do you feel all right, darling?"

Child. "As long as I breathe inwards. But if I breathe outwards I feel as if the lift were just starting to go down."

and, at the crisis, too protracted to carry conviction. Speeding-up at the doubtful points is the best way to smother the scepticism of the audience. And surely no decent man or woman in the audience at a play like this wants to be a sceptic!

Limerick.

A dweller in tonic Tasmania
Was stricken with ectoplasmania;
Though partially cured,
He has since been immured
For acute polyphonic Jazz-mania.

"'Evil is wrought from want of thought, and not from want of heart,' says Shake-speare."—City Paper.

And, as Thomas Hood observed, "The evil that men do lives after them."

Another Record Broken.

"Mount Caliman, 14,059 metres in height, has suddenly trembled like a house of cards, telegraphs the Bucharest correspondent of L'Intransigeant."—Daily Paper.

No doubt with elation at putting Everest in the shade.

"WHERE DOCTORS DIFFER.

One doctor says that ether is perfectly safe and chloroform deadly. Another contends that deaths from chloroform are common and from ether rare."—Daily Paper.

On the contrary, it seems to us, allowing for some variety in expression, that the doctors' unanimity is wonderful.

ON THE BRIDGE.

In sun-flecked amber, cool and brown, The water runs to Thames and Town; I, as I cross the bridge, glance down

And see its shadowy running,
And mark the gentlemanly trout
Beneath the arch sail in and out,
Nor challenge them to equal bout
(Just now) of Craft 'gainst Cunning.

For, lovely lingering summer things, The swallows, rush on gleaming wings Now low, now low in rapturous rings

I note their neat blue-blackness, Now up, and up and up they hie Till bright breasts star a speedwell

Doth Time or they the quicker fly This pleasant morn of slackness?

Time? Yes, a rival reaper's notes Are heard afar among the oats, A-trimming Summer's petticoats

To fashion Autumn's skirt with; While, where the slumberous beechwoods go

Up from the river's lilied flow, Surely their tops turn faint as though October they would flirt with?

And where the merle made madrigals
When blossoms blew o'er orchard
walls,

These days the cyder-apple falls As sweet as Eve might ask it, Or that small pagan, fancy free, The nut-brown nymph of Sicily, Pomona of the apple-tree, Pomona of the basket.

Oh days that bridge the changing year, The keystone of your arch is here, We step from Summer with a gear

Of gifts for store and still meant, On gentle hours of mild emprise Gold dusted as old lullabies, Bridge of Content, perhaps of Sighs, Since both are in fulfilment.

Meanwhile, though roads go gaily on, Weren't bridges built to lean upon? Well, thus I carry it, nem. con.,

And, lingering, find it pleasant To watch the gentlemanly trout Beneath the arch sail in and out, Nor bother very much about

The miles to come, at present.

From an article on "Great Writers and Drink":—

"It is always interesting to find arguments for total abstinence in unlikely places. Mr. Arnold Bennett, whose 'Forsyte Saga' is considered by some to be among the finest of literary productions in modern English, is not exactly a fanatical temperance reformer."

Scots Paper.

We fancy that Mr. John Galsworthy, if he were to judge solely by internal evidence, would be likely to say the same thing about the Editor of our contemporary.

THE BUNCH.

In a hillside vineyard above Epernay a bunch of grapes ripened in the sun of the Marne, and as they ripened they

Like many young things about to enter the world, they talked of what might be their lot and what they wished

"You have a great destiny in front of you," said the Vine. "You are going to be champagne. You are going to be drunk only by the rich—chiefly the new rich and the temporary rich. At banquets you will froth out of bottles into beautiful glasses, amid flowers and silver and rich dishes. Men in white shirts and women with low necks will talk the more gaily for your sparkle."

" Are we going to sparkle, Mother?" asked one of the Grapes. "How de-

licious!"

"Yes, it's your special privilege. And you will be very expensive. You will cost more than a hundred francs a bottle, whereas many of your relations in the vineyards over there will only cost two or three francs. You are of the elect!"

"And, Mother darling, what are the other places where they will drink us?"

one of the Grapes asked.

"All kinds," said the Vine. "You may find yourselves at weddings and christenings and at coming-of-age parties. Champagne is not unknown at race-meetings. Indeed, it marks most festivities here and everywhere.'

"I should like to be sipped at a wedding," said a sentimental Grape. "I should like to be in the glass which the bridegroom raises to the bride, who may be the most levely of her sex and the most charming. But if that is not my good fortune," it added, "I should like to be sipped at the christening of their first child. That would be a life worth living."

"Very pretty," said the Vine. "But it is all a gamble. You might equally figure at a lunch party of financiers, where you will come in useful to muddle some victim's brain. 'When you see champagne at lunch suspect a swindle,

said a wise man."

"Then aren't we always the friend

of man?" the Grape inquired.
"By no means," said the Vine.
"You can get into his head and make him do a thousand foolish things."

"But not women—beautiful women?"

the Grape asked anxiously.

"Yes, and women too," said the Vine. "I should like to take part in the banquet that follows the settlement of this Ruhr question, which the Vines "the banquet to celebrate the re-estab- of the dock."

lished Entente Cordiale between England and ourselves. There must be wonderful speeches on such an occasion. I should like to be sipped by the French PREMIER as he affirms peace."
"You're very pessimistic," said a

neighbouring Vine who had been listening, and who was famous for her cynicism.

"Why?" asked the little Grape.

"Because," said the cynic, "none of you will get into bottles that are ready to be drunk for at least seven years; at least I hope you won't; but there may be exceptions." She laughed sardonically.

"Oh, how disappointing!" said the Grape inquired.

patriotic Grape.

it, neighbour?"

"Yes," said the mother of the little Grapes, "it is so. I hope that none of you will be consumed before then. You will be in bottles till then, or possibly not at all, for there may be something wrong with you. And even if you reach the bottle stage you won't necessarily be consumed in France. Many of you may stay here, but others will be treated with chemicals and sent to England, where they like us dry, or to South America, where they like us sweet."

"But what would England do for champagne if she and France fell out?"

asked the patriotic Grape.

"Ah! that's a question," said her mother. "She would have to drink what she's got and then go without."

"Are there no grapes in England?"

someone asked.

"Only the stupid fat ones that grow under glass," said the cynic. "None worth calling grapes. You can't have real grapes to make wine with if you have no sun; and there's no sun in England. England has nothing but weather."

"Wouldn't England be very unhappy without champagne?" the other asked. "Very," said the cynic. "Especially

the politicians."

"And does France get anything from England in return to make her gay?"

"No," said the cynic. "Nothing but tourists, and they only make her rich."

"Do tell us," the sentimental Grape asked the cynical Vine, "what the exception is. You said there might be a chance of being drunk before seven years."

The cynic laughed. "Not drunk," she corrected, "but made use of. You might get into one of those bottles of damaged wine which are reserved to be broken over the bows of newlylaunched vessels, in which case you are always talking about," said another; | will fall straight into the dirty water The Bunch shuddered.

"And what about America?" another Grape inquired. "Does she make wine?"

"She used to make a little," said the Vine. "But she mayn't any longer."

"Mavn't?"

"No, she's decided it's bad for her."

"Wine?"

"Yes."

"But how can wine be good for one country and bad for another? Are the French and Americans so different?"

"I can't say," said the Vine. "It's

beyond me. But there it is."
"And is America perfect now?" the

"Naturally," said the Vine. "Directly "It's a fact," said the cynic. "Isn't you forbid people to drink the juice of the grape they become perfect. notoriously is the end of all trouble."

"Then, if she has forbidden wine, none of us will ever reach America?'

the Grape asked.

"I think we have talked long enough," said the Vine. "I never had such inquisitive children before." E. V. L.

TO A GLOBE-TROTTER.

Just for a month or so you come, When the East is kin to West, When the fans are still and the frogs are dumb

And India's at her best; When roses revel and sunflowers glow And the snipe are a passing joy, When the wind blows fresh from the North and no Anopheles annoy.

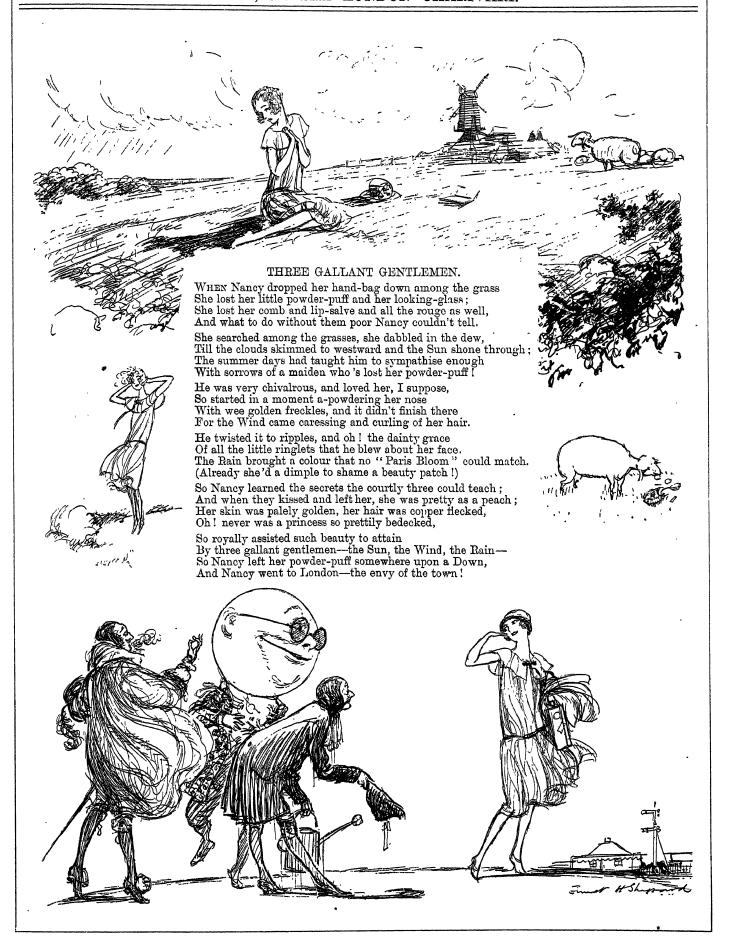
You prowl around our jungle lair With envy in your eye, You taste our plain mofussil fare With lips that seem to cry, "How can an exile's ardour cool, How can his spirits droop, On curried prawns and mango fool And mullagatawny soup?

And yet, when our dog-days bid you flee And you've paid your last adieu, When the mangroves sink in a muddy sea,

It's we who envy you; For yours is a cup we may never quaff, A joy we may never learn-To travel Home on the better half Of a P. & O. return. J. M. S.

"We made reference last week to various places, of interest for their antiquity or natural beauty, which have been simultaneously threatened with desecration. Holmbury Hill and the Admiralty must now be added to the list."-Sunday Paper.

We presume that the inclusion of the Admiralty among the "various places of interest" is on account of its antiquity and not of its natural beauty.



FRENCH MASTERING.

"FRENCH, too? Excellent!" he said.

and booked me on the spot.

This was good. If I had become a schoolmaster again—and now that the axe had got me in the neck I couldn't see how I could very well be anything else-I would rather go to Mr. Harley's jolly little prep school at Sandsbourne, overlooking the sea and the fourteenth green of Sandsbourne Golf Club, than anywhere.

So I was glad. I did not much want to be a French master; I was not a typical French master; but I was to teach Latin and history and arithmetic and divinity and English and cricket as well, so I did not mind a little French. And in a way I rather liked the language. I had got quite keen on it during the War, and my accent and vocabulary had come on enormously. Not that I learnt all my French in the War. I had the grammar side of it sized up long before. Genders and plurals and negatives come easily to me; and I know exactly where to put things like y and en every time. There is only one flaw in my French, and that is that when I am addressed in that language by a Frenchman I cannot follow further than the first few words of his remarks. It is strange, but it has always been so with me. can converse freely with any Frenchman until he begins to talk; when he does I am lost. But that, of course, would not matter at Sandsbourne.

It was a glorious afternoon in early

May.

"About French," said Mr. Harley. "I am splitting the school into two parts. I will take the two top forms, and you the other three. There will I must develop it. be about thirty boys in your class, so you'd better take them in my room, the big schoolroom. And I want you to do nothing but conversation. No grammar or anything. Just talk French the whole hour. It's much the best way, I think; don't you?"

"Yes, rather," I replied; "I'm sure it is." And I repaired to the big

schoolroom.

Things opened peacefully enough. "Quelle heure est-il?" I asked Simpson.

"Trois heure cinq," he replied cor-

rectly.

"Jones," I said, "quel âge avez-vous?" And so on.

I came to a boy named Casergues. "Aimez-vous jouer au cricket?" I

asked him.

"Moi," he replied, "moi creekette—

"Ah," I said, "vous parlez français bien, Casergues."

"Oui, j'suis français j'suis tararraboombdi avecrême dementhe, honisoitqui marronglacé.'

"C'est bien," I answered, "mais pas si vite, mon brave. On ne comprend | Jenkins, dites moi, s'il vous plaît, dites pas—les autres, vous savez."

Casergues smiled brightly. He was a jolly little boy, but I could not help wishing he were in a French school learning to speak English.

A few minutes later, when things were rollicking merrily along, the door opened and the headmaster walked in.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said, approaching my desk with a bunch of keys; "je veux chercher quelquechose."
"N'y a pas de quoi, monsieur," I

replied courteously, and he dived down

to a drawer by my feet.

I looked round the room. There was a profound silence. Not a sound could be heard but the jingle of keys and the click of a lock. Every eye was on the headmaster. I was dumb; we were all dumb; we might not have been having a French lesson at all.

A thousand thoughts surged into my brain. The sun, the sea, my happy home, my father tending his roses, my sister the tennis lawn—was there a tennis party to-day?-and still the headmaster was fumbling at the drawer. I must collect myself. I must speak. I must say something in French. I must think of something in English and say it in French. What, though? Heavens—anything! My sister—my pen . . . I cleared my throat.

"Et, Mitchell," I said unsteadily,

"avez-vous la plume de votre sœur?" "Non, monsieur," hereplied promptly. So that settled that. Very quickly -too quickly. But the idea was good;

"Er," I said—"then—alors, où est il er—elle?"

Mitchell thought for a moment.

"Ma sœur," he inquired, "or la plume?"

"La plume, of c—naturellement," I told him.

"Ma sœur a le," he answered.

His sister had it. Of course she had. But what shocking French.

"Non non," I corrected him, "on dit—ma sœur l'a"... Whoa, how horrible! The headmaster dropped his keys with a bang. I gripped my chair and cleared my throat again.

"On dit, vous savez, ma sœur a la plume." Help! "Elle est—la plume, that is—elle est chez ma sœur."

Casergues chipped in.

"Si la sœur d'Misshell," I caught, and was lost. It was a long sentence, J'nai jamaisbijoucaillouchou genouhi-sparkling with wit (I imagined) and Who, with hey, presto! one, two boujoujoupou," or words to that effect. winding up on a note of interrogation. Changes from mud to majesty.

Casergues laughed heartily. The headmaster looked up and laughed too. So did I, desperately.
"Oui," I murmured, "c'est ça."

The headmaster pocketed his keys and departed as I was saying, "Et alors,

"Come in," called Mr. Harley an hour later.

"It's this, Sir-" I began.

moi . . .

"Oh, it doesn't matter a bit," he interrupted. "I'll lump the whole lot together for French and take them all myself. Let's go and have a few holes of golf."

I am all for Mr. Harley. We are going to get on splendidly together.

ABRACADABRA.

THE Enchanted Prince endured a while In habit of a monster vile; 'Mid slime abysmal, foul and grey, In hideousness he went his way And dismal durance; he was thrall To Her the Greatest Witch of All. Who kept him, in this sorry make, In prison underneath a lake. One day a friendly beanstalk grew (Like Jack's), the ceiling it pierced

through And mounted, like a smooth green stair, To tower at last in azure air. Up climbed His Ugliness, and soon He climbed into a summer noon. All dripping wet and no mistake, From climbing through the Witch's lake. Once out, a kindly Giant bent And dried him to his heart's content— A mighty Polyphemus who, One-eyed, stood blazing from the blue; And as that ardent eye-shine fell It seemed to break the Witch's spell; Crack went the unsightly husk that hid His beauty—out he stepped amid The ardours of an August day, More dazzling fine indeed than they. Bluer than sky his surcoat's hue, Greener than grass where 'twasn't blue, He flashed with jewels and with stars; His eyes were bright as scimitars, For, armed and lovely, he, in sum, Had warrior and king become, As (to complete the pantomime) The Witch had willed it all the time!

I venture that my story dims Aught that is Andersen's or GRIMM's, For, while we render these their due, I vouch that mine is strictly true. Yes, howso highly you may rate your Pet witches, who's like Mother Nature? And where, when all is said and done, Is kindlier Cyclops than the Sun? And as for Enchanted Princes, why, Commend me to the Dragon-Fly, Who, with hey, presto! one, two, three!



Hotel Proprietor. "I'M SORRY YOU CONSIDER THE BILL EXCESSIVE. THE HOTEL HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING VERY MODERATE. Visitor. "IT CERTAINLY IS ALL BUT THE CHARGES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond are to be congratulated, without reserve, on their life of Lord Shaftesbury (Con-STABLE). It is a life entirely congruous with the nineteenth century, which it practically covers; and it is difficult to imagine it being lived to the same momentous effect to-day. It is, like the lives of WILBERFORCE, COBBETT, BRIGHT, COBDEN, and PLIMSOLL, the life of a political confessor. For Shaftesbury entered Parliament to bear testimony to his own convictions; and his life-work gained a unique impetus and isolation from the Evangelical enthusiasm he had drunk in as a child. His achievements were extraordinary. He only held office for two brief spells: but Dickens regarded one of his two Housing Bills as "the best measure ever passed in Parliament"; Florence Nightingale believed that her Crimean work owed more to him than to any other man; and Factories, Mines, Agriculture, Public Health, Lunacy and Chimney-sweeping yielded their worst evils to Trade-union movement was to him "the tightest thraldom the workman has ever endured"; and he "expected very little" of "schemes of national education," for "idleness is ten times more dangerous than ignorance." But no one (as DISRAELI said) worked harder to raise the character and as an antidote or an inspiration.

HANDEL-witness the recent Festival at the Crystal Palace—has come into his own again, not that he had ever lapsed into oblivion. SAMUEL BUTLER, endeared to the wild young men of to-day by his general rebellion against established reputations in Art and Letters, made an exception in favour of Handel, whom he worshipped with the zeal of a fanatic. Mr. NEWMAN FLOWER, in George Frideric Handel (Cassell), has brought enthusiasm, industry and research to his task, and the result is a real addition to the literature of the subject. Disclaiming the endeavour to deal with HANDEL'S music in any technical form, he concentrates himself on the personality of the man and his "unconquerable soul," on the people with whom he had to deal and the times in which he lived. The book is well documented and admirably illustrated with portraits, including two of HANDEL never before reproduced, views of towns, houses and churches and theatres associated with his career, facsimiles of his MSS., etc. If Mr. NEWMAN FLOWER'S style were equal to his diligence and devotion this would be a firstrate book. Unhappily his desire at all costs to be vivacious his lonely assaults. He was nothing of a democrat. The leads him at times into veritable morasses of journalistic jargon. Verbless sentences, in the earlier manner of Mr. BART KENNEDY, abound, along with such colloquialisms as "piffling," "fussation," to "frivol" and to "enthuse." And how can a "wisp percolate"? We all know that QUEEN ANNE is dead, but I have never seen the fact more oddly condition of Englishmen; and every page of his present expressed than in the statement that she was "safely admirable biography should serve the inheritors of his task cosseted beneath the Abbey stones"—a phrase worthy of the authoress of Delina Delaney.

duced to James Raymond, whose real name was Robert Lynngarth, he was living a solitary existence on an island in the Southern Pacific. You will guess at once that a deep shadow rested over his past. He, however, returned to England, and there found that his mother was dead and that his father had married again. To add to the complications, Robert's step-mother was a lady with whose fortunes and misfortunes he was intimately connected. From this point Mr. Rees sets a cracking pace. The father dies under mysterious circumstances, a villainous Russian hovers in the background, a detective looms largely in the picture. Possibly Mr. Rees allows himself full latitude in the way of sentimentality as he clears Robert's character; but how-

pastime as any reasonable man or woman can want to have.

I have more than a suspicion that readers who are really well up in Mrs. MAUD DIVER'S works will meet several old and charming friends in Lonely Furrow (MURRAY). Very jolly it will be for them, but even I, dating back in my reading to the famous Captain Desmond, V.C., did not feel at all out of it. All the well-drawn background of life in India which we expect from Mrs. Diver is here, with some particularly lovely descriptions of the mountains of the North, their snows, their atmospheric effects and their flowers; but Mrs. Challoner's journey south in the hot season is not to be recommended as pleasant reading just at present. story is of one, Colonel Challoner, not very happily married to a wife who makes endless excuses to stay with their children in England, and how he meets and loves the even

more lonely Vanessa Vane who has just divorced an to these high harmonies, and the logician infuriated by their hard fortune in the most admirable manner, keeping themselves unspotted without whining or self-pity, and have just a moment of full confession to gild all Vanessa's years to come before typhoid releases Challoner from the struggle. His little daughter, Eve, is a darling, and Mrs. pale of the reader's sympathy. A really pleasant, well-told repulsive and ineffectual in the three. story, if a rather sad one; long, but not a page too long.

Miss E. M. Delafield, in A Reversion to Type (Hut-CHINSON), throws a beautiful, sensible and entirely sincere and courageous girl into the midst of a county family full of very old blood and inordinately stuffy. Rose, the widow of the ne'er-do-well Jim Aviolet, who has thoughtfully drunk himself to death in Ceylon, is received, with tolerance rather than enthusiasm, at Squires, because her little son, Cecil, looks like being the Aviolet heir. Cecil, unfortunately, is given to weaving silly little romances of which he is the TAIN CROP."

Mr. Arthur J. Rees cannot be accused of giving short hero. These to the shocked grand-parents are just lies which measure in *Island of Destiny* (LANE). When I was intro-could be beaten out of him at home if only the mother would not spoil him, and will be kicked out of him at school. Rose, conscious of abnormality in her boy, opposes the idea of school, but is defeated. Unexpectedly, after a little trouble, the devil seems to be exorcised; but breaks out again very badly when Cecil is at Oxford. This time theft is involved-so curious and absurd a theft as to leave the magistrate little enough excuse for his crassness, even in 1914, when less was known about complexes. The boy is only saved from gaol by his promise to enlist, and the mother is left with the faint hope that the War may dispel the nightmare business. An interestingly told story. Rose is a perfect dear, unexpected and tempestuous, and the scene in which she turns on Ford, Jim's degenerate brother, ever that may be, I can promise you that to read this story whose special line is a refined cruelty (he has all along is as palpitatingly exciting a understood Cecil's case, but

deliberately tortured him and his mother by the contrary pretence), is finely dramatic.

Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS'S publishers claim for The Dance of Life (CONSTABLE) that it is "almost a summary" of its author's philosophy of existence; but I prefer to take his own word that the volume in question stops short "on the threshold of philosophy," for I think that that gives a much better notion of its drift and scope. The book is essentially tentative and undogmatic, and its underlying theory is usually of less importance than its auxiliary truths. PLOTINUS saw the moral life of the soul as "a choral dance," in which each faculty sings its own part, with due regard to the euphony of the whole; and this fancy, which also commended itself to Marcus Aurelius, Blake and NIETZSCHE, mainly accounts for the æsthetic unity of Mr. Ellis's chapters on Dancing, Thinking, Writing, Religion and Morals.

Albert (fed up). "We ought to have gone to Brighton, like I said. I didn't spend nearly two quid on a new sports coat to go and look at churches." The ordinary reader, unattuned

appalling husband. Both Vanessa and Challoner take Mr. Ellis's perversities of definition and deduction, will take grateful refuge in the breezy byways of his theme. Of these I particularly enjoyed the amusing analysis of the rifts and bonds between DARWIN and St. TERESA. This forms a very pertinent comment on one of the book's aptest contentions—that the mutual exclusiveness of re-DIVER has cleverly kept his wife, Edyth, just within the ligion, science and art is the chief source of all that is

> By an error a novel by G. V. McFadden (published by John Lane), reviewed last week, was called The Turning Point instead of The Turning Sword.

> > OUR PUZZLE PICTURE (See page 193).

Christopher Columbus. "I wonder what this guy is trying to say?"

His Lieutenant. "I fancy, Sir, that he is expressing his REGRET THAT THERE HAS BEEN A FAILURE IN THE SEASON'S PLAN-

CHARIVARIA.

How trivial world matters seem now that a new CHARLIE CHAPLIN film has been released.

Erse is now the official language of the Irish Republican Army. In cases of national emergency rifles will be issued as well.

It is also said that an Irish sergeantmajor, whose graphic word-pictures of recruits during the last war were the envy of the command, has now taken a fortnight off to say in Erse what he thinks in English of a certain recruit whose third button needed polishing.

at Eastbourne owing to the high tide. It seems inconceivable that the tide should have been so disrespectful to our contemporary.

Mr. Ernest New-MAN regards "The Rosary" as the world's worst song. This is a nasty blow for the authors of " ***, ** **** ale le alesfealestestestesteste."

Mr. STANLEY BALDwin has taken four walking-sticks with him on his holiday. No political significance is attached to this.

A correspondent of The Daily News | the universe. has protested against the use of tobacco by clergymen. We understand, however, that an obstacle to inhibition is the difficulty of inventing a substitute pseudonym for the Rev. "Woodbine Willie."

Professor Waite of New York declares that the world will end in 1986. It now remains to be seen if CARPENTIER and Beckett will be able to hold out time-table. till then.

BECKETT, by the way, has been to a cinema to see the pictures of his wedding. He is understood to be perfectly satisfied that he was married on his merits.

Snake-skin shoes will never be really popular, we read. They never were, among the snakes.

favour of prison reform. One good suggestion is that the authorities should send a better class of prisoner to these places.

According to a weekly paper strange hootings have alarmed the inhabitants of a Devon village. The latest theory is that the noise is caused by an escaped taxpayer nursing his last Treasury note.

With a touch of autumn in the air we realise that the Whaddon Chase Hunt Disputing season is upon us

"Mankind," writes Professor V. H. MOTTRAM in The Daily News, "lives on a second-rate satellite of a fourth-rate

that this does is to prove that there is an exception to every rule.

"Although strong and healthy and only thirty-five years of age I cannot get employment in England," declares a correspondent in a daily paper. He should emigrate to Mexico, where a post as oldest inhabitant must surely be awaiting him. * *

"It is only the law of gravity which keeps us from falling off the earth," states a weekly journal. It does not mention, however, how our ancestors managed to hold on before the law was passed.

Three bricklayers at Welwyn were The Daily Mail Sand Designing Com- and moribund star." And it is annoy- recently severely stung by wasps. And petition had to be postponed last week ing to think that we are paying yet we have always be given to under-

> stand that these insects never attack a stationary object.

"The very sight of a bottle of whisky would make me run at least three miles," recently declared a Temperance lecturer. Whereas, of course, in America it would make him swim the same distance.

An expert sports writer is a man who knows the nationality of all the American boxers.

Allotment-holders on Government land near

Sandgate have asked for military assistance in getting rid of a plague of thistles. It is not known which Scottish regiment is to be turned out to graze.

"Barking skull find," says a headline. Skulls are especially gruesome when they bark.

According to an expert, perfection has almost been reached by the modern laundry. Can it be possible that they have found some way of losing the button-holes as well?

Mars, we are informed, will be eight million miles nearer the earth next year than it was last year. In that case the planet will do so at its own risk.

During the recent walking-match between two M.P.'s, one of the competitors had whisky poured down his neck, and brandy on his head, every two minutes. They don't get that at Westminster.



Excited Visitor. "Good Heavens, what s that? A sea serpent?" Unemotional Boatman. "YES, SIR. FIRST I'VE SEEN SINCE THE WAR, SIR."

enough for a really good-class part of

In one part of Kent the hop-vines have blossomed for the second time this year. Just to show their independence of the brewers.

It is surmised that one of the skulls found on the site of Tyburn is that of Bradshaw. It will be remembered that he was executed on account of his

According to a London magistrate a motorist should have at least twelve months' experience of driving before being allowed to negotiate the busy streets of London. Even then it is hardly fair on those pedestrians who have had twenty or thirty years' experience of walking.

"The playing of the bagpipes is music ***

to my ears," recently declared Mr.

There is an agitation going on in DONALD FRASER, of Glasgow. But all

VOL. CLXV.

AMBROSE AND THE GARDEN FÊTE.

Whenever Ambrose invites me down to his place at Wickham-cum-Goozbury, I always find that he has prepared some little surprise, some unexpected event to make the occasion the more

This time it was the Vicar's Garden Fête. The village church was in need of new hassocks and funds had to be raised.

"But, my dear Ambrose," I protested, "you should have told me before. Here I am with barely five pounds in my pocket -and you know what these Church shows are."

"Septimus Dearlove," announced Ambrose inconsequently, "has become my mortal enemy. Septimus is the Vicar. A fortnight ago he asked me to help at his Garden Fête. He wanted me to arrange a Wireless Concert, and in a weak moment I consented.'

"I should have thought that these furious pleasures are hardly good for

the villagers," I remarked.

"Hang the villagers!" answered Ambrose. "All I know is that I have been wasting the last ten days fiddling about with aerials and loud-speakers and whatnot. It's all the Vicar's fault," he concluded savagely.

"It is very noble of you, Ambrose,"

I murmured.

"Rubbish," he said. "This is the first time I have ever done anything for a Fête. I shall take good care it is the last."

"Don't you be so certain," I said. "Once you have committed yourself you're done. These Vicars are the deuce.

"Still, I am pretty sure I shall never be asked to help again," replied Am-

"How on earth-

"Never mind," said Ambrose. "Come on."

So, mournfully clutching my five pounds, I let Ambrose lead me to my financial slaughter.

As we turned into the gate, I was immediately pounced upon by a matronly figure holding a mangy muff.
"And how old do you think I am?"

she inquired archly. This was unexpected. For a moment I thought we had come to the wrong place, but I caught sight of the Vicar, who luckily was out of earshot.

"Well, Madam," I said, "I hardly

like to-

At this point the muff began to bark. "She means the dog, you fathead,"

whispered Ambrose.

"Don't you think he's sweet? And only a puppy too," continued the matron. "If you give me sixpence you may guess his age."

"How do you guess a puppy's age?" I wondered.

"I think you count the number of rings in its bark," murmured Ambrosc. "Don't be silly," Isaid coldly. "What

happens if I guess right?" I asked the lady.

"Why, then you get him," she replied, holding up the wretched animal and kissing it.

This was too much. I paid my sixpence like a man and guessed ten years

and hurried away.

"Ah! I know that girl," said Ambrose suddenly, indicating an aproned figure flourishing a tray. "Half a second!" He came back five minutes later looking rather pleased with himself. "I've managed to wangle two complimentary tea-tickets," he announced.

"Ambrose," I said, "you should think of the hassocks. Aren't you going to spend anything?"
"Not if I can help it," he answered.

"Dash it, aren't I providing a Free Wireless Concert?"

"If by free you mean that the apparatus has cost you nothing you are probably right," I said. "However, I do not intend to follow your miserly example. Over there is an Aunt Sally. I believe the green fee is one shilling, which I am prepared to lend you. I am now going to guess the Vicar's weight," I concluded with dignity.

"What's the prize?" asked Ambrose. I hadn't thought of that. Then I remembered the lady and the puppy.

"I suppose you get the Vicar," I said uneasily. I decided not to risk it. Ambrose produced his tea-tickets.

"Let's have tea instead," he sug-

After tea Ambrose went off to fix up the wireless business, and at the appointed time we all gathered round. Mr. Dearlove was much in evidence. He made a speech. He said the Fête had been a great success. He thanked his "workers." He told us how the hassocks were getting on. Finally, as a fitting climax to the afternoon's endeavours, we were to have a Wireless Concert. In a few moments we would proceed to—ah—listen in.

"Perhaps," concluded Mr. Dearlove, "in view of the fact that so many of the young people are amongst us this afternoon, it is not inappropriate to commence the concert with the-ah-Children's Hour." (Applause and mur-

murs of delight.)

Ambrose, looking very important, moved a switch, and Uncle Mutt's wellknown voice rent the air. Uncle Mutt wished us all Good-evening, and then started in on the Weather Report. When the millibars had been read he | With water? Bless thee, OMAR, how really got down to business.

peared that his correspondence had been rather heavy. Children from all over the country had been writing to him to say how much they liked him, and how old they were, and what awfully jolly wireless sets they had. And for each one he had a little joke and a message. It was very amusing. The Vicar "It's going well," said beamed. Ambrose in my ear.

"And then I have a letter," said Uncle Mutt, "from Wickham-cum-Goozbury -(How we all sat up! This was exciting)—"a letter," continued Uncle Mutt, "from Septimus Dearlove."

The crowd gasped. "Eh?" said

the Vicar.

"Well, Seppie," went on Uncle Mutt, "I am glad you like listening-in. So you are having a lovely party this afternoon. How nice for you and all your little friends!"

The Vicar was purple. "Can no one stop the machine?" he cried in agonized tones. But Uncle Mutt was

inexorable.

"I expect you have got heaps of cakes and sweets. But you mustn't eat too much, you know. Well, well, you are a lucky little man-

I turned round. "Ambrose," I said, "you old villain——" But Ambrose

had fled.

"No, I don't think the Vicar will ask me to help at a Fête again," said Ambrose with some satisfaction later in the evening.

WEEDS.

WEEDS. My heart bleeds,

As I go round the garden in tweeds, To observe that your tribe supersedes Super-seeds

Of more excellent breeds;

That the food I supply for their needs Merely feeds,

By some law of the Persians and Medes.

The pest that impedes; But, since men of all colours and creeds (In particular Swedes)

Execrate your abhorrent misdeeds. There is none intercedes.

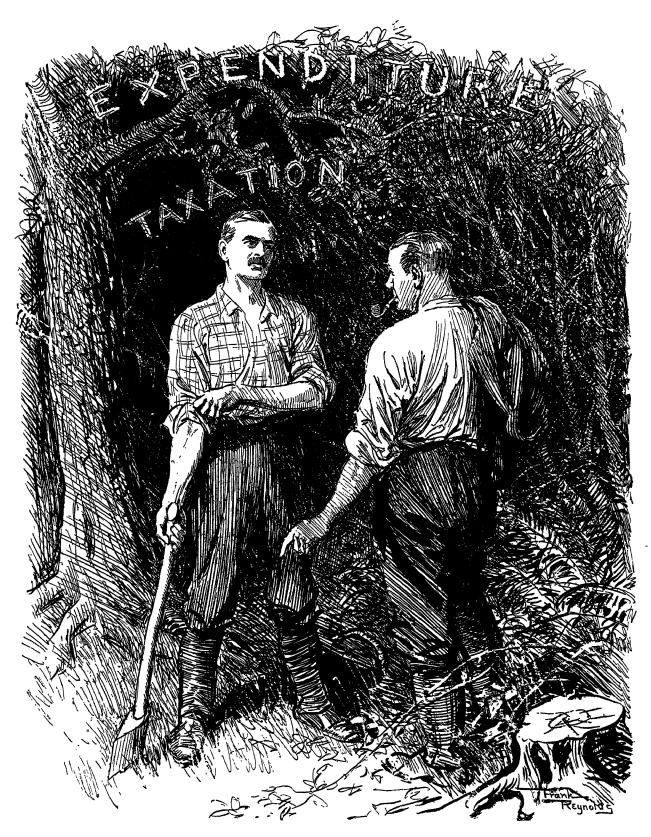
Ho! Ho! You perceive where this leads?

Hoe! Hoe! And I will too-you weeds!

"There have keen philosophers who have held that man is really happiest with a jug of water, a loaf of bread, a book, and somebody of the other sex to whom he can read aloud when she is not engaged in baking the aforesaid loaf or filling the jug."

Canadian Magazine.

It ap- | thou art translated!



THE TASK.

PRIME MINISTER (to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer). "I'VE DONE A BIT OF CLEARING MYSELF, BUT THERE'S A LOT MORE TO DO."



Vicar (to bedridden old woman, discussing the untiring energy and many duties of the PRINCE OF WALLES). "You on I could NOT TAKE ON HIS JOB, COULD WE? Old Woman. "No, that we couldn't-that do want intellect."

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS.

III.—THE BOWYER.

From the black-bearded English yew, With yellow berries cold and few, We make the English bow, The supple bow, the tough and true, By the craft that best we know.

The tree that by the lych-gate grows Gives us his boughs to make our bows, And King of trees he is; Nor bay nor myrtle, oak nor rose, Can give such gifts as his.

Now steel and iron and bronze and gold The swordsmith and the spurrier hold To be the rarest things;

But the black tree with berries cold Hath brought down bragging kings.

Yea, when the lance and sword in vain Had cloven lilied shields in twain,

And lions and leopards swayed, The bowmen turned defeat to gain With the bows that we had made.

The wood is good as wood may be, And cut as true, and none but we Those stubborn bows can make, From the black tree, the black yew-tree, That will bend and yet not break. D. M. S.

A SOCIAL CANKER.

(A Moral Story from Life, written up for the Sunday Press.)

IT was a bad hour for Oswald Salter when, on his fourth birthday, a thoughtless uncle presented him with a Ludoboard, the necessary counters of four colours and the deadly outfit of dicebox and dice. From that time his whole career was warped by the poison which cankered his youth and his manhood—the fatal addiction to table games.

Little did his parents guess, as they joined him in happy circle for the first round of Ludo, of the web that was being woven to entangle his infant feet. Alas, his fatal facility for producing sixes and fives in profusion from the dice-box might have warned them of the horror of the years to come. Had they foreseen a tithe of the calamity which was to fall on Oswald's devoted head, they would have thrown the whole hideous outfit into the consuming flames.

Instead, before many years had passed, they actually encouraged him to play Halma, than which no more

has ever been invented. Oswald rapidly fell a victim to the drug. Night after night he would scamp his home-lessons in order to devise new schemes for transferring the red pieces, or the green, from one corner of the board to that diagonally opposite.

His masters despaired of him, for, though unable to estimate within any degree of probability the time it would occupy to fill or empty baths through taps named A, B and C, the moment it became necessary to devise plans for arranging trees in congested situations so that lines of five would appear, Oswald was at once ready with his answer. The sad explanation is that our hero was becoming habituated to secret indulgence in Go-Bang, concealing his craving with the usual cunning of the dope-fiend.

At the age of seventeen he entered a commercial office. His employer observing in him an air of abstraction, suspected that he was not putting his whole heart and soul into the business and advised him, in words which could not be misunderstood, to lead a better life if he wanted to continue to enjoy the beneficent tutelage of the firm. debilitating and enervating occupation! Oswald repented, promised to turn over

a new leaf, and for three days ceased to conceal a pocket Reversi set beneath

his ledger.

Again the craving became too strong; and it was in vain that his employer held out to him a helping hand, going so far as to keep back a portion of Oswald's weekly wage in order to stimulate him to healthy endeavour. In the end he lost his situation and others like it. He was capable and obedient, but something was gnawing at him, body and mind; and that something was Dominoes.

Sufferers from Chronic Ludosis or Halmatitis have been known to pull themselves back by a supreme effort from the verge of the gulf of perdition, but the recovery of a confirmed Dom-

inoist has yet to be recorded.

His shame could not long remain

secret from his parents.

When it was discovered, they shed hot tears and deported him to a land across the mighty sea where laws were in force which prohibited table-games entirely. There, they felt he would be removed from temptation. There, no shops would openly expose their dangerous wares to be purchased by the innocent and unwary. There, at any rate, existed no open traffic in the materials of degeneration.

· Their hopes were frustrated; they had not realised that their son was a soloistic player of board-games. He would shut himself in his own room and hold nightly orgies of Nine Men's Morris with a board and counters made by his own sinful hands. This illicit indulgence was soon detected by Secret Service officers, whose suspicions were roused by the finding of a piece of cardboard which blew out of Oswald's window. A circular piece of cardboard, inked on one side, was a clue they could not overlook. It might mean the Ku Klux Klan; it might on the other hand mean Nine Men's Morris.

The latter hypothesis proved correct.

Oswald got six years.

We leave our hero for the present at this point. Future instalments will show how this apparently hopeless case was dealt with in the New World and how Oswald was eventually won over to the moral beauty of soft games and the purifying influence of the cinema.

NEXT WEEK.—Letter from Oswald

Salter written in gaol.

[The End.—ED.]

Of an Indian Prince:-

"Although he rode in a golden chariot and slept in a bed of solid gold, he was a firm supporter of women's rights."—Daily Paper.

You see the connection, of course. Silence is golden too, and he was fed up with the stuff.



COMPLIMENT TO THE SEASON.

"WEATHER'S A BIT THREATENIN'-LIKE?"

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

EVERYONE will hope that next cricket season will see better weather. But let us have not only less water. Let us have less tea. In the Kent and Middlesex match last week the modern athletes' dependence upon this beverage reached a climax, for, although rain prevented any play at all on the first day, and although the Kentinnings closed (with a terrible crack on the head for poor FREEMAN) at about 3.40 on the second day, and an interval naturally followed, will it be believed that at 4 45, after less than an hour's exertions, the Kent Captain was leading his gallant warriors off the field for another fifteen minutes with the urn? And the patient crowd raised not a murmur of protest.

Our Cynical Journalists.

"In the Island of Skye there are seven of a family all receiving the old age pension. All were married and still retain all their facul-It would be interesting to know if this constitutes a record."—Glasgow Paper.

- has given an address on "Comrade -Tennis,' tracing the history of the game and its methods. He spoke of its advantages from a health standpoint, discussed its technicalities, and described the right way of play. As a result several of our tennis clubs have decided result several of our to learn how to play."

Co-operative Publication.

It seems a good idea, though a little belated.

"All they needed to do was to carefully and in understandable English put down the terms."-Weekly Paper.

But to do this must they split their infinitives?

THE DRAG.

THE winding river goes its way and follows The emerald valleys with their leafy hollows. Stilly, pellucid, silent and complete, With herby banks and clumps of meadow-sweet. Yet underneath its shining dappled face Are creatures full of sin, and far from grace.

Amongst the wavy weeds that sway and wobble, There do the greedy pike swim low and gobble And prey upon the trout and perch and roach, And, worse than any human poacher, poach, And eat their weight of fishes six times over, Hid in the cozy forests of green cover.

And that's why we come in with sticks and netting, Got up for work and fortified for wetting. "Those brutes of jack," we say, "have got ahead, There'll be no fishing till they're caught and dead. As for the dace and perch, well, just observe them! Feeding the trout, alas! you also serve them.

"Let down the trammel net, beat back the bushes (There! that's a pike who noses out and pushes). Float out the purse behind. Steer clear of snags! They tear our precious netting all to rags. Hold back the dogs! Don't let a fight begin; Well, throw them in then-dash it!-throw them in."

Under the bank where the slow water swishes The trout lie doggo. But the common fishes They have no ruse at all. They flounce and flounder (By Jove! that pike might be a seven-pounder), And shining silly dace come out in strings: You never saw such pretty silver things.

Ah! what a glorious Summer sunshine lightly Falls on the girls' bare arms and makes them brightly Burnished, powders their heads with flecks of gold, And, where wet cotton frocks cling tight and mould Their strong young limbs, they take a classic air; We had forgot they were so tall and fair.

Limpidly the reflections wave and quiver, Doubling the beauty for us in the river, Till slowly we begin. "Hold the nets tight; Drag each towards the other! Yes, that's right. Look out there! There's a jack! Whoop! he's

No, he can't pass, the trammel net's too wide.

"Now, boys, be quick, and don't let go your tether, Haul up the net upon the bank together. Out with it then!" Oh, silly silver dace, Why did you leave your shady hiding-place? You die. But it is these that we lay out Revengefully; the jack who eat our trout.

Then we go home triumphant to our dinners, Talking of pike as good men talk of sinners: Stern justice without sympathy or hate. We cross the railway line and shut the gate, . And there's an end of all the noise and fuss. I'd like to know what the trout think of us.

Advice Gratis.

"Against a worthy opponent Kilner would find it pay him to purposely give him a half volley to bait his trap cunningly at times or for the purpose of getting an obstinate opponent to nibble at the bait." Sunday Newspaper.

THE STAGE SOLICITOR.

As may be imagined, in a community which spends most of its time in getting into trouble, the stage solicitor does a pretty flourishing business. His is about the least speculative of all stage professions. It rarely, if ever, suffers from a slump. He does not even run the many personal risks common to stage existence, despite the fact that there are occasions on which he is far from popular. In fact, from the insurance company's point of view he is to be regarded as a particularly good "life." No one dares murder the stage solicitor. It too often happens that he is the only person capable of disentangling the plot. I do not know what the stage solicitor charges for disentangling a plot, but I have no doubt he finds it a highly profitable side line.

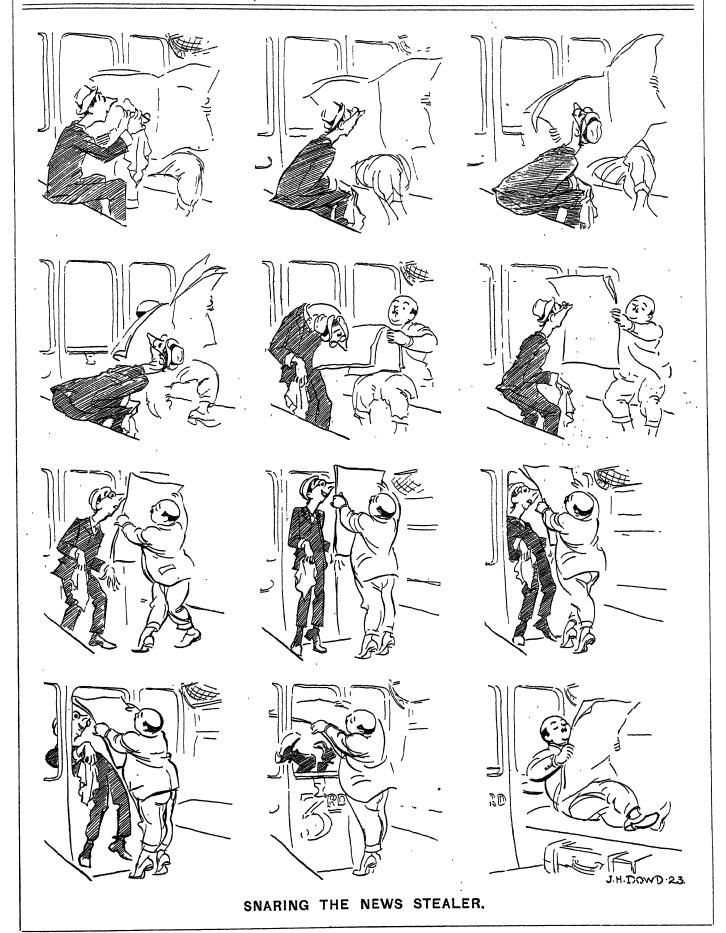
It would appear, however, that the fees from the testamentary branch of the business are his chief comfort and stand-by. Stage folk are not satisfied with causing trouble during their lifetime; they like to leave a lot more behind them when they die. To this end they concoct complicated and irritating bequests, calculated to upset things generally and drive their relatives to the verge of insanity. If they are in a particularly humorous mood at the time, they hide the will. Then they die with a grim chuckle in their throat (or wherever a grim chuckle comes from) and leave the rest to the stage solicitor. He is all right, anyway. He knows that if the will is not found there will be trouble, and that if it is found there will be worse trouble, and trouble is good for business. So his suave demeanour and old-world courtesy (two marked characteristics of the stage solicitor) do not turn a hair. And his manner is never more composed than when he is the bearer of sensational tidings. The more he can complicate matters the more he is pleased with himself. And he always knows the exact psychological moment at which to proclaim the rightful heir, though it must be admitted that he often cuts it very fine. Stage folk of doubtful character do not go out of their way to say nice things about the stage solicitor. He is so upright in his slightly old-fashioned way, and he knows so much about everybody's past.

When he is not busy with some idiotic legacy or other the stage solicitor can find plenty to do in the way of negotiations for breach of promise and divorce; in fact, judging from the customary common round and daily task of stage-folk, this department alone must be answerable for a good deal to the Income-Tax officials. Unfortunately, in a strictly business sense, the stage solicitor is slightly handicapped in these matters by the fact that he is so often the old and valued friend of both parties, and consequently feels obliged to make paternal endeavours to effect an unofficial reconciliation. But even in the event of his being successful I do not fancy he suffers by it to any great extent, though it must get him disliked by the stage barrister, who, being (as he invariably is) the most brilliant K.C. of his day, is not addicted to old-fashioned sentiment, save in his attitude towards some other man's wife.

The private life of the stage solicitor (like that of the stage detective) is something of a mystery and, as a general rule, can only be imagined. Even when he is to be seen taking a meal it is generally in a client's house and in a more or less official capacity. You do not see the stage solicitor going to bed, or hanging a picture, or making love, or nursing the baby. It may be that he has no time for these trivial relaxations. He is a busy man.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

If KILNER has absorbed this advice before next cricket know that in all disputed questions those on opposite sides are opposite will have spent a busy winter. "If Mr. -



CONFESSIONS OF A JOURNALIST.

I FIND modern editors very trying. It is so hard to know exactly what they want. I had but recently written three charming articles precisely adapted, as I imagined, to the needs of the August Press, and entitled "Hurrah for the Sun," "The Benediction of Beauty" and "Delirious Deauville." When I took them to the Editor of one of our great dailies he looked at them sulkily for a few moments and then threw them on the floor.

"Not the slightest use," he said. "Can't you turn the handle a little?" "How do you mean?" I inquired.

"Well, instead of bucking about beauty and sunshine and bathing at Deauville, why not give the other side stout earth-kissed boots and shake the almost entirely to the peculiar un-

a chance? We're simply stuffed up with articles about things that everybody would give their eyes to do or be. Try a little consolation instead."

I did.

Itooktheessaysaway and re-wrote them, and brought them back to the Editor.

"May I read them aloud to you?" I asked.

"Goon," he groaned. "The first is called," I began,

"WET WEATHER THE BEST.

By A LOVER OF RAIN.

"For one reason or another we have fallen into the habit of considering a fine day more

enjoyable than a wet one. soon find that our judgment has been more outing in the rain." grievously mistaken. The scorching "Sakes!" said the Edito sun withers up the grass and the delicate foliage and makes our faces a blotchy and unsightly brown. We cannot walk without fatigue; we suffer from the inconvenience of dust and the I continued cheerfully. severe eye-strain involved by the glare of the sun.

"But don sou'-wester and mackintosh and serviceable boots, and stride boldly forth into a day of wind and rain, whether upon the beach or along a country road, and how many are the compensating beauties that we find? The tired leaves and the grass are refreshed and reinvigorated by the falling showers. The tingling drops are like a healthful massage upon cheek and brow. There is a masterful squelch beneath our boot-soles. Even the slight greatly prefer Miss Brown.

trickle down the back of our necks is a not unpleasant sensation.

"And how lovely is Nature in rain! There is nothing more beautiful than the sight of water falling smartly on the face of a pond or the surface of the sea. Every stroke splashes up a little drop that glistens like a diamond, whilst innumerable ripples spread in everwidening circles from the impact. Fantastically beautiful cloud effects fill the skies, and the water gurgles in the gutters like the laughter of a girl. Water is the most beautiful thing on earth, and wetness is like a communion with the most wonderful glory of the firmament. In delicate drifting veils the mist rises up from the marshlands. The baying of frogs is heard. And as we tug off our

Benevolent Old Lady. "Poor man! Wouldn't you like a nice chop?" Tramp (warily). "What kind, Lady? Mutton or wood?"

But let us | sanctifying moisture from our glistening only weigh together the advantages and | macs, we must be veritable curmudgeons disadvantages of each, and we shall if we do not thank Heaven for yet one

"Sakes!" said the Editor; "get along with the next.'

"DOES BEAUTY HANDICAP?

BY A STUDENT OF PSYCHOLOGY,"

"'Handsome is that handsome does,' says the proverb, and it is indeed a question whether those whom Nature has endowed with good looks ought not to be objects of pity and commiseration rather than of envy to their plainerfeatured brethren and sisters. How many people are willing to trust a pretty girl or a handsome man? And how often do we not hear the following dialogue?

"'I admire that girl immensely. wish I could make her my wife.'

"'Why, she is an absolute frump.

I

"'I don't. She is far too pretty for Give me a homely-looking girl for me. a wife.

"And the preference indicated is a wise one, for selfishness, stupidity and conceit are the almost invariable concomitants of beauty. It is just the same in business. A plain man is promoted in the office, whereas the goodlooking 'knut' never manages to rise above the ruck. How many of the heads of important commercial undertakings, how many of our leading statesmen, lawyers and divines, are beautiful to look at? One of the ugliest men I know attributes his prosperity (he is a managing director of a firm controlling wide interests throughout the length and breadth of the land)

> attractiveness of his personal appearance.

> "'The thing that I thank my stars for every night, he has frequently said to me, 'is that I have a face like a moose.'

> "He does not exaggerate in the least.

"The temptations that have beset his more prepossessing contemporaries have never come his way, with the result that he has left them behind in the difficult race for success."

"Golly!" said the Editor.

I went on:-

"THE FUN OF A FRUGAL HOLIDAY.

By Verb. SAP.

"Many people seem to think that the pleasure of a holiday is proportionate to the amount of money they are prepared to spend on it; but this is far from being the case. The secret lies in a capacity for enjoyment and the zest that we put into our weeks of recreation, whatever may be the form that it takes.

"My acquaintance, Robinson, is very well aware of this. When August comes he takes out his motor-cycle and sidecar, and into the latter he packs his wife, the children, a tent and a small camping outfit, not forgetting his faithful Airedale. He rents a pitch from an accommodating farmer in the corner of a field, and the whole family enters heartily into the business of a gipsy holiday. Fetching water from a stream two miles away occupies most of the morning, and when the mid-day meal, followed by the inevitable washing-up of dishes, has been accomplished, a



A REVISED OPINION.

SNAPSHOT OF A SPORTSMAN WHO, WHEN HIS WIFE PROPOSED SHOOTING, SAID SHE "COULDN'T HIT A HAYSTACK."

glow of health is on every cheek, and all are content to spend the rest of the day in a blissful leisure, watching the ever-varying pageant of nature and warding off the mosquitoes that collect as dusk draws in.

"My ne ghbour Jones, on the other hand, a man of much the same position in life as Robinson, decides to spend his three weeks at Deauville."

"No, not Deauville," said the Editor; "I'm tired of Deauville. Make it somewhere else."

"Llandudno, then," I suggested.
"All right," he said; "go on."

"He travels down in a luxurious car, and stays at a most expensive hotel, where the prices are far higher than the comforts to be obtained; he plays perhaps one round of golf a day, breaks his favourite driver——"

"Why on earth should he do that?" said the Editor.

"I don't know," I said, "but he does. He eats too much, smokes too many cigars, lounges, grumbles and gets frankly bored. On coming back to London and his office with liver and temper the worse rather than the better for his vacation, he is surprised to pass Robinson looking the picture of health and happiness, thoroughly braced for another year's hard work.

"What is the talisman?"

"Is it anybody's Salts?" inquired Here no rough and ruthless raiders the Editor." Devastate an exile's ease,

"No," I replied. "It lies in the sense of romance and adventure, and in making our holiday a complete break from the monotony of our every-day routine."

"Might do," admitted the Editor grudgingly when I had finished reading, "if you tone them down a bit here and there."

But I hadn't the heart. So I have used them here instead. Evoe.

THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER.

(With apologies to the North-West.)
Ours are not the barren marches
Of that other frontier land,

Where the sunlight blinds and parches And the wind is mostly sand, Where the woes of clime entranmel

Aught that British hearts contrive,
Where the cactus and the camel
Are the only things that thrive.

England's roses are our dower,
Orchids England never knew,
Trees that breathe a mist of flower—
Cherry-pink against the blue,

Leeks that set the heart a-flutter, Cream and strawberries, curds and whey,

Bread that tastes of bread, and butter— Butter that is not "Bombay." Devastate an exile's ease,
In their place Celestial traders
Bring their silks and pickled teas;

'Tis a glimpse of jogging hampers,
Flapping hats and stolid kine,
With a breathless Chow that scampars
Up and down the jingling line.

On bazaar-day tiny mothers
Waddle past in single file,
Each exactly like the others
From the anklet to the smile;
In the sun their earrings flicker
As they paddle through the burn,
Crowned with lettuces in wicker,
And the babies slung astern.

When you see the daylight breaking Saffron through the China gates, When you hear the partridge waking, Then you thank the kindly Fates, Who, although they may have meant you

For Beluchistan or Sind, As a special favour sent you To the happier side of Ind. J. M. S.

"Britain and Japan are the only Powers having Cattle-cruisers."—Indian Paper.
But other Navies employ rams.

"It is stated that a crow at Aix la Chapelle invaded the vegetable market and cleared the stalls."—Provincial Paper.
Greedy bird!

MACHEATH, M.P.

IV.

(Synopsis:—Macheath is elected to the House of Commons in the interests of the No Rum Company. By a Device he causes the Bill for the Abolition of Rum to be read a Third Time. It becomes law.)

Scene XI.—A ROUT AT VAUXHALL.

Macheath. Polly.

Polly. Will you not dance with your

Polly, husband?

Macheath. You talk like a simpleton, my dove. We are not here for pleasure, but business; and the wife of a statesman must occupy herself with those who can advantage him. Here comes Mr. Greville. Do your duty, my love.

Enter The Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister. Mrs. Macheath? And alone? Has Society gone mad? Polly. A woman in melancholy is no company for the gentlemen, Sir.

The Prime Minister. What, melancholy? Only tell me the cause and Parliament shall root it up to-morrow.

Polly. I suffer in my husband's disappointments. His expenses are as heavy as his debts, and, though he has voted with Government these three months, he holds as yet no office under the Crown.

The Prime Minister. There is no post, I swear, which would not be worthily filled by the husband of Mrs. Macheath. But what are his particular attainments?

Polly. He has had great experience of the sea, Sir.

The Prime Minister. The sea? Why, then, he shall have charge of the King's Coastguards, and put down the smugglers. For since rum was forbidden by Parliament, few other commodities are imported any more, and our Southern coast is little better than a wine-shop.

Polly. Macheath is acquainted with all the known stratagems of rascals, by land and sea.

The Prime Minister. He is appointed.

Air XVII.—The Bells of Houndsditch.

When woman sues Who dare refuse? Fal, lal, lal, la.

Scene XII.

Macheath. Diana Trapes.

Trapes. Noble Captain, I hope you will be one of us at my house to-morrow, when my husband has invited some of our No Rum Company to a supper, and afterwards is to make a speech. But you had better come early, for we have not a drop of wine in the house, and I think no man will endure my husband's speaking for long on those terms.

Macheath. Liquor is very hard to come by in these days, but your husband is rich. I know a rogue who for forty guineas will provide you with a cask of anything. But he will not deliver unless he be paid beforehand; for no man cares to be hanged for nothing.

Trapes. Here is the money. Let it be rum. I should prefer wine, but the Quality will drink nothing now but what is against the law. [Exit.

Enter Fitch.

Fitch. The Jenny Diver lies off Greenwich, Captain, as full of spirits as a lord.

Macheath. Why, then, you must find a market for her. But look no more to me, honest Fitch, for I have been made Captain of the Coastguards, and must give up the smuggling.

Fitch. I knew how it would be. Politics has turned more men virtuous than any other cause besides. But, Captain, I hopes you do not intend to be a trouble to your old friends.

Macheath. Fifty guineas, Fitch, and you may do what you will. Few Ministers charge so reasonably.

Fitch. Here is the money, Captain, and I am very sensible of your kindness.

Macheath. Wait but an instant, and I will give you my bond in writing.

Fitch. Why, Captain, between men of honour this is not necessary.

Macheath. You are right. But such good feeling is so uncommon that I am moved to do you a service. Lady Badger, Diana Trapes that was, desires two casks of rum to-morrow, and will pay you twenty guineas. Here is the money. Fitch. This is a poor price.

Macheath. It is all she will pay. But out of friendship I will try her again. When do you land the goods?

Fitch. At midnight—by The Three Nuns at Battersea.

Macheath. Then if I can squeeze another guinea or two out of her I will await you there. If not, be happy with what you have.

Air XVIII.—Dorothy's a fine Lass.

When to his lair
The jackal draws his prey,
The tiger's there
To snatch the prize away.
Thus statesmen lying,
Advantage spying,
Their friends betray.

Scene XIII.—A BEACH AT BATTERSEA: NIGHT.

Macheath (masked). Coastguard Officers. Coastguard. I see a boat, Sir, putting

off from the sloop.

Macheath. Lie close, my men, till they have the casks ashore, for we should never interfere with a man's work. And use no fire-arms, for, though they are desperate villains, these men are benefactors to the public, and gunpowder is ruination to good liquor. But knock

them down when their backs are turned and bid them stand in the King's name. Fitch and Pirates enter from the river with casks. The Coastguards seize them.

Macheath seizes casks.

Macheath. In the King's name, stand! Fitch. Who are you, Sir? Your voice is familiar.

Macheath. A King's officer, who will send you to the cart for this affair, unless you are rich. Your goods are forfeit, but fifty guineas will save your necks.

Fitch. This is the sum I paid your Captain to be free of his attentions. If this goes on the importation of liquor will become unprofitable.

Macheath. Show me the Captain's bond?

Fitch. I trusted to his honour.

Macheath. This is the first time I ever heard that said of the Captain. Your money or your life!

Fitch. That I should live to have those words employed against me! Macheath shall hear of this. Well, here is the money. There shall be questions asked in Parliament over this affair.

Macheath. Pass, friends! You are free. Officers, away!

[Exeunt, with casks.

Scene XIV.—Macheath's House; Casks behind a Screen.

Macheath. Fitch.

Fitch. The dog took everything. And now I know not how I shall explain matters to Lady Di, for if we do not fulfil our engagements our credit with the great is at an end.

Macheath. This is indeed a misfortune. I will have the fool dismissed. Do you leave the affair to me and I will arrange matters. I have a friend in Chelsea who will supply the lady.

Fitch. Thank you, Captain. I don't wonder you have turned honest when wickedness is so hardly used as I have been.

Macheath. You are right. Call on me to-morrow and you shall join the Coastguards, which is a respectable employment and more profitable than smuggling.

[Exit Fitch.

Enter Diana Trapes.

Trapes. Captain, that villain of yours has played me false. Tell me where he is to be found or I lose half my

friends to-night.

Macheath. I have spoken with him. He was taken by some busybody of a Coastguard and lost his cargo to the King. The man was in sore distress and durst not see you himself. As for your trouble, I have a friend in Chelsea who may oblige you. But his goods are very exquisite, and come more costly than the other's. Fifty guineas will buy a cask.

Trapes. Here is the money, Captain. No price is too high when my husband is to make a speech. Bring it with you, Captain. You will be very welcome to-night. [Exit.

Enter Polly.

Macheath. One hundred-and-eighty guineas, and fifteen casks of spirits! Thus are intellect and energy rewarded. Polly, my love, we are rich. I shall now be able to employ a few more secretaries.

Polly. Oh, Macheath!

Macheath. Let one of the small casks be placed in the carriage, my dear. I have promised Lady Badger a little present of rum.

Scene XV.—LORD BADGER'S HOUSE.

Lord Badger, Diana Trapes (Lady Badger), Macheath, with six Secretaries, Polly, Jenny Diver, Lords and Ladies. They drink.

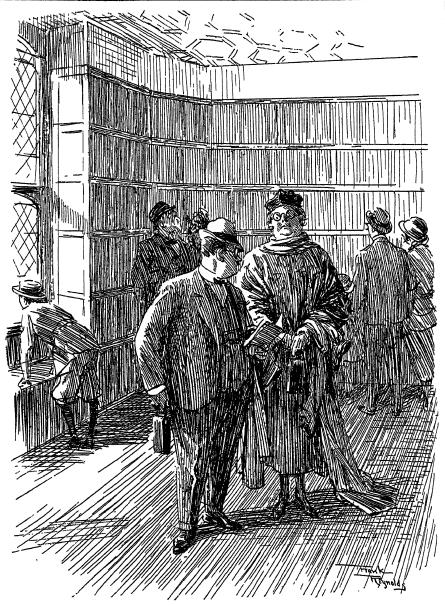
Lord Badger. My Lords and Gentlemen, it is six months since the Act for the Abolition of Rum received His Majesty's assent, and already we are gathering in the harvest of that excellent measure. The behaviour of the common people no longer spoils our honest repose. Assassins, cut-throats, informers, highwaymen, lacking the stimulus of rum, have abandoned their former callings and devote themselves with industry to the service of the rich.

A Lady. I cannot endure this prosy fellow.

A Gentleman. Take a little of this excellent rum, and you will think him

SOLOMON himself.

Lord Badger. Last year, my Lords, the killings and woundings in the City of Westminster numbered eighty-two: this year they are no more than fifty. Wives and husbands live in amity together and licence has gone out of our streets. It is true there are certain low fellows who in violation of the law secretly distil a villainous sort of spirit in their homes; but these, as a general rule, are deservedly punished by the loss of their sight, or perish miserably of their own poison. There are others also who seek by stealth to smuggle spirits across the sea, and would for gold corrupt the homes of the people; but I think we may trust to the vigilance and daring of our gallant Coastguards to see that these supplies are diverted into the homes of the great, who know how to use them with moderation. And for my part I shall support the law with resolution, so long as we lack nothing. My Lords, charge your glasses, and drink with me to the intrepid Macheath, who has this day, I doubt not, preserved from drunkenness a number of the poor. Macheath! The Captain of the Coastguards!



ROMANCE AT HAMPTON COURT.

Fair Tourist. "Say, Hiram, don't it just tickle you to death to think of that guy Wolsey standing right here like I am now?"

All. Long live Macheath!

Air XIX.—Why do the Bishops?

What is so fine
As wine?
Then, friends, the cup
Fill up.
Youth's a season
Mocks at reason.
Temperance then is treason;
Ah!
Temperance then is treason;
Ah!

CURTAIN. A.P. H.

"Captain Mildred Olsen, we gather, has bobbed her hair, and we learn that the flendish seductions of this attractive fashion are making many young hearts beat irregularly under other Salvation Army bonnets."—Daily Paper. Evidently in the Salvation Army the heart is not worn on the sleeve.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This year in my Sussex garden a blackbird has mated with a thrush. I shall be much obliged if your ornithological expert will tell me if I should be right in speaking of the offspring as Blushes or Thwackbirds.

Yours anxiously, A BIRD LOVER.

"One of the problems of the day is to spread out the population more evenly, and, given good roads, the motor industry could do that.—SIR SAM FAY."—Sunday Paper.

The casualty returns for the past twelve months prove that motorists generally have been successful in laying out no small part of the population even with the present roads.



The Maiden. "Not very cheery, are you?"

The Youth. "No. I'm afraid I'm beastly sentimental, but when I think what we've been to each other all this summer and that in a month I shall probably have forgotten even your name—well, I can't help frieling it a bit."

LINES ON THE HOP-CONTROLLER.

(Written after reading the report in "The Times" of the recent meeting of hop-growers and hop-factors at Canterbury.)

I HAVE toyed with the statistics of ballistics And the relative nutrition of the chop

And the Soya bean, but lately I have grown sincerely, greatly Interested in the study of the hop.

As providing some employment and enjoyment To the casuals who throng the city slums,

I viewed its annual mention with a languid inattention, But without the slightest pricking of my thumbs.

But now the strange disclosures and exposures— At a recent crowded meeting of the trade— Of its fluctuating nature and its vivid nomenclature Have alternately enthralled me and dismayed.

Now I understand the struggles of the "fuggles," Which are owing to the deficit of rain;

And I dimly grasp the reason why the "bramlings" are this season

Their priority unable to maintain.

I have learned with sad submission the condition Of the gardens when the burr is on the bine;

And I joy to hear that holdings which are given up to "goldings"

Are looking (at the moment) very fine.

But nothing was so cheering or endearing— Instead of anti-Departmental hate—

As the note of trust unbounded in the Hor-Controller sounded

At each successive stage of the debate.

I covet not great forces or resources,

Nor do I grudge the premiums that fall

To a first-class county bowler; but to be the Hop-Controller— Oh! that's the job I envy most of all.

For if there's any omen in his nomen;

His functions should not be confined to crops;

He should lay a prompt embargo on the landing of each cargo Of another deleterious kind of hops.

Let him check tarantulation in the nation And forbid the importation of "the Blues;"

Let him ban the trotting foxes that encourage "magna voxes," And the snortings of the epileptic Muse.

"A young gentleman (19), requires post as Assistant Improver on a farm, to live with family, and pocket money."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

If what our farmer-friends tell us is true, he wouldn't have much chance of pocketing money on their farms.

"Suddenly she heard a horse cry from the shore. On the beach a man was excitedly gesticulating. It was Rodney. He was wringing his hands and shouting to her."—New Zealand Paper.

It was silly of Rodney to go on shouting when his faithful

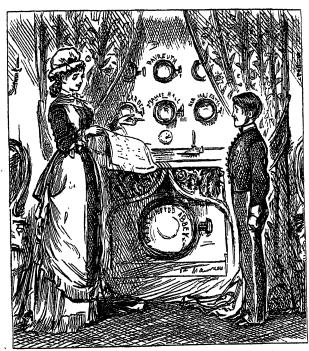
steed had already attracted her attention.



HER HOUSE IN ORDER.

ERIN. "SURE AN' I'M PLEASED WID MESELF AT LAST!"

GEORGE DU MAURIER AS PROPHET.



Musical Mistress of House ("on hospitable thoughts intent").
"Now, recollect, robert, at a Quarter to Nine turn on 'Voi one Sapete' from Covent Garden; at Ten let in the Stringed Quartette from St. James's Hall; and at Eleven turn the last Quartette from 'Rigoletto' full on. But mind you close one Tap before opening the other." Buttons. "YES, MUM!"



BY THE TELEPHONE SOUND IS CONVERTED INTO ELECTRICITY, AND THEN, BY COMPLETING THE CIRCUIT, BACK INTO SOUND AGAIN. JONES CONVERTS ALL THE PRETTY MUSIC HE HEARS DURING THE SEASON INTO ELECTRICITY, BOTTLES IT, AND PUTS IT, AWAY INTO BINS FOR HIS WINTER PARTIES. ALL HE HAS TO DO, WHEN HIS GUESTS ARRIVE, IS TO SELECT, UNCORK, AND THEN COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT. AND THERE YOU ARE! From "Punch." December 14th, 1877.

GEORGE DU MAURIER is known and loved in both worlds, the Old and the New, as a novelist, a satirist, and an artist with a pen no less incisive than his pencil and as sure an insight into the secrets of the heart as the foibles of Society. But he has not perhaps hitherto been thought of as an inspired reader of the future. A friendly correspondent calls our attention to a page of drawings by that fertile and diverting hand in the Punch Almanack as long ago as 1878, published on December 14th, 1877, in the early days of the telephone, in which Du Maurier is most accurately prophetical, the gramophone, the theatrophone and broadcasting being very distinctly foreshadowed. Two of the pictures are reproduced on this page as evidence of his prevision.

MORE HOOTS.

It is a comparatively easy matter (if you have the money) to choose a car; but the selection of a syren, hooter or klaxon horn to herald that car's approach is an affair of nicety.

I was privileged to be present the other day in the salesroom of one of our leading manufacturers of motor music. Their methods give the lie to the croaker who says British business men are not enterprising.

Their plan, it appears, is to lure an old lady into the showroom (a young man of great tact and presence is permanently employed at this) by telling her it is the place where GLADSTONE or ELLA WHEELER WILCOX was born. As she bends over the tablet which marks the spot a syren or other instrument is tooted behind her. Delicate apparatus measures the length of her jump.

The afternoon I was present some interesting scores were obtained. Lovelorn Gorilla scored a record leap than usual) of four feet three inches.

In the Alacrity Without Annoyance class—a nobleman of the older régime was completing his car—the Seasick Saxophone ("the syren with a Please in it ") gave excellent results. On its first blast the subject side-stepped gracefully (one foot two inches), at the same time murmuring pleasantly, " Not at all."

So far so good. But later in the day another lady, even older, gave very different results.

We had tried the Bursting Balloon; the lady did not budge.

A novel contrivance, let down by means of a string into the exhaust (the Errand-Boy's War-Cry), gave its piercing shriek. The old lady—from her interest in the talk about the GLAD-STONE tablet she was obviously not in I discovered a fast bowler.

the least deaf-looked up pleasantly, remarking, "So you keep a linnet? Was that GLADSTONE's too?"

The deep diapason of the Exasperated Elephant, beside which the fortissimo passages of "1812" are mere twitters, only caused her to observe, "I wish somebody would not keep on humming.

At last the chief salesman solved the problem. "Ask her where she lives," he whispered to the young man who knew all about GLADSTONE.

"If I am right, Sir"—the principal (the old lady certainly was nimbler turned to me—" then, frankly, we give it up. Old ladies who come from that district, if they heard the Last Trump, would only say, "Oh! yes. I dare say. Let him get out of my way."

"Where do I live?" said the old

lady. "Oh! I come from Brentford."

"Daily Mail Wanted for general work. Babbacombe."—Local Paper. They can have ours for the asking.

"WANTED, to share old gentleman. Moderate. Sister. — Terrace."—Nursing Paper. We wonder what the old gentleman thinks about it.

"At Scilly the wind was bowling at over sixty miles at hour."—Daily Paper. Evidently the "venue" for the next Test Match, England having at last



Mollie (in difficulties). "MUMMIE, WILL YOU FREAD THIS NEEDLE FOR ME? THE COTTON IS SUCKED READY."

MY WATCH.

Mummy's got a little watch, She wears it on her arm, The only thing it seems to do Is cause her great alarm; She springs up from her comfy chair As if a bomb had dropped, And says, "Oh, dear! I shall be My little watch has stopped."

Daddy's got a 'normous watch, But quite a useful one, He lets us blow it open an' It causes lots of fun;

But when we gets excited He says, "My sweethearts, pray Be careful or you'll blow the watch An' Daddy quite away.''

Brother's got a watch as well, It goes all right until He biffs it with a cricket ball And then it lies quite still. He takes it to the jeweller, Who says the mainspring's broke, Then Daddy shouts, "Five bob again;

But my watch is the best of all, Once it was goldiest gold, An' now it's shimmery silver; I 'spects it's getting old. I blow it an' I blow it, An' I say a little rhyme, Whichever hour I want the most

This is beyond a joke."

It tells me is the time.

It's wonderfully convenient. When Nurse says, "Time for bed," I blow my little fairy watch, The hours fly round her head. The little ghost of Dandelion

Whispers soft to me-"It's reely neely bedtime, but We'll tell her, time for tea.'

WITHIN OUR GATES.

"I have been learning things lately," said little Mrs. Kingsbury. "Two things."

"Only two?" I asked.

"Two is a large number for one day," she replied. "And, even though such knowledge is depressing, I'm rather bucked about it, because after a certain age one learns so little." She sighed. "But all in a flash last Thursday I learned two things. One is, the best way to discover how different different people can be."

"Yes," I said. "And the other?" "We'll take them in order," she replied.

"Very well then," I said, "tell me how you learned that."

"By letting my house for the summer," she said. "That's the infallible way." "You don't mean to say you've let 'Meadow Peace'?" I exclaimed.

hands-worse luck! for it makes it useless any more to keep up the pretence of being young—and so when a good offer came I agreed. It was a terrible wrench, but I gave way; but not, of course, until I had every kind of reference and testimonial. The people were said to be perfection: quiet, cultured and all the rest of it. No young, no dogs."

"I thought you liked dogs," I said. "Not tenants' dogs," she replied. "You'd have thought," she went on, "that the same feeling for the façades of country houses would mean a certain similarity of character, wouldn't you? I like the look of 'Meadow Peace,' and these people liked it sufficiently to pay a ridiculously high rent for it. Therefore, one would have said, they and I must be more or less alike somewhere. A fallacy! Take it from me that the people to whom you let your house for the summer are less like you than anyone in the world."

"And how did you find that out?" I asked.

"Well, a few days ago," she said, "there was reason to get some papers from Aubrey's desk. To do with a deed or investment or something masculine; and as Aubrey refused to go, I had to. I wrote to the tenants asking leave, and "Yes," she replied. "Aubrey said of course they said 'Yes,' and I went. he was very hard up; we had a lot of It is a strange horrid feeling ringing invitations; the children are off our the bell of your own house, especially when the door is wide open, as this was; but of course I did it. I was admitted by my own parlourmaid, who looked at me with an expression I had never seen on her face before-one-half recognition and welcome, but the other half clearly reserved for her temporary employers.

"The tenants had tactfully absented themselves; and it's as well that they had, for I don't know what I might have said to them. For it was awful-

terrible!

"You know those five stags' heads in the hall? The ones Aubrey brought back from Scotland year after year? Well, they had all gone. Not a sign.' "" Where are the master's trophies?"

I asked Parker.

"'They're in one of the attics,' she said. 'The new people belong to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they couldn't bear to see them.' But that isn't the worst. In their place what do you think there was?'

"Texts," said I.

Mrs. Kingsbury opened her large blue eyes in astonishment.

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "But how did you know?"

"I guessed it," I said. "It was a natural corollary."

"Yes," she repeated-"texts."

"' The new people are very religious," said Parker. 'Would you like to see

the drawing-room?

"I said I would, although I suppose I oughtn't to have done so. But I was never silly about what are called nice refined manners. Still I'll never do it again. It's a lesson. You remember the drawing-room? Rather comfortable and jolly? Well, they have done everything to make it stiff, ugly, formal, repellent. That big chesterfield, for instance. Obviously the right place for it is near the fire, especially during an English summer, with the light behind the head for reading. How could two persons differ about that? But they can. These people had put the sofa against a distant wall. And they had brought what I believe are called hassocks.

"And then," she continued, "the other rooms. The billiard-table naturally was not used for its rightful purpose. 'They don't hold with billiards,' said Parker. 'They would have liked a bagatelle-board, but not billiards. The table was covered with big books, under which flowers were being pressed.

"But it isn't only that the furniture had been moved," she went on; "there was a new atmosphere too. Their personality impregnated the placegoverned it. Don't you think that rather remarkable? Even if nothing had been displaced I should have known | come down on all-fours again?"



Widow Waffles (to lodger just arrived). "You may well look at them, Sir. WAFFLES DID ALL THEM PICTURES BY 'AND."

Artist (politely). "Oh, your husband was an artist, then?"

Mrs. Waffles (shocked). "Oh, no, Sir; 'e never came down to bein' a artis'— 'E 'AD A GILT."

something was wrong. The household gods were all on their hind-legs: you felt it."

"Well," I said, "it's a tragic story. And what is the second thing that you learned?"

"Surely you have guessed that?" she replied. "That one should never visit one's own house while there are

tenants in it. Fatal.
"And now," she concluded, "I'm wondering if the house can be got right again; if the new spirit can be exorcised; if the household gods will ever

"Of course," I said. "The spaniels and Aubrey's cigars will soon see to that. But if they don't, you must give another house-warming. In fact," I added, with the inspiration that comes occasionally to chronic guests, "I think that all houses let for the summer, even to sympathetic tenants, should be rewarmed. Mrs. Kingsbury's re-warming party might inaugurate a most delightful new fashion." E. V. L.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"In a very short time the social world was as an open sesame to her."-Sunday Paper.

RELATIVE VALUES.

"Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg The murmur of the world."—Tennyson.

IT was last week, the time of the equally-noxious gale. A tree had been blown down in our village.

But at the time I knew nothing of this. On the afternoon on which the event occurred (and I have been careful my life in a diligence which ran away and overturned on an Alpine pass. Indeed, if it had not been for the concierge - But that perof the Hôtel de la -

haps is irrelevant matter, and if there is one thing which I admire it is the ability to tell one story at a time.

In any case there was excuse for my having let the tree's fall escape me. I had had many distractions. In Geneva the sight of the flags getting ready for the League of Nations had made me feel more than half a delegate myself, and I found myself frowning heavily and thinking about the Balkans as I passed mere American tourists in the streets. In Paris a stroll down the Quai d'Orsay had given me definite and, I venture to think, statesmanlike views on the subject of the Ruhr. In London, as I passed with Ministerial gravity across the end of Downing Streetanyway, you see the sort of holiday I had been having. My mind was a whirl of world politics, and I was temporarily, and I think excusably, out of touch with village affairs. Besides, there was that business of the diligence. It had been, to say the least of it, upsetting.

Even the Continental edition of The | I've spoken to since I landed in Eng-Chicago Tribune missed our tree; and mind you it doesn't miss much. It knows, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim P. Habakkuk arrived in Paris Thursday and purpose leaving Saturday, and that Mr. Ephraim P. Habakkuk donated ten dollars Wednesday to help on the Russian famine, and things of that sort. But it missed our tree. After that I feel I am not called upon to offer

any further excuses.

The first person I met on my return to the village was old George. I like old George and I was glad to see him. The fact that he was going to be the first to hear the astounding story of my travels lent to his rugged character a sort of lovableness in my eyes. It en-

deared him to me suddenly, and I shook him warmly by the hand.

"Ah, George," I said, "it's nice to be back in the old village again."

As a remark this was perhaps com-monplace, but I regarded it rather in the light of a conversational opening from which it would be easy to develop the story of my adventures.

But old George seemed suddenly to to corroborate the date), I was risking wake up. He looked at me with a sort

of eagerness in his eyes.

"Are ye just come back?" he asked.
"Yes," I said. "You're the first person belonging to the village that

The Pupil. "What do I do now I've finished winding?" The Instructor. "CLIMB UP THE ROD AND STAB IT."

land. And to think that only last night

I caught sight of old George's expression and paused. It was like that of the tiger when it first spots the tethered

goat. He heaved a long happy sigh.
"It appened last week," he said, and
there was a sort of half-suppressed ecstasy in his voice.

But I was not to be so easily put off. "Let me see," I said. "Last week I was in-

Old George waved my reminiscences aside.

"It were the fiercest terriblest gale as I mind in these parts," he said.

which I had been waiting.

"Talking of gales," I said, "I had an awful crossing from----'

"An' the crash," continued old George, taking no notice, "was 'eard very near from 'ere to Lunnon."

"Talking of crashes," I began. Old George took a deep breath. "It was 'eard in Lunnon," he said.

Something seemed to tell me that I wasn't really holding my audience.

"What crash?" I asked.

Old George took me eagerly by the arm and led me to the scene of the catastrophe.

Of course as soon as I saw the fallen

tree I knew that my Odyssey must wait, and for ten minutes I listened patiently to the old man. It is not too much to say that he enjoyed himself; if he had blown the tree down with his own lungs he could have taken no greater pride in the event.

But I got away at last. Somehow I didn't seem to have much to tell old George

after all.

As I turned the second corner towards home I met the Vicar.

"Ah!" he said. back?"

"Yes," I replied. "I've had a most adventurous trip.'

"No doubt, no doubt," he said. "But we too have had our little ups and downs.' And his eyes twinkled.

Everyone loves the Vicar, and I personally would not disappoint him for worlds. In his company I returned to the old chestnut, and again I listened to the story of its fall. I didn't even try to tell about how the diligence ran away and how just in the nick of time the concierge of the-- Anyway, I didn't

I tore myself away eventually and slunk home by unfrequented ways. At the gate my sister met me.

"Hallo!" she said breezily. "Here you are."

I didn't deny it.

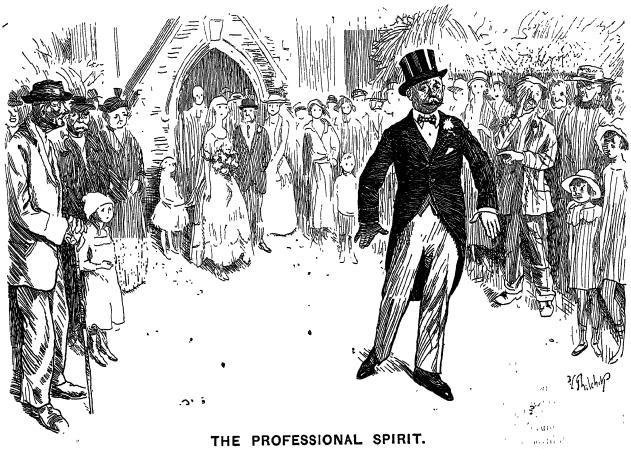
"Had a good time?"

"Wonderful. I was in a diligence the other day going from-

"Half a minute before you tell me. Heard the news?"

After all, one's sister is one's sister. and there was no mistaking the look in her eye. I had seen it twice before. I suppressed the diligence.

The story differed in its details, but This looked like the opportunity for | not in its essentials, from the two versions which I had already heard.



MASTER PLUMBER, ABOUT TO BE MARRIED, GOES BACK TO FETCH HIS BEST MAN.

I turned homewards alone. My sister specialises in news, and in her anxiety to be the first with that of my return she had preceded me.

As I passed the "Rising Sun" the station bus drew up at the door, and from it descended Jimmy Weatherby, a suit-case in his hand.

I sighed. I was beginning to get a little tired of the sight of the fallen tree, but in friendship's name I turned in my tracks.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy, "where are you off to?"

"We'd better get it over," I murmured wearily.

"Get what over?"

I stopped in surprise. Jimmy hadn't heard! Here was my chance for the diligence! The concierge! Geneva! Paris!

And then suddenly something seemed to buzz round inside me, and the unimportant world beyond the village disappeared into the blue.

Jimmy didn't play for his opening.

He is no artist.

"I've been on the Broads for a couple of weeks," he said. "Only yesterday I was out in a little cutter and I was jolly nearly drowned."

A sort of excitement seized me, but

I kept myself well in hand. I took a deep breath.

"Last week there was a terrific storm here."

"By Jove," said Jimmy, "talking of storms, our cutter——"

I took him firmly but kindly by the arm.

"Never mind your rotten little cutter," I said.

And I led him away, suit-case and all, towards the scene of the catastrophe.

GOLF FEVER.

To the tune of "Sea Fever."
(With apologies to John Massfield.)

I must go down to the links again,
To the rolling links and the sand,
And all I ask is a new ball

And a club to fit my hand; And the ball's click and the club's swing

And a boy to caddy for me, And the gray look on the foe's face When the lad says "Dormy!"

I must go down to the links again,
For the call of the bunker wide
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windless day, With the white balls rolling, And the "rough" short and the greens true,

And my long putts holing.

I must go down to the links again,
To the tireless "plus four" life,
To the Brain's way and the Hern's way,
When the game is a ceaseless strife;

And all I ask is a closish match
With a sporting fellow-victim,
And quiet rest and a sweet dream
When at last I've licked 'im.

Extract from Girl Guide Examination Paper for cook's badge:—

"Question. What are the ingredients for an Irish Stew? Answer. For an Irish Stew take one Union and cut it up. . . ."

"After washing the hair it should, when possible, be fried in the open air and not by artificial heat."—Continental Paper.

Cf. The Hunting of the Snark:

"He would answer to 'Hi!' or any loud cry Such as 'Fry me!' or 'Fritter my wig!'"

From a memoir of Francisco VILLA, the Mexican brigand:—

"In a fight for the world's fly weight championship last month, Villa knocked out Jimmy Wilde, the holder, in the seventh round." Indian Paper.

None of the home papers mentioned this interesting detail.

THE LIFE-SAVER.

"If a drowning man should clutch you, all you have to do is to pinch his nostrils and tilt his chin. He will soon give you no more trouble. You can then save him at your trouble.

My attention was called (Mollie called it, with a giggle and a slight but painful kick on the ankle) to this paragraph in the paper as we journeyed down to Swanmouth (first class with third-class tickets), and ever since then his knees.

it has been obsessing me. I have never saved a man from drowning; at the moment I cannot recall ever having saved a man from anything; and I wanted to. I passionately desired to pinch a man's nostrils and to tilt his chin and then save him at my leisure. By shutting my eyes I could see myself doing all three. Nay, more—I could see the women on shore weeping and wringing my hands when, leisurely, 1 brought the pinched and tilted one safely to the shining sauds. Furthermore I could hear myself say, just as plain as plain, "Pooh!" or perhaps, "Pooh, pooh! It is nothing. Any man who calls himself a man would have done the same." Then strong bronzed men would clap me on the back and —if Mollie didn't happen to be there—fair women would kiss me. Of course I should refuse my name and address. But somehow both would leak or creep out. And I should receive the Royal Humane Society's medal. And Mollie would be proud of me at last.

But in spite of my bathing—or, at any rate, paddling -regularly, and not withstanding the closest scrutiny of the nostrils and chins of my fellow-bathers or paddlers, no opportunity of saving a person at my leisure

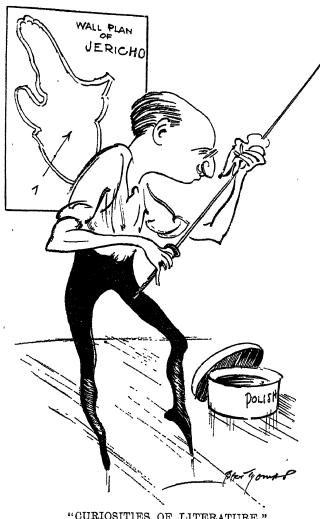
occurred until the last day of our holiday. It was on that day that I swam

out to the floating raft.

Far, far out to sea the floating raft bobs and curtseys discouragingly; from the bathing tents to the raft it must be a good four hundred yards' swim, if you had to swim it. But you generally limp the first two hundred yards to the water's edge; it is usual to prance the next fifty yards; you then walk slowly with a swinging waggling gait until the water laps your Adam's apple. Then, by Jove! you have to swim for it—twenty yards if it's an

inch. I tell you it takes some doing. But I did it. I am not a member of the Nether Wallop Swimming and Croquet Club for nothing; and not for nothing (the annual subscription is 10s. 6d.) do I wear the dolphin, with crossed mallets, emblazoned upon my bathing costume -across the chest, of course. Very well, then, that gives you my measure.

The raft had but one occupant, a gross hairy man, squatting and hugging



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." Count Sutro and his rapier.

"Pretty cold this morning?" he said,

glowering down at me gloatingly.
"Nun-nun-nun," I replied with some hauteur. I would have said, "Not at

all," if he had given me time.
"Had a touch of cramp just now,"

he volunteered grimly.

Instantly, my attention was riveted upon his nostrils and chin. The former were arched, inflated and rather savagelooking-war-horseish, in fact; the latter belonged by rights to a moviemillionaire—the sort of chin which would turn its unmarried daughter adrift in the pitiless snow.

"Cramp, eh?" I echoed; and then, sotto voce, "Pinch and tilt; pinch and tilt," and began, slowly, hand over hand, working my way round the raft to the steps.

"What the dooce are you mumbling about?" growled the hairy man over his colossal shoulder. I made no answer. All my breath was needed in the process of hoisting myself on to the raft and assuming an upright position thereon. The surface was slippery in the extreme.
"Wow!" I gasped as my

feet shot from under me.

"Oh, well!" cried the hairy man (I think it was "Well" he cried) as, losing his balance, he shot forward, still hugging his knees, into the watery element with a prodigious splash. As for me, I fell somewhat heavily upon the part of my bathing costume where there is no dolphin embroidered. But I was up in a trice, the lust of lifesaving rampant within me. Reeling to the raft's edge, 1 dived sort-of-sideways and partially on my back and was immediately immersed.

"Help," I gasped as I rose to the surface—intending to add, "is near!" But the hairy man with the cramp did not give me time to complete the sentence. He disappeared from view; and the next moment I felt myself being dragged down—down to the very Court of Neptune. And almost simultaneously an enormous octopus gripped my nose with its tentacles, and a hitherto-hidden rock revealed itself to strike me a stunning blow beneath the chin. For the fraction of a second I waited for my past life to appear before me. But time and the tentacles and the rock were pressing, and I got tired of waiting.

And when I opened my

eyes I was flat on the beach.

"He's all right now," said someone who had been holding my head, and let it drop with a squelch on to what I afterwards discovered to be a jelly-fish of a curious lilac tinge.

I struggled to a sitting posture and, having expelled several waves, gazed about me. I was alone (if I except my faithful dolphin), but quite close was a small but enthusiastic group of talkative people, of which the gross hairy man was the smirking centre.

"Pooh, pooh!" he was saying with a laugh which rang anything but true;

"it is nothing. Any fellow would have done the same. Yes, yes—the poor fool clutched at me; he ought never to be allowed to go out of his depth. But luckily I remembered the good old maxim: 'Pinch his nostrils and tilt his chin'-and saved him at my leisure."

A sycophantic "Ah!" burst from the group, and a ravenous-looking man with a note-book and a pencil twitched at the hairy man's elbow.

"No, no," laughed the gross fellow, breaking away and starting to run.

"No, no; no publicity."

But the ravenous-looking chap with the note-book caught him up with ease, and the last thing I heard was the gratified snigger of the victim of cramp as he permitted his name and address to leak out.

And I'll bet you anything he gets the medal.

FIRST AID FOR READERS.

DIRECTIONS as to the treatment of most of the interesting disorders to which we all as flesh are heirs will be found in the pages of that helpful little volume, Everyone his own Doctor, and elsewhere besides. Often, however, in the course of our lighter reading we find to our dismay that the stalwart hero, the blushing heroine or even the crafty villain, is seized with some sudden malady of which no mention is made in our guides. Simple directions for the treatment of a few of these disorders are herewith appended.

"Eustace's brain reeled before the shock of the discovery."—Lay the patient face downwards on the floor. Grasp his head firmly in both hands and strike the ground sharply with his forehead several times. In most normal cases this will be found sufficient to re-stabilise the brain.

"It made Vera's flesh creep."—This is a dangerous symptom and should be treated at once with the utmost caution. Lay the patient on the nearest bed or sofa and pass a hot iron over the affected parts until all sign of movement has disappeared. Should any tendency to recur be observed repeat the treatment, using a hotter iron and damping the

parts previously.

"The mere thought of a trick so base made Cynthia's blood boil."-Lose no time in dealing with this trouble, as the condition if prolonged may have very serious consequences. The patient should be placed in a hot bath, and the water allowed to cool slowly, so that the blood comes gradually off the boil. When all sound of bubbling and simmering has ceased, place an ice-cream brick on each shoulder and fan the Good! Got it at the third attempt.



The Vicar's Wife. "The Vicar intends showing us this evening the horrible EFFECTS OF DRINK, AND WILL BE SO GRATEFUL IF ALL THE FISHERMEN CAN BE THERE."

patient vigorously for two hours or until the bricks have melted.

"Hardened villain though he was, Roderick's hair stood on end as he gazed at that spectacle of horror."-Plunge the head and hands of the patient into cool water, and in this position brush the hair smartly back on to the head. Should the breathing become difficult apply artificial respiration. The treatment to be effective should be continued for at least twenty minutes.

"Haviland was a broken man."—A case of this extreme kind can only be dealt with effectively by a surgeon, who should therefore be summoned without delay.

At a bargain sale:—

"4ft. manogany Bookcase, £3; another, £6; large well-made Wardrobe. 4ft. magogany ditto, 8ft. oak ditto; mahogany chairs."

A New Disease?

"It is, of course, possible to overdo health publicity, and we may risk making a nation hyponchrondiacal."—Daily Paper.

"The weather continued fine for holidaybakers."—Evening Paper.

The bread rising with the barometer, we presume.

"Signor Mussolini's success has not been won through the bollot-bax." New Zealand Paper.

Who said it had?

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer announces the receipt of £1,500 as a contribution towards the reduction of the National Debt from a man who wishes to remain anonymous. The Chancellor expresses on behalf of the Government his grateful appreciation of this

BANDITS LOOT TRAIN."

Daily Paper.

We have never heard the Exchequer called that before. Another example of Mr. Baldwin's candour.

THE MAN FROM NACASAKI.

Charles was standing in front of the fireplace, pointing out the beauties of the painted Circe to a bronzed new member when I entered the lounge of life," said Higgins curtly.
the Ulysses Club. "You're lucky," said Yelks. "But

"The artist has made a good job of those swine," said the new member, whose name was Anson Yelks, gazing critically at the metamorphosed Argo-

nauts.

"He might very well have left them out of the picture," I remarked.
Charles, an old schoolfellow, was

careful not to ask for reasons, but Yelks said, "Why?"

"Well, there are always a few members in the lounge," I replied.

Anson Yelks said "Oh" uncompre-

hendingly, and Charles explained.

"Carter's always having a dig at this Club. He thinks the members are too fat and pasty-looking. I tell him that the globe stretches to the Poles as well as the Equator, and that the white-faced people he meets here probably know a good deal about penguins. This Ulysses lounge is the hub of the travelling world."

"Penguins are all right, I dare say," Yelks said; "but I prefer the hot places

myself."

"That's easy to see," said Charles. "Where did you pick up that tan?"

Yelks waved a hand carelessly in the direction of Piccadilly and the Far East.

"Out there somewhere."

"Have a good voyage home?" inquired Charles.

"So so. She was a bit of a tub, but

she got us here."

"A true Ulyssian," said Charles to me. "One of what we call the Crow's-Nest school. They roll about the globe in tubs and they like them better if they are leaky.'

Four double-chinned students of the penguin passed through the lounge on their way to the billiard-room, dropping in their wake a small grey-suited man with a complexion only two shades lighter than Anson Yelks's own.

"Another one from the Equator," said Charles, and made haste to gather him in. But the small man stiffened suddenly as he confronted Anson Yelks, and it was with evident reluctance that he accepted a chair and a drink.

"I've seen your face somewhere, Mr. Higgins,"said Yelks after the intro-

duction. "Were you ever in Penang?"
"No," said Higgins shortly, and he continued to say "No" to the string of romantic-sounding names, culled from the extremities of the Seven Seas, that Yelks flung off with the ease of a London Bridge porter gabbling suburban stations.

"Well, that's funny," said Yelks at last. "You weren't by any chance one of the crew we picked up on that raft off Samoa, were you?"

"I've never been on a raft in my

where have I seen you?"

Higgins drained his glass and brought it down with unnecessary force on the table. Then he looked straight into the eyes of Anson Yelks and let drop

the word Nagasaki.

From the billiard-room came the monotonous click of the balls, and outside, in Kip Street, a newsboy spoke raucously of the arrest of a murder gang. But we scarcely heard these things; for in that well-appointed lounge it was given to us to realise the confidence wrecking power of a single word. Anson Yelks' bronzed features became ashen; dust, ashen also, from his eigarette dropped unheeded down his waistcoat; and his eyes held a horror that transported me to the shores of the Yellow Sea and gave me a mindpicture of two men, suddenly grown primitive, locked in deadly embrace in some maison-de-the. Some such picture must have crossed Charles's mind also, for he kicked my foot triumphantly.

And then with a great effort Anson Yelks steeled himself to look at the clock and mutter something about an

appointment.

"Whew!" said Charles, when the door had closed behind him. "You certainly have met before. Some trouble over a junk or a geisha, I suppose?"

"Not at all," said Higgins. "That's the first time I 've ever spoken to him. I 've just come from a little place in the Isle of Wight, and for the last month I 've seen this man Yelks stretched out in a deck-chair in the garden of the principal boarding-house there, palpably out for nothing else than to get brown. I hear that he goes there every summer and does the same thing. He got on the visitors' nerves, for we had to pass that boarding-house to get to the beach. I came across to Portsmouth on the same boat with him yesterday."

"The tub, Charles," I murmured.

"But what's all this got to do with Nagasaki?" asked Charles.

"That was the name of the boardinghouse," was the reply.

"There were messages from . . . Spain, Serbia, Yugo Slovakia."—Weekly Paper. Also from Czecho-Slavia, no doubt.

"Juilius Harrison's 'Worcester Sause' was given for the first time at these concerts, and received a warm reception."—Yorkshire Paper. It always goes down well.

THE RETURN OF THE BOOM.

IT is Monday evening in South Kensington. It is, of course, Monday evening everywhere; but I am only concerned with South Kensington. I am booked to dine with some friends down Putney way, and, as it is such a fine evening, I will walk into the Fulham Road and travel down on the top of a bus.

But something has gone wrong with the Fulham Road. There is an endless stream of buses and taxicabs rushing out of London, crammed to overflowing with men-extraordinary men, all wearing caps. The buses will not stop for me or for anyone; they crash by with their strange cargoes, for all the world as if they were from the Private Hire Department. But they are not from the Private Hire Department; they are ordinary numbered buses.

I watch them, mystified, as they tear by. I look at my watch. It is a quarter to six. What can they be doing, these crowds of people, at a quarter to six on a Monday evening? Is it Monday? Yes, I am sure it is Monday. Why aren't they at work? It isn't a Bank Holiday; it isn't Derby Day; it is August the twenty-somethingth. What is the meaning of it? Where can they be going to? Or are they coming away? If so, what from? And how can they afford the taxicabs?

Heavens! is it a stampede of un-employed? An insurrection? A Red riot? I feel suddenly nervous and alarmed. I shall abandon the idea of going down Putney way; I will take a taxi to the Club, and read all about this ugly business on the tape.

There is a policeman by me. I will

ask him before I go.

"Excuse me, Constable, can you tell

"Spurs one goal," says he; "Chelsea nil."

QUESTION AND REPLY. The Genial Host.

Ah, say not you must go Now that the summer's over, For we shall miss you so— Ah, say not you must go— (No one to hoe, or mow The lawn or cut the clover!) Ah, say not you must go Now that the summer 's over.

The Grateful Guest.

You tempt me, Sir, indeed, But I my heart must harden, When you so kindly plead You tempt me, Sir, indeed. (No more, thank Heaven, I'll weed In his confounded garden!) You tempt me, Sir, indeed, But I my heart must harden.



BRIGHTER BRIDGE.

Expert (kindly, to inexperienced partner). "You revoked in the fourth round." Inexperienced Partner, "Yes, I did; but I had a reason."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE credit that one extends to a good ghost-story is largely determined by the normality of its starting-point. If the story-teller inspires you with a preliminary faith in his mortal cast and their terrestrial setting, he will win all the credence there is to be won for his supernatural developments. The disregard of this principle is, I think, responsible for the unconvincing quality of Miss May Sinclair's Uncanny Stories (Hutchinson). They start for the most part by describing abnormal people in surroundings stripped of kindly significance (both exorbitantly caricatured in the Chevalier JEAN DE BOSSCHERE'S delirious illustrations); and their subsequent excursions into the realms of phantasy and horror very seldom succeed in carrying the reader with them. "Where Their Fire is Not Quenched," which tells how a pair of furtive lovers start on their eternity of re-enacted and increasingly tedious sin, is the least susceptible to this criticism; and "The Flaw in the Crystal," which describes the breaking-down of the walls of personality between a mysteriously-gifted woman and two neurotic men, is perhaps the most open to it. Between these lie the tale of the dead wife who re-appeared to frustrate her husband's second marriage; the legend of the murdered man who returned to condole with his murderer, and three others. Hardly stories to tell over roast chestnuts at Christmas, but carefully written and full of psychological subtleties, or they would not be Miss Sinclair's.

When the beautiful Betty Grier married Dr. Alan Fielding, mainly to escape from the dulness of a little country town, she found A London Lighthouse (Parsons), her husband's surgery, hard by "The Elephant and Castle," something a little more than dull. So she promptly ran away with an Honourable and lived happily ever after. It is on the thus early-abandoned doctor, who turns for consolation to his young dispenser, Dorothy, that the burden falls. Dorothy worships him; but he finds out that she is his own daughter, the result of an adventure of his teens, in which he was certainly more sinned against than sinning; though it was all rather abrupt. However, I need hardly say that Miss Katherine Pike arranges that all shall come right in the end. I should imagine this to be a first novel, sincerely enough worked out, somewhat old-fashioned in technique, painstaking rather than brilliant, and a little overworking the long arm of coincidence. Alan's difficult sister, always ready to wound, is interesting if unpleasant; and Kite, the maid-of-all-work at the surgery, is a vital personage. The worthy doctor doesn't quite materialise.

Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy has been very clever in making up her new book, *The Mating of Marcus* (Hutchinson), out of so much of the material of the average person's day-dreams. A cottage in the country, with a drawing-room with armchairs with lilac or yellow covers in it, and bees and fowls and potatoes and other things occupying a couple of acres, and then a pretty love-story and a similar setting for married life with an ideal husband or wife—

anyone who couldn't find at least some of his or her day-dreams in the history of The Mating of Marcus with Vivi Chester would be a very practical or a very fortunate person. The ups and downs of Vivi's market-gardening venture are told side by side with those of Marcus's love for her and her sister Naomi's jealousy of his intrusion into their happy scheme of life; and it is all very pleasant and pretty and suited to the youngest readers, except that it might corrupt them by its absolute disregard of the accepted rules of punctuation.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has a pretty fancy and a dexterous pen, as the books already to his credit manifest; and these virtues irradiate his Little Flower of the Street (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The scenes of the story are laid in the eighteenth century. In his infancy, Nicholas was discarded by his mother, a rich woman of fashion, who

mock funeral; or why for twenty dissipated years she took not the slightest interest in her offspring; or why, again, at the end of that period, she suddenly desired to find her son. Master Nicholas was discovered easily enough. He came to the house upon an errand, and was recognised by his mother because he resembled the portrait of his father, and also because he was gifted with the paternal talent for melodious whistling. And with the same agreeable facility, the family lawyer, "an elderly man in black, who exclaimed, 'So the dead do rise,

my lady!" instantly perceived the lad's identity and has-|pangs than its fellows, and deserves to outlive them. tened to make the requisite legal dispositions. And the same happy coincidence is ever at hand to rescue Sir Nicholas-for such was now his title-from all his misadventures, without any particular effort on his part or suspense on the part of the reader. Thus the episodes of the story slide into one another with something of the inconsequence of a dream. Indeed, the book is less a story than the description of a dream which might be made into a story.

The hero of Jim Maitland (Hodder and Stoughton) will, I do not hesitate to say, appeal urgently to "SAPPER'S" countless admirers. Adorned by an eye-glass and endowed with immense strength and an imperturbable disposition, Jim comes out right on the top in these twelve stories. Personally I liked him best when he was hurling a priest into the Pool of the Sacred Crocodile, and in the tales in which he was up against a very tough nut, called Pete Cornish. There is no reason why the mighty Jim should not proceed on his strenuous way and achieve a fame equal to that of any of "SAPPER's" creation. It is true that in the last story of this collection we find that both Jim and his friend, Dick Leyton, are happily married. But,

do not imagine that he is destined to remain quiescent. "Sometimes now," we are told, "there comes a gleam into his eyes, not induced, I regret to say, by the intense excitement of English country life." And we can all of us guess what that means.

I am glad to think that Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S reputation stands in no immediate need of enhancement, for I doubt if The Eighth Wonder (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) will do much to increase his already remarkable vogue. The peculiar methods of getting up pace and interest which have stood his novels in such good stead are a distinct drawback to a series of short stories. It is all very well to follow the *Red Queen* screaming "Faster! Faster!" through one long exhilarating move; but when you are asked to start out eight different times in eight different directions with more or less the same velocity, enthusiasm begins to flag had him left on the hospitable threshold of the Foundling and the critical faculty to reassert itself. Premonitions of Hospital. I confess I fail to understand the lady's motive | these symptoms overtook me before I had got to the end for this heartless renunciation, carefully disguised by a of Mr. Hutchinson's titular story, a rhapsodic account of

the wooing of a silkstockinged young lady in an office by her masculine equivalent; and by the time I had reached "In Evening Bells," the rallentando of allegory on which the book closes, physical exhaustion and mental resentment had marked me for their own. I should like, however, to record my appreciation of "The Swordsman," which tells how an old countryman, whose doting imagination had made his grandfather's exploits his own, prattled of Georgian rescues and revenges. This tale has plainly cost Mr. Hur-CHINSON more creative



MINDS AT WORK.

HIS HOPE.

HER INCENTION.

Mr. John Shirley-Fox ("Brush and Feather" of The Field) may not be quite as unerring with the pen as he is with the rod—I can't imagine an accomplished fly-fisherman being guilty of anything comparable with "of he who" -but in Angling Adventures of an Artist (John Murray) the fruits of his outings on various waters make a respectable basketful. These anecdotes are mostly of the lighter side of the sport, but they will not fail to interest the serious practitioner. They have the merit of brevity and the help of the author's own clever illustrations.

P.M. "Wandsworth Common. 1.58 2.2 Balham and Upper Tooting 2.0

THERE is poetry in all things, in the ocean and in mines. In the plays of William Shakespeare and in Bradshaw's work on lines;

There is grandeur in eternity, there may be grace in time When it's scheduled to the minute and can lend itself to

The prairie may be beautiful, but, Wandsworth Common, you although Jim settled down for a time after his marriage, I | Have a two-to-two to Tooting and a two-two too.

CHARIVARIA.

"Bananas have suddenly gone up three per cent.," says The New York Herald. So they did have some after

At Whitstable it is considered a great pity that the Italian crisis should have clashed with the opening of the oyster

Viscount Leverhulme has offered to present the Island of Lewis to the inhabitants. Up to the time of going to press it is not known to whom Signor Mussolini has decided to give the world.

Among the details connected with the forthcoming visit of Papyrus to

America the question of taking over a supply of drinking-water for him has been carefully considered. This is most important with a teetotal horse in a "dry' country. ***

It is understood too that the Derby winner's trip to the States will be of a purely sporting character, and that he will deliver no lectures or addresses.

The Bilston Town Council are advertising the sale of an Army Tank. Cheap to a good home, we presume.

Mr. Asquith's book, who did not win the War.

3); 3); 3); To live long, says a medical man, every one should avoid excitement. Only the other day we heard of a man who had to give up fretwork owing to a weak heart.

Beauty specialists announce that the popular complexion for débutantes this season will be damask rose. Councillor CLARK has given up all hope that blushes will come in again.

In nineteen years, we read, Mr. HENRY FORD has made five million cars. It is only fair to say that Mr. FORD was the first to admit it.

of thirty miles. And back, of course. I suppose.

A "White Hope" discovered in claims to throw a two-hundred-and-fifty pound sack of sugar around as if it was a trifle. That settles us. Mr.O'ROURKE can have our postponement at once.

At a recent wedding the bridegroom was refused admission to the church, because it was overcrowded; but one of the congregation, seeing him, informed the verger. Some people never can mind their own business.

The police are trying to track down a Continental gang which is supposed to be making money in this country. Business men would like to have the recipe.

Fifteen hundred Americans are said ary for the guns not to go out before

Enthusiastic Passenger. "What an ethereal vision of white-winged LOVELINESS A SAILING SHIP IS! DO YOU THINK OUR CAPTAIN WILL STEER CLOSER TO HER?"

 $Old\ Timer$. "'Ope not. She's loaded with 'ides an' you may take if from me she ain't no bunch o' violets."

just published, leaves us still in the to be in Paris for the purpose of getting dark as to the identity of the statesman divorces. This is the American way of combining pleasure with pleasure.

> It is not true that Mr. DEMPSEY has arranged to fight in Paris. Mr. DEMPSEY wants so much money to fight that any country could almost buy another war with the purse.

> RONALD DARTON, an American acrobat, who is said to have risked his life for the "Movies" every day for the last two years, is on his way to visit London. There is some talk of making him an honorary pedestrian during his stay.

"At Deauville I saw a well-known actress, wearing a brand-new bathing costume of Broche silk, run down the beach and plunge into the sea," states From the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, a gossip-writer in a morning paper. we read, it is possible to see a distance Suffering from loss of memory, we

A pigeon lost by a St. Albans fancier Derbyshire by Mr. Tex O'ROURKE has just returned home after three years' absence. It is thought that it has been leading a double life.

> "What is wrong with London soccer?" asks an evening paper. Our own theory is that it suffers from the practice of kicking footballs before they are ripe.

> A railway company has declined to issue tourist tickets to London from Scotland, on the ground that it is not a pleasure resort. We are confident that the Brighter London Society will not take this lying down.

> In the French shooting season, which opened last Sunday week, it is custom-

> > eight o'clock in the morning. This gives the owls and foxes a sporting chance of taking cover.

The Printers' Miniature Bisley was held the other day. An exciting event was the comma-firing at a moving sentence. * * *

An American doctor at Deauville complains that he is often mistaken for an artist. A similar accident rarely happens to the Futurists at Chelsea.

Professor W. DE SITTER, of the University of Leyden, has pro-

pounded a theory that the earth is not a rigid body, but a wobbling jelly. We can only conclude that he has never seen Bayswater. * * *

In spite of Cabinet resignations it is stated that the Spanish offensive in Morocco will be pursued. By the Moors?

With reference to the shortage of bananas, of which so much has been heard, an old lady writes to assure us that she has no difficulty in obtaining them from her own greengrocer.

A man living in Mexico claims to be one hundred and nine years of age. He in said to attribute his longevity to the fact that he has never gone in for local politics.

A Hitchin hen has laid four eggs in two days. Her Union, we understand, is taking a serious view of the matter.

TO THE NEW ALL-HIGHEST.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
TILL yesteryear was at the fall,
We hadn't heard of you at all;
And now we see your headpiece rise,
Swollen beyond the normal size,
And come in contact with the skies,

Mussolini.

Greece was your chance—a broken land, With never a friend to hold her hand; Bled white and starved with war on war, You found on her defenceless shore The chance that you were looking for,

Mussolini.

Your ships that cleared Taranto Bay (No risk of enemies in the way)—
How gallantly they faced the breeze,
Fearlessly dared the vacant seas,
And butchered little refugees,

Museolini!

An act of peace, so you allege, Merely a plain blood-money "pledge;" And none must hint with cynic face How for a useful naval base Corfu would be a likely place,

Mussolini.

Still, there it lies at Hadria's gate,
Conveniently situate;
With Wilhelm's Palace (grand sea-view),
Which seems the very thing for you
Now you've become a War-Lord too,
Mussolini.

What if a Judges' bench disputes
The passage of your seven-league boots?
With fine contempt may you deride
A single League, who in your pride
Can cope with six more at a stride,

MUSSOLINI.

O. S.

Signor Oracolo opes his jaw;
"Silence," he says, "ye dogs of Law!
Not that your barking could avail
To drown my Blackshirts' 'Hail, O hail!'
(Endorsement by The Daily Mail),"
MUSSOLINI.

Fast bound by Garibaldi's spell,
Long have we loved your country well;
What thinks he, in his patriot sleep,
Of this performance, loud and cheap,
That makes the friends of Italy weep,
Mussolini?

The New "Pledge."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I shall be pleased to hear if you have any information as to when I should commence taking off my hat to Italy. Yours faithfully, ROTHERMERIAN.

"Income Tax Evasion.
A New and Simplified System Suggested."—Provincial Paper.
Ought the Press to encourage this sort of thing?

"The season of partridges, hares, and oysters was ushered in yesterday. Pork too, came into season. Long before the sun had dispersed the First of September mists the guns were busy in thousands of coverts."—Sunday Paper.

After the pigs, we suppose.

EMBROIDERY.

A WEEK or so ago it was rumoured in Press circles that the famous Society beauty, Lady Acton-Buzzard, had been awake all night with a bad attack of indigestion, the result of over-indulgence in chocolates the previous evening. The rumour turned out later to be false, but meanwhile several journalists had written up the item for their papers. Their compositions never appeared in the Press, but our representative was fortunate enough to secure the proof-sheets before they were destroyed, and these are reproduced below.

The Times had prepared a leading article on the subject,

reading in part as follows :-

DOLOUR AND DISTINCTION.

The announcement to-day that Lady Acton-Buzzard has been deprived of sleep for a whole night by a severe attack of pain, as the result of some internal affliction, suggests a few reflections on the connection throughout history between physical affections and noblesse. We need scarcely remind the British public of the fate of King Henry I., whose early demise was the regrettable result of partaking of an immoderate quantity of some kind of fish. Another HENRY, eighth of the name, suffered during the greater part of his life, if some historians are to be believed, from an excess of adipose deposit which sapped his vitality and undermined his health; and a host of other examples will occur to the mind of the philosopher who retains his belief in the Roman maxim, Ne quid nimis. May it be, perhaps, that such physical ailments are sent by Providence to try the fortitude of the great, and to remind them of the poet's warning, Nihil est ab omni parte beatum? If this be so, our captains of industry may find therein a grain of comfort for the annual recurrence of their season of gout, and politicians in the grip of catarrh console themselves with the thought of fame for their affliction.

The Daily Express had reserved part of a column on the front page for this item:—

GROSVENOR SQUARE HORROR.
SOCIETY BEAUTY'S INSOMNIA SENSATION.
"I CANNOT SLEEP!"

Occupants of the stately mansions of Grosvenor Square were disturbed yesterday morning by piercing shrieks issuing from the residence of the famous Society beauty, Lady Acton-Buzzard. Three of the neighbours forced the door and rushed into the house, to find the unfortunate lady tossing restlessly in bed, groaning and repeating endlessly, "I cannot sleep! I cannot sleep!" On inquiry it was found that the previous evening she had eaten a large quantity of chocolates, which had caused a bad attack of indigestion.

DREADFUL AGONY.

"She has suffered dreadful agony," said her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Huggleton-Thorpe; "ever since she was a child she has suffered from this complaint."

Towards noon Lady Acton-Buzzard dropped off into a doze and was later reported to be much better.

The Daily Herald had reserved space for a short notice on the back page:—

CAPITALIST GREED.

TITLED "LADY'S" EXTRAVAGANCE BRINGS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

Another instance of the selfishness and indifference of the ruling classes to the misery now rife among the workers was brought to light yesterday at the town residence of one of Society's aristocrats, Lady Acton-Buzzard.

On Monday evening she had had delivered to the house four pounds of expensive chocolates, which she was greedy enough to consume in a single evening after dinner. Re-



WHERE EAST AND WEST ARE ONE.



Artist. "What I say is, there's no distinction in people's appearance nowadays. We're all as like as two peas."

proved by her housekeeper, who told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for wasting on such trifles a sum that might have kept a working-man's family for a week, she retaliated by giving the faithful old retainer a month's notice. The case has been reported to the executive of the Domestic Servants' Union, and a general strike has been called for Saturday, as a protest.

Workers will be glad to hear that her callousness brought its own retribution, as Lady Acton-Buzzard spent a sleepless night suffering from a well-merited attack of indigestion.

The Daily Mail was to have reported the occurrence on porter wrote:the central page :-

ANOTHER £1,000 CLAIM?

GASTRITIS AFTER EATING CHOCOLATES. Another reader has a good prospect of benefiting by The Daily Mail free insurance scheme. She is:—

LADY ACTON-BUZZARD, 244, Grosvenor Square, W.

Taken ill with a severe attack of gastritis after eating a few chocolates, Lady Acton-Buzzard became rapidly worse. A doctor was sent for, who pronounced her unfit to attend any balls or other social functions for at least a week. No improvement so far has been announced in her condition, and in the deplorable event of the attack proving fatal The Daily Mail will have great pleasure in promptly handing to her ladyship's executors the usual CHEQUE FOR £1,000.

QUALIFY FOR "DAILY MAIL" BENEFITS BY INSURING TO-DAY!!!

The Daily Sketch had intended to insert a paragraph in its "Society Gossip" column :—

I hear that poor Lady Acton-Buzzard was awake all night on Monday with a bad attack of indigestion. When last to the aristocracy of this great country has been happily I saw her I noticed that she was looking a little frail. By averted by the prompt action of the police.

the way, her new Pom is said to be one of the coming wonders at the next Show.

Lady Acton-Buzzard, who was 27 last week, is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Huggleton-Thorpe, and wife of Sir Kenneth Acton-Buzzard, Bart. She divorced her first husband, Sir Slocombe Salop, in 1916, and Lord Pinwherry, her second, obtained a decree against her two years later. She is now happily married and famous for her charm. (Picture on back page.)

Among evening newspapers The Pall Mall Gazette re-

PLOT TO MURDER BARONET'S WIFE?

LADY ACTON-BUZZARD ILL AFTER EATING CHOCOLATES. Police Poison Theory.

The machinations of another secret Bolshevist Society in London are disclosed by the recent illness of Lady Acton-Buzzard, wife of Sir Kenneth Acton-Buzzard, Bart., a distinguished member of one of the oldest English families.

It would appear that, after dismissing the housekeeper on Monday evening last for insolent behaviour, Lady Acton-Buzzard partook of some chocolates before retiring to rest. During the night she was awakened by severe internal pains, which made sleep impossible, and a doctor had to be called at daybreak. The Pall Mall Gazette understands that the doctor's examination showed that the chocolates were poisoned, probably by the housekeeper, in retaliation for her dismissal. The woman in question is believed to have been in communication with a Bolshevist Secret Society, known as the "Red Braces," which is established in London for the purpose of assassinating distinguished people. Several arrests are expected.

Our readers will be relieved to hear that a far-flung menace

A MARKED MAN.

Modern journalism is nothing if not knowing. I read a very knowing paragraph the other day, so knowing that I have been thinking about it ever since. It ran something like this (I have lost the cutting but the idea is unforgetable):—

"Few men realise that when they go to a new tailor they bear with them a 'character' from their old one. Watch your new tailor as he handles your old coat; if he glances at the way the little loop for hanging it up (I think that was it) is sewn in, he is looking to see whether it has anything to say to him according to a recognised code of his trade. If the stitches run diagonally it means 'A slow payer but sure.' If they are crossed one over the other they signify 'Does not quarrel about price but expects results to be in proportion.' If the stitches run straight along, the message they bear is 'A bad payer; needs watching.' . . .

And so on. I don't say that these were the actual examples given by the writer of our knowing paragraph, and I won't swear that they referred to coat-hangers; but I do say that they represent the general tenor of his revelations. It struck me at once, of course, that there were at least two ways of frustrating this secret conduct-sheet. One would be to cut out the hanger and sew it in again yourself, at the same time working in the nicest tribute that the code allowed. Another way would be to change your tailor with every suit, so that each one would never know enough about you to justify any fancy-work at all.

But what a horrifying thought that tailors are making signals about you to one another literally behind your back! I have been wondering ever since whether other craftsmen have similar codes. Will the next thing be a paragraph like this?—

"Did your barber cut you this morning? He did; and you suppose it was an accident? It was nothing of the kind. Watch how he does it next time. A piece about the size of a threepennybit deftly snicked out of the left eyebrow warns your next barber that you have never, under any blandishments, been known to purchase a bottle of hair-restorer. A neat Maltese cross incised on the right cheek announces Resists all attempts at manicure and face massage.' If with a bold stroke of the razor he suddenly removes the whole of your left ear, any apologies which he may offer are utterly insincere. The truth is he has left you branded for life in a code which is recognised



Visitor (having knocked his shin). "Stupid idea putting those silly stumps just where one walks!"

the damning announcement, 'Never tips at all.'"

We know, of course, that hotel servants are often accused of marking the luggage of a visitor with secret symbols which inform the servants at his next hotel whether he is in the habit of tipping lavishly or merely adequately. Do caddies, I wonder, when they clean your clubs, leave behind some significant rust patch which conveys to their next bearer what may be expected from you in the way of largesse at the end of a round? Does the doctor, to whom

you owe a large bill, give you something to bring you out in pimples that will announce to the next practitioner the amount of your earlier indebtedness? Does the dentist who crowns your tooth indicate somewhere about it the figure which his successor will be safe in sticking you for?

I never cared much for Trade Unionism, and I care still less for it now.

Overdoing it.

from Camden Town to Kensington, with of a round? Does the doctor, to whom the intentions of the police."—Indian Paper.

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS.

THE PAINTER-STAINER. THE weaver wearieth of his loom, The potter of his clay, The cook likewise of cauldron-fume, The minstrel of his lay; But never weary I Of the rainbow craft I ply, And I would the day were longer, for I work best by day.

Mine is a valiant craft, I swear, For many a shield is dight By me with goodly gules and vair, And or and argent bright; In tourney and in tilt The shields my hand hath gilt Ward off the shattering lances from the casque of many a knight.

This craft of mine may merry be As morris-bells rung o'er; My handiwork men smile to see Above the tavern door; With green and purple scale I deck the "Mermaid's" tail, To the "Crown" I give great rubies, and long tusks to the "Boar."

Mine is a craft of brave emprise, Of journeys strange and far; The ships that fare where sunset dies Are painted, sail and spar; The high embattled bows Are gay with gold and rose, And on the great square main-sail I set a flaming star.

And oft is mine a pious task, As clerks and friars can tell; For oft I make the awesome mask And the grim scarlet hell, When on the creaking stage Sir Sathanas doth rage; And I paint the azure turrets wherein the Blesséd dwell. D. M. S.

BRIGHTENING THE NAVY.

"So now," concluded the Engineer-Commander, who was conducting a party of Press representatives round the lower regions of H.M.S. Ponderous, which at the time was paying a visit to one of those countries which are coloured red on the map, "you realise what a great saving of labour there is in an oil-driven ship. It is quite feasible to run the modern oil-fuel warship with an engine-room complement composed of women, with the addition of halfa-dozen married-married, I repeatengine-room artificers."

Extract from "The Sydtoria Sizzler," 10th June.

Engineer-Commander Bullgin, who conducted us round the engine-rooms, says that he is contemplating running his department entirely with women.

oil-fuel ships they are quite capable of performing the duties of stokers.

Sydtoria, 12th June.

DEAR ENGINEER-COMMANDER BULL-GIN,—I see by the newspapers that you are raising a crew of women for stokers for the return journey to England.

I am twenty-three, and fairly strong.

I know a good deal about engines as one of my gentlemen friends has a motor-bike—a single-cilinder four-horse "Rattler"—kick start, semi-T.T.

I may add, although I hardly like to, that I am not very bad-looking.

Hoping to work under you soon, Yours truly, PHYLLIS MASON. P.S.—I am at present in a drapery store, but can leave at very short notice.—P. M.

" The Sydtoria Sizzler," June 17th.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I hear that the Chief Engineer of H.M.S. Ponderous is advertising for girls from this city to be employed as stokers in the ship for the return voyage to England.

My husband tells me that stokers wear very few clothes on account of the heat, and I think it is scandalous to allow girls to follow such occupations. None of my daughters ever shall.

Yours, etc., Mother of Seven.

"Sydtoria Sizzler," June 18th.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am very glad to see that "Mother of Seven" has raised her voice in denunciation of this public scandal. I have seen stokers in ships, and they only wear trousers; and the engineers kick them, I believe.

Yours etc., (REV.) J. E. S. PHIPSON.

Sydtoria, June 18th.

DEAR ENGINEER-COMMANDER BULL-GIN,—Please excuse the liberty I take in writing to you, but I wondered if ship. She ran away over a year ago, and hasn't been heard of since.

She may be working under a nom de plume, but you will be able to recognise her by a scar on the small of her back, which she got by falling against the range when she was young.

Yours hopefully, Annie Fairweather.

Letter picked at random from a bundle of thirty applications to the Engineer-Commander received between the 18th and 20th June:-

DEAR SIR,—What wages do you give your lady stokers? I am 28, unmarried, and willing to work. I have been a cook for nearly a year so am quite used to the heat. Photo enclosed.

Yours very truly, Jane Carlton. P.S.—My last young man was a sailor and I 've picked up a good deal His experience has shown him that in of naughticle things from him.

"Sydtoria Sizzler," June 28th.

We deeply regret that a slight inaccuracy occurred in our issue of the 10th June. We are informed that Engineer-Commander Bullgin merely said that it was feasible to run an oil-driven ship with women as stokers. He emphatically denies that he stated he was contemplating such a step.

We tender our apologies to Engineer-Commander Bullgin and to our readers for publishing a distorted account of the former's remarks.

We are assured that there are no women-stokers in H.M. Navy.

H.M.S. Ponderous, June 28th. DEAR MRS. FAIRWEATHER,—None of my stokers has a scar in the small of Yours regretfully, the back. J. Bullgin, Engineer-Commander.

THE CAY GARAVAN.

Primrose-vellow our caravan is; Bunks and cushions are speedwell

Clean and shining each pot and pan is, Whip and harness are brown and new.

Motors pass with a hoot and bellow, Vow they thought we were half asleep,

Chaff our colours of blue and yellow, Ask which side of the road we keep.

We laugh back at them, well contented, Jog by villages walled and grey, Wander idly, untaxed, unrented, Past old gardens and ricks of hay.

Find us places for rest and basking, Downs with junipers, deep-set dells, Lonely farmsteads with cream for asking,

Water drawn from their cool dark wells.

my daughter Ethel was on board your Loose the horses and set them feeding, Back our heads to the wind and lie, Little lacking and little needing, Face to face with a moony sky.

> All around us are cyphered pages Writ by men of the Sarsen stones; Tracks and trails of the far-off ages, Chambered barrows with dust for bones.

We, where hardly a footstep passes, See the dawning of summer days, Like down sheep on the close-cropped grasses,

Watch the sun rising up a-blaze.

Does rain trouble us? Off we bundle (There 's a hostel we know—perhaps), Set our course to the South and trundle Where hot water runs out of taps.

Here's a life, if you like to live it; Here's a way that you all may go; Here's a name—but I may not give it, Lest you follow the trails we know.

OUR TUDOR COTTAGE.

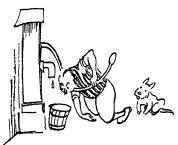




AND IN SPITE OF THE WONKY CHIMNEYS-



AND THE SLOPING FLOORS-



AND THE LACK OF WATER-



AND OF PROPER DRAINS-



AND THE DREADFUL SMOKE-



AND COMIC DOORWAYS-



AND LEAKY ROOF-



in spite of all this, as I said, it is rather a joy to move in art circles."

DOING JUSTICE TO PONDERBY.

Even in June or July I doubt whether I take a proper interest in Ponderby's lawn-tennis. In September I am quite sure that I do not. There is a morning newspaper lying in front of me as I write with a large advertisement on the outside page.

"Autumn is here" (it says)-

"Season of mellow mists and fruitfulness, Close bosom-friend of the enduring sun,"

and it goes on to point out that now is the time when the under-garments of the little ones should be Mother's peculiar care. It is probably the slightly

thought that soon will be the time for the garnering of all fruits, that makes my interest in September tennis falter and wane. In Ponderby's September tennis, anyhow. should not so much mind talking about my own. But that does not seem to occur to Ponderby.

"Idon't know whether you noticed the third set I played in this afternoon?" he said, as we walked home together. "I was playing with the Evans' girl against the Bakers. I really believe that was the most sensational and extraordinary set I've ever played in the whole course of my life."

"No, not really?" I said, feigning a swift start of sur- | Evans' girl," he said, "though her foreof Ponderby's lawn-tennis life is full of extraordinary sensations. I go down on my knees every night and thank Heaven that Ponderby does not play golf. One can harp on a particular game of lawn-tennis for a few hours at most; but death alone can efface the memory of a given round of golf.

"What happened exactly?" I went on, pretending to recover my self-control.

"Well, we lost 6-4," he said.

"Not 6-4!" I cried.

"6-4," he said with studied calm. "Si-i-i-x Fo-our," I repeated musingly, stroking my chin. "Tut-tut—tut-tut! Tell me how that came about."

"Well, to understand thoroughly how

and Mrs. Allardyce, who are at least as good as the Bakers, and probably better—and probably better," he repeated, cocking an eyebrow at me.

"Oh, distinctly better," I agreed. "A stouter pair altogether. Much stouter.'

"Well, playing against them and with that girl— What was the name of that girl with the very weak back-

"The one with pie-bald shoes?" I said.

"Yes, that one."

"And reddish hair?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. She was rather pretty, I thought. Didn't you?"
Ponderby sighed. "That girl was

"I thought I saw you winging one or two smashes," I said, feeling that it was necessary to say something. As a matter of fact I hadn't seen him volleying at all. I had been eating cake. "Do you consider it possible that the Bakers may have been playing a little bit better than they usually do -just a trifle above form, shall we say?—or that——?"

"No, I don't think that was it. No,

I felt we were the better pair the whole time. The Evans' girl was in form too. Did you notice that awful lob Mrs.

Baker got in?"

"No. Which one was that?" I asked. chilled sensation that one feels in white trousers as the mist of an autumn evening sets in, together with the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one, together with the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one in the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one is the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one is the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one, surely," he said. "It was off a tremendous certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one, surely, it is that one is the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one, surely, it is that one is the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out his that one, surely, it is the solemn certainly weaker all-round than the out is the solemn certainly weaker all-round the out is the solemn certainly weaker all-round the out is the solemn certainly weaker all-round the out is the solemn certainly

skied it right up into the air for miles and We all stood miles. with our heads bent back and our mouths open staring at it. We thought it would never come down again at all."

"Did it?" I said.

"Fell just inside," he continued rather impatiently. "I didn't dare volley it and couldn't get it on the bounce. It was like that all the way through. It was just luck really —the most phenomenal luck, that beat us. I wish we could have played a return."

"Perhaps next year—" Isuggested consolingly. "Has it ever struck you that by next year the Ruhr question may be

definitely settled, and Mussolini perhaps may be treading grapes? Yet look at Italy to-day-

"' This year the must explodes Round the white feet of laughing girls Whose sires have sailed for Rhodes.'

Or Lesbos, or some place like that." Ponderby hit out savagely at the leaves of a lime-tree above our heads.

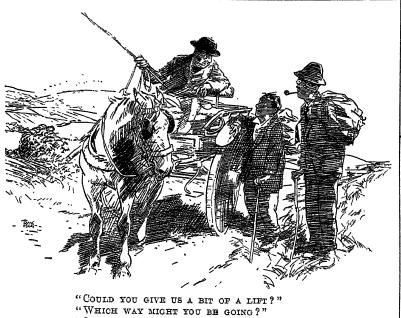
"That was the American one, wasn't

it?" I inquired.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said; "the proper result of that set, if it hadn't been for sheer flukes, should have been 6-4 the other way; 6-4 to us, and not to them."

I thought about this for a little while. "I believe you're right," I said at last; "I believe that 's what it ought to have

"You see I was getting them down the side lines much better than Baker did. Much better. If it hadn't been



"OH, ANYWHERE; WE'RE ON A WALKING TOUR."

prise. As a matter of fact the course arm drive was occasionally good; and yet playing with her against Morrison and Mrs. Allardyce, mark you—

"Yes, I was—I mean, I am," I said hastily.

"Well, we won 6—3."
"No?"

"We did, indeed. How do you make that out?" he asked, triumphantly swishing his racket about from side to

I swished mine about too. It did not seem to help. I examined the gut critically, and frowned.

"I don't know at all," I finally admitted, after allowing full time for

meditation.

"It was not as if there was any real falling off in my play during that set," he said. "My service had them stiff all amazing it was;" he said, "you must the time. My volleying may have been remember that playing against Morrison | a little weaker. Did you think it was?"



Local Mariner. "There's a man-eating shark out in the bay." Visitor. "Extraordinary how some people will bat anything!"

that one or two quite unaccountably went out-----"

"You didn't happen to swash any into the net either, did you?" I asked him. "I've often noticed what a difference that makes to my own play. Sometimes, when I strike a very hard blow that seems absolutely bound to score, the ball hits the net just under the cord, and falls to the ground on the near side, instead of passing over it. I often think that as many good shots in lawn tennis are spoiled in that way or by hitting them out at the—"

"Yes, that's what it ought to have been," he muttered to himself, completely disregarding me, "6-4 the other way undoubtedly; 6-4 to us."

"Look here, Ponderby, I've a suggestion to make," I said. "I'm dining with the Bakers on Monday at their house. They're very reasonable people, and I'll put the matter quietly to them after dinner. I'll mention all that you have told me and see if I can get them to consent."

"Consent to what?" he asked.
"To what you say," I said. "To

"To what you say," I said. "To having the scores in that set reversed." Ponderby scowled. Evor.

DEPRESSIONS-WITH A RAY OF HOPZ.

'Tis long since I wrote to ye, Barney, An' this is to hope ye are well, As we all are, at home in Killarney; There's little of news for to tell; For Kerry's as quiet as Devon,

An' they're jokin' at 'Thranquil Thralee':

Ye might just as well be in Heaven As here, for the fun ye would see.

The Army—'tis almost degradin'— Has divil a sinner to fight, So 'tis dhrillin' all day an' paradin',

An' larnin' the Gaelic all night; While th' officer lads are compaytin' At tennis an' golf, very grand; An' they tell me their dinner they're

atin' At night to the chune of a band.

At night to the chune of a pand.

Ye'd wondher what's wrong wid the nation!

The way the elections was done
Was proportional reprisintation—
An' in consiquince iverywan won;
So now that our freedom's asserted
The illigant land of the Gael
To an island of saints is converted,
Wid ivery sinner in gaol.

But Cosgrave an' Marquis MacSwiney Are over the wather at work, Colloquin' wid wan Mussolini

An' KEMAL, a haythenish Turk; So if, as they say, at Geneva

They're arrangin' a battle wid Greece, Thin DICK will make shure we receive a Fair chanst of escapin' from peace.

Optimism in the Provinces.

"Miss —— has come to London to see Windsor Castle and the other sights."—Daily Paper.

"MATRIMONY.—Officer's widow, with Farm, wishes correspondence with Middle - Aged Gentleman of position with means; experience not necessary."—Advt. in Scots Paper.

The lady, no doubt, will provide that.

"We understand that the Royal bakery business has been disposed of by Mr. Lenin." New Zealand Paper.

No relation, we understand, of the person of the same name who used to run a Bolshevist butchery.

"The bones of 'Bos Longifrons,' a bison that flourished in the Bronze Age, have been discovered during excavations at the Popular Accident Hospital, London."—Chinese Paper. Nowadays our popular accidents are caused by "Porcus Motoristes."



Little Mother (who doesn't approve of women smokers). "Don't notice 'eb, Clarence—she oughter be ashamed of 'erself."

TRAVEL.

NOTES FOR A BRIGHTER "BAEDEKER." I.—HINTS ON THE USE OF THIS BOOK.

Do not be ashamed of carrying this book. In spite of the success of his work, his growing circulation and continuing prestige, the Editor has observed with pain a sensitiveness among his readers almost amounting to disloyalty. Travelling on the Continent, it has long been his pride and pleasure to throw a glance of special friendliness on such as carry the familiar red volumes; and he is surprised to see that the reader invariably makes haste to hide the book away, as if it were indecent. The Editor cannot understand this. Books far more suggestive than Baedeker are published weekly in the Tauchnitz edition, yet travellers carry these openly, nay, brazenly, about the streets. Indeed on one occasion, to the Editor's unspeakable chagrin, a young American was seen to conceal Mr. BAEDEKER'S work on Northern Italy under a copy of Four Days, a novel notorious for its moral laxity and slovenly prose.

in touch with the best international opinion, is assured that what is considered to be lacking in his books, especially by the English and Americans, is the quality of Fröhlichkeit (brightness). These nations, flippant, shallow and incapable of appreciating the sublime, are ashamed, it seems, to be seen in possession of a book which by their loose standards is without humour. Always ready to meet the wishes of his clients, the Editor has therefore in preparation a special Bright Edition, of which the following are samples. And since he is informed that one ground of complaint against the present edition is its uniformity of sympathy and tone, suggesting to the reader that any place is, after all, as good as another, the Editor in the Bright Edition has made a point of absolute frankness, and has not hesitated to express his loathing for nearly all those spots which it has been his official duty to visit or describe.

> II.—GENERAL NOTES. FINANCE..

To travel to the best advantage in Concerned by this tendency, the these times a man must be a millionaire

nance. He should select a country where the Exchange is favourable, and study the state of the Exchanges hourly.

The principle of the Exchanges is simple, and may be expressed in a few words: Remember that Whatever Happens You Lose. Remember that whenever you change money You Lose Money. And do not pay too much attention to the papers. Let us assume that you have a sovereign, and propose to travel in France, Switzerland and Italy, in two of which countries the Exchange is very favourable. Consulting the paper, you notice that the French Exchange is 80 francs to the pound. This means that any money-changer at Boulogne will give you 75. Next day you are in Switzerland, where the Exchange is 25 francs to the pound, and you will get 20 Swiss francs for your 75 French francs without any difficulty. You then pass on to Italy, where the Exchange is 104 lire to the pound, and any tobacconist will give you 75 lire for your 20 Swiss francs. Turning home, you may get as much as 15 Swiss francs for your 75 lire, which in France will be Editor, after consultation with the or a Senior Wrangler. He should have a Some ten of these will be local notes on readily converted into 50 French francs. members of his expert staff and others thorough grasp of Economics and Fi- Dijon, Marseilles and Chalons-sur-Mer,

not negotiable at Paris, Boulogne or anywhere else. But go to a good Bank in London and you may count on receiving four shillings for the remainder, unless, as is usually the case, the Exchange has gone up (or down) in the interval, in which event you must cut your losses and take half-a-crown. This is called juggling with the Exchanges, and many people have made a great deal of money in this way.

In practice it may be found better to stay at home and spend the original sovereign at Margate.

CHEAP LIVING.

Apart from the money which can be made by juggling with the Exchanges (see FINANCE), considerable savings may be effected by the careful traveller who is prepared to make a longer stay in the country of his choice, provided that the Exchange is sufficiently favourable. In Italy, for example (see Finance), he may at first be dismayed by the large numbers of lire which are demanded of him for the bare necessities of life; but to arrive at their equivalent in English money he should divide these figures by 5, when it will soon be apparent that the cost of living is practically nil. Take, for example, a bottle of Italian wine, which is priced at 20 lire; divide by 5, and the cost to an Englishman is a mere four shillings. And though the wine be of such poor quality that no Englishman would drink it gratis in the house of a dear friend the sense of moral and financial superiority engendered by constantly dividing by 5 is a valuable recuperative and stimulant in itself; and many who at home cannot afford to drink anything but water drink nothing but wine in Italy.

In arriving at the exact sums saved it must not be forgotten that in the best Italian hotels 15 to 20 per cent. is added to the bill for servizio (service), while a tassa (tax) di lusso (luxury) of 4 per cent. is imposed by the State.

Thus:

1 bottiglia Valpolicella, 20 lire = Servizio . . . = 10
Tassa di lusso . . = 2

The traveller should also remember that it has cost him £10 to get there, and it will cost him £10 to get home—if he is lucky.

Proportion of £20 at the rate of 1 bottiglia per diem for a stay of 14 days £1 8 7

It will be seen therefore that the actual cost of the bottiglia is £1 13s.7d. per diem; but this reckoning is based on a visit of fourteen days only. The remedy is simple. It is calculated that at the present rate of exchange in Italy



Jean. "AWFU' GUID ACTING, DONALD."
Donald. "AY, BUT AWFU' BAAD BEHAYIOUR."

an Englishman may save four or five pounds by taking a holiday of, say, six or seven months, and going without food.

_______ A. P. H.

"SIIGT Careers
UNUSUAL POSITIONS HELD BY WOMEN."

Headlines in Indian Paper.
So we see.

"Human remains, including two sculls, were unearthed during excavations at Chiswick."

Provincial Paper.

No doubt, some early competitors for Doggett's Coat and Badge.

From a Catalogue:-

"Men's hardware Tweed Trousers 12/6." These have gone greatly out of fashion since the Crusades. From the official programme of a horticultural exhibition:—

"BABY SHOW.—Best Baby under Six Months; Best Baby under Twelve Months; Best Baby under Three Years. Rules for Exhibitors:—All Exhibits become the property of the Committee as soon as staged, and will be sold for the benefit of the Hospital at the termination of the exhibition." We trust no auctioneer will be found so inhuman as to "knock down" a baby.

From a football report:—

"When the teams turned out there were about 12,000 spectators present, and large numbers were still rolling on the ground."

Sporting Paper.

We had hoped, after the Stadium incident last April, that there would be no more of this sort of thing.



Itinerant Vendor. "I B'LIEVE I COULD WORK A LINE O' THEM THINGS ALONG O' THE 'ARDWARE—TO SELL IN THE FRAME AT ABOUT 'ARF-A-DOLLAR. [Artist shakes his head.] ME FINDIN' THE PAINT."

MORAY BEACHES.

LINES WRITTEN DURING LEAVE.

OLD friends are aye the surest friends, the old loves fairest

But mortal men must pass and change; old places steadfast are;

And those who seek old friends in vain greet thankfully-

Familiar things of earth and stone that neither live nor die.

The beaches of the Moray Firth, old haunts of yesteryear, That many days have left unmarked, delightful still and dear-

Who comes on leave from the alien land can count himself secure

In the Moray Beaches failing not, that comfort and endure.

The alien land will call again, this exile sail once more, Enriched by garnered happiness, by pictures laid in store, Adding to memories dear with age new memories no less kind

Of a little boy who played with me—and now must stay behind.

The exile sails for the weary East, sails for the sated South, But every sunset shall recall red eve at Lossiemouth, And the desert sands shall whisper of the sand-hills of Culbin And the ocean sing of Logie Head with the green seas rolling in.

From Findhorn east to Finlater the well-loved beaches run, By Cummingstown and Covesea—grey, golden, rose and dun; And the alien land shall fade away; afar mine eyes shall see The Moray Firth and the Ross-shire hills and the days that used to be.

Thanks be for happy memories the Moray Beaches gave, A prison-key in the alien lands that capture and enslave: Thanks be that for a fleeting hour the times were good; thanks be

For the little son with spade and pail who shared the beach with me.

Ah, Moray Beaches, far and wide, right royally ye give This exiled soul the memories whereby such souls must live-

Of sand and cliff and summer seas and summer sun and rain And the little boy who played with me-who can't come East again.

"The bridegroom's mother was in grey georgette, beaded with steel and blue beads, with a black crinoline hat and paradise weather."—Lancashire Paper.

It would have been a kind thought to have given the last away to the happy pair.

Beneath a picture:—

"There is no other part of the world to which there is attached such sentiment as there is to the Old Head of Kinsale. It has been the theme of poem and prose—a place on which the eyes of the emigrant is rivetted even long after it has been lost to view."

Irish Paper. This difficult feat can only be accomplished, we gather, by one eye at a time.

"Yesterday was pay day with Dundee Territorials, the bounty due

to those attending the annual camp being handed out.

Two policemen had to be placed at the Drill Hall gates to control the traffic, the congestion being due not to the Territorials but to the hosts of fiends, evidently desirous of being first to greet the moneyed warriors."-Local Paper.

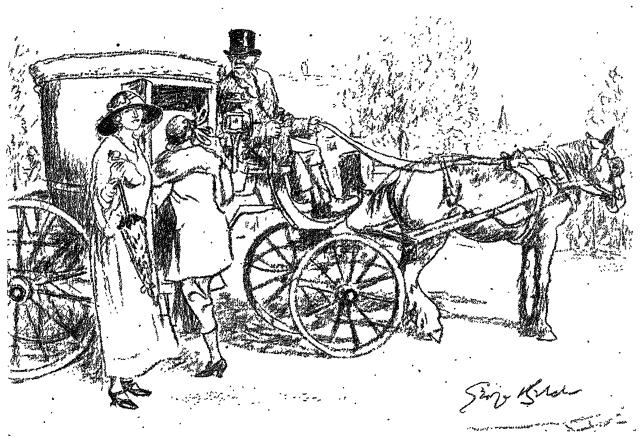
Harsh language, but not too harsh for persons who were endeavouring to relieve Scotsmen of their money.



THE LATEST CÆSAR.

Sig. Mussolini (a bit above himself). "I DO BESTRIDE THE NARROW WORLD LIKE A COLOSSUS."

After Julius C.Esar, Act. I., Scene 2.



Cabby (to ladies starting for a wedding armed with bags of confetti). "Don't leave any of that stuff in the cab, please. MY NEXT IS A FUNERAL.'

THE STATION CLOCK.

"Is the right time on the clock?"

"It is not this two years; but what matter? Sure it is well able to keep the time for the trains when they come, and the 3.30 five hours late with the rails up. And what good is clocks anyway when an Army officer with a horse comes to the station?"

As this was evidently a story I had not heard from my friend the stationmaster, I replied, "What indeed?"

and waited.

My friend had recently been promoted to Mountbally from Athdare, and the late occupier of Mountbally had been promoted to Athdare. This paradox had been made quite clear to those who had studied separate paragraphs in the local Press, so there was no ill-feeling.

"The only time I was in trouble," he continued, "was a matter of twenty years ago, in Kerry. The 10.15 was coming round the bend maybe a bit late, when up rides the Captain in a top-hat and red coat and says to me,

says he, 'I'm going to the hunt.'
"'Are ye?' says I; 'and more power to ye that ye may have a good one!' With that he started to open a horse-

box on the siding.

"'Ye will not go on the 10.15 any-

way,' says I, 'and it late.'
"'Will I not?' says he, going down

to the driver, who had pulled up the train in the station a matter of twenty perch away, leaving me holding the horse.

"What he said to the driver I'm not able to tell ye, but the next thing I saw was the engine with the Captain upon it backing down to the horse and me.

"'Be quick now, says he, 'or I will

be late for the hunt.

"' Hunt is it,' says I, 'and the 10.15 missing the connection at the Junction!'

"'And can you be telling me why would we be missing the connection?

says the driver, contrary like. "'Why not?' says I.

drive like hell?

"'I will not,' he says.

"'Will ye come across the road, then?' says I. Your honour will understand that there was a licensed house beyant.

"'I will,' says he, and with that we went and had a pint.

"' Will ye drive like hell now, Billy Murphy? 'says I.

" 'I might,' says he.

"'Maybe ye would care for another pint?' says I, getting desprit like.

"'And why not?' says he; so we had another.

"' Will ye drive now?'

"'Begob I will,' says he, and he did, they do be telling me; but the connection was missed and me in trouble; though the Captain told me there was the grand hunt, and be the same token the five-pound note he give me was of more value than the contrary letter from the Superintendent.

"It's as I was telling ye: clocks do

be little use on a railway.

Commercial Generosity.

From a house-agent's advertisement: "To be Let, Furnished, for six or twelve months, very choice Residence, thoughtlessly replete in every detail."—Sunday Paper.

Beneath a picture:-

"Mrs. —— shooting across a moor pool at her husband's grouse shooting party."

Daily Paper.

Let us hope she missed them.

"The recent dripping of eighteen dry agents and the prospective further reduction of the local force, the officials asserted, have brought about a condition where the aid of the state authorities is vital."—American Paper.

Won't the "wets" be pleased at finding that even the "dry" agents drip!

ALEXANDER THE CAT.

When the Williamses went abroad for a month they offered their bungalow to Celia and me.

"We shall have to leave Alexander," said Mrs. Williams. "But he'll be no trouble; he's so sensible.'

Celia accepted for us both with effusion, while Williams added enthusiastically that Alexander was as sensible as any human being he'd ever met, if not more so; and of course when a man is lending you his bungalow you can't dispute an assertion like that.

I am afraid Alexander disliked me from the first. It was partly my own fault. He was on the window-seat when we arrived, an over-grown tabby with large mesmeric green eyes, ringed round as if he had made them up; and as he seemed to be a cat and nothing more I indiscreetly addressed him as such. "Hullo, cat!" I said, and have not yet lived it down.

I don't mean that he showed any



"'HULLO, CAT!' I SAID, AND HAVE NOT YET LIVED IT DOWN."

vulgar resentment. To give the-I mean Alexander—his due, he is oppressively dignified. He merely let it be plainly seen that he was surprised at the Williamses for not having a better class of acquaintance, but that he at any rate was not going to be drawn into any undesirable intimacy; and though in time he condescended to tolerate Celia (who was shamelessly fulsome) he went no further than a grudging admission that she seemed to have married beneath her.

It's not easy to stand up against this sort of thing. I braced myself inwardly. I said, "It's not his bungalow. Hang it all, he's only a cat!" Yet undoubtedly we both became more and more careful what we said before him.

It was then that he took—I am sorry certainly took—to listening at doors. him on the mat, washing his face to hide a sneer. Cook (a Domestic Treasure who had accompanied us) happened one morning to remark confidentially, "To again. It was merely a bruise, a trifle,

cats;" and, though Alexander was not in the kitchen at the time, he was outside listening by the kitchen door, and from that day he took to leaping unexpectedly on the Domestic Treasure's knee, for the pleasure of making her start and scream.



"Washing his face to hide a sneer."

He was a large cat, but never so large as when he spread himself inconveniently in the fairway. His tail at these times elongated itself as if detached from his body, so that if you avoided one you could hardly miss the other. We were very, very careful, but our nervous system suffered. "It is only a matter of time," I said gloomily, and the time, to be exact, was at five thirtyfive on the following Saturday afternoon.

No one save Alexander knew how it happened. A moment before I had seen him in the garden; yet, on entering the sitting-room briskly, I trod on himtrod, that is to say, on one front paw, though from the noise he made he might have been under a steam-roller.

It was not easy to keep my head, but I kept it. I yelled for Celia (unneces-



"HE WAS A LARGE CAT, BUT NEVER SO LARGE AS WHEN HE SPREAD HIMSELF INCONVENIENTLY IN THE FAIRWAY."

sarily, I own, for Alexander's voice carried further than mine). "Keephim-alive-while-I-go-for-the-vet," I said, and, rushing from the bungalow, I hired a motor to the county town.

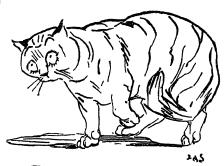
At this hour on a Saturday afterto have to say it of Alexander, but he | noon the vet always went to play golf. Alexander may or may not have known Emerging unexpectedly one would find this. I followed in the motor to the course, fetched the vet out of a bunker, and returned to the bungalow.

Nothing was broken, and we breathed tell you the truth, M'm, I can't abide and, though Alexander-a picture of it really was.

injured dignity-hobbled about on three paws and sat down as soon as he saw us to lick the fourth assiduously, we had the pleasing assurance that he would be all right before the Williamses returned.

A week passed and he was still very lame. Ten days, and he seemed lamer than before. The final heat wave was also adding to our responsibilities, for the Williamses had left (as well as Alexander) a choicely-stocked garden, and, the bungalow being on a porous site, it seemed likely that we should return their flowers injured for life (as well as Alexander). So nightly Celia and I staggered out with cans, while Alexander hobbled on the lawn and made sure that we did our watering thoroughly.

It was on the last night but one. He was superintending me superciliously. If I docked a seedling of its drink he noted it. In a sudden madness of revolt I swung the watering-pot and watered Alexander instead of the bed.



"Hobbled about on three paws."

The result was far, far beyond my expectations. He leaped into air, he scampered across the lawn, and simultaneously a great cry broke from Celia and me:-

"He's cured!"

"He's been shamming!"

And then for the first time I saw Alexander flustered. He went lame again immediately, but in the wrong paw.

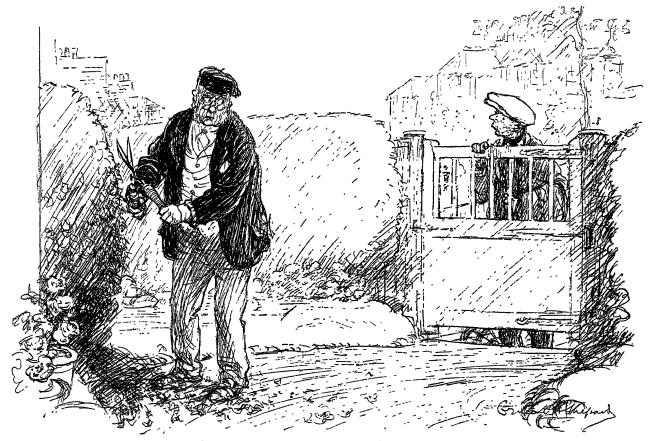
The Making of History.

"When he entered the train the first thing H.R.H. did was to light a cigarette, and the second—and this is no enterprising invention but a most gratifying fact—to open a copy of The Daily Sketch, and remained engrossed in it for several ininutes.

It was only when cheers rang out as the train moved off that he lowered the paper to acknowledge them."-Darly Sketch.

"There were a large number of people on the station, but that they had come to see Lord Renfrew was obvious, so that momentarily his lordship had to revert to royal rank, and make acknowledgment of the public salutations. But he soon retired to his saloon, and sat there reading a copy of The Daily Mirror till the train steamed out of the station."—Daily Mirror.

A strange thought (is it not?) that posterity may never know which of them



Pedlar. "ANY RAGS OR BONES TO-DAY, SIR?" Pedant. "Nothing but what I have on me and in me."

HOW JOHN SMITH WON FAME.

One advantage of taking your holidays late is that the landladies are beginning to feel the strain, and they can't handle such heavy bills. Another figure on the town's posters. is that in September you will often find a gallon or so of sea unoccupied by another bather, so that you can go straight in (providing you are foolish enough to want to go in) without pulling anybody else out first, or waiting in a queue. And another is that, whenever it rains or hails or blows or snows, you can always console yourself with the fact that it's seasonable, and that it serves you right for coming away so late in the year.

But best of all, owing to the fact that visitors are scarce, the natives show you a great deal more consideration. They are actually pleased to see you and don't mind if they show it.

Consequently, when I arrived at Brightbourne, I was not exactly sur-prised to find that the station was decorated with flags and that the town band was in attendance, one half of platform stood the Mayor in his robes stuffed with bullion.

of office, attended by all his satellites, and at a respectful distance the remainder of the town's celebrities, including that Ancient Mariner with the patched trousers who makes such a

At the same time I must admit that it seemed an excessive display of enthusiasm. I should have been satisfied with half the band, and just as well pleased if the Mayor had worn his ordinary clothes.

Suddenly I noticed a big streamer across the station, with the legend, "Au revoir, but not Good-bye." Then all this display could not be meant for me; it was for somebody who was going.

As I alighted unnoticed from the train I saw a small insignificant man in cheap flannels and a blazer enter the open space in the centre, and the Mayor greeted him effusively. This man did not look like a celebrity, and he seemed overwhelmed with so much ceremony; but the Mayor made him go through with it all in front of the cinematograph camera. The little man took the bouquet from the Mayor's long-legged daughter; them playing "See the Conquering he listened fascinated to the boring ad-Hero," and the other half rendering dress, and held the casket containing the "Yes, we have no Bananas." On the freedom of the town as though it was

"Tell me," I said to the man next to me in the crowd. "Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" he said scornfully. "That's John Smith, of Balham. He's just going back after a fortnight down here.

"But what has he done?" I said. "Has he saved somebody's life, or been cured of a bad leg by somebody's pills, or manned the lifeboat, or won The Daily Mail Sand Competition? Does he hold the charabanc championship,

"No," said the other. "He had a picnic out in the Pleasure Grounds, and when he had finished he actually went round and picked up all the paper and carried away all the empty tins.

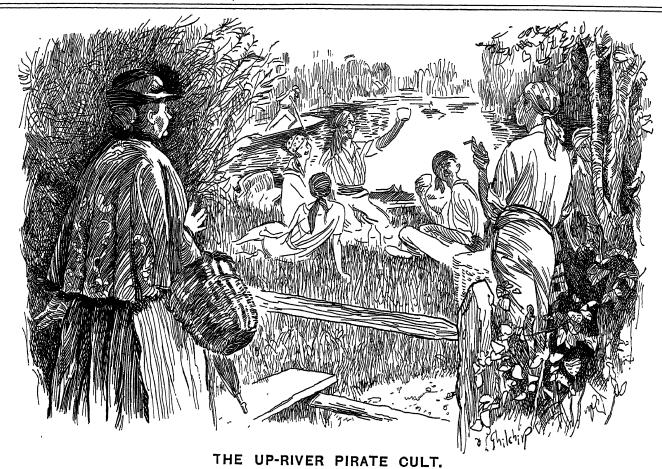
A Broad Churchman.

From the description of a Field Church service :-

"A very impressive scene was witnessed on the parade ground at 9 a.m., when 80 men of the C.G.A., 50 men of the C.L.I. and about 40 men of the C.M.G. formed three sides of a square, with the Rev. David - fourth side." - filling the

"While staying near Crewkerne, in Somerset, a hayrick caught fire."—Sunday Paper.

We always send ours to the sea in September.



HORROR-STRICKEN DAME DECIDES TO ABANDON THE SHORT CUT TO MARKET.

AT THE PLAY. "THE BEAUTY PRIZE" (WINTER GARDEN).

THE musical-comedy fans seem to have decided that somehow The Beauty Prize is not up to the old Gaiety and the later Winter Garden standards, and I am inclined to agree with them. It cannot, I think, be because the conduct of hero and heroine is unlikely to the point of imbecility, for I seem to remember that this is not unusual and has never stood in the way of complete

Indeed it seemed to me that ${
m Mr.}$ P. G. Wodehouse and Mr. George GROSSMITH had hit on a rather promising idea which miscarried.

One of the really bright newspapers has arranged a beauty competition, of which the first prize is a husband with marriage portion. We shall no doubt come to that, what with the increasing scarcity-value of mere males and the quite unlimited resourcefulness, let us call it, of the really up-to-date jour-

Meanwhile a young American girl, Miss Carol Stuart, worth six millionpounds, I understand, not dollars-

worth, I should judge from the scale of his expenditure, at least one million, have fallen in love and are about to be married on the very morning on which the Beauty Prize is delivered by the newspaper and duly signed for at Miss Stuart's palatial residence in Kensington. One of her admirers has sent in her photograph without her knowledge, and naturally she (being Miss Dorothy Dickson) has won the prize.

The two lovers must of course at this point quarrel, in order that this promising notion may not be wasted by a mere barren explanation.

Apparently each has taken the other for a pauper, and neither apparently can face the disappointment of the actual truth—a truly comic idea, it will be admitted. So Carol accepts the Beauty Prize (there seems to be a tactful clause about an interval of six months before the decree of marriage need be made absolute, so to speak), while John snatches at the waist of the nearest milliner (Miss Heather Thatcher, as it happens) and swears to marry her if— I forget what the "if" was, but I know it didn't strike me as a very plausible one.

The rest is soon told. All the characters naturally sail in the same magand a young Englishman, $\emph{John Brooke}$, \mid nificent ship to the same American port. \mid

Carol is going back to see her father; I don't know what the others thought they were doing. The young man and the young maid begin to realise that riches are not such an insuperable obstacle as all that, and the little milliner is only too glad to pair off with the Beauty Prize, who is more in her class.

The most of the humour is naturally provided by Mr. Leslie Henson (looking more like a Bateman caricature than is at all likely) as The Beauty Prize. I liked him better in the First Act, when he was quietly sketching in the improbable Odo Balbriggan Philpotts, than when, in the Second, he took to himself an apparatus of innumerable waistcoats (a venerable jest indeed!), wheelbarrow wheels, sacks, false moustaches, ladies' hats and the like. good a comedian doesn't need this old junk; though perhaps it is expected of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH WAS mildly amusing in the part of a workshy secretary; and Mr. Jack Hobbs very debonair and assured as John Brooke, not looking in the least as if he had only just strayed into this strange world. I hope he'll stray out of it. Miss DOROTHY Dixon looked and danced her part well; sangit rather less well. Miss HEATHER

THATCHER, in a not very promising part, enormously pleased her many admirers.

I don't presume to criticise Mr. JEROME KERN'S music. It seemed to me like so much modern work in this kind—a little too much under the tyranny of rhythm for restlessness' sake, and a little too shy of simple melody. And I feel sure that in this winter-garden world we like an obvious tune as we like an obvious joke. And I certainly think we should have appreciated more singing than we in fact were offered. What we did get was by way of being a rather casual kind of recitative, very colloquial and unambitious, and not always strictly accurate in pitch.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and his accomplice threw us some amusing lines (of an old uncle, "He's eighty-two next birthday and likely to go to par"), but I imagine that, when the gaggers and the committee of production have really had their way with a musical comedy, "author" is more or less a

courtesy-title.

Comelli's dresses were quite excellent, and the chorus ladies inside them of a charming comeliness, while Messrs. HARKER'S settings gave us others a pleasing impression of how the really truly rich live in Kensington or Palm Beach or on board ship.

What then was missing? I don't know; but suspect that successful musical comedies, like other best sellers, need a skill that is apt to be underrated by serious persons.

LAUS PARVORUM.

BIGNESS to-day is all the fashion; "Jumbomania"'s the ruling passion; Men and women, with few abstentions, Make a fetish of mammoth dimensions.

"Record" crowds, unparalleled "gates," Giant programmes and monster fêtes, Show, wherever we turn our eyes, Worth is solely measured by size.

Artful amalgamation's aid Revolutionizes our trade; Firms conducted on modest lines All are swallowed by huge combines. Every week one reads in the papers Pleas on behalf of huge sky-scrapers, Deprecating the ancient fable Which dealt with the fate of the Tower of Babel.

So an idle rhymer might well eschew Espousing a small minority view, Yet in little things I find such bliss That I venture to plead de minimis.

A little house may harbour more peace Than a palace where riches ever increase:

And a single stanza exert a sway Denied to a long heroic lay.



Rural Sergeant. "Why, only a few months ago I 'andled a very big case—a CASE O' CHICKEN-STEALING.

Visitor. "But I don't consider chicken-stealing a particularly big crime." Rural Sergeant. "AH, BUT IT WERE A BIG CASE. 'E PINCHED SEVENTEEN CHICKEN."

know.

Tells how the great in their overthrow

Have found at last, when fortune is kittle,

"The blessedness of being little."

Thunderous symphonies, richly fraught With sound and fury that signify naught-

Brayings of the unending ass— Into oblivion swiftly pass.

Things that are mighty and huge and

Now, as in the days that are past, Lack the enduring grace that clings To the gracious, lovable, little things.

SHAKESPEARE, the wisest of those who | Great is the power of sound, and yet Modern minstrels seem to forget How the most searching message of all Came in a voice that was "still and small.

> "Chiropody 2s. 6d. a foot."—Local Paper. Any reduction by taking a yard?

"Home comforts and homegrown foow amidst homely surroundings. Feen minutes from station; most convebasn-for Ugandaites to break their jo comy to and from the coast. More Sf urneo and less expense than Momthsa 10 Nairobi. One week or over—o .rorttid per day. Special monthly quations for Families. Advt. in East African Paper.

Not really a very good place for a rest-

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

London, when she lost the hansom and the four-wheeler, lost also the waterman; for such was the odd name by which the cab-rank attendant used to be known. His official position was that of refresher of horses, but he gave more attention to the duty of looking out for fares, catching their eyes, holding the door open for them with one

hand and extending the other for twopence.

We could do with the waterman now, for taxi-drivers have a way of sinking either into newspapers or apathy, and disregarding signals of distress. But except here and there he has gone. One, however, was on duty the other day in Piccadilly when a friend of mine-a man of distinguished appearance and of some personal pride—was passing along the Green Park side, bent upon the economy of a bus to Kensington. As he proceeded he was aware, not far ahead of him, of a smiling roguish fellow holding open a the civility was intended.

"Here you are, Sir," said the waterman.

"But I didn't hail you," said my friend.

"No," said the waterman, "but you've got a taxi-face."

And my friend stepped

II.—PIETY, LTD.

I was asking my friend, the Italian barber, if he intended to go to his home city, Milan, for his holidays.

"No,"he said; "when my father and mother were alive I liked to go home. Now only brothers and sisters, and I don't. They think that everyone in England is

rich; that you have simply to stoop down to pick up gold. If I give them only a little money, they treat me as though I was a criminal. If I give them much, they expect more."

III.—The Reluctant Warrior.

Somewhere in India is a sapper who wished for permission to complete the studies from which he had been wrenched away and attend the matriculation exam. It was thus that he addressed the Adjutant :-

"Most respected Sir.—With exceeding respect and submission. I beg to make my humble petition in the hope that it may receive favourable and sympathetic consideration at your honour's compas-

Above my head I see the spacious and unfathomable Heaven, in front of me I see your gracious honour endowed with compassionate heart and generous feelings created by God to be as a saviour for me for my mistake or fault, and down my feet close I see the bountiful and unlimited earth the bed of all the mortals and the eternal place

The letter goes on to explain frankly that it was owing to his "imbecile heart" that he had become "an Army recruit, and that "frustration of the noble path" of learning is "severely cutting" his conscience. And then this passionate appeal:-

"Therefore, oh my God, oh my Goddess of Learning, oh my beloved parents, and oh. my dear Sir, the gracious heart in this Corps, I the wretched most humbly and respectfully pray you all to save this poor student or put to death, but allow him to follow his desired beautiful

path of education, burying his fault into oblivion, as has come to you all as a supplicant for protection. Allow him to go to the College doors, the place of higher education, and if not so put him to death, which he is willing to suffer from as he has incurred a disgrace on his name, and many beautiful books containing abstruse and beautiful ideas are remaining unstudied."

And here are some afterthoughts:—

"I am only one son to my age-stricken father and his sorrow is knowing no bounds, as his object is also to raise me to the degree of a graduate. So, such my object will never allow me to serve well, and if remained unfulfilled, my conscience will eat me up and within short days I shall be most probably a victim to mania."

Finally there is this wish, not too unintelligently put:

"May that England not only win a victory but conquest for freeing me a humble student the only one son to his father and allowing me to study further her beautiful tongue."

The request was granted.

IV.—Desecration.

Bookmakers have never been famous for reverence; but taxi-door, with every indication that it was for him that I think they have lately gone too far. When they were confronted, many years ago, with a racehorse belonging to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, named after a play which had

just been published, entitled L'Abbesse de Jouarre, they rapidly compromised with "Abscess of the Jaw" (or "Jore"), and laid accordingly. That was funny if vulgar. And it was funny this year at the Derby to hear them shouting "Pappyrus." But there are limits.

In the seventeenth century there reigned in India the mighty monarch, Shah JEHAN, the death of whose favourite wife caused him such grief that he vowed she should have the most wonderful



 $Optimistic\ Boatman.$ "Much obliged, Sir. Shall I look out for you and the lady to-morrow?"

Tripper. "I daresay you will, but you won't see us."

mausoleum in the world. He kept his word, and the Taj at Agra is the result; and there both she and her Emperorhusband lie. Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, and the tomb is called the Taj Mahal: and no one that has seen it can ever forget the enchantment of it.

And now comes another Indian ruler, the AGA KHAN, with a thoroughbred filly, which he has called Mumtaz Mahal, after that beautiful tragic lady. No great harm in that. But one shudders when one hears the ring, with Occidental stridency, offering odds on "Mumty.'

THE SPILT RAINBOW.

To-DAY, as I was walking in the street, You cannot guess the lovely thing I found: A coloured rainbow spilt upon the ground Close at my feet.

The colours spread in wavy lines and rings Purple and yellow, green and red and blue; They came and went, as I have seen them do On beetly things.

I thought it was as pretty as could be; But not a single person seemed to care Nor even see that it was lying there, Excepting me.



Lady. "I WONDER YOU SHOULD DRIVE A YOUNG HORSE WITH YOUR HARNESS ALL TIED UP WITH STRING LIKE THAT." Car Driver. "Faix, Miss, 'TIS THE MORE AISY TO GET HIM OUT WOULD ANNY ACCIDENT BE HAPPENIN'."

THE FLYING PIG.

["Pigs cannot fly."—Platitudinous truism found in copy-books.
"When pigs fly."—Proverbial equivalent to the Greek Kalends, or never.]

Though my song has long been scanty; Though a muse whom nothing shames Has consistently been anti-All my noblest little games;

Yet to-day, however thin my pipe and scrannel, I must stir it to a few uncertain sounds On a pig who very lately flew the Channel,

And who weighs (or did so then) five hundred pounds.

'Twas a sinister achievement; Though no doubt his loyal sow, While foreseeing her bereavement, Kept a calm and level brow, As she bade her little piglings look at father, And asserted, as they wiped their tears away, That, considiring all things, she'd a darn sight rather Wed for glory than for beauty, any day.

Did the towns break forth in cheering? Did the sporting classes yell? Did the rustic watch him, steering

High above him, in a spell? Doubt it not. And there were sirens from the shipping; There were foghorns, so successful in their din, That the porpoise took a jump and rose up, dripping, In a wild attempt to emulate his kin.

> So he passed and went to glory; And the unreflecting throng Are applauding him in story And acclaiming him in song;

But they'll cheer the wrong way on when they awaken To the thought that by this injudicious act The foundations of society are shaken,

The caboodle of the cosmos has been cracked.

From the time that one could toddle, Through our childhood and our youth, It's been lammed into the noddle As the basis of all truth That, whatever creeds grew rusty and outworn, it Was a dogma fixed and permanent as Gib.,

That a pig would never fly—and now he 's torn it; And the beacon of humanity 's a fib. When a weary world is scuppered;

When it 's lost its moral grip In a sullen struggle up'ard, It will simply let things rip. Even I, who've shunned the methods of the liar, (Oh! believe me) now I 've lost my only prop, I shall probably mature into a flier, And shall never have a notion when to stop. Dum-Dum.

Commercial Candour.

"The Auctioneers beg to draw the attention of the public to the remote opportunity this Sale affords for securing a choice selection of Valuable Furs at reasonable prices."—Advt. in Irish Paper.

From a recent novel:-

- was a handsome man with a spade beard. He had the reputation of being a rake."

He must have found it very hard to live up to all these horticultural implements.

THE HAWKERS.

THE Mess was horribly bored. The Base in peace time is not an exhilarating place. The unnatural histories of Whizz, Bang and Alfred and the other favourites of the illustrated daily press only last out the after-breakfast pipe, and then for the rest of the day there is nothing to keep us from thoughts of murder and suicide.

One of the Destroyer men, a fellow named McIntyre, was the hero who tried to save us from despair. "Why not try hawking?" he asked one day doctor playing at marbles on the wardroom deck.

"Hawking what?" growled the doctor. "The Admiralty wouldn't hear of it anyway," he added; "we should be axed right off if we started peddling round here; so if you've been taking a correspondence course in salesmanship, my boy, you've drawn a blank this time.'

"Who's talking about peddling?" retorted McIntyre. "I said hawking, meaning hunting with a hawk—falconry and all that sort of thing."

"Worse and worse," objected another man. "Where's the falcon to come from, and, if we had one, who would have a notion what to do with it? Wake up, old chap; we've got right past the Middle Ages now.'

"Well," said McIntyre, with a pretence at bashfulness which deceived nobody who had listened to him carefully leading up to the point, "as a matter of fact I do know something about hawking, or at least I ought to. My guv'nor is the hereditary falconer of the Scottish Kings. Been in the family since Duncan's time or thereabouts."

Then followed a discourse on the delights of falconry, and finally it was agreed by a majority that a-hawking we would go. The doctor, who is a curmudgeon, persisted that nothing would persuade him to do anything so absurd and declared that he would rather collect tram tickets; and the padre made a mild inquiry whether hawking was not rather a beastly form of sport; but McIntyre soon put him right on that point. On the contrary, he said, hawking was perhaps the most humane of all sports, the young hawk being only taught just what it would have to learn from its parents in the wild state. If the hawk was set free at any time it would be perfectly well able to look after itself. There was even a benevolent aspect. What about young hawks who lost their parents early? Who was to stand between

thinking of the matter entirely from the point of view of the hawk, but, beyond stipulating that the young hawk to be acquired should, if possible, be an to the scheme.

A few days later McIntyre proceeded, in another man's car, to somewhere up in his native wilds and returned with an insignificant little bird whose name, he told us, was Peregrine. A home had now to be found for Peregrine, whose personal habits were scarcely fastidious enough to make him a desirable shipsmell of the carrion bird.

A stable, or mews, as we falconers call it, was therefore hired ashore. This we furnished unostentatiously with a single rod, pole or perch. Peregrine's personal equipment consisted of a hood, jess and bells. To save you from consulting your dictionary, I will explain that the jess is a strap on which the bells are hung, one end of it being fixed round the bird's ankles, and the other passing round the falconer's wrist, so that. should Peregrine feel faint and fall off plan. We put up a partridge. With a when being carried round, he remains graceful gesture Peregrine was thrown, suspended in mid air by his legs—not a | and he rose instantly in pursuit. The dignified or even a comfortable position, but one which enables the falconer easily to flick him up again on to the got on top, but we just saw him "stoop" wrist. I expect you know what the in fine style before they dropped behind hood is for, and the purpose of the bells will become apparent later.

McIntyre was, of course, the trainerin-chief. To his office attached the duty of carrying the hooded Peregrine around on his wrist, "every day" '(in the words of the book which we used for checking McIntyre's inherited instinct) "as much as possible late into the night, stroking the hawk constantly with a bird's wing or feather, and, when feeding it, using his voice as in luring." McIntyre's voice normally is not more objectionable than that of any other Scotsman, but when "luring" he thinks fit to adopt a most painful intonation rather like the cry of a peacock.

From now on his time was pretty well occupied in prancing round the mews night and day, and, since the bird was nearly always feeding, nearly always uttering his alluring cry. Fortunately the mews was in a secluded spot.

Our office was not much less onerous. On us it devolved to satisfy that incessant hunger. Each day, wet or fine, found us toiling out armed for the slaughter of rabbits and small birds. There was no staving off Peregrine with ship's biscuit, for he simply turned up his beak at it. What he demanded was freshly-killed meat about them and starvation but the falconer? | eighteen times a day. We soon began | "In Asia Minor, Sir."

The padre said he had not been to feel the truth of McIntyre's statement about the benevolent side of hawktraining and could quite see that many young hawks must be orphans, their parents having given up the hopeless orphan, he made no further objection struggle to keep pace with their off-

spring's appetite.

After about a month of this, Peregrine's education was pronounced to be sufficiently advanced for his skill to be tested, and we proceeded with him to the appointed hunting-ground. What would happen, McIntyre said, would be that we should beat up the game, and the unhooded Peregrine, being rewhen he came upon the padre and the mate, and who, besides, was the owner leased by him, would pursue it, swoopof the customary forty-horse-power ing on it and breaking its neck. Coming down to the ground with his prey Peregrine would stand on it waiting for it to grow cold before starting to eat it. Some of the neck feathers of the bird, however, would have stuck in Peregrine's cere and would be tickling him, and he would lift his claw to brush them off his nose. Then the joyous jess bells would ring out and guide us to the spot in time to snatch the prey and secure Peregrine for another bout.

> At first everything went according to partridge was fast and they were a long way ahead of us before Peregrine some trees. We rushed forward, listening eagerly for the tinkling of the bells. No sound came.

> "Call him back!" we shouted to McIntyre, and out rang that dreadful cry. In vain. For hours we beat about that spot, adjuring the hawk to return. He never came. At last we found the partridge, its neck broken but otherwise untouched. Lifting it sadly, we made our way home. It represented the work of eight stalwart men spread over an entire month.

> "What torture you must have inflicted on that poor hawk, McIntyre, with that noise of yours," grunted the doctor that night, "to drive it to leave a soft billet like that at the very first opportunity."

The padre spoke soothingly. "You have at least the satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to you, Peregrine is able to look after himself," he said. "You have indeed been a good guardian

to the poor orphan."

[&]quot;Zurich has a charm of its own, and the traveller on his way from Basle to the Engadine might do worse than break his journey for a day or two at the 'Athens of Europe.' Weskly Paper.

[&]quot;And where is Athens, Tompkinson?"



Betty (after vainly trying to discover the age of her new governess). "Very well, then, as soon as I'm grown up I shall keep my age from you."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Or all motives for a novel of mystification commend me to the inscrutably eccentric will; above all when a beautiful and high-spirited girl is (under certain bizarre conditions) sole legatee, and a brace of potential husbands (subject to equally whimsical stipulations) are constituted sole guar-This is the starting-point of Moordius & Co. (LANE), in which Mlle. Suzanne Chastel, a captivating Anglo-French shrew with an almost Elizabethan command of herself and of the invective of two nations, is left by a dubiously-benevolent uncle to the alternate mercies of Timothy Swayne, chartered accountant, of Kensington and St. Mary Axe, and Peter Moordius, cosmopolitan financier of no fewer than three magnificent French addresses. By an odd piece of luck, for which the tempers of Suzanne and her uncle are jointly accountable, that lady is already ensconced under the trustworthy Timothy's roof when the will comes to light. Her more critical adventures begin with her entry into post-war Parisian society under the wing of Moordius and his daughter—the latter a war-widow whose grief has crystallized into an apparently crazy hatred of her father. This mystery, that of the will and that connected with the financial status of Suzanne's more plutocratic guardian, are solved by Mr. W. J. Locke with rather perfunctory adroitness. He reserves, and I don't blame him, all his characteristic and delightful artistry for the little suspenses and ambiguities which arise on the way.

The passing of the English squirarchy cannot help being invested with some of that mournful appeal which Wordsworth attributed, for a reason which would cover both cases, to the extinction of the Venetian Republic. In The done in America. (I admit to a little personal disappoint-

End of the House of Alard (Cassell), Miss Sheila Kaye-SMITH has shown an almost Wordsworthian magnanimity in chronicling the ruin or transformation of every member of a typical family of Sussex landowners. She has produced an accomplished, vigorous and, in places, extremely beautiful book, whose minor violences to likelihood are mostly involved in its religious side-issues and very seldom affect the main trend of the tale. At the end of the War, Sir John and Lady Alard have six children living. Peter, the heir, is the first victim to their idol, the estate. He marries a Jewish heiress, instead of his rightful love, and comes to a sad end. George holds the family living, and mainly exists to provide his father with a butt and his High Church rival, Father Luce, with a foil. I was sorry for George. He deserved a happier life and a less ex-parte death-bed. Gervase breaks betimes with the Alard tradition and finally overthrows it altogether. As for the Alard women (all admirably rendered), Mary and Doris go under with Peter and George; while Jenny, abetted by Gervase. escapes and marries a yeoman. Štella Mount, the real affinity of Peter, is the masterpiece of the book.

Novel-readers, an unsophisticated race, love being taken behind the scenes. Indeed, I have often wondered why the ladies and gentlemen who set out to cater for their simple tastes do not exploit the theatre, and particularly the touring company, more frequently. Take, for example, this latest story by Mr. Philip Curtiss, to which he has given the provocative title Mummers in Mufti (Parsons). A certain success, one would say, is assured from the start with a name like that, assuming the author to have any ability at all. And Mr. Curtiss, you are probably aware, is quite capable of handling theatrical things as they are done in America. (I admit to a little personal disappoint-

ment when I discovered that his Leicester, where the "Eleanor" company is putting up its show, was a city in the U.S.A. instead of the Midlands; but probably he would never have found such types as Arnold Bellsmith or Tilly Marshall in the provinces of England). Also he has got hold of a good idea. His Bellsmith is a wealthy and cultured young gentleman who is suffering, as his nerve-specialist tells him in the opening sentence of the book, from a disease for which no cure has ever been known—a Loss of Interest in Life. How he is drawn in to take an active share in the fortunes of the motley "Eleanor" troupe, and how that effectually puts an end to his trouble, you will no doubt be glad to read. This is a very pleasant comedy, with one or The only fault I can bring myself to find with Mr. Curtiss is

that he is perhaps a trifle slow off the mark.

Valerie Carr, who has The Strange Attraction (LANE) for the handsome if somewhat effeminate or at least neurotic novelist and journalist, Dane Barrington, is almost the most truculent feminist and careerist I have ever met in fiction. Of the cream of Auckland's most respectable society, she must needs go off in the innocent company of a man whom she doesn't love, but who loves her (thus giving the maximum of scandal for the minimum of return), to a small New Zealand town to run a newspaper. She meets the mysterious Dane, a hermit by temperament, and because of a slander widely current about himfalls passionately in love, and is with the greatest difficulty persuaded to go through the marriage ceremony. This all sounds rather unlikeable; but in fact JANE MANDER has made her Valerie a quite real and charming creature, hounded into this aggressive unconventionality by relations of whom she disposes by a device

which should be patented and licensed by the inventor on cognise that it is written with amazing fluency and a royalty basis. This is to consider them as dead and treat | considerable knowledge of character. them with a sort of detached pity as ghosts instead of with an ungovernable fury as living obstacles. The author writes with vigour rather than with subtlety or distinction. She contrives to suggest the beauty of the open country; and I don't suppose she is pulling our legs when she writes: "Now and again the sharp cry of a weka in the bush behind or the call of a more pork in the pines cut the air." One quite expects to encounter the dong with the luminous nose.

Miss Moutray Read's "intimate chronicle" of the making of One Garden (Williams and Norgate) must absorbingly interest all those who are attempting a like achievement in similar circumstances. I have an idea that the number of people, and especially of women, possessing a little money of their own, who unobtrusively buy an ancient cottage and a neglected garden lost in the recesses of the country is silently increasing. Their garden becomes fit if necessary."—Advt. in Scots Paper. their world, whose inhabitants are flowers, each with its Some clients do make rather a point of this.

peculiar temperament, to be nurtured like a child, cured of its naughty humours and protected from harm. Miss MOUTRAY READ habitually refers to a plant as a "person." With her own hands she made and kept her nursery, rightly distrusting the jobbing-gardener as a dangerous interloper. Like so many of her delightful persuasion, she was content to leave to chance the plan of the garden, designing it as she went on with her planting: an indefensible system which she rather guiltily tries to justify. It must be admitted that her photographs show a charming result. And her line drawings of individual plants are excellent. If you want—or, as Miss Moutray Read unaccountably says, are "desireful"—to make a new garden out of an old one, in two characters that are drawn with more care than usual. Sussex for choice, this is the book for you. Incidentally, you will recognise that it means incessant hard work.

They are the other people who can afford to sit about on chairs and say "How lovely!" Never



quality demanded from a writer, Mr. S. P. B. Mais would be counted among the giants of his profession. I admire his energy enormously, but I sometimes find myself wishing that he had a greater control over it. Prunello (GRANT RICHARDS), for instance, is in many respects an excellent story, but Mr. Mars has succeeded in concealing some of its fine qualities behind an extraordinarily dense verbiage. He writes dialogue with supreme ease and no little skill, but he is carried away by his own facility and cannot control his brakes. And it is such a pity; for Mr. Mais is ridding himself of the crudities that marred his earlier novels, and he sees life from a broader point of view. I believe that the game is still in his hands if he can only learn to restrain himself. In the meantime you will derive entertainment from this capacious story and re-

Of the making of books about the South Sea Islands there is no end, and I can recommend The Enchanted Island (Hutchinson) as a creditable addition to the list. In this story Rann Daly provides us with hidden treasure, perils on sea and land, a beautiful maiden in distress, a hateful villain and a hero with a whimsical smile. Nina Brayne, the maiden, is an attractive character, but on one occasion she behaved with such a vast stupidity that even I, who can forgive much when treasure is being hunted for, was irritated. Some day I hope to go to the South Sea Islands, not only to see their beauties, but also to find out if "hardshell old beachcombers" are as numerous as writers of fiction would have me believe.

"DRESSMAKER (high-class), can cut and make dresses throughout;

CHARIVARIA.

A Danish scientist is of the opinion that the planet Mars is unoccupied. No to blacksmiths who thought of going blame, we imagine, attaches to Signor to America. Mussolini.

thought of it first.

in an heroic attempt to take his hat off to France and Italy simultaneously.

The National Union of Railwaymen has decided to demand a six-hour day. That will give the workers more leisure for formulating a demand for a fivehour day.

A woman told the Bench the other day that she preferred to marry a man who didn't work. It is a good thing the majority of women are not like that or there wouldn't be enough plumbers to go round.

The Annual Congress of the British Association opened at Liverpool last Wednesday. In spite of this counter-attraction there was quite a good crowd at Doncaster for the St. Leger.

A gossip writer mentions the case of a man who has had one umbrella for over fifty years. Yes, but whose?

Professor A. Ö. RANKINE has explained that if one had an electric bulb and were to make a hole in it sufficient to allow one million atoms of air to enter

million years to fill the bulb. The only | ally work up to a good salary. suggestion we can make is that those who are pressed for time should make a larger hole.

FIRPO, the boxer, who met JACK Dempsey last week, is reported by Mr. ROBERT EDGREN to have changed his sparring partner. That is the trouble with sparring partners: they wear out in course of time.

There is said to be a great deal of controversy going on in sporting circles as to how many more "Freedoms" of cities Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wants for game.

A blacksmith who left Ireland seventeen years ago is now an editor in New York. This should serve as a warning

A new spring of water has been dis-"Signor Mussolini is a great man," covered in Hyde Park by a Scottish says a partisan. It is only fair to say shepherd. His fellow-countrymen acthat the famous leader of the Fascisti cuse him of having done it on purpose.

A little girl aged three years is to be A man was found last Monday on the paid one hundred thousand pounds to coast near Dover with his hand badly act for a Los Angeles film corporation. great historical film, dating from the twisted. It is thought that he hadfailed All film actresses have to start in a outbreak of the Bolshevist revolution,

AS THE RESULT OF SPENDING HIS HOLIDAY AT A VERY HILLY RESORT-



JONES NOW WALKS TO THE OFFICE LIKE THIS.

every second it would take a hundred | small way like that, but they eventu- | fell into a clinch.

According to medical testimony the average man is much more active than his ancestors. He has to be if he is a pedestrian.

"Many Italians in Soho," says a gossip writer, "may be called up to fight for their country." We can almost hear the waiters shouting, "Coming,

There is, we read, a prospect of a famous collection of tiles being acquired for the nation. Not Mr. WINSTON for the nation. Not Mr. CHURCHILL'S, we understand.

According to a Continental paper Switzerland is no place for the collector of souvenirs. It must be annoying for Americans when they find the Alps are screwed down.

It has been discovered that a tortoise can live for eight months after its brain has been removed. No political significance is attached to this interesting discovery.

TROTSKY is to appear personally in a

but Lenin will be impersonated. Not, we regret to learn, by Charlie Chaplin.

The Scottish National Pig-Breeders' Association held a show at Stirling recently. Conservative Highlanders, however, prefer the bagpipes.

The gas supply suddenly failed at a large town in Yorkshire last Monday, plunging many houses into darkness. It is thought that, faced with an extra hour owing to the cessation of Summer Time, the therms struck work and the gas went out in sympathy.

An American youth has written to Scotland Yard from Sharon Springs, New York, asking them to supply him with a wife. We understand that the finger-prints of two or three eligible young ladies have been forwarded to the lonely youth.

During a thunderstorm in the North last week lightning struck a well-known local heavyweight boxer just as he was entering his house. With splen-did ring-craft he refused to strike back and immediately

A letter posted in Paddington nineteen years ago has just been delivered at Vange. It looks as if the G.P.O. is delivering letters in alphabetical order.

A defendant recently informed the London magistrates that he refused to acknowledge their right to adjudicate on his case. There is some talk of making him an honorary Fascist.

"SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS.

Combe Martin, North Devon.—Apartments or Board, winter months; splendid position, minute sea."—Newspaper Advertisement. Quite like Southend.

BRIDGE MANNERS ON THE LINKS.

[A golfer, after a visit to a Bridge Club, has a nightmare which leaves him profoundly thankful that the atmosphere of the cardroom does not pervade the golf-course.]

It is a foursome.

They have tossed for the honour. A. and B. have won. A. drives off and tops his ball into the heavy rough. B. kicks the tee box angrily, seizes his niblick and throws it to the ground, lights a cigarette and gazes profanely at the sky. A. steps aside, a look of humiliation mingled with defiance upon his face; opens his mouth to speak, but remains speechless.

Y. tees up quickly, hits a long straight drive; and they all move swiftly for-

ward.

A.'s ball is lying badly. B. looks at it with disgust, sighs noisily, shrugs his shoulders and hacks it well out on

to the fairway with his niblick.

It is A.'s turn again. He stands beside his ball measuring the distance to the green and trying to avoid the fierce gaze of his partner. He takes out his heavy iron and fingers it nervously; he asks himself the question-Can I get up with an iron, and does B. think I can get up with an iron? Catching sight of B., he knows that the answer to the second part of the question is in the negative, and he hurriedly exchanges his iron for a brassie. He steadies himself and hits out bravely; the ball flies straight on the pin, bounds across the green and leaps into the bunker beyond. A., satisfied that he has made a perfect brassie shot, looks up anxiously for a gleam of approval from B. But B., an angry flush upon his cheek, has thrown down his niblick and lit a cigarette. Whereupon A., determined to show his resentment of his partner's attitude, throws down his brassie and lights a cigarette. And thus they stand, challenging each other in sullen silence, while Z. is playing his shot.

Z. has taken a jigger, sliced his shot badly and landed in the bunker on the right of the green. A. and B. eagerly snatch up their clubs and move briskly on. A new bond has sprung up between them—the bond of hopefulness that they may yet triumph through the folly of the other side. Meantime the unhappy Z., shunning the dreaded spectacle of his partner, who has thrown down his driver and lit a cigarette, pursues his way, round-shouldered and ashamed. Arrived at the bunker, he stands waiting for Y., praying fervently | it, and . . . that he will get the ball out nicely on to the green in order that they may win the hole despite his mistake; or, alternatively, that he will make such

a ghastly shot that he, Z., will be entitled to throw down his jigger and light a cigarette.

Y. has gone down into the bunker. There is a heavy thud; the ball flies up, strikes the face of the bunker and trickles back into the sand. Z. quickly throws down his jigger and lights a cigarette; and after a painful pause, during which A. and B. exchange triumphant glances, Z. seizes his niblick and hurls himself into the bunker. He plays a furious "explosion shot," and the ball settles down a few yards from the pin. He scrambles out of the bunker, glaring at his partner with an expression which plainly implies that, if he (Y.) doesn't hole that twoyard putt, he (Z.) will fling down every club in his bag and light another cigarette off the one he is smoking.

Y., not unnaturally, hangs his head in abject fear. His chances are gone; Z. can make no further mistake at this hole, and, unless B. fails to get out of his bunker, his will be the final

disgrace.

B. has got out, and the balls are lying almost equidistant from the hole. excitement is now terrific. All four players hasten across the green, each with a putter in his hand—A. and Y. to putt with, B. and Z. to throw upon the ground. It is A.'s putt first. He looks quickly at the hole. He would like to examine the line, but there is no time; above all things he must not hold up the game. He strikes—too hard and crooked. He has failed. A putter falls heavily to the ground; there is the hiss of a striking match.

It is Y.'s putt. A stymie? No—yes—is it? Y. would give anything to know whether it is a stymie; he would give more to be quite sure it was. But there is no time to look and see; he is holding up the game—they are fidgetting with impatience and yawning at him loudly—Come on—quick! Ah! Another putter has been slapped to the ground; another match is struck, and

the hole is halved in 6.

And now a strange thing occurs. The players, instead of rushing on to the second hole, as you would expect them to do, remain for a long time on the green, arguing fiercely and throwing cigarettes in every direction; until at last, weary of the dispute, they have sunk down upon the ground, one at each side of the green. There is a thick haze of smoke; the flag has vanished, the green has grown suddenly smaller and higher, the balls have tumbled off

"Come on," calls Y. impatiently through the din; "let's get on. It's my deal."

And A. has cut the cards. . . .

THE MUSHROOMERS.

Some men rise with morning face When the East is pearly, Reynard Fox his cubs to chase Early, early, early; Down the twilit stairs clank they Ere housemaidens brush rooms;

We too rise at break o' day,

Mushrooms pink and white, good Sirs, Meadows all adorning; And ho, the merry mushroomers, And hey, the meads at morning!

But we hunt the mushrooms.

Some men, sound and orthodox, Ask each other, "Can a Quarry beat bold Reynard Fox? Did there than Diana Go a dame more gracious-grand

Through Queen Juno's crushrooms?

"There went Ceres," say we; "and Have you hunted mushrooms?'

Mushrooms white as cream, good Sirs, Stars the stars confronting; And hey, the merry mushroomers, And ho, a goodly hunting!

Fox he is of knavish sort. Vagabond and sinner; Mushroom is of good report-Never stole a dinner: Fox mid bones and death doth lie. But in broad and lush rooms. Meadow grass and open sky, Couch the kindly mushrooms.

Mushrooms, food of gods, good Sirs, Be but transitory; So hey, the timely mushroomers, And ho, the dainty quarry!

"Derby, Friday.—A man, wearing clerical dress, was remanded here to-day accused of fraud. It was alleged that he secured rooms at a local hotel, giving the name of the 'Rev. A. G. —,' and his address as 'St. Jude's, Whitechapel.' He left owing £8,105." Liverpool Paper.

Would that include the Boots?

From an article on the Housing ${f Question:-}$

"Perhaps you have ventured to touch the subject of more regular baths, and have been left with the problem of how to contrive baths for five people of different sexes."

Scots Paper.

The author, like the bathing, seems a little mixed.

"In the meantime, Mr. Cosgrave has been in Italy participating in the celebrations at Bobbio in honour of the Irish Saint Columban, who spread light and learning throughout Europe thirteen hundred years ago, and sub-sequently went to Geneva to press Ireland's claims for admission to the League of Nations.'
Weekly Paper.

And succeeded too. Hats off to St. Columban!

MILK AND MONEY.

THE COW. "I WISH I COULD, MY DEAR, BUT I'M IN THIS GENTLEMAN'S HANDS." LITTLE MOTHER. "SHALL WE ASK THE PRETTY COW TO GIVE US SOME MILK?"

[The price of milk is being raised by the middleman to a figure which is almost prohibitive for the poor.]



JONES REMEMBERS THAT BEFORE THE WAR THERE WAS A NICE QUIET LITTLE SEASIDE HOTEL, RIGHT ON THE LINKS, WHERE THERE WERE ALWAYS A FEW KEEN GOLFERS. THIS IS WHAT HE FINDS.

THE CIVILISATION OF MR. PLODGER.

["Civilisation is built up of vexatious restrictions."-Lady Aston.]

In the year 1946 civilisation seemed to be approaching its zenith. Middleaged Britons, who remembered the abortive walk-on-the-left campaign of 1922, often sighed with satisfaction behind their antiseptic respirators (the wearing of which was compulsory outof-doors) as they looked on the orderly streams of humanity, two abreast, in perfect step, halting and moving at the bidding of uniformed controllers at every street corner. Indeed it was impossible to do anything of one's free will; from the cradle to the grave one's life was planned, ticketed, regulated, restricted, numbered and disinfected. All citizens, regardless of sex or age, wore on the left breast of their outermost garments metal discs stamped with their names, with code letters denoting the districts in which they lived, and with the hours by which, according to age, they had to be indoors. In the regulation pocket-books were carried their vaccination and inoculation certificates, their marriage

single, endorsed by a responsible representative of the Ministry of Eugenics, their photographs and the names and sexes of their parents—thus, "Father, Thomas Henry Jones, male; mother, Elizabeth Gwladys Jones, female.'

Liquor and tobacco were prohibited; no one was allowed to eat, drink, play games, go to the theatre, make love, wake or sleep unless at the legal times and for the legal lengths of time. Citizens' houses had to be open at all hours to the Government's inspectors; citizens' bodies were examined medically every six months; citizens' souls

were analysed every year.

On the 3rd of August, 1946, Albert Haig Foch St. Eloi Plodger, of 17, Imperial Villas, Tooting Bec, was standing his trial for assault on a Government official in uniform; the extreme penalty he was liable to suffer was death. He held himself erect in the dock and breathed quickly through his respirator; his eyes gleamed behind thick lenses; his forehead and face were flushed sixty-five per cent. above normal. It seemed that he suffered no sense of shame, almost that he gloried in being the central figure of his awful crime. certificates or their licences to remain | The women gazed at him in discreet

adoration; the men, it must be said, envied in their secret hearts this victim of disgraceful atavism. This Plodger, they murmured, was of the same stuff as those dare-devil swashbucklers the brothers Budd, who in 1923 had forced their way into a Chelsea tobacconist's shop at ten seconds past 8.0 P.M., and compelled the shuddering proprietor to serve them with half-an-ounce of shag.

Plodger's answers were defiant, his manner was almost disrespectful. "I did it," was the impression left on Court and public, "and I have no regrets." This impression Sir Euthanasius Guas, K.C., had done his suave best to overcome; he had hitched his gown completely off his shoulders and dazed the jury with legal precedentssubject to the direction of his Lordship -for three hours, but the public felt that his eloquence and learning would be of no avail. Without retiring the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

In reply to the customary inquiry Plodger affirmed there was something he would like to say before sentence was passed on him, and the public settled into a hush of ecstatic expectancy.

"My Lord," he began, "I'd been

feeling for a long time that I'd like to do something to a Government official." (A gasp of pure horror rose from the public parts of the court and Sir Euthanasius clicked his tongue.) was just about fed up that day. It seemed to me that I wasn't a man at all, what with being badgered and restricted and told this and ordered that. A week before this trouble, my Lord, I was brought up for staying out ten minutes past my time. I'd been seeing my young lady home and I had a special temporary Wooing Extension of a quarter of an hour, but the policeman said his watch was righter than mine. I was fined five pounds and forbidden to see her for a fortnight. Then five days later I was awakened at four in the morning and given three strokes with the birch for not having the curtains of my bed-room window, which looks on to the street, draped according to the recommendations of the Vigilance Committee of the Borough Council. With those coming on top of a whole lot of other things, I felt properly worked up that day, my Lord, and it needed just that blow from the official controller to set me off.

"I've admitted that I stepped off with the wrong foot when he gave the word to move, so I suppose there's no hope for me, but I don't think he had any call to hit me with his cane. That did it, my Lord, and I pulled the banana out of the bag I was carrying and slapped him across the face with it.

"I suppose all this ordering about and restricting are the blessings of civilisation, as the gentleman who's against me says, but I find it hard to understand."

Plodger suddenly tore off his respirator and hurled it into the well of the court. "And what's more," he shouted, "I don't believe it. They aren't blessings, and this isn't civilisation! It's——"

He subsided with a crash as a cloth was thrown defly over his head, and was borne kicking down into the cells. The Court adjourned. "Quite mad," muttered his Lordship, as he slipped out of his robes.

Albert Plodger disappeared from the world into detention during his Majesty's pleasure on the day which witnessed the final reading of a Bill preventing the carrying of fruit and/or vegetables in public thoroughfares.

It was hailed universally as another step towards the goal.

"Lost on Sunday, August 19th, between Innishannon and Ballymartle Station, dark fox lady's fur."—Irish Paper.

It is early for fox ladies to be losing happy to say, have refused to set sail their fur.



Lady (to maid who is applying for a new situation). "That letter seems to be working you, Dorothy. Can I be of any help?"

 $\it Maid.$ "If you please, Mum, I was just wondering whether the style of diction wasn't a trifle too involved for the intelligence of the average mistress."

"To Go TO BELGIUM.

Leatherhead and Chiltern Hills will leave England in a few days for Belgium, having been sold by Mr.——."—The Sporting News. The Scilly Islands, however, we are happy to say, have refused to set sail for Italy.

Beneath a picture:—

"Miss Queenie — . . . to play 'Peg Woffington' in the film version of 'The School for Scandal.'"—Daily Paper.

We are now looking forward to seeing her Lady Teazle in a film version of Masks and Faces.

THE STAGE PRINCE.

HE is fairly certain to answer to the name of Paul. If it is not Paul it will be Alexis, but as a general rule it is Paul. There is a soft sad sound about the name of Paul, and the stage prince is inclined to be somewhat melancholy on the approved principle that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." For you see the stage prince is invariably a ruling prince. It is true that his idea of ruling appears to be to walk about singing romantic songs full of yearning; but even that keeps him fairly well occupied, and his people seem to like it. After all, when a prince is gifted with a pleasing tenor voice, you cannot expect him to waste it in making speeches to textile operatives or addressing Boy Scouts.

On the face of it there seems to be very little reason why the stage prince should not be pretty cheerful. He is a handsome young man. He wears a picturesque uniform—a tasteful blend of commissionaire and Death's-Head Hussar—which sets him off very nicely. He is assisted in the more trivial State duties by a delightfully comic Prime Minister, a more or less fatuous Cabinet, and a perfect scream of a Commander-in-Chief. He has a faithful standing army—at least twelve-a-side when fully mobilised—trained to burst into song at a moment's notice. You would think his life would be one uninterrupted round of

happiness.

Best of all he is tremendously popular with his subjects. These are mostly peasants—nice, young, well-scrubbed peasants, systematically paired off in engaged couples, and chock-full of vim and loyalty. It does one good to see the joyous way in which they flock round the prince and sing to him. They are always ready and willing to knock off work in order to try to cheer him up. Even if he sings to them in return (and he generally does) this does not weaken their affectionate loyalty. On the contrary they group themselves in attitudes of rapturous attention, and when he has finished they dance away with every appearance of grateful satisfaction, and lie in wait for him at another spot. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more engaging and enthusiastic set of subjects.

But for all that the life of a stage prince is fraught with secret sorrow—as secret, that is, as any sorrow can be in the case of a monarch who is always singing about his troubles. In the first place the kingdom is in a very bad way financially. Considering the comic nature of the Cabinet and the amount of money spent on uniforms, this is scarcely surprising; but public announcements on the subject tactfully put the blame on Providence, or the bad harvest, or the high cost of predatory warfare. Now in a stage kingdom of this sort there is only one accepted way of adjusting the country's finances, and that is by insisting upon the prince marrying an American heiress. It is doubtful whether the financial advisers could think of another method of raising money, but if they could it would not be popular. A stage legislature likes to get a romantic and picturesque touch into its budgets.

This would be a pleasant enough device for all concerned if it occasionally happened that the prince really wanted to marry an American heiress. But he never does. You would think that, knowing the traditions of his country, he would endeavour early in life to cultivate a taste for American heiresses. To do her justice the stage American heiress is an extremely attractive girl, with a manner and accent that would command interest and admiration even in New York. And her "poppa" never gives away anything less than a

wad of dollars.

The stage prince, however, seems hopelessly incapable of almost passes our belief.

village maiden. The fact that each of these types is good at singing sad romantic duets with him doubtless has something to do with it. The American heiress does not shine in sad romantic duets; she is too sprightly and matter-offact for that sort of thing. It is rather too much to expect the prince to marry a girl who does not go with his voice, even for the highly patriotic purpose of providing the standing army with new uniforms. Luckily his bosom-friend or some other highly-placed personage manages to secure the American heiress, and the opera-singer or simple village maiden turns out to be a missing princess with excellent pecuniary prospects. So the country gets the money and the prince gets the girl he loves, and the peasants and the standing army get invited to a gorgeous banquet, where there is a goblet for everybody. After which it is to be hoped that the prince learns a more cheerful song.

MARIQUITA.

Old Man Time, 'e's wrote'is log up in the wrinkles on my brow,

An' there ain't that much about me as a gal 'ud take to now, For I'm changed beyond all knowin' from the chap I used to be.

When I can remember Mariquita, as was mighty fond o' me.

I can shut my eyes an' see it just as plain as yesterday, See the 'arbour an' the mountains an' the shippin' in the bay,

An' the town as looked like 'caven to us shellbacks fresh from sea—

An' I can remember Mariquita, as thought a deal o' me.

I can 'ear the chimin' mule-bells, an' a stave o' Spanish song, An' the blessed old guitarros as kep' tinklin' all night long, 'Ear the dusty palm-trees stirrin', taste the *vino* flat an'

An' I can remember Mariquita, an' 'er white skirts like a flower.

But it's years since last I seen 'er—if she died I never knew, Or got old an' fat an' greasy, same as Dagoes mostly do;

An' it's maybe better that way, for there's nothing else but change,

An' the ships I knew all goin', an' the ports I knew grown strange,

An' the chaps I knew all altered, like the chap I used to

But I can remember Mariquita, an' she 's always young for me! C. F. S.

Our Growing Metropolis.

"The biggest prize in all England—slightly more than \$155,000 cash—went to Mrs. Nellie Ford, who lives in Skipton, Yorks, a dreary working-class suburb of London."—The Springfield Republican.

You know it: just beyond Staines.

"Information as to passenger travel over the London, Midland and Sottish Railway may also be obtained from the offices of Thos. Cook & Son, the Company's Passenger Agents."—Toronto Paper.

We think this is carrying a good joke too far.

"J. E. R.—I'm sorry I cannot tell you the publishers of the poem, 'If,' which was written by a lady. Should any reader enlighten me I will hand on the information through this column."

Manchester Sunday Paper.

That anybody should be still unacquainted with ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S wonderful poem ending with the world-famed line:—

"And what is more you'll be a womap, my daughter," lmost passes our belief.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS.

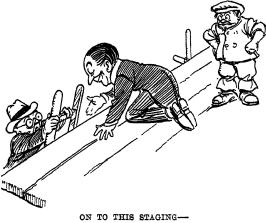


Socks, Sir? Yes, Sir—this Way, Please—



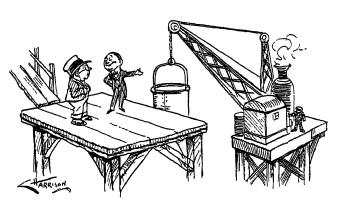
KINDLY STEP OVER THIS HEAP-



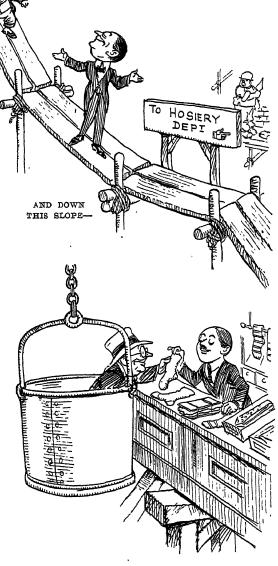




JUST A SHORT JUMP HERE-



AND NOW THE CRANE WILL TAKE YOU-



RIGHT TO THE HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

I HAVE to call your attention to a very terrible case of literary plagiarism. I will go even further than that. I am justified, as you will see, in calling it a very terrible case of literary theft. William de Ruyter has been pinching things from the works of Artevelde van Tromp.

From time to time I have felt called upon to write eulogies in this paper of the prose style of Artevelde van Tromp, the Dutch bulb-grower, or blub-grower, as he sometimes prefers to call it. The result is that very few of the essays on horticulture which are sent from Hol-

land to this country fail to reach me; and I doubt whether even Mr. ED-MUND Gosse or Mr. J. C. SQUIRE are better acquainted with the works of the Dutch Blub school than I am to-day.

It was only to be expected, of course, that the style, the mannerisms even, of Artevelde Van Tromp would beimitated by younger members of this school. One cannot be a master without having disciples. I take no exception, therefore, to the opening sentences of the brochure, which has lately reached me from William

de Ruyter. Reminiscent they are, yet they have a quality, I think, of their own. Indeed, in their feeling for beauty, in their passion of tenderness, they surpass the maestro himself.

" Say it with flowers, Not words but deeds.

"Flower lovers does your heart not quicken with gladness as you wander in your garden and see all the wonderful colours of the different flowers that are blooming. But still quicker beats your heart when you think that with your own hands you have plantend and cared for them. Only then you see how really beautiful they are and it is as if the flowers live and understand you, then you realize why nature has created flowers for us. Still how sad is it that amateurs of flowers are often deceived and bulbs of no worth are sent

right address.

TERMS:—Cash with Order. All Orders of \$1:1:0 and upwards are sent carriage paid. Smaller Orders pay 1:6d. postage.

The inspiration here is obvious throughout. It is that of the man whose publication lying before me contains the following lines:-

What would life be without love? What would life be without flowers? and I do not think that Van Tromp

is a matter of trust. We are proud that | for English plants, especially for bulbwe are able to say that our's is the ous English plants, has long endeared him to every Dutch heart. On the top right-hand corner of De Ruyter's new essay there stands inset-

> God made the flowers to beautifi. The earth and cheer man's careful mood. And he is happiest who hath power to gather wisdom frow a flower, and wake his heart in every hour to pleasant grati-Wordsworth. tuđe.

> > himself has ever cited the Lake poet to more beautiful effect. Both authors, as

a matter of fact, make very free use of excerpts from English flower lovers other than the poets.

From an anonymous stylist living in Chesterfield Gardens, London, W., Van Tromp quotes:

"I may say at once that I am delighted with the quality of the plants, indeed, I shall be quite ready to repeat the order: namely, for 200 of the Azaleas, monstrous plants...

And from another in Oxford:-

"My bulbs have done splendid I had from you, also the 12 Roses are all alive . . .

And from yet a third:—

"Last year I had a splendid show of your begonias they were a picture."

While De Ruyter has this fine passage from a Newport essayist:-

"Sirs!

"We duly received there consignment of tulips, which we displayed on our Flowers Stall & on the tables in our Refreshment-Pavilion everyone was delighted with the magnificent blooms & several remarked that they were the finest they had seen, we also had splendid results from the bulbs you supplied last year, everyone producing a very good bloom, the colourings were delightful. . . ."

So far, then, there is no matter for blame. It was only upon turning to the to them. Therefore the buying of bulbs | ing the poet Wordsworth, whose love | final passages of De Ruyter's pamphlet



Flowers break through to the heart of | young and old.

THE PREFECT-A TRIUMPH OF BRAINS OVER BRAWN.

Flowers are indeed building up morality and feelings for everything that is beautiful and refining purity of soul.

Of all—the Dutch Bulbs are the most preferable as they unit in themselves the principles to flower at least once in any circumstances. Do not forget your flower garden.

Do not forget your flower pots.

Why should your life be the poorer? Not the few shillings or the pound and a half may play the role of missing them.'

It is the inspiration, in fact, of Artevelde van Tromp.

It is even, if you will, an imitation. But it is the reverent imitation of a pupil, not the pilfering of a thief.

So also is De Ruyter's trick of quot-



Young Rook. "AIN'T YOU FRIGHTENED, GRANDDAD?" Old Rook. "Frightened! Bless ve, what's to be frightened at? I ha' knowed thick ere old hat since Farmer JONES BOUGHT UN NIGH ON TEN YEAR AGO. AND THE OLD COAT—HE HA' BEEN IN THE PARISH, WI ONE BODY AND ANOTHER, LONGER NOR THAT."

that I received an unpleasant shock of the actual phrases, of Artevelde van surprise. I read there-

" Cheap lovely Bulbs for Naturalisation in woods, under trees, amongst the grass, in short everywhere where they can stop for years. Only plant and tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish and show their lovely, bright and cheery faces every new God given spring for many years. Smaller bulbs but all warranted to flower.

per 10,000 150/per 1,000 18/-."

Those sentences of William de Ruyter are copied word for word from Artevelde van Tromp! It is not in the new Godgiven spring of William de Ruyter that these cheap lovely bulbs show their bright and cheery faces for many years. It is in the new God-given spring of Artevelde van Tromp. And further on I found-

"Is it not delightful when in February the first crocuses appear, ringing in the ever-welcome spring?

100 in 5 very fine-named varieties, very large, 2/6."

Once again the actual sentiments, songs.

Tromp! It is a clear case, as I said at the beginning, of literary larceny.

I think it very possible that the great heart of Van Tromp would be ready to pardon De Ruyter for his transgression, since in one place he says:-

"Whosoever admits his sins and sinnes no more, he will be forgiven. What would life be without forgiving eachother?"

Yet for my part I find it hard to be content. Is there no Dutch Society of Authors which can take this matter up; no literary Blub Club in Holland which can bring De Ruyter to book?

"Please do not say the Dutchman is clever. He is honest. Life is honour; the heart is speaking," says Van Tromp in another place. It would have been well if William de Ruyter had paid heed | Dangers ":to those words. EVOE.

"Viscount Grey uttered a serious warning against the apparent recrudescence of the 'Hight is rght' spirit in Europe, at a garden fête held at Fallodon by Berwick Division Liberals."—Manchester Paper.

We dearly love these rough old Border

Things One could hardly have expressed better.

"It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Ahmed Haji Sidik Khatri and seconded by Mr. Ismail Dharmsi, that telegrams of congratulations be sent to his Gracious Majesty Khalifatul Moslim, Amirrulmommin Abdul Majid Khan II. and his Excellency Ghazi Mustupha Kamal Pasha on the happy termination of peace."—Indian Paper.

"In reply the magistrate quoted a passage concerning the little lever and the lump and pointed out the great opportunity the objector would have as a little lever amongst the lump of territorials. There was nothing in the New Testament to prevent a man from carrying out his duties as a citizen."

The Taranak Daily News.

No; and we can't find the bit about the little lever either.

From a letter on "Motoring and its

"The other day, not far from here, I was driving a small pony car. A motor passed me; another was meeting me; on either side of the road stood stationary lorries; from behind in front came a charabanc."

Provincial Paper.

We can easily understand that the dubious behaviour of the charabanc must have been most disconcerting.

TRAVEL.

Notes for a Brighter "Baedeker." (Continued.)

III.—DOCUMENTS.

THE modern traveller is little better than a beast of burden for the conveyance of documents from one part of the world to another. At any given moment he must be able, with the aid of two hands only and while being thrust through a narrow space by a crowd, to do the following actions either simultaneously or in rapid progression:—

Carry a suit-case.

(2) Carry a despatch-case.

(3) Produce his passport.

(4) Produce his portfolio of tickets.

(5) Produce the registration slip for his heavy baggage.

(6) Produce his landing ticket.

(7) Produce the slip of paper which the last official inserted into his passport.

(8) Consult his phrase-book.

(9) Gesticulate intelligibly.

(10) Unpack his suit-

(11) Produce a pourboire.

(12) Produce a supplement.

(13) Replace passport in passport pocket.

(14) Replace portfolio of tickets in ticketpocket.

(15) Recover registra- tion slip and hide it away.

(16) Fold up a wad of notes worth fourpence, replace in note-case, and the whole in a vacant pocket, if any.

(17) Repack his suit-case. (18) Produce ticket again.

(19) Produce slips for reservation of seats in train.

(20) Repel porters. (21) Catch train.

If a player loses any of the above documents or fails to produce them in the right order and at the right time, he has lost the game and will be arrested.

IV.-BAGGAGE-BAGAGES-BAGAGLIO.

The system of Registration of Baggage in vogue on the Continent adds interest to the most tedious voyage. It is, of course, vastly superior to the crude old-fashioned English system, by which passengers, with the aid of porters, personally superintend the movements of their own belongings. By Registration the traveller is relieved of all anxiety and bother on the journey, the

anxiety and bother being reserved till he arrives at his destination.

Let us say that he is proceeding from Geneva to Desenzano, on the shores of Lake Garda. This is a journey so simple and straightforward that the authorities have taken special measures to make it interesting. Thus, at Geneva, where a small sum amounting to about two-thirds of the value of the baggage is payable for Registration (5fr. to official), the official will refuse to register beyond Milan, or, as the Italians quaintly call it, Milano. But the traveller is now relieved of all further responsibility until the frontier is reached, at about 2 A.M., when his trunks will be broken open and unpacked. It is however a simple matter to collect and repack the clothes, and

bind the boxes with a length of stout and stride rapidly away.

Running the travell at length Unregister gages, who is waiting not). The his own havey it to the registering or Spedizic lio, which than hawalk. Ar the porter "Finite!" receipt of will leave with a ple The tra

"Mother, can I have a ride on the two-seater?"

rope, which he would do well to have ready on his person.

Milan is reached about 5.45 A.M., an hour when the Englishman's vitality is notoriously at its best, and a man who has spent a night in a train is ready for anything. Here again the procedure is simple. The train stops for half-an-hour, and all the traveller has to do is to unregister his baggage, reregister it to Desenzano, rediscover his train and enter it before it leaves. If he has also at that moment a craving for coffee he would do well to have a thorough mastery of the Italian language, for the time is short. Failing that, he must rely on the dramatic instinct of the Latins, approach the nearest porter, present his Registration Papers and utter the words-

"AVANTI(1)! DESENZANO!"

The porter will reply with conviction:

"Sapristi! Impossibile!"(2)

(1) Forward !

(2) Curse you! It can't be done.

The traveller must then strike an attitude and remark—

"DESENZANO! TRENO! SUBITO!"(3)

The porter will then deliver a considerable oration, pointed by gestures which will delight the traveller's eye, to the effect that in the brief time at his disposal and the uncertain world in which we live it is impossible to perform the task required of him.

At the end of this oration the traveller should reply, with all the vigour at his

command :—

"AVANTI! SUBITO! SUBITISSIMO!"(1) On which, if the dramatic appeal is sufficient (and a superlative rarely fails to touch the Italian heart), the porter will answer—

"VENGA!"(5)

Running after him, the traveller will reach at length the Place of Unregistering Baggages, where his trunk is waiting for him (or not). The porter with his own hands will convey it to the Place of Reregistering Baggage, or Spedizione di Bagaglio, which is not more than half - a - mile's walk. Arrived there, the porter will remark, "Finito!" (6) and, on receipt of 5 to 10 lire, will leave the traveller with a pleasant smile.

The traveller is now at the tail of a long queue, and the train is

due to depart in five minutes. All that he has to do, however, is to wait till his turn comes, re-register his baggage to Desenzano, pay a large sum of money, possibly receive the correct change, cross the line and rejoin his train, which has been moved to the farend of the station. This is often done with success.

His baggage, on the other hand, will NOT rejoin the train. However, there is a frequent service of slow trains to Desenzano throughout the day, by any of which his baggage may follow him. Meanwhile, now that it is safely registered again, he is relieved of all bother and worry concerning it, and, although he is anxious to catch the ten-o'clock steamer at Desenzano, his ease of mind can scarcely be exaggerated.

Arrived at Desenzano, which is a filthy place, he will naturally descend

(8) Train. Suddenly!
(4) Very suddenly!

(5) Come!

(6) That 's all I do.



Provincial Customer (who wants a texnis-racket, so as to be in the movement). "A'M WANTIN' A BAAT." Assistant. "YES; WHAT SORT OF A BAT?" Provincial Customer. "OH, YIN O' THOSE YE HANG YERE SHOES ON."

the hill to the Lake, and, after his long night in the train, enjoy a satisfying breakfast of coffee, condensed milk and stale bread at one of the five hotels. He will, of course, have mastered a few Italian phrases, but these will here be useless, the hotels being kept by Dutchmen and Germans.

He will then walk up the long and dusty road to the station to meet the nine-thirty train, which will give him plenty of time to catch the teno'clock steamer, if his baggage is on it. But it is not. The next (and last) steamer is at two o'clock. During the morning there are two or three trains from Milan, and it is a simple matter to walk up the hill and meet them. If he does not catch the two-o'clock steamer there is nothing for it but to spend the day (and night) at Desenzano, as to which it is enough to say that, if a man is going to be eaten alive by flies in an oven, he may as well have it done at Desenzano as anywhere else. .

While it is being done, and when he reflects that he has paid considerable sums of money to be brought to Desen-

zano, the traveller may well remember catch trains, a rough scale of restaurantthe saying attributed to R. L. Steven- time is attached: son: "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

However, he need not worry about his baggage. It is Registered. It is quite safe, wherever it is. And he will marvel anew that the crude uncertain English system should still survive.

NOTE ON THE WORD "SUBITO."

The word "subito" is an old Latin word meaning "suddenly," and is in common use with waiters. But this meaning should not be over-stressed. As an indication of time it has about half the force of the French "tout de suite!" The words"Pronto" (promptly) and "Presto" (quickly) and other musical terms are also employed in restaurants to suggest rapid and decisive action; but for all the effect they are likely to have the traveller may as well bellow "Arpeggio!" "Adagio!" or "Stringendo!" while a passionate "Andante!" has often succeeded where many " Presto's" have failed.

1 "Ready now, Sir!" = 5 minutes 1 "Pronto!" = 7 ,, 2 "Subito's!" } . = 10 ,, 1 "Tout de suite!" } = 12 ,, 3 "Pronto's!" = 15 ,, 5 "Tout de suite's!" = 20 ,, 10 "Subito's!" = half-an-hour.	ALLIO IS ACCIDED				
2 "Subito's!" } . = 10 ,, 1 "Tout de suite!" } . = 12 ,, 2 "Coming, Sir's!" = 12 ,, 3 "Pronto's!" = 15 ,, 5 "Tout de suite's!" = 20 ,,				=	5 minutes
1 "Tout de suite!" = 10				=	7,,
2 "Coming, Sir's!" = 12 ,, 3 "Pronto's!" = 15 ,, 5 "Tout de suite's!" = 20 ,,		Ĵ		=	10
3 "Pronto's!" = 15 ,, 5 "Tout de suite's!" = 20 ,.		J			
5 "Tout de suite's!" = 20 ,.		•			
		٠,			
A D TJ					
	TO Bublios!	•	•	_	A D TJ

Romance.

"Young Man wishes to meet Young Lady, must be small to fit home-made side-car. Apply P. G."—New Zealand Paper.

"The health arrangements of London for infectious melodies are extremely good, but we are out for 'prevention,' which is better than cure.' "-Daily Paper.

We doubt, however, if it will be secured by anything save the extirpation of the organs affected.

From a Local Directory :-

"— GOLF CLUB. The Course is one of nine holes laid out by Mr. —, and the bogey score is 78 for nine holes."

Mr. Punch thinks that here, with a little luck, he might realize his long-cherished For the benefit of diners desiring to ambition to be "up" on the "Colonel."



Small Boy. "I like the dogs, Mum, but I don't much care for the advertisements."

MAX, VENTRILOQUIST.

So many animal stories have appeared lately in the Press without, to my knowledge, any protest from the public, that I am emboldened to recount the following tale. It does not tax the credulity so severely as many that I have read. Now then:-

Max is our dog. He is a very ordinary dog in appearance; an alleged terrier with a blunted nose and a lot of ink spilt over him. He is, in fact, | for stratagem. nothing to look at.

His claim to fame rests upon his phenomenal powers of mimicry; he can reproduce with rough fidelity any sound in nature. Not that he actually does so; he repeats only those sounds is Max. by which he thinks he can profit. There would obviously be no point in making a sound, for instance, like that of sawing wood; this would not redound in any way to his personal advantage. But I have no doubt that he could do it if he wanted.

He has a passion, developed most strongly on wet days, for rushing alternately out of the house and into the

original paw-mark design all over the carpets. When he was younger, he used to bark, moan and scratch at the door, but we pointed out to him the undesirability of this procedure, and he soon discontinued its employment. Now, whenever he is outside, the house becomes a fortress to resist the entrance of his muddy paws. In such circumstances all his faculties are called into play. After examining the doors and windows, he decides that this is a case

There is a pause of some moments and then is heard the noise of a human cough, similar to that of the postman, who has a chronic affection of the throat. But it is not the postman; it

The first time or two there were murmurs of "I thought the postman had been." Doors were opened and the approaches scanned. An uneasy feeling that the house was haunted began to implant itself in the minds of the establishment. And somehow or other,

Max never realises that the cough gaff is blown, but still proceeds to impersonate the postman whenever he wishes to obtain entrance. So with his other imitations; he goes through them in sequence, though each has been and can be successful only once or twice. The stupidity of dumb animals —or let us say animals, for nobody could call Max dumb-along certain lines is astonishing.

Next a dog-fight occurs: a mélange of growls and yelps, among which can be distinctly heard the gruffness of a Great Dane, the skirr of an Airedale and the shrillness of a Pomeranian—these being the varieties of dog affected by our neighbours. But it is not a triangular dog-fight; it is Max executing one of his concerted movements.

At this point Max reaches the higher flights of his art. He has observed that Constance is in the habit of throwing out crumbs as a change of diet for the birds who share our fruit with us, and that these gather noisily about the when the excitement was over, Max area upon which the crumbs are thrown. would be found to have entered quietly | Accordingly, when the dog-fight is abanand taken his place on the hearth. So | doned, birds of all kinds begin suddenly house, with the usual result of an now we take no notice of the postman. to clamour for food. A stranger, if



THE OCCUPATIONISTS.

M. Poincaré. "SO YOU ARE NOT EVACUATING CORFU IMMEDIATELY?"
Sig. Mussolini. "NO. TILL THE 27th 'J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE."

M. POINCARÉ. "AH! I SEE YOU HAVE THE FRENCH IDIOM. MAY ONE ASK WHERE YOU



"You 've met the people who 've taken the 'Cedars.' Is "I really don't know; I never thought to ask her."

Is she a Lady?"

slightly deaf, would suppose that he was privileged to hear a heavenly concert. But it is not a heavenly concert; it is Max. I cannot pretend that these imitations are exact or even life-like, but it is easy to see what is intended.

When it is sufficiently clear that the birds are to be left to starve, the cat mews plaintively outside. But it is not the cat; it is Max.

This feline impersonation was, until a few weeks ago, the conclusion of Max's programme. At this point he would go and lie under the porch until someone found it necessary to go out.

But one day we heard a new sound. At exactly twenty-three minutes past eleven on that day occurred a plaintive moan, canine in origin and pseudoterrier in tone, accompanied by scratchings on the door. On our opening, Max was found to be there, acting in his original, native way, asking for admission.

Constance and others maintain that his desire to enter over-rode his careful training. I cannot accept this fantastic theory; no dog of Max's accomplishments could so far forget himself and his art. The obvious explanation is that the intelligent animal, upon the failure of all other noises, remembered how years ago he had been accustomed to secure admission and proceeded to imitate himself.

SONGS OF IMPUDENCE.

I.—ACROSS THE ZODIAC.

Now that a pig has flown the Channel, Without a wrapping of warm Welsh flannel,

I am meditating a longer cruise To Aldebaran or Betelgeuse.

Forty cylinders, all of a row, Humming and purring, sweet and low— Over the Zodiac I shall skim After the manner of cherubim.

As for provisions I'll take a cask Of caviare and a Thermos flask Of crème de menthe, and I mean to beg A plover to lay me a daily egg.

Forth on my jocund journey hurled Over the flaming walls of the world, Through the windows of my saloon I shall leer down on the crazy moon.

Long-tailed meteors will graze my wheels,

Uttering plaintive glutinous squeals, While I paint the firmament pink, Singing the song of the Skinamalink.

There I shall hear swart hippogriffs
Sniffing the ether with eager sniffs,
Or taste the runcible cosmic smell
That surges out of the seventeenth
Hell.

Algol I stop at: I like his wink; And his name suggests a cooling drink;

But Saturn, no! With his silly rings He looks too like a dumpling with wings.

And one must be chary of favours too, Or otherwise the celestial crew Would hold the boon of having a peep At a Georgian poet far too cheap.

But Betelgeuse! I think a star With a name so exotic and so bizarre Is worth a hundred heavenly bodies Named after Classical Tomnoddies.

(When I say "I," I mean We Three, For Lilith and Ulpha are coming with me:

Lilith to lull me with eldritch song, And Ulpha to bump on the Burmese gong.)

Well, well, I suppose I must go and pack.

pack,
And when, you wonder, will I come back?

Go ask of the wind and the Hertzian waves.

And meanwhile thank your stars for my staves.

"Sportsman's Paradise.—Our Strabane Correspondent says that grouse are plentiful on the hills of North Tyrone. There is plenty of grouse and salmon, too, in the Rivers Mourne and Foyle."—Irish Paper.

Sportsmen would like to know the proper flies for these River Grouse.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CRUSADER'S NOSE.

I HAVE called this story the Mystery of the Crusader's Nose because, if the situation had been properly handled to begin with, it might have developed according to the best traditions of detective stories; it only needed a little care and imagination. If I had been there it would have had plenty of both, but in my opinion Jimmy Ponsonby spoiled the whole thing by not taking proper precautions. For instance, I think the - but I am antiverger ought nevercipating.

By the way, I hope you notice that I am doing my level best for this story.

they stop and say that they are anticipating. They aren't really; they only do it to arouse your curiosity. Ihadn't the slightest intention of telling you anything about the verger.

It all happened whilst Jimmy Ponsonby was spending a week-end as the guest of the Dean of Ribchester. There in the quiet of the oldworld garden of the Deanery, in the even quieter quiet of the dim-lit cloisters of the old cathedral, this grim drama was-

Well, you see the sort of paragraph which should come in here; all about bygone centuries and sweetly chim-

ing bells and passing hours and mouldering dust. Then, crash! the contrast. Mystery, crime, blood! Ha! ha!

But let us get on to the story.

The Dean of Ribchester was the most absent-minded of mortals. Where ordinary men lost umbrellas the Dean could without effort lose a couple of cabin trunks, three suit-cases, a hat-box, a packet of egg sandwiches, the current number of The Church Times and his ticket. That is, if he happened to have them with him; he would cheerfully have set out for America without any or all of them, even the egg sandwiches. But, extensive as his powers in this traordinary thing." direction admittedly were, they were scarcely sufficient to account for the disappearance of the nose of a Crusader.

The realisation that he was up against a mystery in real life burst upon Jimmy as he sat at tea with the Dean, who was also his uncle, and the Dean's wife, who

Dean's) in the old-world garden. There, amid the scent of the honeysuckle and accompanied by the drowsy note of the bees, this grim drama— You know.

"My dear," said the Dean, addressing his wife and looking vaguely around for somewhere to put his empty cup, "a most peculiar thing has happened."

Jimmy says that at once he had a queer feeling that something peculiar had happened. The drowsy old-world garden seemed to wake up and a couple of bees stopped drowsing for a moment to listen.

"I missed it," continued the Dean, "as soon as I entered the cathedral."

His wife ran her eye anxiously over

All really good writers of detective her husband's attire. She did it by stories begin by pretending to give habit, as sailors glance round the hori- by a curio-hunter." He frowned darkly. something away. Then Probably American."

Niece (during interval). "How do you like the new play, Auntie?" Aunt. "Well, MY DEAR, I SUPPOSE I'M OLD-FASHIONED, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO ME TO BE QUITE SUITABLE FOR A FIRST NIGHT."

zon, for her husband's clothes were her constant anxiety. She was never quite sure what he would come home without.

"What is it this time?" she asked. "It is," said the Dean solemnly, "the nose of a Crusader."

"Are you sure you had it with you when you went out, dear?"

"Had it with me!" echoed the Dean, staring. "Of course not. I do not carry Crusaders' noses about with me." And he blew his own with a note of irritation.

"A Crusader's nose?" said Jimmy, sitting up suddenly.

"Yes. Clean broken off. Most ex-

For a moment Jimmy's mind was a blank. Then it started working with feverish activity. Detectives' minds always work that way; a blank one moment and the next brimming over

with clues and theories and things. "Do you think it has been stolen?" was also his aunt (Jimmy's, not the he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Who knows?" said the Dean.

His wife looked up quickly, but her husband's expression reassured her. He didn't mean it.

"The first thing to do is to look for a motive," said Jimmy, taking command as it were. "Is anyone about here laying out a rock-garden?"

"Not that I know of," said the Dean with a bewildered look. "Why?"
"Never mind," said Jimmy briskly with his best Scotland Yard air. "Then we are driven to fall back upon theory number two."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," said the Dean weakly.

"It's not necessary," said Jimmy. "The Crusader's nose has been stolen

he added.

"Indeed," said the Dean, more bewildered than ever. "Now I come to think of it, I did notice a party of Americans. One of them limped.

"Ah!" cried Jimmy excitedly. "Exactly. It

all fits in."

"What fits in what?" asked the Dean, now thoroughly in the dark.

"They always limp," said Jimmy. "Now the thing to do is to catch the thief red-handed."

"It's surely a little late to do that," objected the Dean.

"Not at all," said Jimmy. "The American who stole the Crusader's nose is certain

to return for the rest of the Crusader. The Americans are very thorough. All we have to do is to go into the cathedral and wait. Come along."

"Now then," whispered Jimmy when the still bewildered Dean had followed him into the dim twilight of the cathedral, "show me which one it is."

The Dean went from one Crusader to another, peering into their impassive stone faces. They took practically no notice of him. And they all had noses.

"Very strange," he muttered.

A low cry from his companion brought him across the aisle. Jimmy was bending over a recumbent stone figure which was regarding the roof with imperturbable but noseless serenity.

"Ah, yes. Of course," said the Dean.
"This must be the one."

Then the verger slipped silently from behind a Norman pillar; it is a way that vergers have.



FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Commander of "Skeleton" Army (as he overtakes private running ahead). "What are you supposed to represent?"

Private. "I'm a section, Sir; but I've just sent forward two scouts—and I'm one of them."

"Could you tell us," asked Jimmy, turning to him, "when you first noticed that the Crusader's nose was missing?"

The verger looked hesitatingly at the Dean and coughed apologetically.

"The figure on our left," he said in the voice which vergers keep for the imparting of information, "is that of Sir 'Arry Unwin twelve thirty-two the work is by an unknown, and the mutilation of the face the nose bein' missin' is attributed to Cromwell who is said to 'ave stabled 'is 'orses in the church sixteen forty-seven."

"Ah, of course," said the Dean as the verger paused for breath. "I remember now. Of course." And he drifted away absent-mindedly into the chancel.

As for Jimmy Ponsonby, he went back to the quaint old-world garden and finished the quaint old-world teacakes.

[I don't agree with you.—ED.]

"In simper language, he is in the finest 'photographable' country in England. What know they of the ridings who only Bradford know?"—Yorkshire Paper.

Very arch.

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS.

V.—THE POTTER.

Dame, what can I make for you,
What would you have to-day?
Platter, cruse or pitcher new,
Or a trefoil cup or two
Wrought of finer clay—
Wrought with knops and circles,
Scallops, masks and sprays,
Covered over smooth and thick
With the good green glaze?

If the green glaze please you not,
Then you shall have the brown;
I can make a nut-brown pot,
It will not crack if it grow hot,
Nor if it tumble down;
I can mould and fashion
Beauty out of mud
As it folds around my wheel
Like a lily-bud.

If old men's fingers wag for cold
When winter winds blow keen,
From the rough clay I can mould
A plaited cage for them to hold
With embers red between;
Sweet water from the conduit
My yellow pitchers catch,
And in them comes the winking
ale
From the buttery-hatch.

Fear not, ye babes, to come to me;

I love to hear your mirth;
Pretty ones, draw near and see,
I have cocks and cows for ye
Scarce a finger's girth;
I have little coffers

Wherein to keep your groats, Some like helmets, some like towers, Some like pigeon-cotes. D. M. S.

"Another world's record non-stop run."

On a railway-carriage window.

There are, of course, no non-stop runs in this world.

"Tailor's Cutter (Ladies' and Gent.'s) seeks birth."—Advt. in Weekly Paper.
Anxious, we suppose, to make "a fresh start in life."

"Holmes played delightful cricket, and had very bad luck in being caught off a really good stroke to leg by Bryan."—Morning Paper.

Very bad indeed.

"Poems You Ought to Know.—No. 35.

THE VAGABOND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Give me the life I love,
Let the love go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the by-way near me."

Sunday Paper.

Rotten bad stuff, in our opinion.

THE PERFECT HOUSEMAID.

We have got a housemaid. She hasn't come yet, of course, but she is coming. That is the important point about her; that is where she differs from other housemaids, who always seem to be going. It is such a nice change.

I can't tell you what a relief it is to Angela and me to have her in the background. She is like the promise of land to the shipwrecked mariner—like the far-off smoke of the camp fire to the manlost in the bush. When we think of her we become almost lyrical.

Her name is Parker. That in itself is a source of gratification to us; all the best housemaids are called Parker.

We got hold of her quite easily. There was no tiresome ringing-up of Domestic Registry Offices, no writing to Agencies, no delays or disappointments. We didn't have to interview anybody, and we didn't have to promise her a weekly wage beyond our means or more evenings out than there are in the week. We didn't even have to do the ordinary and obvious things which people do nowadays to get housemaids, like putting the piano in the kitchen or buying her a two-seater. There were no tiresome preliminaries; no references were asked or given on either side. One moment, so to speak, she was not, and the next Angela and I were congratulating ourselves upon the fact that at last we had got a housemaid who wouldn't leave as long as we liked to keep her and who wouldn't fail to give satisfaction as long as she was in our employment.

We don't really know very much about her, but we know all that we want to know—that she is coming. In fact the less we know the more perfect she is. But at the same time we have an absolute guarantee that she has never broken anything in her life, that she has no followers and that an evening out would be no earthly use to her. What woman would dare to demand as much of the haughty maidens whom she is occasionally permitted (for a small fee) to interview at the Registry Office?

But, after all, the great thing about Parker is that she is coming. That is why we like her; that is, so to speak, her raison d'être as well as her locus standi. It is very necessary that you should grasp the psychological importance of that fact, because Parker really represents a state of mind. You see we were very tired of being without a housemaid, or at most of living with a succession of wan ghosts who flitted unsubstantially in and out of our lives. Our domestic barometer had for months been alternating between periods of intense depression, after one of the ghosts

had de-materialised, and periods of joyous anticipation when another was expected. During the periods of depression all the things which we had to do for ourselves seemed to constitute the most hateful of all slaveries, but as soon as the possibility of a new housemaid dawned upon the horizon hope (which springs eternal) made of the most menial domestic tasks things of no account. Each day was a glad song.

As soon as we isolated this fact we realised that we were in possession of a great psychological truth, in the application of which lay the end of all our troubles. So we invented Parker.

Parker—the perfect Parker—is an idea, a sublimation of "that not impossible she," a dream less substantial than the ghosts whom she has replaced. But it is not too much to say that she has affected the whole course of our domestic lives. It is so easy to carry on when you can assure yourself that there is a better time coming, but so difficult when the future holds nothing but a dismal repetition of dreary tasks. "But it won't be for long now," we say. "Wait until Parker comes." And we carry on with smiles upon our faces and songs upon our lips.

Besides, there is the effect upon other people—one has to think of that. Cheerfully to acquiesce in a permanently housemaidless state of existence is one thing, but bravely to tide over the unfortunately necessary period before the new (and perfect) one comes is quite another. The perpetual imminence of our new treasure gives Angela not only a never-failing subject for conversation, but even a sort of superiority. Criticism of our domestic regime is stilled, and our critics are at the very least obliged to bide their time.

We are very well satisfied with Parker and we are not going to part with her if we can help it. In the meantime, in reply to the most searching inquiries, we adduce two incontrovertible facts. Her name is Parker and she is coming.

At present she is indisposed, but we continue hopeful. She may recover sufficiently to take office at any time, and in the meanwhile we carry on quite contentedly. And one day—who knows?—Parker, the perfect housemaid, may materialise and be really there. If ever that should happen she will find the warmest of welcomes and the best of characters awaiting her.

"ARRANGING FLOWERS.

In Japan the art of arranging flowers Adamput damput as arithmetic is in America. It is considered as essential."—Canadian Paper.

One of the main principles is to put the stalks in first.

AT THE PLAY.

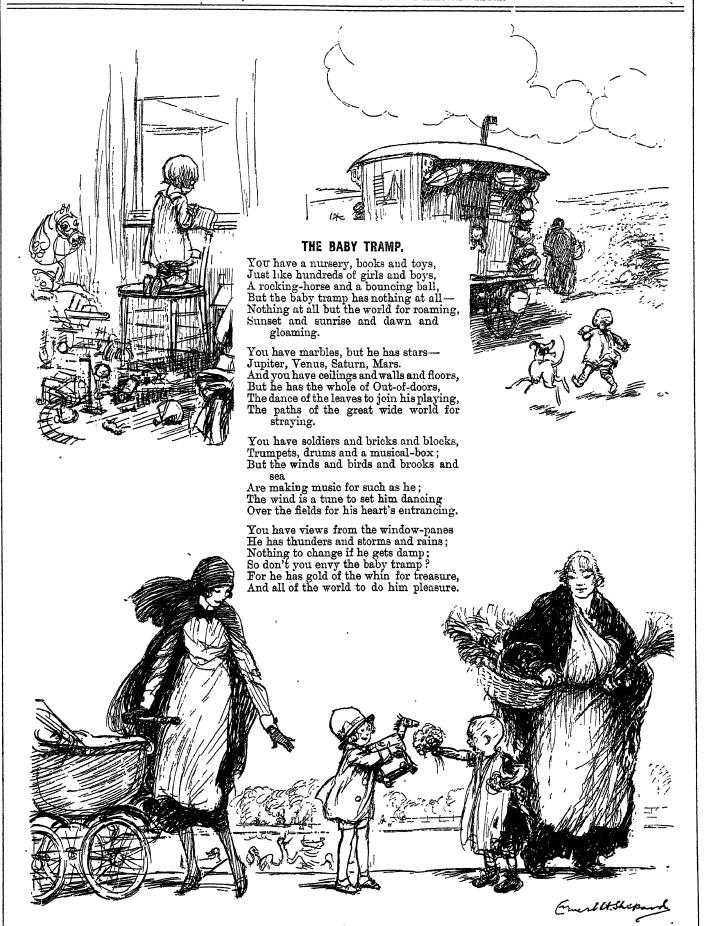
"OUR BETTERS" (GLOBE).

It was unfortunate for Mr. Somerset MAUGHAM that the production of his new play should have clashed with a still more unsavoury drama—set forth at the Old Bailey—which also illustrated the peril of mixed marriages. But he had this advantage—that Criminal Court drama is naturally confined to more or less exceptional cases, whereas it is commonly assumed that the characters in a stage-play are types, and that the conclusions drawn from their behaviour have a general application. And, lest there should be any doubt that he intended his picture of wealthy American women married to impoverished foreign titles to be typical, he has taken pains to give us as many as three examples of such marriages—one with the son of an English Duke, one with a French Duke and one with an Italian Princeall of which were absolute failures.

Two of his three women accept the situation with perfect cynicism. One, the Duchess de Surennes, a frankly sensual vulgarian with unlimited dollars, employs them in the up-keep of a goodlooking waster who engages to tolerate her love on these terms. The other, Lady George Grayston, a social climber, very cool and calculating, supplements her paltry eight thousand a year with the contributions (given for the usual consideration) of a third-rate compatriot who has waxed fat in British trade. This may be just credible, but the same can hardly be said of her indulgence in a momentary diversion with the Duchess's lover, for which no reason could be found in her apparently blood-

It served, however, a useful purpose by introducing the first sign of action in a play that began, continued till about half-time and threatened to end, in mere dialogue. And it provided Miss Margaret Bannerman with a chance, brilliantly seized, of silencing the voice of scandal and re-establishing herself with the most superb aplomb.

I am credibly informed that the Censor interposed to modify the episode (OFF) of the discovery of her indiscretion. Originally (I am told) this discovery was made by her young sister, who, having been sent to fetch something from the summer-house, found it locked, and, under the stress of the ensuing shock to her virginal instincts, revealed the facts to Lady George's guests in full assembly. In the revised version the mission to the summer-house is undertaken by Lord Bleane, the girl's fiance. who has no excuse whatever for giving the delinquents away, as he does. In effect, thanks to the moral intervention



of the Censor, this young English peer, who was really as decent as he was dull, is made to figure as an impossible.

The high comedy, touched with farce, of the last Act went far to redeem the play. Lady George, after a show of brazen impudence, secures herself from scandal by a very tactful manipulation of her guests. Her tradesman lover, who has a taste for beefsteak, she finally conciliates—and here was the touch of farce—with the promise of a square British meal; and the Duchess, who is on the point of leaving the house, is won over by the sudden masters, for whom Lady George has little too homely and uncouth for the formal European ladies to wear them.

despatched a motor-car to London. To her young sister she simply shows her teeth.

Bertie, the partner of her impropriety (played with sufficient stolidity by Mr. Reginald Owen), has no reputation to lose and can afford to be more indifferent; so he leaves the task of conciliation to his offended mistress. The necessity of having to ask her for money whenever he wanted it had long been irksome to him, and in the end he allows her to regularise his position by making an honest man of him. The final curtain falls on the triumph of decadence; virtue (in the persons of the young sister and her American admirer—a nice boy-who resolve to return together to their native land) being posted to its home in the West.

The dialogue ran unevenly. It traversed some

of conversation, but at its best, as when somebody asks our sympathy for Lady George, who seemed likely to be left with nobody to care for her "except her husband," it was excellently mordant. Most of the fun fell to Miss Constance Collier as the Duchess; and I am not better than it really was by adopting, for some reason that escaped my intelligence, the manners and intonation of Peckham.

Miss Margaret Bannerman, in spite of a habit of smiling as if she were trying to please us (she can do that easily without trying), brought great charm and piquancy to the playing of a not too pleasant part; and her performance | London.

in the last Act, where she carried things off with a high hand and a very clever head, was a revelation of unsuspected

The sweet and resigned reasonableness of Miss Marion Terry as the Principessa Della Cercola, the one untainted victim of international wedlock, made us understand how the imagination of a young girl might be touched by the glamour of an ancient name and its historic associations, and that such marriages as hers are not always due to pure snobbishness.

MAKELDEN.

THE PRIMROSE PATH OF DALLIANCE.

Bertie Paxton Mr. Reginald Owen. Duchess de Surennes Arthur Fenwick MR. ALFRED DRAYTON. Lady George Grayston . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

well-worn ground in its references to accepted lover of so sophisticated a type on the "eye-for-an-eye" principle. the qualifications of Government officas Lady George. From Miss Alice The Rajah, being Priest as well as ials and to the English weather as a topic | Mosley as her sister, and from Mr. | Prince, thinks he might work the oracle STUART SAGE as Fleming Harvey, a young man who is being disillusioned by his dépaysées country women, we got the true American accent. Mr. SAGE played freshly and naturally in a fresh and natural part.

Finally, Mr. Yorke Stephens, who sure that she didn't make it seem even interpreted Thornton Clay, an American who has pushed his way into English Society and is prepared to show Harvey the way to do it, was of course sound enough; but I never really mistook him for a social expert and metteur-en-scène, and the clothes which he wore in the First Act did not seem to me to bear out his assertion that he patronized "the only tailor in O. S.

"The Green Goddess" (St. James's).

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, I gather, like SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, dreamed a dream. Not of Xanadu and Kubla Khan, but of a Rajah of Rukh, whose stately pleasure-dome perched high among trans-Himalayan peaks, somewhere towards Bokhara, but naturally not more explicitly located, contained a wireless installation, a sinister-comic Cockney valet, a billiard-room, the works of Anatole France, Marcel Proust and G. B. SHAW, and a wardrobe of As Fenwick, the Anglo-American Paris models with apparently a succesapparition of Ernest, prince of dancing- | tradesman, Mr. Drayton was perhaps a | sion (at the moment interrupted) of in-

> Our Rajah, who had taken a pretty good degree at Cambridge and was what we deign to call highly civilised in parts, had three half-brothers, who were fanatically anti-Feringhi and had just committed a murder for which the Indian Government was about to hang them. It was at this precise moment that the aeroplane flown by Dr. Basil Traherne, with Major and Mrs. Crespin on board, chose to lose its bearings, run short of petrol and crumple up beside a mountain shrine of the sixarmed Queen-Goddess of Rukh. Awkward this, for, as the Rajah later explains, in the smoothest possible way over coffee, cigars and liqueurs of the best, the local clergy, a rampageous and prejudiced breed, are convinced that the three Westerners are forfeit to their goddess

so that only two lives would be required if Madame would be so obliging as to wear the prettyfrock—and soforth. He adds that, though owing so great a debt to Cambridge and the West generally, he has his own views of the objectionableness of the white overlords of India. Major Crespin, persistently addressing him as if he were the hall-porter in some Bloomsbury Hotel, does not mitigate his prejudices in any way, I imagine. He sees a chance of taking his revenge without punishment. No one outside Rukh knows the travellers have arrived. They shall therefore just disappear without trace.

No, the question of exchange does not interest him. For one thing the



NO, THIS IS NOT A TRIUMPHAL MARCH. IT IS ONLY POOR MR. BROWN, ON A WALKING HOLIDAY, OVERCOME BY THE HEAT AND DISCOVERED BY BOY SCOUTS, WHO ARE TAKING HIM TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE FOR MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

Government of India would get even with him later; for another, as his guests must be aware, reigning Princes are never much distressed when near relatives, who are apt to develop into claimants to thrones, are removed by fate.... You will see then that Mr. Archer has got his three puppets into a thoroughly sound hole.

I will not spoil sport by telling you how he gets them out of it. But I will testify that it is by carefully prepared and plausible methods, following the rules of the game at its strictest. I was watching with a sort of friendly malice, as no doubt were most of his colleagues, for some slip or breach of the rules by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER the playwright which would doubtless have been denounced by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER the critic; but I confess with pleasure that I was baffled.

It was altogether a very jolly little affair, and served to prove that a fantastic romance with very unlikely happenings can be made completely plausible by skilful manipulation, and interesting to normalintellects by ingenious characterisation and well-written dialogue. Also that, even if you have your tongue in your cheek, it needn't show.

The Rajah of Mr. GEORGE ARLISS, a

very capable and well-sustained performance, struck me as being perhaps just a little too smooth. We never got a real glimpse of the tiger behind the pussy-cat. He might very well have been a rather decadent clever undergraduate still at Cambridge. He did kill, indeed, and sanction killing, and he mentally tortured his victims, but he just did these things without showing signs of being really able to do them; and this looked like keeping up a pose just a little too studiously for credibility and real dramatic effect.

Mr. ARTHUR HATHERTON as Watkins, the bizarre valet, seemed, on the other hand, to show more subtlety. He contrived to suggest the embittered venomous soul behind the generally well-drilled manner; the fundamentally sinister behind the obviously ridiculous. Not by gestures and accent and clothes alone (the clothes were superbly right, especially that egregious bowler), but by the whole air and carriage of the man. An admirable interpretation of a well-written part. I do not know if the bloodthirsty speeches of The High Priest (Mr. CAMP-BELL GULLAN) were founded on any authentic dialect-probably not; they were perhaps too tightly packed with

tive. An unpleasant old bird to get his beak into you, this priest. Mr. OWEN ROUGHWOOD, the hard-drinking discourteous Major; Miss Isobel Elsom, his wife; Mr. George Relph, the chivalrous tertium quid—all played intelligently and kept the thing in key. And I liked very much the wide and steady smile and altogether plausible bearing of the Ayah, Miss Helen Nowell.

The stage effects were admirably contrived, the approach of the rescuing aeroplanes being very convincing. Only it was edd that the smoke of the bomb that dropped in the ravine should so soon have drifted into the pavilion.

A lively and most interesting show. I happened to be in the middle of a most solemn book on the stage by Mr. Archer, and of course this dramatic flippancy of his shocked as much as it entertained me.

It only remains now for Mr. WALKLEY to dream the plot of a pantomime. T.

"Mr. Ed. O'Brien et fils, Lancashire Scotland."—Swiss Visitors' List.
Ireland "also ran."

"For Sale—Wicked buggy. Good condition."—Canadian Paper.

were perhaps too tightly packed with But is its present state a mere spasm sibilants, but they were distinctly effect of righteousness or real repentance?

REVISED VERSIONS.

["Indeed, we already note the first faint signs of reaction against the golf boom. It was a keen pleasure to hear the highly intelligent father of a most promising boy say recently, 'I have promised my boy £21 on his twenty-first birthday if he can tell me that he has never touched a golf club.' That is the right spirit."—The National Review.]

Marmaduke Midiron, though born of rich but highly intelligent parents, betrayed a vicious streak in his character right from his earliest infancy. As a mere toddler in the nursery his mother was horrified to find him chewing an old golf-ball which he had picked up on the neighbouring common while out for a walk with his nurse. At an age when most boys are innocently

properties of their fathers' cigars, Marmaduke was caught behind the pottingshed practising mashie-shots with a walking-stick.

A few years later he ran away from school, but not, as his agonised parents had hoped when the news was brought to them, in order to go to sea or attach himself to a travelling circus. No, the wretched youth had succeeded in getting taken on as a ball-washer to a travelling foursome of golf professionals who were giving exhibition matches up and down the country.

Rescued from these appalling surroundings he was kept for a time under private tuition at home. The only result was that

daughter—not so much out of calflove as from an unprincipled ambition to acquaint himself with the professional secrets of the girl's father, and to discover the best way of dealing with worm-casts and daisy-roots. At the University he was sent down for taking divots out of the Vice-Chancellor's tennis-lawn; and, when he was shipped off to Australia with his passage-money and fifty pounds, instead of losing every cent at poker on the way out, he saved up to buy a suit of plus-fours and enter for the Wallamalloo Autumn Medal Competition. Nine months later he worked his passage home as the special | large as it obviously felt it would have correspondent of the Australian Golfer, and on landing promptly brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave by reaching the semi-final round in the Open Championship at St. Andrew's.

A painful picture, is it not? Let us turn with relief to the nobler climax in the story of Archibald Inoff.

Archibald has also been knocking about the world. He had been sent abroad by his courageous parents in order that he might be tested by the petitions and I can teach you how to fierce fire of personal experience. He mix a perfectly topping cocktail I ve had returned late on the eve of his twenty-first birthday; and now, the momentous morning having dawned, old Squire Inoff was awaiting the descent of his heir in the breakfast-

faithful old family retainer—"how did lawyers. It's a girl I met on the boat, Master Archibald look when he arrived?"

"If I may say so without offence, Sir," said Jenkins, "a bit the worse for wear."

"The worse for wear?" cried the content to be discovering the emetic | Squire, a horrible fear gripping at his | tell me?"

"There isn't very much to tell, father," said Archibald modestly. "I picked up one or two prizes for fox-trot cominvented. Oh, yes—and I was married once or twice in America; but, as I was also divorced, perhaps it's hardly worth mentioning. By the way, Jenkins, if that young woman who followed me home last night calls again, tell "Tell me, Jenkins," he said to the her I'll deal with her through my father—nice little thing, but a bit given to blackmail.'

"Come, come, my boy," said the Squire impatiently and scarcely able to conceal his fundamental anxiety-"are you sure this is all you have to

> "I think so," replied Archibald. "You settled up for that dud cheque of mine, I think.

> "Archibald," said the old man, rising to his feet, "look me straight in the face and answer my ques-

> tion. What is a stymie?"
> "Father," said Archibald with the touching candour of complete innocence, "you can search me."

> Once again the old man tried him. "Archibald," he demanded, "what is the difference between a baffy-niblick and a mashiespoon?"

"Father," said Archibald, helping himself to another whisky-and-soda, "I'm not feeling very bril-

liant this morning and riddles bore me stiff. But I'll teach you a new kind of patience for a dollar a card."

"Pure and unspotted by the world!" cried the old Squire triumphantly. "Come to my arms, my boy, and I'll settle half the estate on you this afternoon!"

"Miss Carrie Nunder, the four-year-old New York dress designer, looks like the ingenuous child of a country parsonage. Welsh Paper.

Should we be right in attributing the craze for short skirts to the machinations of this designing infant?

"Another large attendance marked Thursday's reunion of the French Circle. Miss. (who was responsible for the programme) had provided the excellent entertainment, consisting of a comedy and sketch. The comedy, 'Il ient on'une porte soit ouverte on jerme,' was jant gn'une porte soit ouverte on jerme,' was presented by Miss —— ('La Marquise'), and Professor —— ('Le Baron')."—Local Paper.

"So helpful for Pamela's pronunciation, my dear!"



The Tourist. "I suppose you've got some queer characters in an OLD VILLAGE LIKE THIS?"

The Inhabitant. "AY, THAT WE HAVE, WHAT WITH THIS NEW HYDRO-PATHIC AN' ALL."

he got entangled with a green-keeper's | heart. "Tell me-what was he wearing? Not plus-fours, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Sir; his trousers were faultless."

"Did his luggage give any indication of his inclinations?" inquired the Squire anxiously.

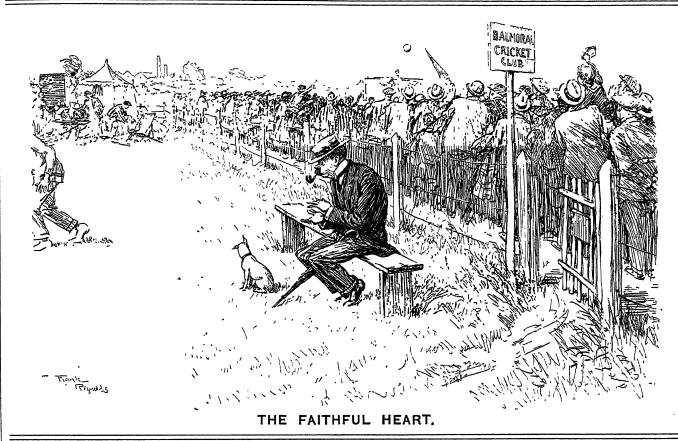
"Well, Sir," replied Jenkins, "I noticed that it included a billiard cue, a bottle of Scotch and a bridge-marker."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the Squire fervently. "All honest virile pastimes."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Archibald. He had a face like an underdone muffin, and if his head had been as displaced the chandelier.

"No breakfast, thank you, father," he said casually, helping himself to a large whisky-and-soda.

"Well, my boy," said the Squire, every feature registering parental pride and affection, "sit down and tell me all about yourself and your travels."



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF only Mr. DENIS MACKAIL had made up his mind from the beginning that Summertime (Heinemann) should be the irresponsible comedy it develops into at the end, how much I should have enjoyed it throughout. I did not do badly as it was, though I started off with a conscientious endeavour to attune myself to what promised to be an amatory and artistic idyll of Sloane Street and Chelsea; and it took me some time to make out (in fact, I was never quite sure) how far Mr. MACKAIL was serious in claiming my sympathy and comprehension for the farcical aberrations of his five chief characters. These comprise Bridget Dean, a very genuine and attractive little War-widow, chief supporter of the book's sentimental pretensions; Anne Drummond, her cousin, who had one foot in the romantic camp and one in the burlesque; the young ladies' rejected admirers, Stephen and Toby, a serio-comic couple who go into voluntary exile on the Continent until Bridget and Anne repent; and David Lawrence (undergraduate hero, I gathered, of a previous volume), who plays a really devoted Guy to Anne's urban Pauline, until Mr. MACKALL's rising sense of the ridiculous sweeps him off the stage altogether. The adventures of this quintet, once you get used to their incoherence, are really very merry and vivacious reading; and the book's minor personages, having less canvas than their principals to be inconsistent on, are uniformly successful.

LOVAT CLAUD FRASER left Charterhouse, says Mr. HALDANE MACFALL in The Book of Lovat (DENT), "already an artist, a wit and a man of letters;" and at the age of twenty-two he was dividing his day between a grim top-lighted studio, where he "tackled the nude" with a piece of ineffectual

where he expressed his untrammelled imagination in the "fat, black, velvety line" of a reed pen. Behind this twofold allegiance (finally determined in favour of spontaneity and the pen) lay a short spell of the paternal office; and before it lay the brilliant and generous career of which Mr. MACFALL'S sumptuous book gives so intimate and attractive an impression. It is FRASER the decorator of books, rather than Fraser the transformer of the theatre, who lies closest to the heart of his first champion and collaborator; and apart from suggestions for the staging of Mr. MACFALL's own unlucky drama, The Three Students, almost all the lavish illustration of his book is devoted to pen-work intended for reproduction. The rich ornamental influence of CRAWHALL's wood-cuts is uppermost in this. But one aquatint, "The Evil House," two drawings in line and wash, "Abbeville" and "Boulogne," and one water-colour, "Two Houses in Amiens," are sensitive and distinguished witnesses to earlier interests subsequently abandoned.

In The Pitiful Wife (Constable) the monotony of Miss Storm Jameson's treatment and the sameness of her language and scenes have damaged quite a good story of a strange old lonely Yorkshire house and an idyllic boy-andgirl marriage and the war-time unfaithfulness of the young husband which nearly wrecked it. The impression that it left on my mind was one of a perpetually-recurring scene, in which they quarrelled and made it up with each other or parted in anger; and I never, in any book, assisted the characters to go to bed on so many occasions. How often Richmond called Jael "little thing," or was "very gentle with her," or "took her into his arms," or said something "queerly," I should not like to count. And Jael too, for her part, let her plaits down or "curled softly against him" or folded her "small fine hands in her lap" rather too frecharcoal, and a little back bedroom in his father's house quently; and at least three characters, if not more, under

the stress of emotion, proclaimed themselves, with no intention of using slang, to be "feeling sick." Yet it is a book fully engaged hunting the arch-criminal down. It may be with a certain individual quality which it will be difficult admitted that Mr. EDMUND SNELL gives good measure to to forget. Jael, in spite of her hands and her plaits and lovers of the old-fashioned story of adventure. Chinese her tendency to curl, is rather a darling; and her father, old John Trude, of Trudesthorp, though more Elizabethan than Victorian, an engaging monster—to read about.

Good Americans must, I think, be sometimes a little apprehensive lest we over here judge their country and their countrymen by samples exhibited by such ruthless sister, and rashly saying that he would not marry her until vivisectors as Sinclair Lewis and Grace Flandrau, whose | he had settled finally with Chai-Lung. I suspect that even Being Respectable (CAPE) seems an apt and not unworthy Mr. Snell's most stalwart admirers will be not altogether

these are only sections at a given point; that all business is not Babbitry, and that there are in north middle-western towns like "Columbia" not as wholly devoured by snobbery and acquisitiveness as the Carpenters and their friends. As it is, Deborah, charming girl, old Darius Carpenter's daughter by his second wife, is in fierce revolt against it all, and Steven O'Connell, the journalist whom she loves and who all but loves her, is not cut to standard pattern; while the despised Denby, who has married Deborah's half-sister, Louisa, the enormously successful, energetic and entirely unsympathetic, is a secret rebel and breaks out of his prison surprisingly, only to be put back again by his own fundamental inability to hurt his impossible partner, broken by the death of her idolised child. The workmanship of this clever and subtle book is admirable; the characterisation so much more than skin-deep. The inner workings of the minds of Deborah the unwanted and of Suzanne the rejected are set down with amazing skill. The man-talk too is refreshingly natural. In-

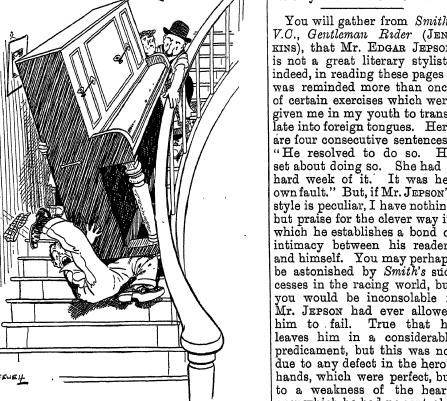
cidentally I should deduce from the extraordinary preoccupation of everybody with the absorbing question of drink and from the number of people actually getting drunk, which would be startling even in a thoroughly wet country like our own, that Mr. Volstead and Mr. Johnson haven't so much reason for their optimism as they make bold to assert. . . . A book certainly to read and keep.

The Yellow Seven (FISHER UNWIN) opens with Captain Hewitt, Commissioner of Police in Jesselton, British North Borneo, calling in that prosperous and outwardly respectable Chinese merchant, Chai-Ling, to assist him in unravelling the designs of a certain secret society, which happens to be the said *Chai-Lung's* own organisation. Fortunately for the ingenuous Hewitt he seldom turns round without finding Chinese Pennington at his elbow, and what that astute gentleman doesn't know of Celestials and the Oriental character in general is hardly worth the proverbial row of pins. He rapidly undeceives the Commissioner as to the real nature | hard pinch.

of Chai-Lung, and for the rest of the book the two are Pennington certainly experiences the most rotten luck conceivable. Time and again he has his man sitting, to all appearance, when down comes a tropical storm or something equally unexpected and enables the villain to escape once more. The fact is, Pennington brought most of these troubles on himself by becoming engaged to Monica, Hewitt's companion picture to Bábbit. But we do understand that sorry when the curtain is finally rung down. Still, there

is excitement enough for those who like their fiction sprinkled lavishly with sudden death.

You will gather from Smith, V.C., Gentleman Rider (JEN-KINS), that Mr. EDGAR JEPSON is not a great literary stylist; indeed, in reading these pages I was reminded more than once of certain exercises which were given me in my youth to translate into foreign tongues. Here are four consecutive sentences: "He resolved to do so. He set about doing so. She had a hard week of it. It was her own fault." But, if Mr. Jepson's style is peculiar, I have nothing but praise for the clever way in which he establishes a bond of intimacy between his readers and himself. You may perhaps be astonished by Smith's successes in the racing world, but you would be inconsolable if Mr. Jepson had ever allowed him to fail. True that he leaves him in a considerable predicament, but this was not due to any defect in the hero's hands, which were perfect, but to a weakness of the heart, over which he had no control.



Voice from the rear. "HI! YOU WANT TO GET A BIT

MORE UNDERNEATH 'ER."

I have pleasant recollections of Captain R. W. CAMPBELL's previous work, and in Josh Jennings at Luxor (NASH AND GRAYSON) he maintains his form. Josh, as you may guess, was an American; in Poplar Creek, Dakota, U.S.A., he was the Big Noise, and in quitting his native haunts to visit Egypt he did not leave behind him an iota of his shrewdness. Indeed, if he was as clever in bartering dry goods as he was in bargaining for the treasures of the Emir of Feropan, I do not wonder that his dollars amounted to a "pile." He also possessed a pretty and attractive daughter, and her adventures are told vividly and with humour. Students of American slang may be advised to read this story, for Josh, if a little loquacious, seldom spoke without cutting ice.

[&]quot;Arising out of the Court proceedings brought by Harry Wills, Jack Dempsey has caused it to be known that he is very angry with the negro, and will never consent to fight him."—Evening Paper. Still, he might at least be persuaded to give him a good

CHARIVARIA.

The Westminster Gazette reminds us that the Silly Season is now over. Does Signor Mussolini know of this?

Mr. BALDWIN and M. Poincaré met in Paris last week. The French-Premier seems to have felt that discussion was the better part of valour.

A Swiss heavyweight champion boxer now in London is reported to have a reach of seventy-eight inches. Fortunately we happen to have a dodge of seventy-nine inches.

Government officials in Spain have

crisis would have led to anything quite so serious as this.

One tiny dog to be shown at the Kennel Club exhibition next month is said to be worth four pounds an ounce. Intending purchasers are informed that they must take the whole of the dog in one lot.

The world's smallest motor - car, made at Kingston - on - Thames, is three feet long. It is only suitable for bowling over pet dogs.

Palm Beach, Florida, is said to be the favour-

ite resort of film artistes. One Los to have his attention drawn to the results of the Autumn Handicaps. Angeles producer always spends his matter. honeymoons there.

having it.

Railway fares in Russia will in the near future be paid in gold. Seasonticket holders in this country fear the time will come when they will pay for their tickets with radium.

"I am grown up. What must little children suffer?" says Dr. Frank Crane. Fortunately they cannot all read.

Jazz music seems to be improving. At a jazz band performance the other night it was so quiet that the audience could almost have heard a revolver fired.

shall watch with interest the entries by asking people what they will have. for "Throwing the Saxophone Player."

"During my two weeks' holiday, I walked more than thirty miles a day," says a health expert. If this means that he possesses a second-hand Ford, he is not the only man.

A troupe of six Russian acrobats, who by wearing special shoes can spring thirty feet at a time, are on their way of news which sours our taxi-drivers.

"Owing to the mild weather many been ordered to remain at their desks | birds in our parks are mating for the for eight hours a day. The most pessi- second time this year," announces a with hunting is to be held at Riga next mistic hardly thought that the recent daily paper. The Bishop of London is month. It is hoped that the British sec-

NOW THAT THE CAMPING SEASON IS OVER THE CAMPER SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO GO BACK TOO SUDDENLY TO THE COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION. THERE SHOULD BE A TRANSITION PERIOD.

Mexico has refused to enter the In spite of the fact that the cost of League of Nations. In some quarters living is going up, people will insist on this is regarded as anothermoral victory for the League.

> During the recent strike of New York Pressmen many distinguished travellers were obliged to disembark travellers were obliged to disembark imaginable," said a lecturer at Liverpool without being asked what they thought last week. Many lecturers feel like that. of America.

"Will anyone now question Jack Dempsey's right to call himself Heavyweight Champion of the World?" asks a sporting writer. We hasten to say that we won't.

A Scottish Commission is touring Canada for the purpose of observing the working of the "Dry" laws. There It is now suggested that there should is no truth, however, in the rumour knee.

be an exhibition of Art, Literature and that a Scotsman has been found suffi-Music at the next Olympic Games. We ciently daring to act as agent provocateur

> The Christian name of FIRPO, the Argentine pugilist, is ANGEL, but he is now called "The Wild Bull of the Pampas." It sounds like one of Jupiter's transformations.

An actor who has returned to London after an absence of many years is reported to have observed that audiences are less fidgety than formerly. This to visit this country. This is the sort is of course due to increased confidence that the play will be almost immediately withdrawn.

An exhibition of everything connected

tion will include a gramophone record of the Whaddon Chase Dispute. * **

Sir Oliver Lodge has expressed his conviction that ours is by no means the only inhabited world in the stellar system. Signor Mussolini therefore is justified in taking a sanguine view of the future of Fascism.

* * Correspondents of The Daily News assert that they are able accurately to predict thunderstorms. What is really wanted, however, is somebody who can accurately predict the

It is proposed to construct a new bridge over the Thames between Chiswick and Mortlake. The authorities evidently realise the necessity of providing more accommodation for spectators of the Boat Race.

"My own non-existence is non-

"Whisky show barrel, burglar window irons, furniture, suitable working man's home.' Advt. in Weekly Paper.

These little luxuries add so greatly to the cosiness of the working-man's home.

In an entrance examination:—

"Question. Correct or justify, 'Baby was sat on mother's knee.'

Candidate. 'Baby was sat on father's

VOL. CLXV.

TO CORFU AND BACK.

Characters of the Pialogue:

A Man of Average Intelligence. Somebody Else.

Man of Average Intelligence. To-morrow is the 27th, the day when Mussolini is to evacuate Corfu.

Somebody Else. An act of noble self-effacement in the cause of Peace.

M. A. I. He has to. Public opinion—among all those who count—was against him.

S. E. You seem to forget Lord ROTHERMERE.

M. A. I. On the contrary I remember him very well. He is the cosmopolitan gentleman who keeps on taking off his hat to other countries when their policy happens to be opposed to that of his own.

S.E. It is a beau geste of one who despises the petty prejudices of parochial patriotism. But why should England find herself in opposition to her Italian ally? I thought

she always loved Italy.

M. A. I. So she did. And so she does—as much as Italy will let her. But we were not talking of Italy; we were

talking of Mussolini.

S. E. Mussolini is the greatest statesman in Europe; greater even than Poincare. It was Mussolini that crushed Bolshevism in Italy—and bloodlessly.

M. A. I. I daresay he did; but he also crushed some

little Greek refugees in Corfu—and very bloodily.

S. E. That was a pure accident, though regrettable. How should his Admiral know they were in the fort? What were they doing there?

M. A. I. It would be more to the point to ask what his shells were doing there in time of peace. If a burglar invades my house at midnight and accidentally kills one of my household, that is murder by the law, because he was committing an act of felony at the time.

S. E. You appear to overlook the wanton murder of

Italian delegates on Greek territory.

M. A. I. No, I don't; nor did Greece. She at once admitted her technical responsibility for a political murder committed on her own soil. But it is not suggested in any respectable quarter that the Greek Government plotted this crime either directly or through its agents; whereas nobody disputes the palpable fact that the killing of the Corfu refugees was done by Mussolini's agent—his gallant Admiral. Indeed, it has yet to be proved that the murder of the Italian delegates was the work of Greeks at all.

But let us, for your convenience, anticipate the findings of the Commission of Inquiry and assume that it was the work of Greeks. If you gave a reception, and one of your guests had his watch stolen on your premises, and a servant of yours was proved to be the thief, you would of course hold yourself morally responsible and frankly admit the injured party's right to be indemnified by you. But, having admitted that right, you would be rather surprised if he went and helped himself, through the medium of dynamite, to the contents of your safe by way of a "pledge."

Civilized people don't take the law into their own hands. Mussolini's Press may see fit (as it does) to call England an old woman and a back number, but his own performance at Corfu was an act of pure mediævalism. The courtesies of black-coated diplomacy may have the defect of their quality, but I still prefer them to the crude methods of diplomacy

in black shirt-sleeves.

S. E. Anyhow, the Conference of Ambassadors insisted on the acceptance by Greece of the terms of Mussolini's ultimatum.

M. A. That's the mistake they make in Italy. What the | Not enlightening perhaps, but, oh, surely enlightened!

Conference of Ambassadors did was practically to endorse the original action of Greece in accepting only those terms of the ultimatum which she found to be reasonable and rejecting those which she found to be incompatible with her dignity as a sovereign people.

S. E. I suspect you of being pro-Greek, like LLOYD

GEORGE.

M. A. I. "Like Lloyd George"? Ah, there you give yourself away. As a matter of fact I hold no brief for Greece. I am not likely to be prejudiced in favour of a nation whose mismanagement of her last war nearly embroiled us in a fresh conflict with Turkey. My prejudices, out of old affection, are all in favour of Italy—of Italy as distinct from her Dictator, though for the moment she is lyrical over him. But I know this, that the blow which Mussolini struck at a small nation that was down and out the would not have been so brave if the Janina murders had been committed on the soil of a Great Power) has gone further than anything else could have done to restore Greece in the sympathies of Europe. We have not yet heard the last of this matter.

S. E. I had hoped that the magnanimity of Mussolini in consenting voluntarily to evacuate Corfu had closed the

incident.

M. A. I. We shall know more about the magnanimity of Mussolini when the Hague Tribunal gets his statement of costs for the unwarrantable occupation of that island and various others in the neighbourhood. I am curious to see what deduction he proposes to make from his bill on account of reparation for the blood of those innocent

refugees.

By the way, to touch a lighter side of the question, this whole business must have been most embarrassing for M. Poincaré. As one who sided with France's late enemy, the Turks, against her late ally, the Greeks, his sympathies must have been with Italy. And as an occupationist he would naturally want to discourage the intervention of the League. But unfortunately for him the Little Entente, whose armies (at a deadly cost to these impoverished peoples) are being trained and exploited by French officers for the benefit of France in some future possible emergency, were all on the other side. It was very awkward, as he couldn't be on both sides at once.

No allusion, I think, was made to this topic in any of those discourses which he delivers on a Sunday—the most convenient day for his audiences, as it is the only one in the week on which there is any unemployment in his prosperous land. And, though I did not personally assist (as most of the local Press seems to have done) at the strictly private conversation between the French and British Prime Ministers last week, I doubt if M. Poincaré started the subject of the science of Confine.

of the seizure of Corfu. S. E. Yah! Pro-German!

O. S.

"Naturally the sequel to a misadventure oft-times links together the details of what otherwise might be a mystery."—Indian Paper. We are still following up this clue.

"The Admiral sketched in happy vein the duties that devolve upon the British Navy in times of war and peace, pointing out that it had been the navy which, in the past war, had permitted the successful operations of the British fleet."—Canadian Paper.

Very kind of them, to be sure.

"Our Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, is spending his holiday at Aix-les-Bains, which is an amusing spot, but not collightening. I spent a short holiday myself there some time ago."

Mr. Lovat Hadsen in "The Sunday Pictorial."

Ditt. Mother Pateristation The Districting of tectorical



THE BITTER CRY OF THE SUBURBS.

SEASON-TICKET HOLDER. "THEY TEMPTED ME TO COME AND LIVE OUT HERE, AND NOW THEY MAKE MY LIFE UNBEARABLE!"



THE TURN OF THE LEAF—THE HINT OF The Woman. "I ALWAYS THINK SEPTEMBER IS THE SADDEST MONTH OF THE YEAR.

The Man. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. THERE ARE ALWAYS THE PARTRIDGES AND OYSTERS."

A SNAP REPRISAL.

Now that the summer—that is to say, my summer holiday—is over, an annual and harassing ordeal lies before me. During the next few weeks I shall have to spend many weary hours simulating an entirely fictitious interest in the holiday snap-shots of my friends.

Most people have to do this. Some get hardened to it in time; some, I regret to say, actually seem to derive a sort of perverted enjoyment from it. But I am different.

I can look at an ordinary photograph with anyone; I can even affect a passable interest in a picture post-card ("The house marked with a cross is the one where we stayed"); but the ordeal of sitting for protracted periods looking at indifferent snap-shots one by one ("Pass them on to Aunt Harriet when you've looked at them") is such know them either. as almost to unman one.

The vest-pocket camera-fiends are among the worst. "There," they say, handing me a miniature picture of two halves of nothing in particular divided by a tilted line, the lower half being marred by a number of black spots. "That's all of us bathing. Those are our heads. It's rather far away, but Elsie took it, and she wouldn't come any possible. It reduces nearer because of getting her feet wet." per head, I suppose.

"Oh, was it wet where you were?" I ask idiotically.

"Of course it was. That's the sea. We're bathing."

"Oh! Which is Elsie?"

"Elsie isn't in it. She took it."

" Why?"

"Because we're bathing."

"Oh!" And I hold it out to Aunt Harriet.

"Half a minute. That's Jack and that's Molly and that's the other Watson girl, and—no, let me look a minute—no, that's the other Watson girl; and that's Jimmy's friend from Harrow; and that's --- It's a bit difficult to see.

I don't know Jack or Molly or any Watson girls or Jimmy or Jimmy's friend from Harrow, and with a sigh of relief I pass the miserable thing along to Aunt Harriet, who doesn't

Then another dishonoured scrap of paper the size of a postage-stamp is handed to me. . . .

Those persons who possess larger cameras seem, as a rule, to be keenest on groups. In fact, the larger the photographs get the groupier they become; the artist seems to aim at getting as many people on to the film as possible. It reduces the cost of film

As a rule I know about four per cent. of the victims, but it makes no difference. We go through the groups row by row, reading from the left. It is a grim business.

"That one next to the end is Joan."

"That one?"

"No, not that one—that one."
"Oh! That one."

"Yes, that's right. That one."

"Oh! Who did you say it was?"

"Joan. She used to say the funniest things. We simply roared!"

They all laugh again at the recollection. I risk another look at Joan, but she has moved slightly and her expression is one of agitation. My gloom deepens.

"And you see the next one?"

"Yes," I say, setting my teeth. "Well, that's Billy. Only, of course, everyone called him Chumps.'

"Naturally," I say politely. The reason for the alias is not apparent, but I hope to be spared an explanation. I pass burriedly to a white blur further on.

"That's Philip. Of course he's awfully good-looking really. moved a bit."

"He's moved a lot," I say severely. "Yes. Of course he's awfully good-looking really. That's Mabel Ogilvie next to him. She knitted two jumpers in one week."

She looks it.

And so it goes on until Aunt Harriet gets the wretched thing and fits all the biographical details on the wrong persons. She probably gets more fun out of it than I do.

Then there are the personal snaps. These would be better if people would only get themselves taken at interesting moments, say Uncle Wilfred refusing his favourite dish on the boat going to the Canaries, or Cousin Mary sitting down suddenly in a shrimp pool. Such happy memories of the summer help to brighten a dreary winter. But my friends always seem to miss opportunities like that. This is the sort of thing I usually get instead:-

"That's me going down to the beach.'

"Oh, yes."

"This one's me on the beach."

"Oh, yes. Jolly."

"This is me coming back from the

"Oh, yes. I recognise the sea."

"Yes. This is father going down to the beach."

"Oh, yes. Same beach?"

"Yes. This is mother coming back

Well, you see what I mean. As I say, it's pretty grim.

But this is my last year of it; I have

decided on reprisals.

It is quite simple. I have devoted a portion of each day of my modest holiday to being photographed. It made me feel rather like the PRINCE OF WALES at the time, and it gained for me a considerable local reputation. People thought that I must be someone famous, and three enthusiasts asked me for my autograph.

But it is going to be worth it. have got dozens of photographs, and as I look at them I think of how I shall enjoy inflicting them on my photographic friends. I flatter myself that they are without any exception the dullest, the most uninteresting and the worst collection of holiday photographs in existence. No one would risk being shown them twice.

The first one shows me standing on me) topping his drive," and No. 8the promenade. It is a bad photograph of me and only a moderate one of the promenade. The second shows me on the pier; the pier is comparatively recognisable. In No. 3 I am stepping aboard the Saucy Susan for a trip round the bay. If my face were visible the expression would probably be one of anxiety, but it is a back view. No. 4 jumps a painful interval and shows me stepping out of the Saucy Susan. My face would doubtless have registered



Scene-Outside West-End Club.

Walter the Wayfarer (huskily). "HI, MATE, 'AVE A DEKKO ROUND THE FLOOR AN' SEE IF YER CAN GIT ME A FEW CIGAR-ENDS, WILL YER?"

the photographer pulled the trigger. No. 5 depicts me in the hotel grounds, taking my hat off to France; a companion picture, No. 6, shows me in the act of putting it on again to Italy. No. 7 is a study of "golfer (practically

But I won't bother you with any more of them. You have not shown me any holiday snap-shots yet. If you ever do, by Kodak (a pagan god) you shall have the whole nine-dozen.

Commercial Candour.

"Representative Wanted in every town, to handle easy and quack-selling novelty needed by everybody."-Advt. in Daily Paper.

"AMERICA. Swiss ladig, has ben 7 years in America, speaking se work."—Geneva Paper. relief mingled with prayer if the jib had | She must go again. It takes longer not fallen across it at the moment when | than that to learn the American tongue. | We are touched by Coalville's faith.

Our Coy Contemporaries.

"LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

DEAR SIR .- Allow us to congratulate you most heartily on your wonderful August issue; it is a literary masterpiece."

Monthly Publication.

"GERMANY PENILENT.

New York, Friday. Herr Cuno, former German Chancellor, arrived here from Hamburg to-day.

Germany, he says, realised she had lost the war, and wished to pay to the limit of her incapacity."—Scottish Paper. That's just the trouble.

"Coalville (Leicestershire) will depend upon the moon for street lighting on seven nights each month-the night of each new moon, three nights before and three nights after." Midiand Paper.

AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

WE ought never to have brought Henry across the Channel. He takes no interest in foreign countries. Strange faces, unaccustomed manners and unusual smells have no attraction for him.
Whenever he goes on a holiday he has only one real interest. That is to disonly one real interest. That is to discover an old schoolfellow spending his holidays in the same place. It doesn't matter to Henry whether he knows him

"Know him?" Henry will say. "Of course I don't. He'd have been a mere kid when I left." Or, "No, long before

my time."

We took Henry to the brightest spot in Brittany. The place is full of colour. The plage is like a kale doscope with its shifting robes de bain, among which a brilliant emerald strikes most fiercely on the retina. The sky is of a deep, deep blue; the sea of a blue that is deeper still.

And all this wealth of colour Henry passed by with unseeing eyes. His zest for brightness he keeps for the old-

boy colours of his school.

We had been in the place a fortnight, and Henry was growing moody. He had not spotted a single old schoolfellow, relentlessly though he had sought at the Casino, at the Golf Club and on the edge of the deep blue sea. Half the men in the town and all the little boys wore blazers, with the collars of their shirts outside, and the blazers were of many, many hues; but the blazer of Henry's old school was not among quoi est votre cravate comme un télethem.

It was on the last day of our visit that Henry espied a specimen from afar. We heard the snort of the old warhorse, and the next moment he was charging down the Grande Rue with gigantic strides. We followed breathlessly.

The street was very crowded, but we could see the colours gleaming through the thickest of the crowd. They were embodied not only in a blazer but in

a tie.

"Dear old Henry has found a lovely

sample this time," gurgled Agatha. He had. Long before we reached the spot we realised that this particular schoolfellow easily surpassed all others. True, the colours of the blazer were the same as usual, but the cut was superior to all common cuts. This blazer had a waist, and a band dangled delicately behind. Obviously, Henry's old schoolfellow was a Frenchman.

He was a very nice-looking Frenchman, young and slim, with a beautifullywhisper; and Agatha's whispers carry Then Henry raised his hat again.

far. This whisper, if it did not reach the Frenchman, at any rate reached Henry. No doubt it helped to provoke his regrettably anti-Entente frame of mind. His brick-red face turned pale with anger as he planted himself di-

brimming over with cordiality, largely directed in Agatha's direction, raised his. "Je vois," said Henry, very slowly and distinctly, "que vous portez les couleurs de mon vieux école. N'est-ce pas?"

Henry's accent is a shade worse than his knowledge of the language. The Frenchman, still smiling but looking puzzled, replied, "Comment, Mon-

sieur?"

Henry hates not to be understood. The "Comment" aggravated him sorely. He raised his voice, and the flush crept back into his pale cheek.

"Il est défendu, Monsieur, pour étrangers de porter les couleurs de mon

vieux école.'

The Frenchman, still uncomprehending, detected sternness in Henry's eve. Hastily he took refuge in another "Comment?" and Henry, baulked in his protest, became dangerous in his wrath. His eye travelled up the offending blazer, then fastened on the offending tie. Agatha said, "Don't Henry, don't!" but the awful idea had come into Henry's mind to stay.
".Dîtes-moi ceci," he commanded,

towering over the Frenchman. "Pour-

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"Je ne vous comprends pas, Mon-

"Je vous expliquerai," Henry hissed. "C'est parce qu'elle pulls out;" and the terrible fellow suited the action to the

The task was slightly complicated by a tie-pin. The tie-pin fell into the gutter, and the Frenchman very nearly fell there too. I don't know what he would have said if he had not been a very nice young Frenchman and if Agatha had not helped to save him from his fall. As it was, he merely gasped and staggered against a shop-window, clutching at the ends of his tie that were fluttering wildly in the breeze. We endeavoured to explain away the inexplicable; and the Frenchman slowly melted under Agatha's sympathetic smiles. situation, however, was very strained. And Henry did nothing to relieve it; he stood by, with a scornful smile upon curled moustache. "Isn't he hand- his face, till at last the Frenchman's some?" Agatha said. She said it in a eye was diverted from Agatha to him.

"Comme ça!" he said superbly, as he turned upon his heel.

We desire publicly to apologise for Henry, and to promise that never in any circumstances will we take him to France again.

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS.

VI.—THE IRON-WORKER.

CLINK, hammer, clink and clang apace; Be Dunstan's benison on this place! And, that the iron may glow, Blow, bellows, blow!

Look ye, this iron is better far Than pallid gold and silver are; Hark! while I sing to you What it may do.

In iron cressets torches burn; On iron spits the fat geese turn; In iron chests men hold Their hoarded gold.

The shepherd's crook with iron is tipped; The rushlight wan in iron is clipped; The coulter and the spade Thereof are made.

Though it be cold and hard and dull, 'Tis iron that maketh granaries full, That maketh furrow and field Their foison yield.

Time's solemn glass, where falls the sand, Is held with iron loop and band; Till falleth his last grain These will remain.

When ELEANOR our good Queen died, With gilded bronze and marble pied They wrought the tomb for her At Westminster.

The gold will darken as years pass; The coloured stones will crack like glass; What then abideth for QUEEN ELEANOR?

There will abide till crack of doom The great iron lattice on her tomb, A glory even then

In the eyes o' men.

Clink, hammer, clink and clang apace; Be Dunstan's benison on this place! And, lest the flame sink low. Blow, bellows, blow! D. M. S.

Things one could hardly have expressed better.

"It was to this site then, situate in a lovely dale, overlooked by Sir George's residence on the hill above, that some 40 odd antiquaries paid their visit."—Provincial Paper.

Our accommodating Contemporaries.

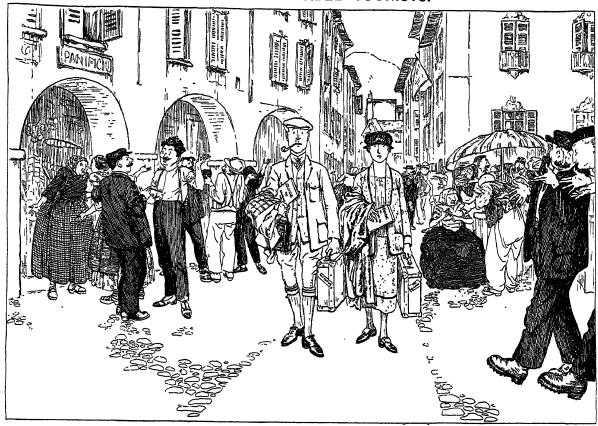
"There were messages from . . . Spain, Serbia, Yugo Slovakia."—Weekly Paper.

"Also from Czecho-Slavia, no doubt."
"Punch," September 5th.

"Revue de Geneve this month is better than usual. It contains . . . the 'Chroniques Nationales' deals with Rumania, Tchekoslavia, and Turkey."

Another Weekly Paper, September 8th.

THE IMPRESSIONABLE TOURISTS.



THEIR FIRST DAY ABROAD.



A FORTNIGHT LATER—THEIR FIRST DAY BACK.

now the scientific and the psychical march hand-in-hand or, if you like, race But there it is.

side by side. We have witchcraft and wireless together, the elixir of life as well as electric trains. One sometimes wonders where it is all going to end. . .

From notes which I have been making lately, after a careful study of the newspapers, I am able to present the following schedule, entitled-

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE YOUNG PERSON.

8 A.M.—Flew from Plymouth to Manchester. Breakfast. Was psychoed. Played

11 A.M.—Flew from Manchester to Newcastle. Listened-in to concert in London. Did half-an-hour's hard second sight. Lunched.

2 P.M.—Flew from Newcastle to Aberdeen. The Inoculated with dansant. monkey-gland to ensure perpetual life. Listened-in to lecture at Milan. Played table-tennis.

6 P.M.—Changed sex. Thoughtbackwards. Thought forwards.

7 P.M.—Started back for dinner in London.

8 P.M. — Forced landing. Life saved by monkey-gland treatment.

10 P.M.—Arrived London. Listened-in to bagpipes at Aberdeen.

The more I study this schedule the more obvious it becomes to me that I am behind the times. I am out of it all. I have not been taking

up things. For instance—
(1) I do not fly.—My morning paper is constantly impressing upon me the fact that now-a-days I can take my early cup of tea in Plymouth and have my breakfast in Manchester. I don't know why it is, but somehow I never feel as if I wanted to do this. I like having my early cup of tea in my bedroom here in London, and my breakfast in the dining-room downstairs. When one of these rough hearty flying men comes in to call on me at breakfast-

are you having your breakfast in Lon-



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." JOHN THE BOLD BUCHANEER.

(2) I do not Listen-in.—Especially I | future. do not listen-in to a lecture at Birmingham when I am at Brighton, or a concert in Rome when I am at Abergavenny. When I am at Brighton I like listening | the full information about this yet, and to Brighton lectures, and when I am I am not sure that the science has at Abergavenny I like listening to concerts at Abergavenny. I don't know why. It is just a fad, I suppose. I did happen to want to hear a lecture hard at the subject. But I doubt whether in London the other day, and I went an old fogey like myself will ever be

tickets, and said, "I want to listen-in-THE BACK NUMBER.

Life is very full nowadays. Very full and very crowded. In the dear old Victorian days we used to concern ourselves a great deal with scientific progress, and that was about all. But now the scientific and the psychiael and reach out for more marmalade.

Apother if you like sheet lasting to this lecture on Tutankh-Amen; will you please send a man round with the apparatus? I thought we could break away part of the wall and fasten up at Plymouth," I just say, "Oh!" again and reach out for more marmalade.

Apother if you like sheet lasting to this lecture on Tutankh-Amen; will you please send a man round with the apparatus? I thought we could break away part of the wall and fasten up the wires to the next-door chimney but one, and bring them round over the Apathy if you like: sheer laziness. fig-tree, and make a hole through the bath-room window. I want the best

> set you have got. After that, if we were to put the amplifier on the occasional-table where the reading-lamp is now-

All the man said was, "Why not buy a ticket and take a penny bus to the lecture-hall?"

I felt rather damped and decided to do as he said.

(3) I have not been psychoanalysed. — "Impossible?" you say. Yet it is true. I have read If Winter Comes; I have discussed the way to make Germany pay; I have seen Felix the Cat; but I have never been psycho-analysed. It has just happened so, and that is all I can say about it.

(4) I do not second sec.— I do not, that is to say, think both backwards and forwards. I cannot sit down and visualise the past. I cannot foretell the future. If I could, I should take the winning number in the Danish State Lottery, but it is a weakness of mine that I cannot. When I want to reconstruct the past I have to go to an encyclopædia or to a history-book. There is a gen-tleman named Captain PAPE, of Edinburgh, whose mind, they tell me, is a mental aeroplane which can fly backwards and forwards through time and observe what was happening in the world in the dim ages of history. There is another gentleman named Mr. Julius Cæsar, of Weymouth, who can project his thought, so I hear, by means of a sixth sense into the

Both these gentlemen have the bulge on me.

(5) I cannot change my sex.—At least, I do not think so. I have not mastered reached a very advanced stage. It has however been done by a hen, and a lot of professors are, I gather, working time and says, "Hullo, why on earth to one of those places where they sell able to get a proper grip of it.



Mother. "Joan, you haven't said 'Good-bye' to Granny."

Joan. "Well, Bring Her out."

(6) I do not live for ever.—Not, at any rate, up to the present.

It is clear to me now, as I consider these things, that, if I am not to become completely fossilised, I must take up one or another of these new hobbies. I must go in for things and get abreast of the age. My only trouble is to know where to begin. Shall I start by cultivating the body or the mind? As I sit here with my feet in the fender, without any clips over my ears, with nowhere to fly to to-morrow, unable to make a mental picture of the creation of the world or to spot the winner of the Cesarewitch, my soul unanalysed and with the dreary prospect of retaining my present sex until the next Income Tax return, I realise that I am letting all the golden opportunities of the present age slip by.

Perhaps it would be best to begin by living for ever, so as to have more time in which to choose.

In the meantime, if anyone can tell me a thoroughly good cure for a cold in the head, I shall be vastly obleeged to him.

"The chief constable was accompanied by a posey of police."—Highland Paper.

The darlings!

"AIBLINS."

Sweet "Aiblins," word of plaintive cheer,

What wealth, what wonderment is here!

No sound of early Spring
Is half so searching or so deep;
I have been often moved to weep
Since first I heard the thing.

It came to me beyond the Forth:
Some scraggy wilding of the North
Answered me thus one day.
At first I felt but little change,
Saving that something rich and strange
Had shone upon my way.

But by degrees, as on I drew,
Its rapture warmed me through and
through

For all my daylong tramp,
Till dale and loch and mountain rang
With "Aiblins" as I sang and sang,
Although my feet were damp.

I know not why I love, nor whence Derives its blessed influence; Its meaning, too, who knows? The simple charm suffices me; Who would dissect a melody? Who scrutinise the rose? Should any delve it to the roots,
No doubt 'tis kin to "havers," "hoots,"
And all the rich surprise
Of mystic sounds that Scotsmen make
Which keep the Southron mind awake
In passionate surmise.

I know not these: I only feel
That, if I met a man of steel
Who did not own its charm
Or scorned its rare and fragrant grace,
I'd try to smack his silly face
And do him grievous harm.

Oh, tell it o'er in gentle tone;
Would it not melt a heart of stone
And make the dourest glad?
We cannot show its like (more shame)
Save "chilblains," which is not the same,
But cold, and dull and sad.

For me it has a lasting spell
Of comfort, even when I'm well;
And, when my strength is plucked
From off me and my last hour nears,
Then breathe it in my failing ears
And I shall feel quite bucked.
DUM-DUM.

"For Sale, Pony, Harness, Governess, or exchange for Pigs."—Advt. in Local Paper. Some tragedy underlies this. What happened to the little ones and the cart?

"NEWS";

OR. HOW TO KILL A NEWSPAPER. (Being some extracts from "The Crowing Cock.")

HUMANITY.

THE shocking incident at Edgley, which we report in another column, is only another reminder that there can be no rest until Labour has set the universe in order. An economic system under which motor-bicycles are still privately owned and may be ridden on to this waste of our natural resources a

the streets without supervision by any idler who has the money to purchase one, is fraught with such obvious dangers to the body politic that nothing but the cynical dishonesty of the Millionaire Press could any longer conceal it from the world. When the time comes Labour will know what to do about motor-bicycles.* But until these dangerous instruments are publicly owned and controlled we can expect nothing but a repetition of such incidents.

Meanwhile we note that Mrs. Slattery has lodged a prosecution against the rider for Cruelty to Animals. Her indignation is no doubt genuine enough from the capitalist point of view, but illustrates the hypocrisy and loose morality of the Well-Off. "Love me—love my dog" is an adage which runs glibly off the lips of such persons; but Labour can afford to ignore the outworn shibboleths of a dying era, and in a civilised community the converse should be at least equally true. The owner of the dog in question is a working foundry-tickler, has a wife and three children, and toils at his bench for five days in the week for the private profit of his

If and when Mrs. Slattery raises her indignant voice in

defence of this wage-slave, and millions | tale of jaded tempers, running noses, like him, we shall be ready to believe in her protestations of humanity, but the bankruptcy of Statesmanship (so-

not a moment before.

employer.

AUTUMN.

The days are drawing in. Towards evening we notice that chill in the air which we associate with the fall of the year. The leaves are already turning to russet and cumbering the paths. It is a season of beauty and, to some of us, of melancholy. Through the stripped

*"When Labour Rules. Auto-Velocipedes and the Future."—Fabian Pamphlet, No. 9438. -8*d*.

trees we see again the saddening spectacle of vast estates in private hands, mansions devoted to the pleasure of the Few, and limitless deer-forests held back from cultivation and given over to the cruel sport of the gun. The pitiless rain of winter descends; fogs gather; water freezes to ice, and our Governors do nothing. For six or seven months no corn will be grown through the length and breadth of the land; fields will lie idle; rivers overflow their banks. Add



Tenor (bitterly). "FOURPENCE! FOURPENCE IN 'ARFAN-HOUR—AND NO COMPETITION AT COVENT GARDEN!"

coughs, colds and chapped lips, and called) stands exposed.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of Switzerland, where the Socialist spirit of service is the ruling force, enjoy warm suns and burgeoning flowers. The contrast is glaring. For seven years Labour has been demanding a sane and constructive Weather Policy. Lord Runcorn, in the comfortable seclusion of Whitehall, can turn a deaf ear to the Sneezing of the Children. It will not be forgotten that he was a signatory to the notorious white-washing Report of

by the Capitalist Coalition Government in 1918. Then as always, while paying lip-service to the cause of Progress, he set his face against the proposals of Labour. He and the Bishop of Mayfair, who supported him, will have upon their consciences in the coming months the Catarrh of a People. We have reached in this vital department of life a state of chaos which nothing can relieve but the Standardisation and Internationalisation of the Weather. * * *

Undergraduate's Joy-Ride.

Worker's Pet Suffers. $Edgle\eta$.

Mounted on a motor-bicycle, John Mallory, a Cambridge student, ran over a dog this morning. Mrs. Slattery, a local supporter of the R.S.P.C.A., has lodged a prosecution, alleging cruelty.

The dog is the property of William Tinder, foundry-tickler, of Maggan, and is reported to be progressing favourably. Mallory alleges that the animal was barking at his front wheel.

Boilermakers' Soirée.

No Truce WITH CAPITALISM.

The London Society of Boilermakers held their Annual Soirée at the Temperance Hall, Stalham, this evening. The proceedings were non-political, and an agree-

able evening was enjoyed.

Thomas Chatt, M.P., in introducing the fraternal delegates from Budhill, said that only the Workers could secure Peace. There must be no truce with The fight with Capitalism. Vested Interests must go on. It was well known that the War had been engineered by British financiers and Bishops, working in concert with German capitalists. It was the Workers who

won the War. A Private was as good as a General. Let them be class-conscious.

In his opinion a general strike should be declared in Great Britain to get the Frenchtroops out of the Ruhr. Why had this not been done? There were traitors in the camp. Once let France see that the London Boiler-makers meant business and M. Poincaré would be on his knees. The ball was at their feet: let them march on to victory, nailing the flag of freedom to the mast. Let them make "Peace and Brotherhood" their motto, and the battle was theirs.

Side-shows and diversions were provided for the company, the favourites the Sub-Committee on Colds appointed | being "The Capitalist Cock-shy," "The



THE GLUTTON.

Profiteers' Pillory," and a film illustrating the working of the State Chimneysweep system in vogue in Lithuania.

* * * THINGS THAT MATTER.

The Amalgamated Society of Soap-Boilers has five new members.

An Exhibition of Proletariat Sculpture is to be seen at Liberty Hall, Wolverhampton.

Angus Wadd, of the Glasgow Cheeseparers' Union, has now completed his 25th strike.

Tom Rooney, a Manchester Nailhammerer, has named his son Lenin Macdonald de Valera.

TROTSKY is 45 to-day.

Ernest Rutt, Secretary to the Padlock-fitters, has sent a letter of protest to the King of Spain.

The Editor of Proletcult is to head a deputation to the Board of Trade to demand the liberation of the tortured Letts.

At Liverpool thirty-three Bottlewashers have struck work against the use of unskilled labour.

Three thousand Cork-drawers have come out in sympathy at Bootle.

Staffordshire Weavers have sent a telegram to the PRIME MINISTER.

KARL MARX died in 1883.

Correspondence.

SIR,-Lord ROBERT CECIL has taken a strong line about the bombardment of Corfu. Has he forgotten that our own Government spent 65 millions on the persecution of Jews in Russia?

T. WENDLE. Salop.

Dear Sir,—Last year 700,000 workers visited the National Gallery. I should like to know how we can expect to get a class-conscious Proletariat while the toilers continue to support capitalist Art? HENRY MADDOX.

Fife.

DEAR SIR,—Someone has said that rotten communications confuse good manners. In my opinion our Members of Parliament should refuse to eat in the same rooms as the representatives of Vested Interests and Class-Domina-ALBERT STANYFORTH. tion.

West Ham.

A CRISIS IN OUR FATE.

ONE MORE EFFORT.

Unless the Workers rally to our support by next week, "The Crowing Cock" must die for the fifth time. We cannot and half-a-dozen of the other.

understand it. You want a newspaper -we provide it. Nothing but the apathy of the Wage-slaves stands in the way. Some Unions have rallied nobly; the Rivetters have done splendidly; the Scavengers have secured three hundred new readers by direct action. We wish we could say the same of the Tea-tasters. Workers, free yourselves from the domination of the Doped Press, and the prejudices, partiality, calumny and lies of parasitic journalists!

Wage-Šlaves, Serfs, Black-beetles, unite! You want the news. Here you are! A. P. H.

The Little Busy Bee.

"The public is pleased to be informed that the two Prime Ministers discussed beekeeping at luncheon. The exchange has improved to below 76."—Daily Paper.

How doth the little busy bee Improve the luncheon hour By modifying the exchange To suit a friendly Power.

"The clock on St. Mary Magdalen Tower was put back an hour on Tuesday, whether purposely or by design we cannot say." Oxford Paper.

Six of one, we are inclined to suspect,



The Professor (to Betty, who has given him a button-hole). "I should like to ask for a kiss, Betty, if I hadn't a cold." Betty (coyly). "I HAVE A COLD TOO."

SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE.

IT has now been definitely established that there can be smoke without fire. Personally I have known it all along; but I am very glad to see that the fact has at last been officially confirmed. It comes out in a Blue-Book. I have not bought the Blue-Book—it is called Cmd. 1945 (I don't know what that means), and it costs 8s. net; so I don't suppose anyone else has bought it either; but the salient points of it are reported in my newspaper $(1\frac{1}{2}d. \text{ net})$, and it is all very interesting to read. The Book was written by a body called the Royal Commission on Fire Brigades and Fire Prevention, and naturally it deals pretty fully with the whole question of fire.

The annual cost of fire defences and fire losses in the country may, it says, be estimated at about twenty-five millions; the average direct loss of property from fire is about twelve millions. This, it considers, is altogether too much; and I daresay it is, although in these times, when a film star aged four gets paid at the rate of a million dollars a year and a prizefighter can become a lings are insured. Some of them are contents, which are of immense value

millionaire in ten fights, millions have nothing like the staggering sound they used to have. Still, we will assume with the Royal Commission that it is too much, and we will go with them in their attempt to do something about it. Fire, we will say-what makes fire? Matches—yes, matches. And what else do matches do? Light pipes and cigarettes. Ah! and now we are there. Smoking—surely smoking must be to blame? Just look at all the smoking that goes on. It must be very dangerous, this smoking. Matches thrown into wastepaper-baskets, cigarette-ends thrown here, there and everywhere—yes, very dangerous. Let us tackle this smoking question, then, at once.

Where is most of the smoking done? The answer is, of course, easy. In Government offices. "The smoking in Government offices, at all hours of the day," says the Blue Book, "far exceeds what is tolerated in banks, insurance offices and other business concerns.' And this despite the fact that "Government buildings and their contents are of immense value. None of the build-

subject to serious risks from defective lighting and heating installations. . .'

Even Buckingham Palace is of "entirely non-fireproof construction and subject to the gravest risks." This is truly alarming. Buckingham Palace non-fireproof? And uninsured? (I'm certain it isn't insured because no Insurance Company boasts that it is by special appointment to His Majesty.) And everyone knows that the King smokes, and I expect a lot of his guests do too. It all sounds very serious.

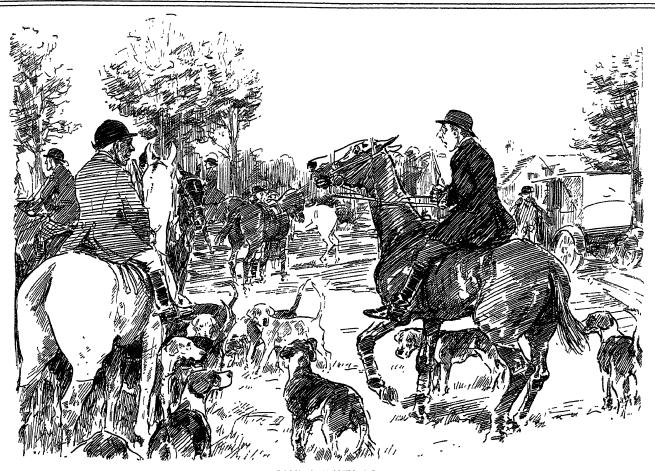
We pause for a moment, wondering. We look around us. I look around me. I see a pipe on my desk, a box of matches, an ash-try with a smouldering cigarette in it, and in my mouth there is another pipe newly lit. It occurs to me that it is always like this, and that there cannot be a house in the world where so much smoking goes on for its size as mine. In front of me is The Times, with its report of the Royal Commission on Fire Brigades; with one single match I could set The Times on fire; the blaze would quickly spread to a host of scribbling-pads and manuscripts, and the whole house and its



A NEW MOTTO FOR SPAIN.

King Alfonso. "SO YOU WANT TO START THESE REFORMS AT ONCE; NOT PUT THEM OFF TILL TO-MORROW, WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR SPANISH WAY WITH EVERYTHING?"

PRESIDENT OF THE DIRECTORY. "YES, SIRE, WE HAVE NO MAÑANAS TO-DAY."



CUB-HUNTING.

Huntsman (to youth on ancient hireling, who persists in getting among hounds). "'Ave a care, Sir; 'ounds are a bit short o' flesh just now, and I wouldn't like to 'ave an accident 'appenin'."

(to me) and, I am proud to think, are as non-fireproof as Buckingham Palace, would be burnt to ruins in a twinkling.

This is undeniable, and you may say it is a terrible thought; but you can't frighten me like that. I have read the Royal Commission on smoking, and I am not to be frightened. True, they say that "a higher standard of precaution should be exercised in Government offices and other establishments where promiscuous smoking is allowed;" but that is nothing. A Royal Commission on Fire Brigades is bound to say things like that.

Here is the big point; here is the great truth that "emerges" from their Report on this Burning question: That Government buildings never catch fire; that not a penny of those millions has been burnt away in a Government office. Isn't that wonderful? Isn't it amazing? I wonder. I look around me again. How often does my house catch fire? Has it ever caught fire in its life? Even a tiny little bit of it? Touching wood (the bowl of my pipe), I answer emphatically. "No."

I answer emphatically, "No."
So you see we are all right, we smokers. We are absolved, publicly

and officially—one might almost say Royally. We are not the fire-makers. It is even a question whether we need bother to insure.

And it is all very comforting, don't you think?

VALEDICTORY.

(To the British Association.)

'Trs over, the marvellous meeting
When Liverpool joyfully gave
To Science a generous greeting
By Mersey's mellifluous wave;
When RUTHERFORD's voice o'er the ocean

Was flung by the radio dodge, And multitudes gazed with emotion On OLIVER LODGE.

Farewell, O most composite body,
Where sciolist mingles with sage,
And stars, like the eminent Soddy,
Are not all the time on the stage;
Where Magyar music annexes
Attention, then yields to the new

And appalling confusion of sexes Foreshadowed by CREW.

Farewell to the stunts of the sections
Where Science so strangely unbends
In various eccentric directions—

Farewell to the prophesied race of
The great anthropologist, PAPE,
With its luminous eyes and its face of
Triangular shape.

Farewell to the zeal undiscerning
Of anxious reformers, whose schemes
Bid fair to tarantulate learning
And "brighten" the holiest themes;
Farewell for a while to the psychics,
To theorists curious or crass;
Farewell, intellectual high-kicks,
Farewell, British Ass.!

Dark Days in the North. "Special forecast for Newcastle and District.

Newcastle Pap.r

Well, well, it's been bad enough in London.

"U.S. AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The second round results in the Amateur Championship of America, continued on the Floosmoor Course, Chicago, yesterday, were as follows:—

Jesse Sweetser (Simwanoy) beat S. Davison Herron (Oakmont) by 4 and 3.

Jesse Sweetser (Siwanoy) beat S. Davison Herron (Ontwentsia) by 7 and 6." Evening Paper.

A mood that discomfits her friends; Mr. HERRON must try another club.



Husband. "My dear, did I hear cook address you by your Christian name?" Wife. "S-SH! DON'T MAKE A FUSS. SHE ONLY DOES IT WHEN SHE'S IN A GOOD TEMPER."

THE UNPRODIGAL HOST.

IT was one of these club-settee affairs that resemble four-leaved shamrocks, and I was on one side and they were at the back, and the chap's voice was so loud and clear that unless you stuffed a truss of cotton-wool in your ears-Anyhow, I listened and heard this.

".... both of them directors, mind you, and they 'd never been in London before, and our New York people expect you to do the honours without an entertainment allowance. Bit too steep, I call it.

"At all events, I couldn't see myself standing them dinners at the Kosmos, theatres, suppers and what not. picture of a wife and three children would have appeared on every menu-card or programme. Still I had to be hospitable and give them a good time during their stay.

"But I always consider that Englishmen make a big mistake in entertaining Americans by offering them just the same sort of hotel luxuries that they can get at home. They'd far rather be taken around and shown the historical

crazy on antiquity, you know. So I decided to let them have some.

"It was Wednesday morning when we had our first chat in my office, and when lunch-time came I took them out to feed.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'which would you prefer—lunch among your fellow-countrymen at the Kosmos, or a snack at a quaint little place noted for its ale since the days of Wolseley? Mind you, I was thinking of the Field-marshal at the time. Perhaps they imagined it was the Cardinal. Anyway, they promptly turned down the Kosmos, and I guided them to Hook's, where we had a perpendicular lunch, which I insisted on paying for.

"What with sardines on toast, cucumber sandwiches and the like, flanked with pewter pots of ale, the bill came to four-and-sevenpence. Compared with the charges at the Kosmos this was very moderate.

"During the meal I gathered that they had some hazy idea of going down to Ranelagh for the polo that afternoon. That's as far as it got.

"When we were outside I headed and interesting bits of London. They're them for the Temple. I showed them the Carlton?'

church, the grave of Goldsmith twice, the exact spot in the gardens where the Wars of the Roses were released, where Shakespeare used to walk, where DICKENS hammered out his plots, and heaps of other fascinating things which I invented as I went along. Then I got busy with the statues on the Embankment. A lot of the Johnnies I had never heard of, but I was able to tell thrilling stories about them-many of them I believed myself—and the only time 1 really chanced my arm was when one of my guests asked me about a chap with a flat face let into the Embankment wall. At a guess I blamed him, judging solely from his face, for having designed Hungerford Bridge or the shot tower on the Surrey side—I forget which.

"I had to get back to the office after that to sign some letters, and they made for the Gorgeous, where they were staying. They wanted me to dine with them there that night, but I postponed that treat for the following night.

"'To-night,' said I, 'you're feeding with me in London's Latin Quarter. Have you ever heard of the Camberwell

"As I expected, they hadn't. So eight o'clock found us feasting royally at a 'Good Pull Up for Carmen' near Camberwell Green, where I pointed out three or four harmless-looking men as apaches, Bolsheviks and noted desperadoes. Once again I was the donor of the feast.

"We came back to Town on a tramcar, I paying as usual, and I spent a happy hour or two showing them the Embankment by moonlight, the Embankment from Waterloo Bridge, the Embankment from the Embankment.

and so on.

"When we parted they thanked me heartily for a most enjoyable eveningworking out at about eight shillings, I reckoned.

"For the following afternoon I fixed up an appointment at three o'clock out-

side St. Paul's.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, when we met, 'I'm going to take you over the ground

covered by the Fire of London.'
"And I did. We started at the Monument, and I walked them about for hours, showing them St. This's Within, and St. That's Without, and St. Something's Axe, and so on, working in little anecdotes that I had read up beforehand, and never being at a loss as to the exact spot where Dick Whittington first met his cat, or where IZAAK WALTON bought his bait. Before we'd finished the two of them were taking notes. And I stood them tea at what I alleged to be the first tea-shop opened in the City. The buns alone gave one that impression.

"That night, under great pressure, I let them dine me at the Gorgeous. Quite a nice meal, too. I had a glimpse at the prices and nearly fainted.

"As we fed I was planning out the next few days. The Americans were going back to New York on the following Tuesday, and would be up to their eyes in work all the Friday. Good. But there was still the week-end to consider. Somehow it looked to me like a motor-car to Brighton, stopping at a swagger hotel, and heaps of other costly things. And I'd already spent nearly eighteen shillings of good money.

"Luckily I thought of the British Sunday. In a few well-chosen words I depicted the gloom and cheerlessness of the British Sabbath, and before they knew it they were booking seats on an aeroplane for a trip to Paris on

the Saturday morning.

"They didn't get back till Tuesday morning, just in time to say Good-bye and catch their boat-train for Southampton.

"By Jove! weren't they grateful to me for the good time they'd had! I went to Waterloo in their taxi, insisted | Wigglethorn-which I wasn't, thank | ing the first figure by two.



THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

"PLEASE, MISTER, CAN I 'AVE THE CIGARETTE-CARD?" "MOST DECIDEDLY NOT. I'M COLLECTING THEM MYSELF."

on paying a penny for a platform ticket, shook hands with them half-a-dozen times, and stood waving my hat until the train was near Clapham Junction

"What was the result? Yesterday I got a cable from the President of the Company, conveying his cordial thanks and those of the two directors for the splendid time-

Just then I lost the thread of the i.e., 14,336 persons were married. story because an absurdly solemn waiter came up to me to know if I was Mr. This estimate is arrived at by multiply-

goodness! I hate being interfered with when I'm dropping eaves.

Then the Voice concluded:

"... jolly good job New York's got no history worth mentioning. The fact is I'm going over there myself for a fortnight's visit next month.

Our Statistical Experts.

"In the year there were 7,168 marriages,

Birmingham Paper.

ACROSS THE BALKANS.

Until quite recently I knew absolutely nothing about the Balkans, except that people lived there occasionally, between wars. Now, however, I am a perfect mine of information on the subject, for I have been right through them, right through the middle of them, with nothing but the railway to guide me and nothing but the restaurant cars to provide me with food. I know it sounds primitive, but, if you have a wagon lit and can pull down the blinds and sleep most of the time, that 's how the Balkans should be seen.

The train leaves Buda-Pest about midday and gets to Belgrade that night. But there is more in it than that. Somewhere in between they take your passport away, whether you like it or not, thereby depriving you tempor- grasped very little of its matter, although I am certain it is arily of the only means of establishing your identity, full of good things. The first poem is called quite simply, except perhaps the laundry mark on your socks and the "Ok." That is not much to go on, is it? Yet it contains letter from the man in England about lending you money. one or two lines that even I can appreciate. Take this, for

They also prod about in your suit-case for cabinets of cigars and cases of whisky and lumps of bullion. And I don't think they wash much in the Balkans; nor do they shave quite as often as I should like them to.

Then there is a train from Belgrade which is due at Sofia that very week; but you mustn't expect them to hurry over it. They don't want to rush you through without giving you a chance to see something of the country. They want you to have a real good look at each station, with all the pigs and dogs and goats and people that go with it; and the inhabitants, for their part, want to show you that they are quite at home on a station platform, and think nothing of walking up and down it for an hour or two. So you mustn't mind if you see rather

a lot of Ugbrod or Nágy Czsplocadécs or places approximately like that.

From Sofia a train takes you the whole way to Constantinople in well under the fortnight, which is pretty good going considering the length of the grass on the line. There are not many trains in the Balkans, and taking a ticket in these parts is a serious matter, by no means of price tickets are fetching at the moment, and what currencies are the most popular. You will probably be told that you can have the very thing you want for 2 francs 50, plus a few hundred Bulgarian Ievas, plus a few dozen Serbian dinars, plus a piastre or two and a couple of hundred kronen to make up the odd halfpenny. It is no good offering them a cheque—they simply won't look at it. only thing to do is to go quickly and catch the man who is just closing the Bureau de Change. This man's job is to close the Bureau de Change when there are any foreigners about, especially if they look like wanting a ticket.

before he has finished closing. Having inspected your passport and been rather struck by the remarkable resemblance | there's not much left of it but the date. of the photograph inside it to the creature in front of him,

he will start making calculations on a piece of paper. This will take some time, and all the while you know that you aren't going to get anything like as much as you ought. And in the end you don't.

Then, if the booking-office is still open, you may get your

I should hate to live in Hungary, unless, that is, I were fond of bicycling. The Great Hungarian Plain is the flattest thing I have ever seen; and it is perhaps just as well after all that the Russian Steam-Roller never got there during the War, for it could have done no good.

At Buda-Pest I was persuaded to purchase a little booklet of poems for charity. On the cover was written "Versek," which I guessed practically at once; also "300 kronen," which I interpreted as easily. But beyond that I have

instance: "Mind, mind ahogy a kö a köre fér." Can't you Can't you see her standing there undaunted, nay, defiant, meeting a hundred pairs of flashing Magyar eyes, while beneath her rolls the Danube on, on, on towards the sea? But possibly, after all, it is only about a motor-car that won't go. Nevertheless I like that "Mind. mind." It makes the Near East seem nearer than ever. Some day, when I write my book on Hungarian poetry, I shall begin like that.

I wonder what you would feel like if you had to sit in a railway-carriage, as I did, with a notice above your head saying, "Zachranna brzda." 1 can tell you it is not pleasant. but I believe the authorities who put it there are quite justified. People are so very

casual about trains in this part of the world that anybody might easily lean out of the window or put all sorts of things on the rack, or pull the communication cord unreasonably, or alight before the train stops—and where, I ask you, would the Railway Company be then, without that notice? Very much where it is

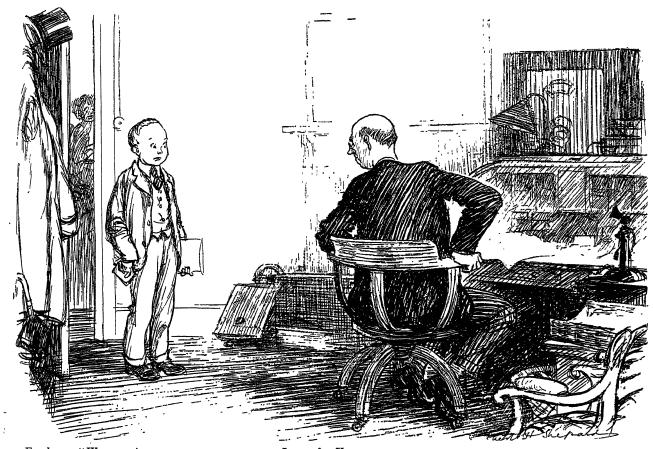
now, I daresay. Have I told you about the Commissariat Bureau, which the humdrum straightforward affair we are accustomed is nothing whatever to do with eating, but the place where to in England. You must first of all find out what sort they give you back your passport? It is a quaint little oldworld nook with a glass window and a wooden partition and stone walls, with notices and names and dates and witty remarks written all over them, and a good few empty boxes lying about. There, too, the student of psychology will find an interesting crowd of Bulgarian bank-clerks and Greek landladies and members of the Macedonian middle classes, all jostling each other in the jolliest manner possible. You really mustn't miss the Commissariat Bureau.

There is also a place on the Bulgarian frontier called, for excellent reasons, no doubt. Tzaribrod. Here you have to buy a fresh ticket; and it is not a minute too soon, either, But let us suppose that you intercept the money-changer for one ticket doesn't go very far with these Balkan inspectors about, and long before you reach your destination

A passenger was put off the train at Tzaribrod for not



Enthusiast (to successful Channel swimmer). "Bravo! Bravo! Encore!"



Employer. "Why don't you come at once when I ring? You ought to be much smarter considering that you only CAME BACK YESTERDAY FROM YOUR HOLIDAY."

Office Boy. "That's just it, Sir; I'm one of them what finds it difficult to get back into double 'arness."

having had his passport seen to at Sofia. I was sorry for him as there can't be much to do at Tzaribrod except throw stones at the hens on the platform or play with the stationmaster's goat; and these diversions might easily pall after a week or so.

I can't just remember for the moment who were the last people we gave Thrace to, so I don't propose to go into details about it. I think as a matter of fact that most of it belongs to a pair of storks I saw in a marsh some fifty miles from Adrianople. At least they looked as if they owned a good bit, and there didn't seem to be anybody else about.

As for Turkey—well, it seems rather hard luck that anybody should come all the way through the Balkans to find a country like that at the end of it. Still you might, I suppose, go further and fare worse, even if you are part of an Army of Occupation, as I was. But it would mean a very long journey.

"AT WILLESLEY PARK.

At the fifth hole Mr. J. Elliott made a drive of 110 yards in one stroke—the only occasion this has been done in the last three years on these links."—Leicester Paper.

Is there any room for new members, please?

Limerick.

A contractor whose wealth was extraordinary Was annoyed when, just after a War dinner, he Drove home in his Royce By a former friend's voice—

"Why, wot 'ave yer done with yer Ford, 'Enery?"

VANITY.

["The following resolution was carried, at a recent meeting of the Council of the National Pig Breeders' Association, by thirteen votes to two: 'That the use of artificial whitening and/or powder on large white and middle white pigs exhibited at agricultural shows . . . be prohibited."—The Times.

When Lord of the Sea Poseidon (son of Rhea), His wrath pursuing still the wise Odysseus, Drove him upon the fairy isle Aeaea,

His gluttonous companions, for their misuse Of hospitable fare (they got no mercy) Were all changed into swine by Lady Circs.

And in those days (if we believe the Odyssey's A record of the facts) no paint or powder

Was seen upon those white-armed lovely goddesses Whose seaward songs rose loud and ever louder To lure them on. ("White-armed" is no misnomer

For Nature's handiwork—see, passim, Homer.) But now (to swoop, like the Homeric vulture,

To earth again, and leave these high æsthetics) Consider how our modern Agriculture

Bows to the mighty power of cosmetics, When even cloven-footed swine go heightening Their beauty's charm with artificial whitening!

Golf at Leasome.

"At the sixth hole (285 yards) the last-named had a 2, and there were five 33's on his card."—Provincial Paper. This is the kind of unsteadiness that is always spoiling our own medal play.

ANOTHER INNOCENT ABROAD.

When we decided to take an Indian servant home with us on leave, and the lot fell on our small son's bearer Antony, there was an affecting scene. His aged mother, Ruth (ayah), and his devoted brother, Joseph (cook), brought Antony to us in tears. Never, one would have thought (if one hadn't known better), was there such a united family. We listened to a number of set speeches in Madrassi-English, and Ruth said my wife was now Antony's mother. Helen, suppressing her sense of humour, solemply accepted this relationship.

The great god Eyewash being thus duly placated, we got down to business. I announced that half of Antony's wages would be sent every month to the Padre, and the Padre would hand over the money to Ruth. This

was very well received (except by Joseph, who had hoped against hope that the money would be entrusted to him), and the facile tears of the Madrassi spedus on our way. Antony, simple soul, took it all at face value, or seemed to.

For a time we kept it up very well. Every month Antony received half his pay into his hand and saw the other half on its way to the Padre. Helen, standing by, exhorted him the while on the beauties of filial devotion, and Antony smirked and made appropriate replies.

housemaid, succeeded, after several pictures. We gathered that the outing had not been wildly thrilling.

verdict, "if he wisna that blate. Ye canna get a word frae him." For the benefit of the Sassenach, "blate" is shy, bashful. It was a very good word to apply to Antony.

The net result of Antony's plunge into dissipation was that he apparently realised certain hitherto unobserved deficiencies in his personal appearance, for he came and begged for an old blue suit of mine, and had it altered. He was further anxious to discard his turban for a hat of green imitation velours; but this innovation we had to dis-

Then, in July, we went to the Hôtel des Bains, at Perigeot, accompanied by the faithful Antony. Just before we

started he confided to Helen that he was angry with his "regulations." (In spite of all our attempts to substitute "relations" for this picturesque description of his family, "regulations' they have remained.)
"These regulations never writing,"

said Antony; "I always sending that money; they never writing anyting.

Very bad peoples."

Well, of course, so they were. Except for the Padre's appropriate messages (which I believe the good man invented out of his own sense of decency), not a syllable had ever come from that circle of "regulations" who had wept so bitterly at our departure. In common respect for the beautiful image of family love they had created, they might at least have sent a postcard.

At the Hôtel des Bains, Antony had as much of it as could be seen under

Caddie (discussing the merits of a neighbouring course). "Myer 'pinion o' THAT COURSE IS THAT IT WON'T BE NO BLINKIN' GOOD FOR ANOTHER FIVE LEARS, AN' THEN IT WON'T BE NO BLINKIN' GOOD."

"I liking sending that money," said he. his meals in the cafe, under the minis-In Edinburgh, Janet, our elderly trations of a young person called that Juliette was doing herself rather busemaid, succeeded, after several Juliette. Whenever I chanced to look well. failures, in taking Antony out to the in, Antony was to be seen sitting demurely at a little table, while Juliette leaned over the counter and watched "A rale decent-like lad," was Janet's him with the stolid regard of the jeune fille. Such converse as they indulged in was carried on mainly by signs and apparently dealt with little more than bare necessities.

Autony told us, however, he was very happy in France. "These Prens peoples very good peoples," he said. "Always they talking very nice to me."

Then came the sudden shock. Antony announced that he didn't want to send half his pay to Ruth any more.

"I not liking these regulations," he explained. "They never wasting one stamp on me. I not sending any more money."

Vainly Helen strove to restore him to the high plane of filial devotion.

"But, Antony," she said at last, think it may be helpful.

"what will you do with so much money? You can't spend it all?"

"I taking the motor lessons," said Antony vaguely. "After master going back to India, then I driving the car.

Well, what could one say? It was a laudable ambition and his family certainly had been ungrateful. Joseph could support Ruth for a while without overstraining himself. We ap-

proved. Two days later Helen and I were having tea at the Casino. The Casino at Perigeot commands a magnificent view of the plage, and we were less than half-way through our brioches when I saw Helen's eye fixed on that gay promenade in a fascinated stare. I followed her gaze, and beheld a young person in bright green, whose face-or

> an immense hat-urgently recalled the cafe of the Hôtel des Bains. By her side meandered a dusky gentleman clad in a smart blue suiting. Over his arm he carried alemon coloured waterproof; French shoes of the brightest yellow emphasized his feet. and he flicked the broad walk negligently with a cheap cane.

> Helen turned to me with a gasp of horror. "Antony!"

> Unquestionably was Antony. As unquestionably it was Antony and Juliette that we caught a glimpse of later in the Café de la

Paix. I carried away the impression

On next pay-day Antony had an idea.

"Master please keeping one-half my wages," he said. "Then afterwards praps I taking the motor-lesson."

I looked hard at him. "What will Juliette do?" I asked.

He met my eye without confusion. "These Prens girls too much eating," he announced. "Always they too much asking. Master keeping back one-half my wages; then I telling them I sending to my moder. When I telling like that then they not asking."

I don't know what is the moral of this tale-perhaps it hasn't got one, though there seems to be a gooseand-golden-egg touch about it somewhere for "those Prens peoples"—but as an example of the working of that strange enigma, the Oriental mind, I H..B.



REMAINS.

"HALLO, Muddock!" said I. "Sold your house yet?"

"I'm on my way to the agent's now," said Muddock. "I want to talk to him about this." And he produced the latest number of The Homefinder and showed me a picture with the following subscription :-

"Bosham Village and Harbour. View from site for marine residences. The above photograph presents a view of Bosham Harbour, showing the old-world church, in the crypt of which are theremains of King Canute's daughter. Capital sites for seaside residences."

"That's the chap who got his feet wet," I remarked. "I didn't know he had a daughter."

"Your education must have been neglected," said Muddock. "She was with him when the tide came in, and she never recovered from the immersion, partial though it was. In the eleventh century the really nice people hadn't much use for water, and she had been well brought up. Poor girl, she perished a victim to her father's passion for moral stunts.'

"Quite," I said. "But where does to you. They don't to me either, and your house come in?"

Little Girl. "Oh, because Mummy said that you didn't know how to dress yourself."

"If a picturesque reference to a deceased celebrity is going to bring an eager crowd of possible purchasers with orders to view," said Muddock firmly, "I intend that that reference shall be made. I have reason to believe that my agent is a man lacking in original ideas. I've roughed out one or two specimen advertisements to show him the sort of thing I want. I've got them here."

Muddock drew from his pocket a sheet of paper and read aloud:-

"'Naseby.—Charming detached Villa. Freehold. Gas and Company's water. Near probable burying-place of one of Cromwell's alleged bodies.

"'Self-contained Flat off Edgware Road. Every convenience. Within a stone's-throw of site of Tyburn gibbet.

"'Richmond .- Compact semi - detached Villa. Suit lady. QUEEN ELIZA-BETH died here. Why shouldn't you?'

"Rather arresting, don't you think?"

"Very," I agreed; "but personally-"I know what you are going to say,"

said Muddock complacently.

if I was advertising for a house I might even go so far as to say, 'Remains no object,' or 'Bones immaterial,' if I thought that would knock fifty pounds off the price. But tastes differ, and some people must be keen on them or they wouldn't be featured in The Homefinder."

"But has any antiquity worth mentioning ever died in your locality?" I inquired.

Muddock's face fell. "That's the trouble," he confessed. "'Sea and shops three minutes, cemetery fifteen,' sounds rather flat, doesn't it?" and he looked at me wistfully.

I recalled a week-end I had spent with him. "Perhaps," I suggested, "you might say something about oldworld sanitation."

"Colchester Town v. Lowest of the Town." From a list of Football Fixtures. Our thoughts are with the referee.

"The Earl of Stradbroke, Governor of Victoria, New South Wales, left Victoria to-day for Melbourne."—Evening Paper. And we shall be leaving Victoria in a

said Muddock. "Remains don't appeal day or two for Sussex, Kent.

AT THE PLAY.

"HASSAN" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

Hassan is a true Arabian Nights' Entertainment of exquisite beauty, beauty of conception and treatment by the poet so untimely dead, James Elroy FLECKER, and beauty of interpretation and externalisation by the producer, Mr. Basil Dean, who here definitely takes a big stride forward in his difficult and—shall one say?—controversial

Hassan is that rare thing, a work of genius; not faultless, but of an overwhelming, almost dismaying, vitality. There is a splendour, a prodigality in FLECKER'S outpouring of himself in this borrowed but entirely congenial and perfectly adopted Oriental mood which gives the experience, seldom attained by the sophisticated playgoer, of a genuine excitement of the theatre.

There is also a rather dreadful perception of depths of almost unimaginable cruelty which does not avoid morbidity. It is possibly this sinister under-note which prevented the presentation of Hassan in the lavish and brilliant seasons immediately before the War, for no actor or showman who knew his business could have failed to see its quite splendid dramatic and spectacular possibilities. Our nerves nowadays are notoriously stouter, or at least more numbed. The producer's tactful excisions have, moreover, left us with not more than we can reasonably bear—or let us say with very little more.

Hassan, the confectioner of Bagdad, growing stout and no longer young, is before all a lover of beauty, of beauty in Nature and in the work of craftsmen and poets, and, alas! of beauty in a ruthless mercenary woman, Yasmin. Cruelly spurned and taunted by her, he falls aswoon beneath her casement, and is there found by Ishak, the Court poet of Haroun Al Raschid. The Caliph seeks adventure in a house of mystery, from which a basket is let executioner, all disguised and feigning to be merchants, mounts to an entertainment given by his bitter enemy, Rafi, called King of the Beggars. He has organised the rabble of Bagdad to pull down the Caliph because his beinto the tyrant's household.

Ishak, in a mood of mischief, thrusts the unconscious Hassan into the basket, who wakes to find his destiny interwoven with that of the Caliph, and renfavour and friendship. He pays a bitter

of the tyrant by being forced to look upon the torture of the unfortunate There were no camels. . Raft and Pervaneh, for whom he has so passionately pleaded. Hassan is not made for wealth or power or for love of woman, but for beauty, and with his new friend, Ishak, the poet, steals away from the Court with its cruelties and lies and lusts to "take the golden road to Samarkand."

This, then, is the main pattern; there was elaborate and varied embroidery. Humour first, for even Hassan the tragic had his share of that, and Ishak also and more obviously a grotesque Chief of Police and Captain of the Military. There were the lovely lyrical outbursts of Hassan beneath his lady's window; of Ishak, about to die, praising the dawn; of Pervaneh pleading with her anguished lover. There was the entrancing Rout of the Beggars in the House of the Moving Walls-the dance of M. Fokine's skilled invention, but carried out with quite astounding dramatic effect and sound technical accomplishment by, in the main, our own native dancers. There were the tragic passion and doom of Rafi, the rebel; the sleek friendliness and smooth intolerable cruelty of the Caliph; the poignant love and loveliness and ecstatic courage of Pervaneh; the unabashed sensuality and perversity of Yasmin.

Of the principal players, Mr. HENRY AINLEY (Hassan), Mr. LEON QUARTER-MAINE (Ishak), Mr. MALCOLM KEEN (Caliph), Mr. BASIL GILL (Rafi), Mr. FRANK COCHRANE (Vizier), Mr. ESMÉ Percy (Selim, a false friend of Hassan), and Miss Laura Cowie and Miss Cath-LEEN NESBITT (Pervaneh and Yasmin) -all were beyond reasonable criticism, and the team spirit was most noticeable. But perhaps, after the dead poet's, the triumph is chiefly that of the producer, Mr. Basil Dean. Hassan is conspicuously a producer's play. I do not remember a better designed or better managed scene than the Caliph's Divan of Judgment, the second scene of down, wherein he, with his vizier and the Third Act. But all the schemes, both of scenery and costume, were beautifully composed by Mr. George Harris. The lighting was admirably effective and, save for an occasional rather too startling suddenness of change, manipulated with imagination and restraint. loved Pervanch has been sold a slave | Some admirable silhouettes were contrived, and throughout there was the most skilful grouping. The music of Delius added its rich, appropriate colour.

Of course the whole adventure is ders a service for which he is raised to nothing in the Chu Chin Chow or Cairo vein. Did those three or four gentleprice, seeing the cruelty of power at close | men in the pit who had the hardihood to quarters, and is punished for his rebuke express their disapproval in the usual yawn.

manner miss the camels and the asses?

A performance beautiful in its parts and touched with a fine memorable beauty as a whole. A red-letter day in stage-history I should dare to name it.

LONDON DAHLIAS.

Nothing looks so gaily as Autumn beds of dahlias, When you see them in the sun, Butterflies o'er every one.

But of all the gardens fair, Here or there or anywhere, No one shows a bed to beat That which flanks a London street.

Go (and tell me if I err) Down the road called Bayswater; Dahlias keep a kingly state Near to good VICTORIA'S Gate.

There you'll see them to your mind, Every colour, every kind; While above, when sunshine falls, Float their great Red Admirals.

Hanging the diminished head Now the Summer's flowers are sped; But the dahlias, nobly dressed, Vow that Autumn's pomps are best.

So, if you would love to see Colour and tranquillity, Royal Autumn's diadem, Please you, stop and look at them.

Yes, like butterflies and bees, Seek them at your urban ease: Steal their honey, warmth and colour 'Gainst a day when things look duller.

Thus when fogs come you'll remember Dahlias in a soft September, Dahlias in an Autumn sun, Admirals o'er every one, Gold and frankincense and myrrh On the road to Bayswater— Even to Bayswater.

Things one might have expressed more happily.

"Don't kill your wife with hard work. Let me do it for you. W---, Window Cleaner."

Advt. in a Motor Omnibus.

"Thoroughly experienced lady seeks Position in wholesale gowns."—Daily Paper. We are surprised that a person of experience should do this. A well-fitting gown is essential for any lady seeking a Position; and wholesale gowns seldom fit well.

"That night he sat, feet up on the mantel-piece, pipe in mouth, utterly absorbed in the latest issue of a periodical devoted to wireless . . . And the collie lay on the hearth-rug, with his long nose resting on his master's foot."—From a Novelette.

We should have liked to see that collie



OUR PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER SECURES A HAPPY SNAP OF BOYO JONES (MARKED WITH X), WHO HAS GONE INTO TRAINING FOR HIS COMING CONTEST, ETC.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are two possible readings of the motto on the titlepage of Mr. John Galsworthy's Captures (Heinemann). At least I have hit on two, though very likely there are others. It is from Don Quixote: "Soft and fair, gentlemen; never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last." It introduces a miscellany of sketches and short stories; and whether it implies that these are already out of date and that you are not to look for their author's latest opinions in them, or suggests that they contain the current views of a mind irrevocably moulded by the past, I will leave you to decide. If I cherish the latter hypothesis myself, it is because I cannot, and, for the most part, do not want to, imagine Mr. Galsworthy outwearing his characteristic sympathies and antipathies. Of course I should like him to discipline his rather incontinent pity. But this he is not at all likely to do, though he has no objection to laughing at its exorbitance—as witness that admirable little study, "Philanthropy." For the rest I hope he will never lose his tenderness for such Anglo-Spartan types as "The Man Who Kept His Form," his scorn for such cosmopolitan vermin as "A Hedonist," or his joy in indicting the habit so pleasantly distinguished, in "Timber," as "patrioprofiteering.". These "penny plain" items are all delightful. The "twopence coloured" are not so good.

Personally I cannot imagine the most hardened novel-

of the dolours of the Great War. But there is no accounting for tastes; and, if anyone would like to make the acquaintance of an American portrait-painter naturalised (through an oversight) in France and having A Son at the Front (MACMILLAN) during the initial stages of the struggle, he (or she) can count on Mrs. Edith Wharton for a microscopically clever treatment of the personal, social and patriotic aspects of that phenomenon. Campton's position at the outbreak of the War is interesting. His wife has divorced him years ago and remarried; but their son George is as dear to his "step-father," Brant the banker, as he is to Campton himself. Both men are influential in their respective ways, and both are determined to keep George, if not out of the French army, at least out of the danger-zone. The chief interest of the book (and this, if it were not hopelessly dwarfed by the issues out of which it arises, would be considerable) lies in the efforts of Campton to collaborate with Brant over the preservation of George without allowing a rival paternity, already half established, to throw his own into the shade. George of course eludes both guardians and finally reconciles them. But Mrs. WHARTON never really succeeds in getting at the mind of George.

I wonder what the American intellectuals who have "turned down" Artemus Ward for his crude "pioneer jocularity" will think of Mr. Stephen Leacock's Over the Footlights and other Fancies (LANE). They and other critics on this side may dismiss the book as only provocative of "horse laughs"; but the "horse sense" is there too. reader extracting much pleasure from a fictitious renewal! He has never been so frankly or so effectively reactionary,

being a poacher (or alter-

his outlook is Victorian he is no ordinary Philistine. His sufficiently ardent to thrill most feminine readers. ridicule is fortified by knowledge. He regrets the happy times "before the cinema had addled the human brain and the radio broadcast had disintegrated the human mind;" but he knows all the tricks of the "movie" trade and its weird lingo as well as the jargon of psycho-analysis. ending in art and literature; "now it's just the bad beginning." The "Fancies" which complete this jocund volume wards conjectures flattering to his subject. So far from

include a tirade against "Dry Banquets"—" wo-men," he observes, "never took anything to drink before Prohibition"; protests against the tyrauny of nature study and golf, and an excellent satire on the insincerity of the simple life Perhaps the movement. most conspicuous example of Mr. Leaceck's ability to extract d.version from a hackneyed subject is to be found in his "Personal Experiments with the Black Bass." The self-deception, not to say the splendid mendacity of the angler, has never been more happily illustrated.

Not a few eminent authors, among them Mr. GEORGE MOORE, have started a novel with a more or less accurate description of life in a girls' school. In Broken Bridges (PARSONS) I am bound to say that the short opening chapter, which describes Rachel Silver's last night at her Surrey school, struck me as the best in the book, arousingexpectationswhich were perhaps slightly disappointed later on. $_{
m Miss}$

MADELINE LINFORD, I conjecture, wrote this introduction | Holinshed," he seems to say. with exceptional care, and indeed it displays some of that grace, perception and fastidious sense of beauty which the publisher claims as characteristic of the whole book. To my mind, though there are good touches here and there in later chapters, Miss Linford never quite succeeds in recapturing that first note. Her book is entirely a study of the emotional awakening of a young girl whose first tendencies are towards an ascetic religion. The War is brought in to assist in the process; also two gentlemen of a certain age, who are treated by the author more tenderly than they deserve. Miss Linford, I am told, is a young Manchester journalist, and she displays a journalist's knowledge of Manchester offices and boarding-houses, with something more than a journalist's insight into her own sex. I do not think her men are so successful. But then Broken Bridges is, I suppose, essentially a book for women

so distrustful of the latest "world movements," whether in letters or morals, applied science or psychology. But though heroine. To do them justice, Rachel Silver's suitors are

Mr. Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University and quail-hunter in the sedges of South Carolina, as his dedication discloses, gives us A Life of William Shakespeare (Constable), which is, as we naturally He speaks of his IBSEN burlesque as done "out of the say of books that are perhaps more solid and painstaking original with an axe;" but the axe has a fine cutting than brilliant, "a monument of patient industry." Solidity, say of books that are perhaps more solid and painstaking edge. Marriage, he observes, used to constitute the happy however, is what we want. Perhaps the author's heroworship, natural and venial fault, is apt to turn his eye to-

THE SLACKER.

natively if he was a poacher then poaching was quite an honourable profession in those days), Shakespeare was, likely enough, a schoolmaster. Čertainly he didn't deserthis Anne-hecouldn't have—but no doubt brought her to London, sending her back later for the sake of little Hamner's health. On the other hand the learned author knows a real quail when he sees one and will have none of the wilder shots made by other sportsmen in this field. His account of the life and organisation of the various troupes of players is very carefully built up to make a solid background on which a shadow of the still essentially unknown poet may be thrown. You may catch the Professor out here and there at that favourite game of historians who don't want any laboriously copied notes to be wasted. "Shakespeare . . . may—we cannot tell—have . . . helped in the service of the State dinner . . . in the Banqueting Hall." "We cannot tell, but anyway you're going to get that chunk of And of course you do.

The plot of The Lord of Thundergate (HURST AND BLACKETT) is not too easy to follow, and a brief description of it-is beyond my powers. But if Mr. SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL has much to learn in the construction of a story he has many wonders to tell, and treats them with great vivacity. Merely to mention the main idea of his story—the masquerading of a young American as a Japanese nobleman—is to convince you that the author is not to be put off by dragons in the way. Fortunately he enjoys an intimate familiarity with Japan, and knows how to convey her charms. His pictures will increase, if that be possible, our sorrow for the terrible tragedy that has fallen upon her.

"She looked across the park, with two daggers in her eyes." Monthly Magazine. who do not care much what the male characters are like We think her lucky not to have lost her sight.

CHARIVARIA.

A PARTY of members of the British Iron and Steel Institute, while touring in Italy, have been received by Signor Mussolini. His idea was to have his iron hand tested by being shaken by on a visit to London has had his money experts.

"Mussolini ordered it" are the words with which Italians are said to accept everything imposed upon them. Even a Soho dinner?

An association of British Fascisti is reported to have been formed in London. We wonder if they have got any cigarettecards.

The Daily Mail seems to have overlooked the fact that during the recent heavy gales in the Channel several hats were blown off to France.

The POET LAUREATE has been invited to the United States to accept a Fellowship in Creative Art at the University of Michigan. Our fear is that this may involve a break in his flow of song.

In the event of his making the journey, however, it is expected that he will have special treatment, like Papyrus, and be supplied with tanks of Helicon water.

According to a contemporary, DAN HENDERSON of Jonesboro, Georgia, has won the tobaccochewing Marathon. It is widely thought that the news may have affected the Conference of Ambassadors.

A London coroner complains that many motorists rely upon their hooters instead of their brakes. The more expert motorist of course is content with the faint squeal of the pedestrian.

There is no truth in the suggestion that a certain boxer has secured a high price for the cinema rights in his fine collection of postponements.

Persons who want to work well are advised by a physician to eat apples. It was through eating an apple that our first parent (on the maternal side) statted manual labour.

A naturalist claims to have discovered in South America an animal use.

which by all the laws of evolution should have become extinct millions of years ago. It is possible, of course, that the animal did not know this.

A representative of an Indian tribe stolen. It is said that he regards this as a lesson not to venture too far away from civilisation again.

An exhibitor at the National Rose Society's Show states that roses will soon be growing all the year round.

ores 9d each THE FINANCIERS.

> And yet people ask what the Government is doing.

We read that there are enough telephone wires in London to encircle the Equator fifty times. It seems to be a good idea.

A writer in a daily paper suggests that football originated in China. deprecate these attempts to shift the responsibility.

During the hopping season, which ended last week, a party of brewers made a tour of the hop-fields. It is believed that they contemplate putting this interesting plant to some practical

A feature of the recent competitions of the London Private Fire Brigades was the hose drill display, open to women. We hope they were real silk.

A canary which a saxophone-player, now in London, had left with friends in New York has had to be sent after him because it was pining away. It seems that canaries which have acquired the saxophone-habit cannot sing to any other accompaniment.

With reference to a suggestion that,

in order to assist the suppression of rum-running, the Bahamas should be sold to the United States, a correspondent of The Daily News writes: "I fancy that British opinion will be little disposed to hand over some of our oldest colonies to be dragooned by American Marines." welcome the revival of the dear old Horse Marine joke.

A waiter in the Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, collapsed after hurrying to serve a customer. In this country, insurance companies are prepared to accept a merely nominal premium for this risk.

A New York paper announces the opening of the largest cinema in the world. This brings the total number up to fourteen.

It is officially stated that the number of people in this country withincomes exceeding one hundred thousand pounds has been more than doubled since the year before the War. We have felt sure all along that the Peace had its bright side somewhere.

A Polish woman residing in Switzerland has married her fourth husband within two years. It

is good to think he wasn't kept waiting very long in the queue.

A new deer, the Grifferos, which has no antlers for fighting its enemies, has been brought to London by Mr. Percival Transter. There is a rumour in Geneva that the League of Nations is anxious to purchase it and use it as a decoy.

"The Eye is Traitor to the Heart."

"Erwen was a man of keen observation. There was something in his visitor's eyes which puzzled him. Suddenly he realised what it was. It was the whisky and soda which he had set down, untasted, and placed at the corner of the table."

From a Serial by Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

VIVE LA CLOIRE!

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE RUHR. "" But what good came of it at last?" Quoth little Peterkin. 'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he, 'But 'twas a famous victory!' The Battle of Blenheim.

ENGLAND.

With happy mirth the boulevard hums; The banners wave, the papers shout, As when a conquering hero comes; What is it all about?

FRANCE.

Well may the general heart rejoice, For more than ample cause have we To register with lifted voice A glorious victory.

England.

And was the foe in equal force? And did he bloodily resist, To the last man and gun and horse, Your deadly mailed fist?

No; but we downed him none the less-As large a triumph won by Peace As Mussolini's late success Against the might of Greece.

ENGLAND.

But say—what went you out to win? Great spoil, no doubt, you looked to touch:

Some math you must have gathered in; May one inquire how much?

FRANCE.

Glory above all else we place; The spoil may not be very fat, Still, we have stamped upon his face, And rest content with that.

England.

So now he's bankrupt, I infer; That much you 've gained these eight months past;

But otherwise you're as you were In January last.

FRANCE.

You take the vile commercial view; To us no joy of debts paid down (Not even those we owe to you) Compares with Glory's crown!

ENGLAND.

Dear child! And now suppose we try To see if common-sense can cure The mess you've made, and rectify Your triumph in the Ruhr.

From the report of a five-furlong race:-

"Entaring the thought Daung Naun moved into second place. In the race for hare Pank Kraing took the lead with Damy Nyum chollenging and in a ding dong finish the former gainer the vadict by a week."—Rangeon Paper. Even the race-horses take their time about things in Burma.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

[Since the original work, published at 31s. 6d. in two volumes with photograph, is beyond the reach of many, we produce the following extracts, in which to a delicate humour and a refined literary sense is added that piquant personal interest which is to be found in so many Memoirs of those who have associated with Greatness.]

. . . Eton in the middle of last century differed in some respects from the present School by the Thames. I remember that "Bimps," as we were wont to call my tutor in those rather unpolished times, was a very keen protagonist of the Moderns. "After all," were decidedly radical at that time, often brought him into conflict with the Vice-Provost. I distinctly recollect a divergence of views between these gentlemen on the advisability of providing a newer Latin dictionary for the "fifth" (form).

"I cannot see why," said Bimps somewhat irreverently. "After all, the language has not changed much."

I went up to Christ Church in the late summer of 1866. Oxford in those days was a place where many distinct views were urged with much insistence.

I remember young Lord Potters Bar, afterwards Earl of Barnet, used to entertain us all at the Bullingdon, and often made us laugh very heartily. He always used to carry two napkin-rings about with him, and when he was asked the reason why he did this he would say, "Well, you know, one might always get lost." Tim, as we used to call himpoor fellow, he would have had a fine career had he not died unexpectedly at University "character" in those days. There used, I remember, to be a wall in New College Gardens (I wonder whether it is still there) which puzzled us young men considerably, as it did not seem to lead anywhere. Tim, having dined "not wisely but too well," was held up one night by this wall, against which he somewhat violently collided. The celebrated Dr. Jowett, who happened to be passing at the time, cried out to him to know why he was knocking into the wall. "Wall, is it?" said Tim; "I thought it was a gate." JOWETT used for many years to tell this story in Balliol Common Room; and I recollect that once, when the late Lord ELDON was dining at All Souls, the episode was recounted with much verve, and greatly amused the company.

To a young man coming up to London in the seventies there was, of course, a great deal of choice. In those days Marble Arch was the gate to Hyde

Park, and WILLIAM Morris was hardly heard of. I remember what a shock it was to all of us to hear about Napoleon III. My aunt, Lady Bird, with whom I used to stay, had once introduced me to him in a loge near the foyer in the Opéra. "Plaisir de faire votre connaissance, Monsieur," he said, moving slightly the silk hat he wore when he went out in the evening. He was a man with very fixed views on some things, while on others he frankly confessed he had not made up his mind. He always preferred a good dinner to a bad one. I also recall his curious habit of remarking, "Il n'y a pas de quoi, he used to tell us, "the Classics are not everything." These opinions, which acquaintances as "Monsieur," unless he knew them well) whenever anybody thanked him.

At about this time I expressed a desire to meet Prince BISMARCK. It was not immediately gratified, and when I did meet him some years later he was different to what I had expected. He had, I remember, a rooted objection to massed bands playing under his bedroom window when he

wanted to go to sleep.

My aunt was a grande dame of the old school, and she often used to tell us about Palmerston riding in the Green Park just after the Crimean War. In her own house she was something of a martinet, and no one would have dreamt of rising from table before she had finished a meal. She soon saw London of the mid-seventies was not the place for me.

One day Mr. GLADSTONE met us by the white arched gateway that stood -for all I know it still stands-at the corner of Hyde Park and Piccadilly. the age of seventy-two-was a great | I expressed my surprise at seeing him carrying an umbrella, the day being fine. He replied that he made a habit of taking an umbrella out with him even when rain was not threatening, because, as he put it, "One could never be certain in London."

My aunt then asked his advice as to what I should do, and he suggested I should go to Vienna, where, just then, under the Emperor Francis Joseph, nothing particular was happening. It was accordingly decided that I should travel thereby train and steamboat—this was before the days of aeroplanes—and for myself I greatly looked forward to seeing the Austrian capital, the name of which I had often come across in the course of my reading.

(To be continued.) [Not here.—ED.]

The Perils of Punctuation,

"The — has everything excepting steam-heating, Good Baths, Comfortable Beds, and Courteous Service.'

From an Hotel Advertisement.



THE FORTITUDE OF ENGLAND.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (to Britannia). "I'VE COME TO SAY THAT I CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LEAVE YOU, MADAM, IN THESE CRITICAL TIMES."

BRITANNIA. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, RAMSAY. DON'T SLAM THE DOOR."

[Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, at a farewell dinner given to him by the London Independent Labour Party, intimated that he was reluctant to go away in the present state of uncertainty in Europe.]



Mistress (to gardener's boy). "What's the matter?" Gardener's Boy. "Your new motor-mower's in the lake, Mum." Mistress. "But, good gracious, what on earth were you doing to let——"
Gardener's Boy. "It warn't me, Mum. The gardener were drivin', an' 'e's with it now."

IVY-A TALE.

BRIGHT gold was the coronal she wore upon her brows, brighter than the turning leaves of the Sussex oak. She did not come as a Hamadryad, however; she came (with a tin box) after many weeks of waiting in answer to this:—

"Cook-General, country cottage, two in family, good wages and outings.'

She was in fact the sole response to six insertions, and her refs. were entirely sat. But there had been no coiffure.

"I cannot and will not tolerate the presence in this house of a woman with

peroxide hair!"

So Mallotson. When in work he was a poet, but the trade suffers a good deal from short time. He was a very meek

man, except when he talked to his wife.
"Girl," corrected Mrs. Mallotson.
"She isn't twenty-one yet, and you'll get used to the glare."

Mrs. Mallotson wrote Home Hints for the newspapers, and in real life was cowardly too. The cottage had oakbeams. Outside it, rich with Autumn, lay the Sussex Weald.

son, accepting her amendment, "in the successful dish. Ivy was not of their same house with a girl who has peroxide hair."

"Be reasonable," urged his wife. "Could I write in the advertisement: 'Cook-General Wanted in small family where poet kept. Any hair but gold'?"

"Gold!" said Mallotson and snorted. It is possible that even the good Homer snorted at times.

"Well, gilded, then. It might have been much worse. It might have been scarlet, and bobbed."

Mallotson winced.

"There is no need to wallow in vile previous warning about the amazing imaginings," he said. "What is her name?'

She told him.

"It is impossible."

" It is true."

Mallotson groaned. In the kitchen Ivy made shattering noises indicating the preparation of a meal.

Good cocks have come before now to small households where no other kept and no help given with rough. could not be said, however, that Ivy was one of these. She was in point of fact an execrable cook. There have been bad cooks who, bowing to the rules of probability and the laws of chance, "I cannot write poetry," said Mallot- from time to time have turned out a

number; whatever her hand attempted she under- or over-did. And this point of cooking was of extreme importance to the Mallotsons. Napoleon made the remark that an army marches upon its stomach. How much more does a minor poet write poetry upon his!

But Ivy herelf was happy; there could be no doubt about that.

"I like this place fine," she told Mrs. Mallotson. She came from Willesden; it appeared she had never been in the country before, but to live there had always been her desire. She thrived on her own cuisine, and frequently whilst preparing dinner she sang. The antedinner singing of Ivy used to make the Mallotsons shudder in their skins. It was the harbinger of doom.

Every day they grew thinner and more pale. In Mallotson at last the fount of poetry completely dried. It was then that, by a tragic stroke of irony reminding one of the Greek plays, Mrs. Mallotson heard of somebody else: a quiet dark-haired girl, a proven cook. She brought the news to her husband. He smiled the sad smile of a man who has fought a losing battle with lunch.

They held a council of war.

"Can nothing be done?" he asked.
"Nothing," she said. "It would

break her heart if I told her we wanted her to go. Will you tell her yourself?"
"Never," he cried.
"Well, I can't," she said.
"Then I shall die," declared Mallotson.

"Slain by a fair maid?" she suggested,

smiling through her tears.

"Peroxide," corrected Mallotson.

"Wait a moment," she murmured. "You have given me an idea."

An hour later she rejoined him. "It is done," she said breathlessly, shutting the door. Mallotson was staring moodily out at the dahlias and the autumn mist.

"What is done?" he inquired.

"Ivy is going."

He kissed her.

"When, and for what cause?" he cried. "Well, I hope you won't mind," said Mrs. Mallotson; "but she is very senti-

mental, as you know. I asked whether she hadn't noticed how extremely sad and wistful you looked at times, especi-

ally during meals.

"She said, Yes, she had. She supposed it was doing so much work with the brain like, and not taking enough exercise. She had an uncle, she said, in Willesden who was just the same. Pastylike he was."

"Yes, yes," said Mallotson impa-

tiently.

"Well, I told her that it wasn't that, but something far sadder—far more tragic altogether. Long, long ago, I told her, before you met me, you had been deeply in love with a goldenhaired girl who had jilted you and treated you very badly indeed. Ivy's hair, I told her, was exactly like that girl's, and whenever you looked at it it nearly broke your heart."

"Hang it all," cried Mallotson, "I don't see why you should want to go

and-

"Well, you can't deny there was the

Wallingford girl, you know."

Mallotson smiled. He never really minded allusions to the Wallingford girl. She had married quite unhappily in the end.

"What did Ivy say?" he inquired.

"She burst into a flood of tears and said, 'That settles it, Mum; that settles it.' I think I cried a good deal too. It was a very sad little scene."

"Does all this mean that Ivy is

going?"

"What else could it mean?" asked Mrs. Mallotson.

He kissed her again.

It was Ivy's Wednesday out. When she returned she came straight into the cottage sitting-room. With a dramatic gesture she swept off her hat. .

"There, Mum!" she cried. "What

do you think of that?"



MANNERS AND MODES.

["It is bad taste for the hostess to be better dressed than her guests."—Book of Etiquetic.] THE ABOVE NOUVEAUX RICHES, WHEN ENTERTAINING MEMBERS OF THE NEW POOR, DECIDE TO TAKE NO RISKS.

ward off a blow. Mrs. Mallotson covered her face with her hands.

Ivy's hair had been bobbed. It was also no longer gold. It was a curious chemical red.

The mutton chops that evening were as hard as Sussex oak.

Tragedy? Not quite. You must hear the end. It is a great psychological truth that a sudden and very violent shock may produce most unexpected results. So it was with the Mallotsons. When the first onslaught had gone by there was a sudden bubbling up in Mailotson of the wells of song. In fourteen weeks after the transmutation he had completed his five-act blank verse tragedy, entitled The Death of Absalom, which

Mallotson put up his arm as if to has been praised not only by The Daily Miracle but by Sound. As for Mrs. Mallotson, she obtained a post as chief cookery adviser to a weekly periodical called Fireside and Flue. Most of her articles begin, curiously enough, "In selecting a simple dinner menu be very careful to avoid. . . . " But the revenue derived from these articles enables the Mallotsons to order most of their meals ready cooked in glass receptacles from Town. They look cheerful and contented now.

And Ivy is more radiant than ever. When the completed manuscript of The Death of Absalom was read aloud to her in the sitting-room, she remarked that it was rather sad like, but sounded fine. She is learning to play the piano.

THE STAGE HOTEL.

From the point of view of the visitor desiring a rest-cure the stage hotel may present many disadvantages, but for cheerful bustle and facilities for unravelling Life's tangled skein it can scarcely be equalled. Stage folk who find the trials and tribulations of the home circle insufficiently thrilling need only go and spend a week-end at an hotel to get all the complicated excitement they want. No one can stay long at a stage hotel without becoming involved in romantic adventures; that is what it is there for.

The stage hotel proprietor does not have to worry himself about a sea view, home comforts, good cuisine and so forth. All he has to do is to engage a more or less imbecile manager, a comic waiter or two and a female staff capable of filling in their abundant spare time as an occasional beauty chorus.

You do not get much of the "family and commercial" touch about the average stage hotel; it is always a very smart establishment, with an imposing staircase and a good supply of swing doors; a trifle draughty, perhaps, but then stage hotel guests do not sit about long enough to be troubled by draughts. The service—judging from the way the page-boys keep rushing up and down the staircase and through the swing-doors—is excellent. It is true that you are not expected to order anything more substantial than a cocktail, for life in a stage hotel does not permit of any leisure for sit-down meals.

There is a subtle infection about the atmosphere. Before you have been there five minutes you find yourself rushing all over the place like the waiters and page-boys. All the leading visitors do it. It is part of the routine and illustrates the feverish intensity of modern stage society. You cannot rank with the idle rich unless you rush about.

The stage hotel is used principally by people who are doing their best to get away from other people. And since stage folk spend a good part of their lives endeavouring to avoid one another it stands to reason that the stage hotel is the one place where they are dead certain to meet. If you took a stage hotel and put it on a remote South Sea island it would be patronised all the year round with people doomed by a mysterious fate to meet other people they are trying to escape from. And when they meet it is as often as not in the wrong bedroom. It is scarcely worth while engaging any particular bedroom at a stage hotel; the chances of your finding it when the time comes to go to bed are too much against you, and even if you do strike it there is sure to be some other person already in it. Stage folk ought never to be allowed to go to bed in an hotel except under the charge of an experienced warder.

There is one very pleasing feature about certain stage hotels, and that is the warm interest taken by everybody (including the staff) in whatever happens to be going on. There is none of that frigid exclusiveness which is affected by people staying at an ordinary hotel. It not infrequently happens that a visitor to a stage hotel is so pleased at finding himself there that he breaks out into song right away, without even waiting to order a cocktail or even hang up his hat. Do the other guests look coldly upon him or send for the manager? Not a bit of it. On the contrary they gather round (while the waiters and female staff line the walls) and join in the chorus or sing something on their own account by way of welcome. Then they all dance round the new arrival out of sheer good-fellowship.

It is all very jolly, and I cannot help thinking we should be the better for more of that sort of spirit in real life. Taking it all round, the stage hotel is a very blithesome place, provided (1) that you are not trying to elude anybody; (2) that you can do without food; and (3) that you can avoid going to bed.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

FOR THE FIFTH CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH.

" Ut fragrans nardus Fama fuit iste Rıcardus."

LINGERING and fragrant as the spice of Ind Men's memories of him were; An image of that Merchant-Venturer, Touched by the trembling, many-coloured gleam That falls from myth and dream, Dwelt long in London's mind.

Of London's worthies he was one apart, As still, perchance, he is; The columned shadows of the centuries Narrow round civic pageants far and dim, Yet she has kept for him A lamp within her heart.

That he was passing wise in merchants' lore And rich in merchants' gear, Courted by threadbare princelings, eyed with fear By cozening hucksters, held in honour by His own great Company, Was much; yet there is more.

It was much to wear the chain and purfled gown, To lead the embannered line Of citizens, when conduits ran with wine; Lord Mayor of London! The very words ring out Like the triumphant shout Of trumpets loudly blown.

It was well, when the long arduous tale was told, That all his hoarded gain
Should turn to noble uses, and should rain
Upon poor clerks, men bowed beneath the yoke,
And agéd friendless folk,
Its healing showers of gold.

All this was much; yet, if the spikenard's breath Still from his dust ascend,
It seems some grace no civic worth could lend Has been youchsafed to him, and hovers still About that towered hill
Where he was laid in death.

His is this lasting grace—a kindlier one
Than gold could ever give—
To hold the love of children and to live
For ever young—the boy who hearkened when
The bells sang "Turn again,
Turn again, Whittington!"
D. M. S.

A Great Grievance Redressed.

"Mr. Greenwood commented with pride on the fact that the Government had entrusted them with the care of the many rare plants which had arrived for the Exhibition at Wembley next year. Among these were many banana trees."—Morning Paper.

So the people's cry has been heard at last.

"Bunny Comes into His Own.

The use of rabbit by expert furriers is an accomplished fact this season."—Evening Paper.

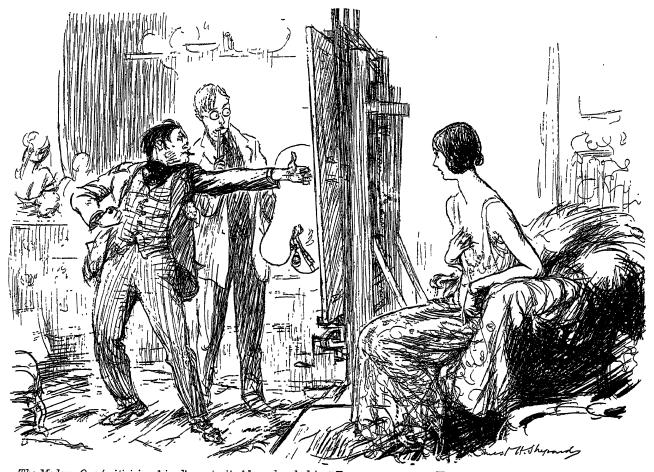
Bunny Comes out of His Own is the way that some of

the more stylish rabbits are putting it.

"The Sccretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron contradicts the statement that Mrs. —— was at one time a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron, he stated, is confined to me."—Evening Paper.

We are withdrawing our candidature.



The Modern One (criticising friend's portrait of harmless lady). "Too insipid, man. Knock it about a bit—give her a squint OR A BROKEN NOSE!

SO THIS IS WIGAN!

I HAD often, often wondered. And as we approached it in the car I felt a thrill of excitement, a great curiosity. I longed to stop at Wigan, to get out and see it for myself, to walk in it, to laugh at it in its own funny face, instead of behind its back in a plush tip-up seat at the theatre. But how could I ask George to tell his chauffeur to pull up at Wigan? At Wigan! I caught sight of my face in the mirror. It was wearing—it had probably been wearing it for miles—the special smirk that belongs to the face that is thinking of Wigan. I made a colossal effort and straightened it out.

"George," I blurted suddenly, "what about stopping at—at—Wigan?"

George looked at me; and I saw at once that the idea appealed to him. The Wigan look had stolen all over his features.

"It would be rather fun," he said, "but-but-

He was looking uncertainly at Franklin's back.

"Come on," I urged, and tapped on the glass. Franklin turned round.

-to stop at—er—er-

the hedgerows and trees. "To Wigan all, you will creep away, resolved to be a better man.

I shall not describe Wigan to you in

Yes, that is Wigan. And, Wigan,

detail. It is a quite ordinary town, full from a respectful distance I offer you of quite ordinary shops and trams and policemen and cinemas and everything. We had an ordinary lunch at an ordinary hotel; there was an ordinary bar in it, full of ordinary men drinking ordinary beer in a perfectly ordinary manner. It is not noisy or disorderly; tion—the same affection that I feel for nor is it dirty, which is very wonderful the Kipper, the Banana and the Mothermanner. It is not noisy or disorderly; of it, seeing that it is entirely surrounded | in-law. by coal-mines. It is not even partineighbour, Warrington.

But all that is beside the point. What I want to tell you about Wigan is this: opinions. I am beginning, for instance, that there is absolutely nothing ridicu- to wonder what sort of a place Tooting lous about it at all. It is not even un- really is.

"I want you," said George, "to—er | consciously humorous. On the contrary it has a certain solid dignity, an air of "At Wigan," I said steadily, "for lofty defiance, as if it were proclaimlunch." And Franklin, with a Wigan boldly, "Yes, I am Wigan. Go on, grin so broad that it showed through then—laugh!" And behold you cannot the back of his head, pursued his way. laugh. There is nothing to laugh at; you "To Wigan—two miles." Merrily have never been further from laughing we leapt along the road. The sun came in your life. You are a little ashamed, out, lighting up the beautiful green of and, if you have any decency in you at

> Yes, that is Wigan. And, Wigan, my sincere apology. No more, I vow, will I smile at mention of your name; rather will I mock at your mockers. I respect you, Wigan; and, if I cannot honestly say that I love you, I can assure you that I feel for you a peculiar affec-

And I owe you a debt, Wigan. You cularly ugly; and I would not mind have taught me that I must travel wagering that it is the envy of its more and see the world for myself. You more and see the world for myself. You have inspired me with a divine discontent in the matter of second-hand

THE HERO.

George's part in this story is discreditable, I allow. And as for Fred Hope's-

George and I had been cruising round the delightful ditches and ponds of Norfolk (curiously called "Broads") in one of the well-known Norfolk sloops (hired for a week), and we were lying up for a night in a certain harbour.

Very early in the morning, which

by strange noises, and shambled on deck. Just below us was moored a wherry, joined to the quay by a long landing-plank. A wherry is the Norfolk equivalent of a barge, a picturesque trader with a vast brown sail; but some are fitted with a grand piano and made all dinky for pleasure parties. And such was this.

The noise I had heard was the bellowing of a stout gentleman in the bows, dressed in horn spectacles, pyjamas and a bowler hat; and he was bellowing at a golden-haired lady who was walking down the plank to the wherry, her skirts held high,

What he said was, "Hell, Baby, we don't want that-a-

much leg!"

To which she replied, "Oh, sakes, you get my goat!" and returned to the quay. Arrived there she lowered her skirts and tripped down the plank again, smiling radiantly. That particular harbour is a picturesque place, even at six o'clock in the morning; but neither in the beauty of the scene nor the personality of the stout man could I see any sufficient reason for such extraordinary happiness.

The stout man said, "Aw, Babe, cut out that Sunday-schoolstuff! What's them ankles for?"

The lady replied with admirable vigour but without a trace of the radiant happiness of a few moments back, "Now, see here, Mr. Drewitt, if you don't tidy yer ideas on this leg proposition, I quit. Get me?" Then, turning, she walked up the plank, sat down on a bollard and burst into tears.

To my surprise no one paid any heed to her emotion, not even the refined and handsome youth whom I now observed a little further along the quay, dressed in beautiful white flannels. On the contrary, he poised himself on the edge as if about to plunge into the river-perhaps by way of protest.

the owner of the flannels) poked his head out of a hatch and regarded the youth with frightful malevolence. Whether the young man would have carried out his chivalrous protest I know not, for at this point the stout man said vigorously, "Why, Hell, Fred, you gotter look as how you meant it!'

And the youth, surprisingly in one so refined, replied, "Aw, cheese it! I'm through," lit a cigarette and sauntered off along the quay. The stout man waved his arms to Heaven, took off his was bright and sunny, I was aroused that and passionately flung it into the lic might safely behold was determined.

-E Bestall_

Mother. "Look, DARLING. THIS IS QUEEN ELIZABETH." Modern Child. "VERY DRESSY WOMAN, ISN'T SHE, MOTHER?"

water. And I took a firm hold of our mast to assure myself that I was still in the real world.

Whatever was the nature of these strange proceedings I determined to see them through; but it was chilly, and I went below for more clothes.

When I returned the lady was again walking the plank, with the old expression of delirious joy. But the only response of the stout man was the remark, tartly delivered, "Nothing like it, Baby. You gotter tickle up the boys without scarin' the parsons. See? It's a matter of inches.

Meanwhile a very dark man (no doubt | guessed, a movie-machine-man posted | An' then he comes out on the bank an'

on the quay. And that and something familiar in the features of the handsome Fred, who had returned, suddenly gave me the clue. This must be none other than Fred Hope, the hero of a thousand dare-devil adventures—the man who spent his days leaping from aeroplane to aeroplane, bounding on to expresstrains, shooting rapids, and being shot out of volcanoes; probably the bravest man in the entire world. I thrilled.

After some further experiment the exact length of Baby's leg which the pub-

> and a new scene went forward. The piece was a "Dramma," and it appeared that the dark man was basely luring Baby on to a "lugger." Once aboard the lugger and by some folly or negligence of his the wherry would start drifting down into the log-jam at the head of the Colorado rapids, there to be crushed and sunk. But meanwhile Fred Hope would plunge into the raging torrent, battle with tide, rocks, crocodiles and hostile savages, win through to the log-jam, and, jumping from log to log, rescue his bride-to-be on the verge of extinction or dishonour, if not both.

The rehearsal proceeded slowly. For the performers seemed extraordinarily vague about the emotions they were intended to express at given moments, while, to judge from some of her remarks, Baby was even imperfectly acquainted with the details of the plot. Somehow I got the impression that the producer was keeping it dark. She stood at the hatch, a pathetic figure, about to descend to danger and dishonour. And she said, "Say, Mr. Drewitt, do I look cute here, or what-is-it?"

"Why, I guess you look cute, my dear, with a kind of a mean look in your eyes."

"Say, there ain't nothing in my contrack about lookin' cute an' mean at the same time."

Baby's lipstrembled dangerously, and the stout man said hastily, "Oh, well, cut out the mean look, dear heart.'

"Well, I dunno. What am I doin', anyway?"
"Why, Hell, this guy's got designs

on your honour, I guess."

"How does he look? I don't want no s'prises sprung on me."

"Why, he just looks terribly mean. An' all worked-up an' passionate. Then you fade-out. See? And we get Fred There was now, as the reader may have | looking kind of lonesome in the shack.



Kindly Villager (to mother of newly-appointed A.D.C.). "An' 'ow's Mas'r John Gettin' on? I see by the paper 'e's become a 'Andicap to a General."

does his leap to destruction. Say, Fred, you gotter look a bit more careless on that; like death don't mean nothing to you in the circs. See?"

"Aw, well, get on with it."

I have often wondered whether these heroic stars actually perform the desperate deeds attributed to them, or whether at the critical moments their places are taken by dummies, or the unemployed, or what. And I was delighted to think that I should now discover. But, alas, I am still wondering. For presently a hired waterman poked his head out and said something about breakfast. And Mr. Drewitt said, "Why, that's a notion. We'll take the leap to destruction after."

They all disappeared, and I sat and pondered. I marvelled that one so slim and refined and fair as Fred Hope should be so brave and so resourceful. And there came into my head a most inexcusable design. I went below and woke up George.

Very soon the hired man appeared and went off into the town. It was slack water, and this also was favourable to my experiment. I dropped into our dinghy, rowed stealthily past the wherry and cast off her mooring—a was still fe hateful, piratical act. Then I returned,

unfastened her head-rope and transferred the end to George. It was my idea to "bend" on a considerable length of spare rope we had and with it make fast again, so that the wherry would merely drift the length of the rope. George however, by accident or malice, dropped the wherry's line in the water, and, as the tide had just begun to run out, she sidled slowly towards the ocean. And at that I decided to wait and see the pictures.

The plank fell into the water with a great splash. The producer poked out his head and, with his mouth full, loudly condemned the situation. His cast poured up and ran about the deck, looking singularly worked-up, considering that all they had to do was to catch hold of the quay with a quanting-pole; and I expected at least to see Fred Hope swim to the shore with a rope in his teeth. Meanwhile Baby, with shrill cries, portrayed a series of emotions that would have made the fortune of any Dramma.

Stricken with compassion at the sight of beauty in distress (and all through George's fault), I rowed after the wherry, boarded her and regained the quay without difficulty (for the tide was still feeble), and received the thanks

You are right. George was a low hound to do it. Still, it was interesting. For what did Fred Hope do—Fred the shooter of rapids, the resourceful doer of noble deeds?

Fred did absolutely nothing. He just looked terribly cute. A.P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. —— extracted all the humour last night out of the part of Polonius."

Scots Paper.

"Deceased was a grandson of the late ——, well known as a writer to the 'Signet' (Edinburgh)."—Sporting Weekly.

A jolly bright little paper.

"All down Southampton Water the ship was as steady as a rock, but once out in the Channel the engines were started up at full speed and the sea became choppy."

Daily Paper.

This bears out our long-cherished belief that the sea would be perfectly calm if it wasn't for the boats on it.

"To prove a pet theory, Dr. —, a university professor of Nebraska, is to attempt to crawl 100 miles on his hands and one knee. He intends to live on berries, field mice and a dog, which he will kill."

Under a photograph in a Canadian Paper.

Under a photograph in a Canadian Paper.
Show us, we say, the Fellow of any
College in Oxford or Cambridge who is
doing work like this.

GREAT-AUNT GAROLINE.

"As a family we have always been respectable to the point of stodginess," said Chadwick. "The exception was my great-aunt Carrie, who, when I knew her, was getting on for ninety. I was rather a favourite of hers, and I well remember what a fearful joy it was to be asked to take tea with her. She lived still in the house where she had been born, in the days of sedan-chairs and highwaymen, when the Tyburn gibbet stood near where the Marble Arch is now, and travellers looked to the priming of their pistols before riding

Court and general news in The Times every morning after breakfast.

Boys are queer creatures. I was attracted to her at first by the fact that her false teeth did not fit. This, to me, was at once delightful When and alarming. they fell out, which happened not infrequently, I always handed them back to her-an attention which she acknowledged with a gracious "Thank you, boy."

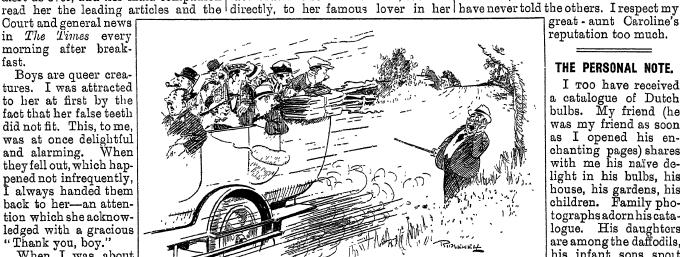
When I was about thirteen I learned-I brother, James - that

my great-aunt, in her long since vanished youth, had been loved by no less a person than the poet Byron. The her family at the time, was distinctly gratifying to a later generation of Chadwicks. It was an article of faith with my great-aunt; and the passage of years had made this a matter for boasting. I know that the next time I went to tea with her I observed her with mingled curiosity and respect. I was a bookish boy, and Lord Byron was a legendary and glittering figure in my imagination.

If I had not known that the contrary must have been the case, I should have supposed that my great-aunt was always rather plain of feature. Ceralways rather plain of feature. Certainly at eighty-seven she had retained said; "the other sister. I remember

aunt was perfectly aware of the interest taken in her by all who knew something of her past. It was as though a reflected light was thrown on her from that flame long since spent in the through Maidenhead Thicket. Physi- | fever swamps of Missolonghi. We were | cally she was frail and shrunken as a even a little awed, and that awe was withered leaf, but mentally she was increased rather than abated by the alert as ever, and her maid-companion fact that she seldom referred, even in-

boy! "very sharply, and her teeth fell out. I retrieved them; but they had ceased to be the first object of my interest. If CLEOPATRA had not sent for the asp, if *Iscult* had loved *Tristram* her. Great-aunt Caroline had been the less, if *Francesca* had never seen the only survivor of her generation for so Malatesta, they too might have had to long. visit the dentist sooner or later. Looking back I realise that my great-



think from my elder "I'm surprised at yer. Ain't yer got no sense o' yumour?"

on her drawing-room wall, where she affair, which had probably horrified could see it without turning her head, and a miniature lay on the table with a volume of his poems within reach of her hand. There was a rosewood workthem that one at least of the poems box too which he was generally supdedicated "To Caroline" was intended, posed to have given her. When she not for Lady Caroline Lamb, but for died that miniature and the book were buried with her. She had left no instructions, and we Chadwicks are prosaic folk, but we had sufficient imagination to see that this was the right thing to do.

A year or two later I met a Mr. Soames, a very old gentleman, at the house of hints for his Autumn Catalogue. He a friend. In the course of our talk together I learned that he had known the Chadwicks in the days of his youth. I referred to my great-aunt Caroline's romance.

no trace of the beauty that must have there was a terrible fuss about it. Her attracted the poet's roving glance when family were hard on her. Carrie espeshe was seventeen. I think I must have cially. Carrie was very straight-laced,

gaped at her in a rather unmannerly a born old maid. Emmie was heart-fashion, for she said, "Don't stare, broken for a few months. Then she married a very decent fellow, a drysalter. They had no children, and she died young or youngish."

Emily! I had never even heard of

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"That Carrie wasn't the one? Certain. She never even saw him. She was at a young ladies' seminary in Cheltenham at the time. It was all over when she came home, and he'd gone to Italy. I know she made poor Émmie's life a burden, complaining of the disgrace she had brought on the Chadwicks."

"I see," I said. And I did. But I

great - aunt Caroline's reputation too much.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

I too have received a catalogue of Dutch bulbs. My friend (he was my friend as soon as I opened his enchanting pages) shares with me his naïve delight in his bulbs, his house, his gardens, his children. Family photographs adorn his catalogue. His daughters are among the daffodils, his infant sons sport among the tulips, he himself beams at me from the anemone bed.

conversation. He made her background | His friendliness, his childlike garnone the less. A portrait in oils hung rulity have touched a chord in my heart.

> Now why do not others follow his example? Why do not all business men touch the personal note that is hidden in every heart? Why should the ordinary catalogue be so cold and inhuman in its tone?

> I am, I will confess to you, a needy author, and I wish that my publisher would cultivate the Dutch bulb-growers' habit of intimacy and push his wares with the same gay familiarity.

> I am about to suggest to him some will begin with a letter:-

> DEAR SIR, DEAR MADAM, - The Autumn closes down upon our faithful customers. Is it not so? You huddle around the fire, depressed by the ceaseless rainfall without. You need a book perhaps? Let us send you a dozen. We will pay the postage and give you an enormous discount.

We can send you parcels of 10,000

books if you like. Even if you don't want to read them, or if you can't read at all, yet you can adorn your house with them; you can use them as missiles for your domestic pets; your dear little children can build houses with them.

REMINISCENCES

We have a vast stock of these delightful books and can offer you twenty-five varieties at twenty-five shillings each. See the photograph of the publisher's old grandfather chuckling over the racy recollections of a sporting Peer. Do not the sparkling eyes of the old man persuade you to share his delight?

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The publisher has been persuaded to photograph his children among his books. See how his young hopefuls hurl the volumes at one another! His vast stock of juvenile literature makes this pastime both cheap and easy.

Parents, do you not wish to partake of this joy? If you cannot choose, we will send you our own selection of 1,000 books. All colours and sizes stocked. Send at once for our "Young Hopeful's Parcel."

POETRY.

You do not read it? Nevertheless some highly-coloured poets will decorate your shelves to the best advantage, giving you an appearance of culture and elegance. Here in this charming picture the publisher's own wife is seen selecting a volume from our shelves. Does she not look well?

Believe me, your drawing-room will be much enriched by our varieties of mixed poets in brightly-hued bindings. We offer you our own selection of twenty-five Georgians at 1s. 6d. per head.

A vast collection of minor and miniature poets we can give at 6s. per dozen. These miniature poets look well on any drawing-room table.

Novels.

We have such a large variety of these useful and ornamental works that we intend to sell them by the gross. Our illustration shows them in heaps upon the warehouse floor. In the foreground stands the publisher himself, who guarantees every parcel to be his own selection.

Dear reader, do not throw our catalogue in the fire. Be my friend. I need you. You need me. And be sure you do not confuse me with any other publisher. Note my Christian name—John, and read my joy-bringing books. Yours faithfully,

Јони Воом.

If John Boom only had some Dutch courage about him he might double my royalties.



Host. "I suppose you're one of those cold-bath heroes—what? 'Guest. "R-R-RATHER."

Host. "Splendid. Come along, and I'll show you how to work the geyser."

"Women, the most romantic creatures in a more or less mundane world."—Dxily Paper. Personally we have always found it more.

"A writer in an American journal says he has received several letters from correspondents who dispute his statement that the following two sentences mean the same thing:—(1) 'At the time of the collision the pilot was in charge of the ship.' (2) 'At the time of the collision the pilot was in charge of the ship.'"

New Zealand Paper.

We can clear this up. The American writer is correct.

The Brighter London Movement.

"At six o'clock a public tea was held in the Assembly Hall, and nearly 100 guests sat down to partake of the Rev. —. —, B.A., Minister of —— Road Wesleyan Church."

Suburban Paper.

"CARDIFF.—(5 WA—on 353 metres.)
SATURDAY.

3.30: Orchestra. 7.0: News. 7.10: Orchestra. 7.30: Cat on Town Development and Public Health."—Manchester Paper.

Would this be Felix of the films?



Hostess. "But, anyhow, if you do bring an uninvited man, what's the sense of it if you don't dance with him?" Guest. "Well, he's only taken me out to dinner a dozen times or so, and I think I've made him an ample return."

COLOURED POLITICS.

I am very anxious for my old friend, Randolph Merritt, who is held up at Pzizkz, the capital city of all Anonia.

Merritt went to Pzizkz to see a man about an oil-well. I warned him that the country was in a horribly explosive state, but he would go. And now I have received from him a letter which confirms my worst fears. It cost Merritt 400,000 chjinkos to get this letter across the frontier. He says so himself, and he is not one to boast about what he spends. The equivalent in English money is fully eightpence.

It seems that, on the day after his arrival at Pzizkz, Merritt was smoking at his hotel when a man called to see him-an important-looking man, who insisted that Merritt should take him to the hotel's cellar for privacy.

"The revolution," whispered the man, "will be accomplished at noon next Tuesday.

"Indeed," said Merritt.

"Yes," said the man. "It is a secret you are privileged to share."

"Very kind, I'm sure," said Merritt. The man, it transpired, was the leader of the Anonian Reds. He explained that the purpose of his visit was to conscript Merritt as a Red soldier.

"Oh, come," said Merritt-"an English civilian can't butt into Anonian revolutions. I shall be neutral.

"Neutrality," said the man, "is impossible to one who shares our secret." "Then I will leave the country until them. That is strategy."

the trouble is over," said Merritt.

"That likewise cannot be," replied the man. "You share our secret. Day and night you will be watched. I must require that you stay.

precious secret. I shall tell the British next Tuesday, and aimed at wresting Minister about this."

"Tell no one," said the man solemnly, "or you die. Here is your sash of the Red soldiery. The affair will be sudden and swift. At noon on Tuesday."

He bound Merritt to secrecy, named a rendezvous, pulled his hat over his eyes and departed.

Merritt returned to the smoke-room to ponder the matter over a cigar. Five minutes later he was in the cellar again.

"Hist!" said his second visitor. "I am the leader of the Anonian Greens. The revolution will be accomplished at one P.M. next Tuesday."
"At one P.M.," echoed Merritt.

That 's funny, because the Reds-

that the Reds will launch a revolution at noon next Tuesday. They will wrest the power from the Government and exhaust themselves in so doing. An hour later we will wrest the power from

He bestowed on Merritt a green sash, bound him to secrecy, named a rendezvous, pulled his hat over his eyes and departed.

Merritt's next visitor was the leader "Look here," said Merritt, somewhat of the Purples. The Purples' revolu-peeved—"I didn't ask to share your tion, he learned, was timed for two P.M. the power from the Greens. Merritt became a compulsory Purple, complete with sash.

Thereafter, callers arrived with such regular frequency that Merritt decided to stay in the cellar; the steps fagged him so. Within an hour or two he had. been conscripted in succession by the Lemons, the Clarets, the Blacks, the Blues, the Puces, the Old Golds, and the Cinnamon Browns. Every leader presented him with a sash of appropriate colour, bound him to secrecy, named a rendezvous—each at an hour later than the preceding one-pulled his hat over his eyes and departed.

It is the deuce and all for Merritt. He "Kriko and Korika!" exclaimed the dares not consult anybody else because Green. "Our secret service has learned he is tenfold bound to secrecy, and he



THE COST OF VICTORY.

GERMANY. "I GIVE IN!"

M. POINCARÉ. "GOOD! NOW PAY UP."

GERMANY. "PAY UP? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I'D HAVE STOPPED PASSIVE RESISTANCE IF I'D GOT ANY MONEY LEFT?"



Spectator (pointing to newly-wed pair). "That's a romance, that is. She fell into the canal an' 'e fished 'er out with 'is boat-'ook."

knows what these Anonians are. His best plan, he thinks, would be to keep each rendezvous consecutively, as far as possible, just looking in at the Reds' show for ten minutes, then popping off to the Greens', then to the Purples', and so on. In that way, by always linking up with the newest power-wresters, he thinks he might get through a busy day without being destroyed for treachery.

But the sashes baulk him. He has ten of them, of different colours but practically identical size and shape. To turn up at the Reds' rendezvous wearing any but a red sash would mean instant execution. A normal person might reasonably expect to avoid such a faux pas. But Merritt is not normal. He has one incurable defect which, I fear, may be the death of him. Merritt, poor fellow, is colour-blind!

Things one might have Expressed more Happily.

RETIRING ALDERMEN. — Alderman —, , and —— retire this year. They will probably be unopposed."—Evening Paper.

"The atmosphere of this school is such that a bad boy cannot breathe in it."

From a Private-School Prospectus.

"Do you think we might put a tin of oxygen in Anthony's play-box, my dear?"

THE NEED FOR NEW OATHS.

[A writer in Scribner's Magazine, though "not easily shocked," yet confesses to finding his sense of fitness "deeply hurt by the endless repetition of commonplace expletives," and pleads for variety, a new method and a recognition of the fact that the prime ingredient of effective malediction is mystery—as in the objurgations of Shakespeare.]

In a world of perpetual fiction,
Of misery, chaos and greed,
Resort to a fine malediction
Becomes an imperative need;
And yet, when abandoning fair words,
We rarely escape from the key—

Which governs our usual swearwords—

Of B or of D.

We are weary of ringing the changes On variants of doom and of gore; Of the banal retort that estranges

While failing to flatten or floor; Crude curses infrequently hurt you; Plain oaths neither pester nor plague;

The true maledictory virtue

Resides in the Vague.

O poets, who juggle with phrases Bejewelled and curious and rare, Quit awhile panegyrics and praises, And teach us how fitly to swear; Embellish our common-place cusswords,

Enlarge their too squalid routine, And coin us some new alpha + words For venting our spleen.

We are sick of the stale repetition Of monosyllabic abuse; Be yours the magnanimous mission

To make it ornate and profuse; And whether home-grown or Australian I care not one atom, so long

As it's sumptuous, sesquipedaliab, Mysterious and strong.

And if, to promote the right temper,
Old volumes you deign to explore,
You'll find that our WILLIAM, ut semper
(Confound him!), has "been there
before,"

And left, in the sphere of invective,
The classical type of the curse—
Ingenious, intriguing, effective—
Which makes you feel worse.

"Young Lady would like a Position in a Theatre."—Advt. in Daily Paper.
Stalls?

Notice outside a Cinema:—

"A FOOL THERE WAS

on Mon., Tues. and Wed."

The result, no doubt, of a hectic weekend.



Prospective Purchaser. "It's destroyed him entirely ye have widout the long tail on him," Dealer. "Divil a bit. 'Twas a great addition to him takin' it off."

A ROMANCE OF TO-MORROW.

Many years ago, when I first came to London, I saw a good deal of a man named Purvis. He was about thirty older than any of the rest of us, round, bearded, jocular; and apparently he lived like the lilies. He kept no hours, was always on hand if anyone was being festive, and the fair fame of literature, English or French, seemed to be in his keeping. His talk was always of books and authors, and there was a rumour that he was a writer himself. It was this rumour—unsupported, I must admit, by any evidence that gave him his place in our respect, for the young who are themselves thinking of plying the precarious pen look with dilated eyes upon those who have already achieved print.

One day—it must have been in 1892—he confided to me that he had the most wonderful idea for a novel, and was about to draw up the scenario. Other ideas had come to him before, but they had been disappointing; this was the real thing. This was what, he now knew, he had been saving himself for; this was terrific. If I saw less of him henceforward than usual I should know the reason: he would be wrestling with the plot, endeavouring to control the mighty primeval forces that were being let loose. For this was to be a human drama of the fiercest ele-

mental passions: a tragedy of the country-side. The provisional title was Herodias Valling. He would say no more about it then, he added, but from time to time he might; although it was a mistake to talk about what one was planning.

A little later I received an invitation to attend at Purvis's rooms one evening to join in the ceremony of laying the foundation-page of the new novel. For, as he argued when we were all assembled, why should not the beginnings of works of literature be celebrated just as much as buildings? With more propriety, surely, for a book may live for ever, whereas buildings fall into ruin. He would ask us all to drink to the prosperity of the sheet of paper on the table. A number of bottles of champagne, not a very good brand-and champagne, anyway, no matter of what vintage, is a hateful beverage between meals—were then released; we filled our glasses; we lifted them; our host turned over the sheet of paper, revealing the title, Herodias Valling, a tragic novel, by Rutland Purvis; and we drank the masterpiece's health.

Purvis then lit a pipe and told us the plot. Like many jovial facetious men; he had a leaning towards the melancholy and macabre, and this story was one of unrelieved gloom. From early childhood *Herodias's* surroundings were sinister. The house was half ruined; creditors

were always threatening; her step-father never spoke; her mother only whimpered; nettles grew in the garden; owls occupied the attics. But Herodias managed to grow up in this dismal environment into a girl of surpassing loveliness. From this point onwards the story bore (to my mind) too close a resemblance to a muchdiscussed novel of the day, by a practised hand, called Tess of the d'Urbervilles, on which we had all heard Purvis express himself again and again, usually with unstinted appreciation.

As he continued the outline he became more and more moved; his eyes filled with tears; and at the end, when Herodias committed suicide in a gravelpit, he broke down. It was a very uncomfortable and rather impressive moment, and we all avoided each other's eyes and found ourselves thinking of Purvis with renewed and deepened respect. There must be something very fine underneath that mask of levity. All the same, I couldn't forget Tess.

Purvis never recovered his natural (or possibly forced) gaiety, and when he said Good-night and received our good wishes once more he pressed our hands with almost painful gratitude and understanding. Henceforth, we felt, we were to be in this great work too, to be collaborators in the tragedy which was to dissolve England in grief.

The next time I saw Purvis he was

his normal self. It was on my tongue to make a reference to *Hcrodias's* progress, but I checked myself; I felt that so grave a subject should be introduced by the author or not at all. Purvis talked of everything else, and we went to Lord's.

The next time I saw him he said that the distractions of London were fatal to the development of great tragic themes and he was going to the country, to be solitary, where he might chew the cud of bitterness and work out his drama in uninterrupted peace. Such a book needed seclusion. Perhaps, when he had broken the back of it, I would come down and see him?

I said I would, and a few months later I went down. He was in Sussex, and he met me at the station as merry and debonair as ever, with the usual big pipe. I must be prepared, he said on the way, for the people I was to meet, for he was living en famille with a farmer and his daughters, two very nice girls: Miss Esther and Miss Kate. "And the novel?" I asked.

"I'll tell you about that," he said, "later."

Anything less like a lodge in the wilderness than Gleeson's Farm, anything less like the hermitage that he had proposed to flee to, I never saw. The farmer was a sly humourist who made Purvis a constant butt; the daughters were jolly tomboys. Our dinner was one long laugh. Purvis had a sittingroom of his own, but it would be more sociable, he said, to be with the others; so after dinner we played "Snap" and "Families" and other childish games with them till it was time for bed. "Time for bed," when Purvis was in London, was a phrase without meaning; but now he yawned and lit my candle.

After breakfast the next day I said I would go for a walk so that Purvis might get on with his work, but he said he would come too. On the walk he told me again the plot of Herodias Valling, and again became tearful over it; but when I asked if he had not some chapters that I might see he said that so far he had done very little. The moment had not arrived; "one must wait, in matters of this kind, till the clock strikes."

All that was thirty or more years ago, and I completely lost sight of him. Either he did not return to London or our lives ceased to cross.

But last week I met him again. He was older, grey, less jaunty; but I knew him at once.

"I've been looking for that novel all this time," I said. "But if it has come out under its original title I've missed it."



Landlady (to famous Rugger player). "Will you be wantin' your little jumper warted?"

"Fancy your remembering that!" he said. "No, it hasn't been published yet. I'm still at work on it." E.V. L.

Commercial Candour.

"Wireless Deceivers of to-day. Their Use and Adjustment. (—— & Co. 1s. net)."

"They all even now can say with one heart, 'Halleujah.'"—Barbados Paper.
We suspect collusion.

"No Dogs Allowed."
Notice on Theatre Programme.

But what is drama if one can't take one's Alsatian to the dress circle?

"CHURCH REPAIRS.—Messrs. ——, of Manchester, have commenced to repair the church tower, and are also going to overall the roof generally."—Provincial Paper.

Probably in the Early Tarpaulin style.

"The andante brings us back to calm and the variations to echich is subnutted the first idea of a very broad and simple sentiment, they offer by their ever renewed rythmic, melodia and harmonia interest an example of rohat broadnesse the serene form of the great andantes of Beethoven can confer upon the more modern inspirations."

From a Parisian Concert Programme.

We shall always be happy to have sentences like these subnutted to us.

NEW ENDINGS TO OLD TALES.

III.—THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Note.—Students will draw their own conclusions from a perusal of extracts from the back files of The Olympian Daily Lyre, owned and edited by Apollo, and from such fragments of the editor's private correspondence as have been preserved. These documents, of farreaching importance, are now published for the first time.

From " The Daily Lyre." DRAMATIC SCENE AT A SOCIETY FUNCTION.

A commotion was caused at a dinnerparty given last night by a well-known hostess by the entrance of a lady who,

tation. After making several remarks the nature of which has not transpired, though it is understood that they were abusive, a missile, which was at first believed to be a bomb, wasthrown by her on the table, causing a panic among the guests. When order had been restored after the removal of the intruder the object was discovered to be an apple with a label affixed. Further developments are anticipated.

"DAILY LYRE" BEAUTY COMPETITION.

First Prize, 50,000 drach. Second Prize, a marble palace to be erected on site chosen by the winner, complete with vacuum-cleaner or staff of Nubian slaves. Third Prize, one year's subscription to The Daily Lyre. All competitors will receive coupons

under our insurance scheme. may be turned into a rabbit or a weeping willow at any moment by an offended deity. The Lyre will pay 50 drachmae a week to the dependants removed.

Write your name and address as legibly as possible on the back of your picture and send it in now! Owing to considerations of space statues and busts cannot be accepted.

Thunder Clouds, Olympus. [PRIVATE.]

DEAR APOLLO,—It would be a mere affectation on my part to express any doubt as to the result of the competition. I am thinking of giving another little dinner to celebrate the occasion, soon.

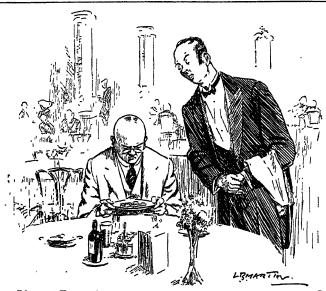
and I do so hope you can come. Bridge afterwards.

Yours ever sincerely, Juno.

P.S.—Jupiter says he can put you on to a very good thing. A new kind of spear-head which will make the shields now in use ineffective. He's reserving some shares in the company for you. We shall all make our fortunes. Journalism is so uncertain that I know you will be glad.—Yours, J.

High Brow, Olympus.

DEAR APOLLO,—It would be unworthy of me to pretend that I am not aware that the first prize must be given to me. Though I need hardly say that I am perfectly indifferent to my personal appearance I feel that it is as well that correspondence. No interviews will it is stated, had not received an invi- the world—and especially men—should be granted.



Diner. "There's a hair on this plate, waiter, and I DON'T THINK IT'S ONE OF MINE."

Waiter (under notice). "ER-HOW MANY HAD YOU, SIR, WHEN YOU CAME IN, SIR?"

This is realise that brains and beauty are not! the only insurance which embraces the incompatible. I am sending you a depredations of dragons and the ven-geance of the gods. Your bread-winner Knowledge, Past, Present and to Come, in seventy-five volumes. You will find it useful in your profession.

MINERVA. Yours faithfully, P.S.—My owl has gone to nest. Would of the insured person until the spell is you care for an owlet if she hatches any out?

> Ye Nooke, Olympus. DEAR OLD THING,—I've been wondering how your latest affair of the heart is going on. If I can help you at all please let me know. I shall be glad of the fifty thou. Vulcan is frightfully mean; I haven't a thing to wear. I expect Ju and Min will be very catty with me. Poor dears, why can't they realise that they haven't an earthly?

Yours ever, VENUS. P.S.—Take me out again in your car From "The Daily Lyre."

The number of entries for our Beauty Competition is unprecedented. It is estimated that if the teeth exhibited by the competitors in the pictures sent in could be placed in a row they would reach from Scylla to Charybdis. The Editor, dazzled by so many smiles, is suffering from temporary eye-trouble and has been reluctantly compelled to depute his office as judge to another.

LATER.—The youngest son of King Priam has kindly consented to act as judge in the Beauty Competition. His decision will be final. Unsuccessful competitors are asked to refrain from

> RESULT OF BEAUTY COMPETITION.

First Prize. . 50,000 drachmae. VENUS, Ye Nooke, Olympus.

Second Prize. A marble villa.
JUNO, Thunder
Clouds, Olympus.

Third Prize . A year's Subscription to Daily Lyre.
MINERVA, High
Brow, Olympus.

"Daily Lyre" Office. DEAR DISCORD,-The circulation of The Lyre was doubled by the Beauty Competition, and it has gone up by leaps and bounds since war was declared. We have just secured the rights in a series of articles to be written by Paris and Helen jointly. The first is, "Why we Fell in Love." I shall never regret engaging you as publicity agent. That apple stunt was tophole. Cheque

enclosed.

Yours truly. THE EDITOR.

Solutions of the Servant Problem.

"House-Parlourmaid, age 2; 18 months' reference."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

Yes, but can she manage steep stairs?

"For Sale, Wicked Bath Chair, and good mahogany Bed Table."—Kentish Paper. We have a sober industrious little sideboard, if anybody wants to buy it.

More Headaches for Historians.

"The long promenades and piers of Old and New Phaleron were practically deserted, and there were far fewer people than on an ordinary day. . . All Athens stayed at home and listened sadly to the booming of the guns. . ."

The Daily Telegraph.

"The coffce-coloured cliffs on which the town of the Phaleron is built were fringed with black lines of spectators. The pier was densely packed, and even the bathing establishments along-shore were festooned with naked Greeks." The Daily Mail.

THE LAST PIERROTS OF SUMMER.

THE first thing that caught my eye as I alighted on the platform at Beachbourne was a poster of "The Gay

Gaspers."

"Top-hole show," said Percy, who had met me. "Haven't laughed so much for years. Cried, in fact. Why, it beats all the London Revues to a pulp. You may take it from me that this show is better and funnier all through. You simply must come with me this evening, old thing."

So infectious was his enthusiasm throughout the day that anticipation kept me reasonably warm as we sat in deck-chairs on the sand for half-an-hour while the chilly evening breeze of late September blew down the backs of our necks. At length, when it seemed to me that all Beachbourne's visitors and half its residents had assembled, the curtains were pulled aside and the "Gay Gaspers," clad in light-blue trousers, tomato-coloured tunics and green sashes, were revealed to our eager eyes.

"Opening Chorus," whispered Percy, as the piano began to jingle merrily. "Specially written by Gus Gummer, the leader, you know. Little man in the centre. Frightfully clever."

And thereupon the Opening Chorus was briskly rattled through. It sounds incredible, I know, nevertheless I believe I have faithfully transcribed it:—

We are the Gaspers Gay, We charm you all the day;

We're the cheeriest crowd you ever sor,

We'll make you laugh and make you roar:

you roar; And when we've wished you Nightie-night

You'll shout, "Yes, they're all right, ALL RIGHT!"

And go off to bye-byes with delight,

For we are the Gaspers Gay. Ist G. I am the man who makes you

laugh.

ll. For he is a Gasper Gay.

2nd G. When watching me great joy you'll quaff (sic).

All. For he is a Gasper Gay.

3rd G. I'll dance and sing for all your joy.

All. For he is a Gasper Gay.

4th G. When me you see, shout, "He's the boy!"

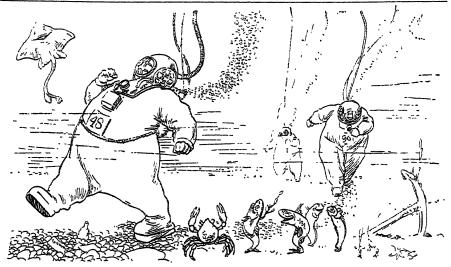
3rd G. Go hon!

All. For he is a Gasper Gay.

5th G. And when you hear me sing, you'll say—

All. We are the Gaspers, Gaspers Gay,

We'll charm you, tickle you all the day.



SWIMMING THE CHANNEL AND WALKING TO BRIGHTON ARE BECOMING SUCH COMMONPLACE FEATS THAT THE DEMAND FOR NOVELTY MAY SOON DICTATE A "CHANNEL WALK"—



OR, BETTER STILL, A "CHANNEL RIDE."

You'll all be crying, "More, more, more!"

'Cause we're the cheeriest lads you ever sor.

Whoo-o-o-oop! Pom-pom!

"Fine, isn't it?" said Percy when the clatter of applause had died down.
"H'm" I said quardedly

"H'm," I said guardedly.
All the Gaspers sank gracefully on chairs except one. It was he who had just informed us that he was the man to make us laugh; but laughter seemed far from his thoughts as, lugubrious of countenance, he warbled the following soulfully, while the piano gave forth soft minor chords at regular intervals of ten seconds:—

Over the sea and the mountains cold My love is roaming.

Never again shall I see her eyes In the gloaming. Star of my heart, my own, my beloved, The night is here and the clouds hang low;

Come to me, sweet, through gloom and shadows,

Come to me, dancing, across the meadows.

Ab, no! Ah, no!

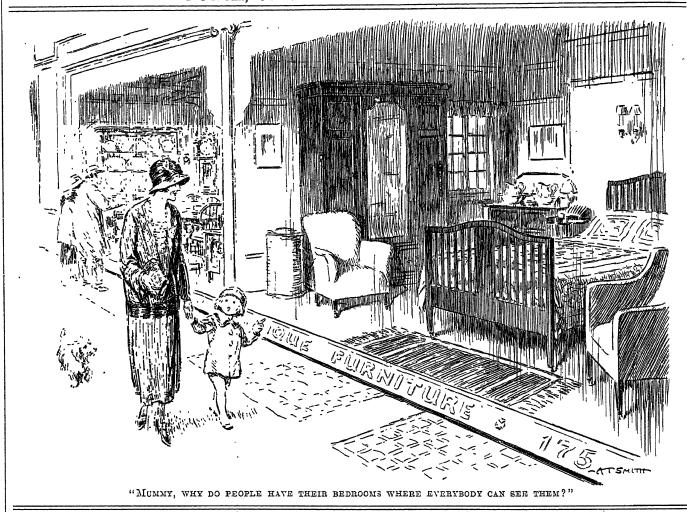
Closed is the gate and barred the door;

I am sure I shall see her nevermore, Ne-e-e-ever-mo-o-o-ore!

[Imitation of sob, followed instantly by a beaming smile for the audience.

"Wonderful, isn't he?" said Percy. "Lovely little thing that. Don't you think so?"

"The Gay Gaspers" now formed nimbly into line with arms linked, and moved sideways across the stage, each cunningly twirling his right leg after



every second step and nodding his head three times briskly.

"Oh, this is killing!" whispered Percy. "Gus wrote this too. The little man, you know, in the centre. He's marvellous!"

And, as I live by bread, this is what they sang as they manœuvred from side to side of the stage, their heads bobbing like sparrows':—

Ist G. He was a cute little Pekinese pup.

All. Tang-a-lang-wing-wang-O. 2nd G. She was a cat, with her tail well up.

All. Tang-a-lang-wing-wang-O. 3rd G. Said he to her, "Do you love me true?"

All. Tang-a-lang-wing-wang-O.
4th G. And she replied with an artless
"Mew!"

All (sotto voce). Miaow! Miaow! Miaow! 5th G. Saying, "Run away, Peky, for can't you see

That dogs and cats can never agree?"

All. Tang-a-lang-wing-wang-O.

There were three other verses, and the last, which concerned, I believe, the tentative love affairs of a parrot

and a dormouse, was twice repeated in response to clamorous applause.

"Isn't it killing?" said Percy.

"Yes," I replied grimly, "killing!"
Two Gaspers now took the middle
of the stage while the others rested.
Then, on my honour, followed this
amazing dialogue:—

Ist G. Hullo, George! Glad to see you looking so well.

2nd G. What?

[Roars of laughter from the audience.

1st G. (very slowly and distinctly). I say I am glad to see you looking so well.

2nd G. Well, what about it? So am I.

[Delighted and prolonged giggles at this brilliant repartee.

Ist G. I say, you know, about that dog
I bought from you. It's no
good. [Paroxysms of mirth.

2nd G. What?

Ist G. I say that dog you sold me is no

good. 2nd G. What, what?

[Convulsions of merriment so protracted that the two performers have to cease glaring at each other and bow simultaneously. "Aren't they funny?" gasped Percy, wiping happy tears from his eyes.
I dared not speak.

Ist G. You know, it 's a shame. I know nothing about dogs, so I bought that one from you on trust.

2nd G. Why, I thought you were talking about a dog, not a fowl.

[A quick intake of breath at this audacity, followed by deafening yells of laughter.

"Aren't they a scream?" cried Percy. "On trust," he added hastily, as he caught a glimpse of my face. "Untrussed. Dog...fowl... See?"

"Awfully-sorry-but-feel-unwell," I began swiftly . . .

Ist G. Talking of fowls, I say—talking of fowls, old egg, are you fond of fruit?

[Storms of laughter and collapse of three deck-chairs.

2nd G. (drawing a deep breath, throwing out his chest, taking a step forward and facing the audience full, so that not one precious syllable shall be lost). Yes, we have no bananas!

The shattering roar of appreciation

dwarfed all previous efforts on the part of the audience. I placed my lips close to Percy's ear and continued my speech in a shout: "'Fraid-I-must-leave-atonce."

"Rotten luck!" screamed Percy, but showed no sign of withdrawing in my company. "There's a lot more to come every bit as funny."

I think I shall have to give some of the London Revues a further trial.

METAMORPHOSES: A DIALOGUE. ## ersons:

Laura, aged 5½; Stella, 3½.

S. Well, you said you were a horse, and so of course I thought you must be.

L. I was a horse when I said it, but I'm Mrs. Bilkins now.

S. But, Laura, you have reins on, so you must be a horse.

L. I'm not a horse. If I was a horse I should know I was one. If I was a horse how could I be thinking I was Mrs. Bilkins? Funny kind of a horse!

S. Well, if you're Mrs. Bilkins, why

have you got reins on?

L. They're not reins; they're my apron-strings, and I'm making a pudding.

S. Oh, Laura, what a fib! I know you're a horse because, when I said "Gee-up" to you by the gooseberry-bushes, you gee-upped.

L. Yes, well, it was just after that that I stopped being a horse.

S. Where did you stop being a horse? L. Oh, I don't remember exactly. Somewhere after the pergola, I think it was. I certainly wasn't a horse when we'd got to the potting-shed.

S. Well, you never said you were going to stop being a horse after the pergy-la.

L. Of course I didn't, silly. How could I talk when I was a horse?

S. Well, I do think, when you began to be Mrs. Bilkins, you might have said you weren't a horse any longer.

L. Well, you see, when I was Mrs. Bilkins I didn't really know d been a horse.

S. Well, how do you know now, then, if you're still Mrs. Bilk as? I think you're a horse.

L. I know because you told me. And I sort of remember it now.

S. Very well, then, jo on and be Mrs.
Bilkins and make your nasty old pudding; I'm going to be a horse myself, so there! Horse, please, will you go up the middle walk and then turn round by the rockery? Yes, Stella feet lady.



Burly Customer (discussing the Big Fight). "Well, I ought to know wot I'm talkin' abaht. I used to be a scrapper myself, although you mightn't think it."

darling, I will; and I'll do everything you tell me. Only don't ask me to trot round where Mrs. Bilkins is, because I don't think she's very nice.

"BILLIARDS.

ob'oe arthtmthtseees abtse saesce Latest score: Peall (rec. 3,000) 11,870; Falkiner (in play) 10,248."—Evening Paper. Ah, but you ought to hear Melbourne Inman on the double-bass.

"Fashions Exhibition.
(High Grade Women and Children's Wear.)
Invitation Card.

Explain clearly the difference between: (1) A high grade woman; (2) A perfect lady.

"CHEAPER THEATRE SEATS MOVE."

Headline in Evening Paper.

We can well believe it. In the dark even 12/- seats are not always where you expect to find them.

"Following upon The Daily ——'s campaign against wreckless motorists."—The Daily ——.

A thoroughly stupid stunt, in our opinion.

"Dog Gives Life for Girl.

'I say that the good health of the community is not due to the doctors but to the dustmen and sewermen.'—Councillor ——."

Belfast Paper.

And the dog seems to have been rather useful too.

EARL PH.'S FAUX PAS.

"I've just had a queer experience," said my friend Earl Ph. Hardman, of Orion City, Colo.; "unsettling, too." He chewed on his cigar. "Say now, suppose a stranger lets fall a perfectly innocent remark which, owing to the antecedents of one of the company, assumes a particularly unfortunate significance, there's a sudden and painful lowering of the temperature, isn't there?"

"I know exactly what you mean," I

"Like a ton of ice-water down the back. This, brother, is my first visit to your country, but I'd gotten an idea, when it came to fundamentals, to the basic principles that govern the conduct of business and life, that Uncle Sam and John Bull spoke the same language." He paused. "Yesterday it was hinted to me pretty plainly that I had dropped a brick, as you say—yes, it shook me.

"I'm sure that you are worrying unnecessarily.

"Maybe," he said slowly. "Anyhow, you know the hotel where I'm stopping?"

"The Savil, isn't it?"

"Well, I was in their Winter Court, two days ago, sampling a memory of my alcoholic youth before having dinner, when a fellow came up to me. 'Mr. says. I admitted it, but owned that I couldn't just place him at the moment. Then he said that he'd met me in New York last Fall, and gave names, place and date so I seemed to recollect him. He had one of those easy familiar faces, and in a crowd like there was at that conference it's hard to keep 'em classified. I liked him, and we had dinner together. He was stopping at the Savil too."

Hardman paused and ruminated. "It beats me. However," he continued, "the next day, that was yesterday, I met him after breakfast, and we went out to rubber at some of the sights. We were coming back from let money out of my sight unless for the Houses of Parliament and turned off through the archway, where those dandy soldiers are, to cross a big open space on the way to St. James's Palace. I'll come along with the notes to the Half-way across a man in front of us door.' And, do you know, it seemed dropped a wallet, and Watson—that I couldn't have handed those boys a was my friend's name—picked it up and handed it to him. We got into conversation, went on to the Palace and finished up by having lunch with this man at a swell bar.

"In the course of the meal he told us as if they'd heard wrong.

"What,' said Mahony—'you won't trust me with your money?'

a vurry interesting if somewhat strange tale. It appeared that his late uncle I replied.

had died in the States and left him a whole heap of money on condition that he distributed a hundred thousand dollars to British charities, not the recognised ones so much as deserving objects that he was to single out for himself. Well, this fellow-Mahony, he called himself—was due to sail in the Megalomania in two days' time, and wanted help to get rid of the money. And what are you smiling at?"

"A memory," I replied.

"His story impressed me, and I said that his uncle had been vurry generous in his testamentary dispositions. Well, we took the subway to the City after lunch and saw the Monument and some fine churches and your police controlling the traffic. We walked around and went into a restaurant for some tea. I was the host this time. The conversation switched back to his uncle's legacy, and, to make a long story short, he suggested that we were just the folk to take some of the business off his Sir, I was given that impression, and hands. Then, vurry fairly, he said, 'It seems to me, in matters where good faith is concerned, that ready money talks loudest.' And he pulled a large roll out of his pocket, and peeled off two £100-notes on the Bank of England. 'Now,' he continued, 'if you gentlemen can produce similar guarantees I shall be vurry pleased to entrust you with the allocation of these bequests.'

"Watson showed three fifties. 'That suits me,' remarked Mahony. 'And you, Earl Hardman of Orion, surely?' he Mr. Hardman?' I had a considerable sum on me, as it happened; I'd cashed a traveller's cheque the afternoon of the day I met Watson. 'That's fair enough, 'I replied, and produced my contribution. I chose out two £100-notes and a fifty. 'Thank you,' said Mahony; 'I see you're a sound man, Mr. Hardman.' Then he said, 'May I just take those notes to the daylight to examine them?'—we were seated in a darkish part of the room—'No offence; just a business precaution.' Watson rose too. 'I'll accompany him to see fair play,'

he said, smiling.

"I just shook my head. 'I'm vurry sorry, Mr. Mahony,' I said, 'but I never value received. It's been part of my business upbringing, just that. Understand? I mean no offence either. But greater jolt with a ton of dynamite than with my few words? They both hung on to the edge of the table and looked

"'Not unless I see it the whole time,"

"He was very cold and dignified. 'I'm disappointed in you, Mr. Hardman,' he said, picking up his hat, and walked out. Watson looked straight at me for about half-a-minute, then he said, 'Your only excuse is that you don't understand. I am deeply pained.' And he followed Mahony.'

Hardman threw away his cigar and selected another from his waistcoat pocket. "Now," he said, "what do you make of that? I tell you the expression on that boy's face upset me. What

did I do wrong?"

CEMS OF THE RING.

April's bonny For Joan and Johnny; April's silver and blue; She's all unpeaceful, Of all caprice full, And stepped from a story true; Whence primrose sallies And grey bird rallies The copse with his imp "Cuckoo."

June is jolly For Dick and Dolly, Yet walks like a queen as well, With stately poses And crowns of roses, And still there's a tale to tell Of red mays busking And dawns at dusking And flutings of Philomel.

September's guinea For Joe and Jinny Is gold as a harvest sun; 'Tis all for spending, Giving or lending, For now is the tale nigh done; Here's bread and apples, While white froth dapples Brown ale at the "Dog and Gun.'

December's merry For Jill and Jerry; December rivets the ring With bells in steeples For all good peoples, And a happy finishing; And she doth tarry Till January, When thrushes begin to sing.

> So which of them For you, my dear, These four that gem The circled year?

"Papyrus Leaves for America." Daily Paper. We thought they used wood-pulp.

"His companion in the sad speculative Musings was a four-footed favourite dog." Morning Paper. Much the best kind.



Driver. "NEVER COULD DO NUFFINK WIV 'ER. SHE AIN'T GOT NO TRAFFIC-SENSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

INEVITABLY uncritical, but ardently sincere and full of interesting detail, Mrs. G. M. TREVELYAN'S Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward (CONSTABLE) is perhaps the best sort of biography of one whose reputation is still in the throes of readjustment. The perfect monograph which I hope will some day accompany every re-issue of the "classic" Helbeck of Bannisdale—the adjective is Meredith's, but I think I would have dared it myself-will assuredly owe half its insight to the pictures which daughterly affection and a true Arnold instinct of service to others have collected here. "Little Polly" taking Lake country walks with "Papa" and ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH; sixteen-year-old MARY ARNOLD sitting in her high woollen dress at MARK PATTISON'S Oxford suppers; scholarly and modest Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD taken to the heart of a London Society which still cherished scholarship and modesty; the authoress of that "tremendous book," Robert Elsmere, interviewed by the Olympian utterer of that verdict, the theological GLADSTONE; MARY WARD, pioneer of Settlements, presented with a sponge-cake and a bunch of violets by the children she loved. And so on to the heroine of sixty-five, standing nearer the actual fighting than any other woman of the War, and in anguished agreement with the General at her side as to the "crass folly" of all wars. These are some of Mrs. TREVELYAN'S pictures. She has my very real gratitude for all of them.

North Africa has become the Tom Tiddler's Ground of novelists since Mr. Robert Hichens first set up his camp there; but he still picks up more gold and silver than most men do on that congested pitch. Of his latest batch of short stories—The Last Time (HUTCHINSON)—"The Villa by the Sea," which has a Tunisian background, is far more attractive than its three English companions. It is more credible too, in spite of its strong "psychic" interest; for the absorption of the *Pierces* into the agony-charged atmosphere of their villa's former tenants is told by that engaging young couple in the most natural fashion and with the most convincing addition of post-factum perspective. "The Last Time," "The Letter" and "The Façade" are not so psychologically persuasive. In the first a tragic widow impresses on the husband of a divorcée that it is best not to quarrel with your wife (or husband), because she (or he) may die before you are reconciled. In the second, a pleasant spinster decides (for reasons only patent to Mr. HICHENS and herself) to marry the devoted lover of another woman. In the third you are set right concerning the intellectual proportions of an actress—"a bar-parlour" (as she says) by nature, but by grace of an artistic and academic clique the "façade" of a pretentious little theatre. Well-directed fooling this last; but too noisy and a little too long.

I remember Mr. Hilton Brown with gratitude as the author of The Civilian's South India; and in Dictators, Limited (Allen and Unwin)—a novel and a very good novel too—he makes use again of the ground that he knows so

sets foot in what Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING so unfairly called the Benighted Presidency. First of all we are introduced to his parents, who make a runaway match, and have to struggle hard for a living in two small Scottish towns, one after another. Dr. John Ingram, the father, has perhaps to work too hard to be very sympathetic to the reading public, but George's mother is a delightful character. It was she who impressed upon her son the Dictator theory, which meant in brief that the world was divided into the ten per cent. Fit who ruled, the eighty per cent. Average who were ruled, and the remaining ten per cent. Unfit who didn't count. George, of course, was to be one of the rulers, and for that purpose he is sent to the University of St. Andrews, and thence to cram for the Indian Civil, and finally, as a

several ways. I have met nothing better in its own line than the story of George and Edith during their early years in India, first in Gandindi and subsequently in Srivallangi, exposed to the tender mercies of two remarkable superior officers in Messrs. Cobbey and Bett. But all Mr. Hilton Brown's characters are eminently alive and interesting, and he views them from an unexpected angle of his own which adds to their charm. I hope for my part that he will continue to write novels as good as this.

Perhaps 1866 wouldn't seem the most promising period for a romance by H. C. BAILEY. Yet The Rebel (METHUEN) is in fact a right gallant and lively story. There are really two rebels: Colonel Justin, a cosmopolitan Irishman who gravitates to every bit of fighting as waters seek the low-

lands; and Arthur Beauforest, recently heir to a modest account of London in the throes of starvation that I shall fortune, a protestant by nature, who falls under his in-The two have fought side by side for the North in the American Civil War; they proceed to engage in a minor Fenian diversion which is relatively unsuccessful. Next comes hasty service under GARIBALDI and a premature brush, admirably described, with the Papalini; and thereafter a hazardous half-year as francs-tireurs operating against the Germans, who are before Paris. That ended, the fantastic Colonel transfers his services to the Commune, thereby straining the loyalty of his young follower, who doesn't like the canaille at close quarters. Beauforest renounces a tainted inheritance and finds rest with a peasant girl who has nursed him when wounded, while on the Colonel falls an appropriate doom. I am not more explicit because a great deal of the interest of this wellplanned and plausibly-detailed story lies in the mystery of Colonel Justin's character. This is distinctly the best Bailey I have come across.

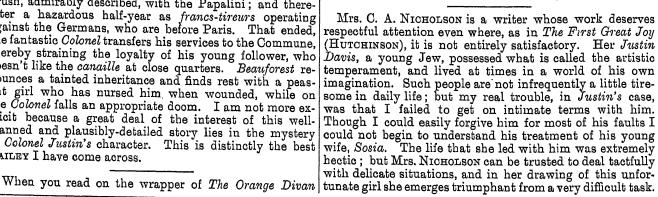
well. A great deal happens to George Ingram before he (Jenkins) that "it was the renowned French detective who solved the problem that baffled Scotland Yard," you feel inclined to say, "What, again!" and wonder if our Criminal Investigation Department is composed solely of largefooted, slow-witted, bulky policemen of the bulldog breed, or whether it hopes that the continued repetition of its incompetence will lull the intelligent criminal into a false sense of security. It is a pity Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS has made the hefty Manderton so very unobservant and obstinate, as otherwise he has written a very excellent story, in which the motive for the crime, always the test of the detective novel, puzzles the reader, and also the renowned Monsieur Boulot, from the start. There are no impossible situations, no far-fetched coincidences, no simple unsuspected old gentleman who, when the story really can't go on much longer, remarks, "Oh, yes, I killed him," but just young and married Assistant-Collector, to Madras, where on much longer, remarks, "Oh, yes, I killed him," but just the Dictator idea finds itself somewhat severely limited in careful reasoning from every detail until each bit of the

puzzle fits into its place. Except for the man from Scotland Yard, the right sort of detective story.

You may like Nordenholt's Million (Constable) or you may detest it, but there is one thing I defy you to do, and that is to forget it. It tells of a terrible blight that fell upon the world; "denitrifying bacteria destroyed all the nitrogen compounds in the soil," and a general famine had to be faced. We are shown how one Nordenholt, "the Platinum King, the multimillionaire, wrecker of two Governments," took control of the situation in the British Isles. Mr. Conning-TON, who writes with great imaginative force, which he never allows to get out of hand, made me realise absolutely the horrors that had fallen upon the world.

In the chapter "Nuit Blanche" he gives us an

always remember as one of the most terrible scenes I have ever had pictured to me. But I should be wrong if I left you with the impression that this tale is solely gruesome; for my own part I found it thoroughly enthralling. And its construction is as admirable as its originality.





"SONGS OF ARABY"-NEW STYLE. THE SHIP OF THE DESERT IS NOW PROVIDED WITH WIRELESS.

CHARIVARIA.

"Is it Peace?" asks Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. We would remind him that he was one of the first to call the present stuff by that name.

upon his arrival in New York. This was probably due to the fact that Americans realised that he couldn't give lectures.

An evening paper asks what Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is doing about | We don't blame it. the Income Tax. Is it quite judicious of our contemporary to draw his attention to what we were hoping he would | married in Rome, a former fiance of overlook?

Mr. STANLEY BALD-WIN is to receive a deputation of farmers on the agricultural crisis. It is not true, however, that they intend to serenade him with, "I'll sing thee songs of Arable."

A Leicester manufacturer explains that soap does not kill parasites in clothing. But it is only fair to the modern laundry to say that, though these germs may survive the ordeal, they not only have their edges frayed but are broken in spirit.

Frocks with only one sleeve are to be fashionable this winter, it seems. They are not one-spat vogue.

A resident of Derby is reported to have written nine thousand words on a postcard. This means, of course, that the card would not go through the post | must know, is "Only just." for a half-penny. * *

Congratulations to Miss Sybil THORNDIKE and Miss MARIE MOORE on their brave but unsuccessful endeavour to have tried them all. to convince the many lovers of Shake-SPEARE that they are hungering for his plays.

A person sent to prison last week was alleged to have arranged over two hundred fires. It is quite possible that he was a man who felt the cold very much.

The surrender of Germany came not what is expected of them."

braving the elements with their hats still off to France.

Dr. Edwin Slossen, writing in The Daily Science Bulletin, advises people Papyrus was accorded a great ovation | not to be afraid of being tanned during the summer. Smith Minor prefers not to be tanned at any time of the year.

> A new island a quarter of a mile in circumference which recently appeared in the South Seas has disappeared again.

> While Armado Tancioni was being

a moment too soon. With the approach the recent dictum of Mr. Gladham-of winter it was pitiful to think of men Thomas. We are confident that some of our ex-Monarchs would be only too willing to give exhibition abdications to selected pupils.

> "Even some of our small villages are now getting their own fleet of taxicabs and charabancs," states a contemporary. Some hamlets, we understand, are already sending to London for lists of second-hand pedestrians.

Sir Hall Caine declares that the plot of his latest novel came to him in a dream. It seems a good enough excuse. * *

It has been suggested that palings the lady fired a revolver at him. Bride-should be placed round the numerous

football pitches in Epping Forest. It looks as if someone had been complaining that too many referees are getting away and taking to the woods.

A British team has won a stoolball match in Iceland. What is wrong with Icelandic stoolball?

InThrace, Greeks are to be exchanged for Turks. Not, you will notice, for gramophones or something useful.

* * · We read that KAREL CAPEK, the Czecho-Slovakian dramatist. has an admiration for Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON which

likely, however, to be followed by a grooms have enough to put up with allows no precedence to any one of the already without petty annoyances of three. We can only hope that each of them will take this in the right spirit.

> Eggs imported into this country during 1922 numbered 1,700,000,000. Those restaurants which have almost cleared off their 1922 stock are hoping to start on the 1923 spring batch in a few weeks.

Herr Mathies, the Rhineland Separatist leader, is an ex-pugilist. He is, of course, imbued with the "Break away!" idea.

"Look after the Old Country," remarked Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to a number of friends who saw him off from London en route for America. It is rulers should make every effort, before doubtful, however, whether The Daily accepting the responsibility, to learn Mail needs any outside help in the Such is matter.



Jones (proudly displaying results of his allotment). "Something like a potato—what?"

Short-sighted Friend. "Remarkable! I'm sure only an expert could

TELL THE DIFFERENCE."

"How Do You Live?" asks a weekly paper headline. The answer, if they

According to an American estimate there are eight hundred and thirtyseven causes of war. The Balkans seem

An English aeroplane-engine which can produce nineteen hundred revolutions a minute has been ordered by the Mexican Government. This sounds to us like sending slate to Newcastle.

"All Kings, Presidents and other

VOL. CLXV.

THE SEVENTH HOLE.

Now let the natural choir Its tuneful song uplift; Bang the field-piece, twang the lyre, If any have that gift; Now let the young lambs bound As to the tabor's sound; In fact, let every living thing be glad, Go it like fun, And carry on like mad; Metre and rhyme be blowed Save as they come my way; I cannot interrupt my ode For trifles such as they; Because, to put the matter in a word, My heart, my heart, is like a singing bird Because this blessed morning I have done The seventh hole in one.

It did not look like that at first at all; I sliced the beastly ball, Which swerved from off the club Towards about the worst spot in a round half-mile, Furze, heather, some abominable grass and general scrub,

Immeasurably vile. But, even as distraction filled my breast, The decent gods were kind. The wind, the jolly old convenient wind, Flew up and showed a sudden interest, Triumphantly o'ercame that fatal cut,

Blew the vain ball towards a frightful bunker, A regular funker.

Then, as I lifted up my cry, "Alas!"

(Premature ass!), My beautiful, my lovely ball

Landed a trifle short, and, instead of running on into that perfect funker

Of a bunker, Pitched bang upon a very small

Obtruding scrap of rock,

And bounced into the air like one o'clock. O wind that swept my ball from wild despair,

O rock that sent it flying in the air,

Be happy: once my luck has smiled on me. Saved from the pit, I breathed anew, And it was at that moment,

E'en as I gazed into the blue To watch the wild ball as it flew,

That my irate oppoment (If you'll forgive that m)

So far forgot his high traditional phlegm

As to remark, "Good stroke!"

Sarcastically, mark you, not in joke, So that whatever happened served him right.

And things did happen, that I own. Kicked by that favouring stone, The high ball, going strong and free

Up in the air some thirty feet, Went slap against a lofty tree (How sweet! How sweet!)

And leapt (a really thrilling sight) Off, at an angle rarely to be seen,

For the first time more or less in the direction of the green.

O stone that gave my ball a needful kick, O tree that sent it flying back darned quick, Live ever: twice my luck has smiled on me. There is a bank that rims the green around, A dangerous bank, where trouble oft is found; On this my ball came down a hearty smack, Tore round its entire length at a terrific pace, Like a winning car on the steepest part of the Brooklands track,

And, ultimately rushing off its glissome face, Hurtled full lick for the hole . . . And then . . . O tree that helped the ball towards the pin, O flag that stopped it dead and put it in, Stand stoutly; thrice my luck has smiled on me.

For so it was. Once in an age or so The gods bring off their wonders. That is all I know on earth, and all I want to know. The ball was in the tin, and I had done The seventh hole in one.

Then to my foe, who stood with drooping head, "That for a half," I said.

Dum-I Dum-Dum.

THE COSTLY COCKEREL.

I am quite ready to admit that I am afraid of Celia's mother. Why not? Braver men than I have confessed to a similar weakness. Though Celia does her best to protect me, the treatment to which I have to submit-

For instance in this frightful affair of the cockerel. Celia's mother on one of her visits brought him to us as an egg, among a batch of other eggs which she called a "clutch." She then procured a hen of the necessary temperament, who (brooding darkly) sat upon the eggs until some hatched into little fluffy globular chickens, and the rest had to be buried in the dust-bin.

"Now that I have given you a start you ought to make a nice profit out of them, even in a suburban garden,' said Celia's mother, and bought a wire-netting run at the local ironmonger's and had it put down to my account.

As the chickens grew up it was easy to distinguish the cockerel, for he was an over-grown precocious bird, who soon developed a tremendous crow and let it off so early and so tremendously that he awoke the entire terrace and lost us several friends.

"You ought to get rid of that cockerel," said Celia's mother, who had again invited herself for a week-end. "He is quite fit for the table. You over-feed them, Celia; it won't pay you to keep them so fat. As a start and to encourage you, I will give you seven-and-six for him. If George will wring his neck to-night I can take him back with me in a fish-bag to-morrow.

Celia and I looked at each other, and it would be hard

to say which of us was the paler.
"I can't wring his neck," I faltered. "I know my limitations. I am no good at that sort of thing. But I will look out someone with a gift for-wringing-

"And pay him a shilling for it, I suppose," said Celia's mother. "Your chickens won't pay you at that rate."

"I don't think we ought to expect them to pay," I answered gently. "It seems to me grossly unfair. We take them as little helpless eggs, unable to defend themselves, hatch them, fatten them and eat them in their prime. Ought they to pay us for all this? Surely it would be fairer if we paid them.

But Celia's mother, speaking with the accelerator down, was already giving us to understand that if there was one thing she detested more than another it was a man who tried to be funny, and if there was anything more detestable still it was a spendthrift—especially a married spend-thrift—living precariously by journalism and making no effort to secure a stable income for a deserving wife.

By this time I had surrendered unconditionally. I said:



IN DARKEST AMERICA.

Mr. Lloyd George (of the Sioux Indians). "LORD BIRKENHEAD, I PRESUME?"

LORD BIRKENHEAD, "DO I ADDRESS THE GREATEST CHIEF SINCE THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS?"

[Lord Birkenhead, in the course of advertising Mr. Lloyd George in the West, is reported to have said: "He proved himself the greatest Briton since Chatham."]



Theatrical Manager. "How many applicants this morning, Miss Jones?"

Secretary. "About seventy or eighty."

Theatrical Manager. "Good Lord! I thought it was known that we wanted an understudy."

"The curfew—I mean the cockerel—shall be wrung tonight;" and, smiling reassuringly at Celia, I went out to collect my scattered forces.

Dinner-time was approaching before I espied a frayed and hirsute figure slouching by the roadside.

"Like to earn a couple of shillings?" I asked brightly. The answer was in the affirmative, so I unfolded my plan, and the tramp promised to be at our back-paling that night at ten-thirty sharp.

As I returned with lightened spirits Celia met me at the door and drew me aside mysteriously.

"Darling," she whispered, "it is done. I confided in Cook, and the treasure has done it—for my sake. I gave her five shillings for it."

I opened my mouth and shut it again.

"Celia," I said after a moment and pressing her arm

tenderly, "is this making the chickens pay?"

"We shall still make half-a-crown out of him," she auswered earnestly. "I couldn't give Cook less, the poor dear was so frightfully brave. She hated doing it, George, but just shut her eyes and—did it. She'll pack him tomorrow; we couldn't do it to-night, he was so limp, so we laid him," added Celia faintly, "on a paper in the coalshed."

I was greatly moved. I walked into the kitchen where our Domestic Treasure was dishing-up, and I wrung the hand that had wrung the——

"Cook," I said with emotion, "you are a brave woman;" and I put down half-a-crown beside the flour-dredger.

The evening passed peacefully. To Celia's mother, who | end happily.

asked if the bird had been despatched, I replied evasively that, though the deed was done, I preferred not to talk about it; and at ten-thirty sharp I went down to the back-paling.

The tramp was already there. I had intended to dismiss him with a shilling for his trouble, but he was not to be got rid of so cheaply. In strangely forceful language he demanded the full amount I had promised, and, lest further argument should rouse the house, I yielded weakly, and paid yet another shilling for the death of the cockerel.

Celia's room overlooked the back-garden, and when I got upstairs I found that she had heard our voices and there was nothing for it but a full confession.

She dimpled charmingly and came to me.

"George," she whispered, "is this making the chickens pay?"

The next morning Celia remarked that she had dreamed of the cockerel.

"So did I. I dreamed I heard him crow," I said. "But your mother will be taking him to-day and eating him to-morrow, so his ghost will be laid—"

The words died on my lips, for at that moment, with just a little hoarseness that added timbre to his penetrating voice, the cockerel crowed again from the coal-shed.

"SISTERS' ROMANCE.

Double Engagement to Army Officer announced to-day."

Evening Paper.

We are against these bigamous betrothals. They seldom end happily.

TO A GREAT-HEARTED ALTRUIST.

My DEAR FRIEND,-I am ashamed to have delayed so long in answering the many kind letters you have been good enough to send me. This notwithstanding the fact that through a clerical error the letters have been addressed to my paternal grandfather, who died in 1896.

In regard to your last letter I am bound to say that the information it contains is not only most interesting but extraordinarily illuminating.

As you say, the Trawfgyd Coal Mine must beyond a shadow of doubt make a strong appeal to any man in search of a good investment, with a certainty of capital appreciation. The very fact that the Directors have in hand, with the amount carried forward, about six thousand pounds' undistributed profit should convince the most sceptical that the Trawfgyd is the brightest colliery proposition on the market.

It must indeed have been distressing to the Directors to remember that the Albirk pit was costing them five hundred pounds a week in development. Sleepless nights may well have been their portion. But then what joy was theirs on the day when they came across the famous Barnway seam! I do hope it was the Chairman himself that stumbled on it—perhaps on his way home some night. I can just imagine the happy smile on his face. A seam over eight feet thick and possessing the usual large proportion of best hard coal! And to think that the previous owners of the pit knew nothing at all about it. Well, well, what a world we do live in to be sure!

I note with great interest and delight your statement that Mr. David Evans Morgan Llewellyn Jones has joined the Board, and fully endorse your opinion that he is a host in himself. I'm sure he reads like one.

I am likewise gratified to learn that a Garden City is being built alongside the colliery, and that the houses are such that, to quote your own words, "a collier and his family can live in comfort, in light and in air." At first I read the last phrase as "on air," which would hold out great hopes of reducing the working costs and adding to the amount available for dividends; but, after all, one cannot in reason expect quite that.

Again, the proposal of the Board to erect a Coal Washery is a sound one in my opinion. Cleanliness, as we all agree, is next to godliness, and wellwashed coal, with perhaps a tiny spray of Eau de Cologne or Jockey Club, is bound to command a high price in all foot seam and the rest of it. the best suburban circles.



Local Lady Champion (to member who has been pressed into service owing to a shortage of caddres). "AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO CARRY FOR ME. YOU UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENT CLUBS, DON'T YOU?"

Member. "My dear lady, I understand the whole bag of tricks, but I CAN'T LIFT 'EM.'

For this reason I am desolated to have for me—fully-paid Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of 20s. each in Trawfgyd Collieries, Limited. I should simply love to have some of them, but my banker, though a charming fellow socially-you'd like him immenselyis obdurate on the subject of overdrafts; only this morning a warning note from him arrived at the same time as your own delightful missive.

But you, my good friend, don't let this chance slip. Be selfish for once and secure that certain ten per cent.—it makes one's mouth water-with the certain capital appreciation, the eight-

(through my deceased paternal grandto inform you that I am unable to fill | father) that you had some ten thousand up the form instructing you to secure pounds worth of oil shares to dispose of. By now you have no doubt realised a handsome sum for them, and this you cannot do better than invest in Trawfgyd Collieries, one of the soundest and most attractive investments ever offered to your clients.

With kind regards, Your obedient Servant. EDGAR MILLOM MUFFWAYS.

From the description of an attempt to swim the Firth of Forth :-

"Barrie was still in the water and swimming strongly when Annal abandoned his attempt. He had still about four miles to swim as the crow flies."—Scots Paper.

A month or so ago you informed me! When we swim it isn't a bit like that.

GOING EAST.

"Going East?" the stranger said; "grousing at it too?

I wouldn't grouse; not me!
I was in the Army there an' saw a thing or two;

Had a proper jamboree. When they shipped us home again I was fair upset, Settling down in Blighty in the cold an' in the wet: That was back in '20—an' I haven't settled yet; Now it's '23.

"Lord, I shan't forget the East!—landing in Bombay Under that December sun;

Crossing to Secundrabad one blue blazing day, Like's your life was new begun.

They sent us to the Nilgiris before the heat got bad-The nearest thing to Paradise this world has ever had. You'll be seeing Ooty soon? Yet you aren't glad? Well, you are a one!

"Yes, the Hills were Heaven; but they sent us down the

Clearing up some native shine;

Trekking through the jungles—it was that I liked the most; Lordy, but I found it fine!

Miles o' woods an' rivers an' the feathery bamboos, An' the beasts an' birds an' butterflies, the sunshine an' the views,

An' the colours! Can you wonder Blighty gives a chap the blues?

It's Malabar for mine!

"Why, then, didn't 1 go back? Could ha' got a job?
Plenty; but I didn't try.

Could ha' made a dollar there where here I make a bob? Sure; but there's a reason why.

I'm a married man, ye see, an' circumstances bind; The missus wouldn't care for it—she's not the travellin' kind;

An'—I couldn't fancy India with the kiddies left behind." "Ah, that's just it!" said I. H. B.

THE FARMER OF FICTION.

Nor so long ago he was a cheery old fellow with a bluff manner and a ruddy face. His wife too had a ruddy face. The children, the milk-maids and the farm-hands all had ruddy faces. The farmstead fairly glowed with ruddiness.

It was a pleasant spot. In summer the bees always droned lazily over the clover, and in winter the kettle always sang merrily on the hob. The old-time farmer of fiction and his ruddy family went more or less blithely to church every Sunday, and said, "Marnin', Squire!" and "How be 'ee, Passon?" with respectful heartiness.

It did you good to read their conversation. You felt a ruddy glow stealing all over you. "Ah," you murmured, flinging another lump of coal (there was real coal in those days) on the fire, "there's nothing like the English country-side."

At harvest-time the farm flowed with good strong mead, and at Christmas it flowed with wassail, and at other festive gatherings it flowed with elderberry wine. It was always flowing with something. And "grandfeyther" sat in his chimney-corner beaming all over his ruddy old face.

Alas! the modern English climate would seem to have washed all the ruddiness out of the picture. The modern farmer of fiction does not make you yearn to make a sketch of him leaning proudly against a prize bullock. He is not the sort of man that goes with a prize bullock at all; not a cheerful bullock, that is. He is a gaunt, sombre person with a taste for climbing to some desolate hill-top and

brooding darkly. If he glows at all it is with an all-con-

suming hate.

In fact, life on a farm belonging to what one may call the Gripe Apple school of realistic fiction is one long hymn of hate. There is the bitter wife who hates the bitter daughters, who hate the bitter sons, who hate one another; and there is the farmer himself who hates his entire family, especially his wife, whom he would gladly poison were he not such a strictly moral man in some respects. The only really mirthful member of the household is the old dotard of a grandfather who indulges in an imbecile chuckle now and again, and sees coffins and other signs and portonts of a laughable nature.

The farmer has a pretty large family all told, and he needs it, because he rarely comes to the end of a perfect day without casting off a son or two, or turning an erring daughter into the cold dark night. Then he reads family prayers in a stern harsh voice, and goes out to make love to the wife of another farmer. This is all part of his fierce

primeval nature.

Any spare time he may have he fills up by sitting on his uncomfortable hill-top and cursing Nature. The ordinary real-life farmer finds a good deal to complain of as regards the work of Nature in the matter of weather, but his remarks are a Harvest Thanksgiving service compared with those of the farmer of realistic fiction. The latter is up against Nature from the first chapter to the last. One gets the impression that she isn't really trying; anyway she seems incapable of producing anything except stones and inferior crops that don't pay to harvest. As a bit of wild scenery Gripe Apple Farm has its merits, but as a business proposition it is a wash-out. It seems silly ever to have put a farm there at all.

ROAD-DOG.

"WE may! We may! We may!" they bleat,. "It's deep in the ditch that the grass is sweet, And there's never enough on the downs to eat,

And it's always been allowed.' "Huh! May you? May you?" gruffs old Tray; "Just you stick to the narrow way

Or we shall never get home to-day, You —— old woolly crowd!"

"We may! We may! We may! Was ever there such an old fidget as Tray? As Tray? As Tray? As Tray? As Tray? Wait for the bend where the osiers sway And the ditches are dappled with shadows' play And the greys turn black and the whites turn grey-

He'll never be able to see!' "Wo-won't he? Won't he?" gruffs old Tray, "The aye of the flock is the road-dog's nay; There's a grey-black wolf on each side of the way, And that grey-black wolf is Me."

Klonk and jingle, blether and bleat, Patter of little old ladies' feet, Chancing it, dancing it into the ditch, None of them knowing which side is which; Wisps adrift from a fretted cloud, Now in a riot and now in a crowd, Skipping and drubbing the track with their toes, Tripping and stubbing the knee on the nose— Up to the front of 'em, back to the rear, Nipping the stocking and tweaking the ear, Staying the quick of 'em, lifting the sick of 'em, Right of 'em, left of 'em, into the thick of 'em, Over 'em, under 'em, hazing 'em, holding 'em, Somehow or other he's ended by folding 'em.

MANNERS AND MODES.



IT USED TO BE CONSIDERED BAD FORM TO TOUCH ON CONTROVERSIAL TOPICS IN MIXED COMPANY—



BUT NOW THE LADIES' CLUBS INVITE OPPOSING PERSONALITIES, SET A SUBJECT THAT PROMISES TO PROVOKE HEATED DISCUSSION AND REVEL IN THE RESULT.

THE SPLIT IN THE ENTENTE.

In October, 1937, at about the time of the harvest moon, the Prime Minister of France went mad.

He had been perfectly sane until that time, perfectly sane, that is to say, from the French point of view. Very naturally he wanted to get whatever he could get for France. As there did not seem to be very much money to get, he thought he would take land

instead. He was assisted in this scheme by the fact that there was then, as there has been at all times, an exceedingly strong pro-French party in France. He was also assisted by the fact that in England there were two pro-French parties, one of which declared every act done by France to be noble and right, while the other merely pleaded with France not to go quite so fast. There was, of course, no pro-English party in England. A tentative proposal to create one was turned down by the Scotch, who complained that the title ought to be the "pro-British" party. It was impossible, however, to use this name, as the Poet Laureate had not yet decided whether a naturalised inhabitant of this island should properly be called a British, a Britisher or a Briton. He had only, in point of fact, got as far as the first four lines of a poem on the subject. These ran-

"To call him a Britisher Would be much skittisher, And yet the word Briton Is so easily written."

After that he had stopped, and the matter remained in abeyance.

Nevertheless no lack of names existed for the inhabi-

tants of England and Scotland. The very pro-French party which agreed entirely with France, speaking through its hundred-and-fifty newspapers, called the rather pro-French party, which had no newspapers, pro-German or, in times of stress, pro-Hun; and, as almost everybody in England was unemployed owing to the complete cessation of European trade, there was plenty of time for calling names.

Meanwhile the pro-French party in France, greatly cheered by the attitude of the English, and especially by the papers which constantly used the headline—

VIVE LA FRANCE!

and furthermore translated it in brackets underneath so that the English could understand what it meant, thus—

VIVE LA FRANCE!
(May France Live!),

continued to annex the various portions of what had formerly been the German Bund. When Saxony was taken *The Daily Nail* had an excellent leader headed

HUN SQUEALS AGAIN!



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
THE THRILL MERCHANT.

pointing out there was certain to be a great deal of mischievous sympathy between the pro-Huns in this country and the Huns who lived in Saxony, but that France was certainly right, and that sympathy of this kind only hindered France. A bas les (Down with the) Boches (Germans)!

When Bavaria was annexed there was a very fine cartoon in *The Evening Mews* entitled

THE LICKER (LIQUOR) LICKED

showing Bavaria as a mug of Munich beer, with a large label attached to the handle, on which was written the word

BAVARIA, standing on a table which was called REPARATIONS TABLE. The French Prime Minister was represented as being about to drink this mug of beer, whilst a very dirty German lying at his feet had a large sash tied round his waist, with the words FRAUDULENT FRITZ marked clearly upon it. A notice-board hanging up on the wall read

THREE CHEERS FOR FRANCE.

There could be no doubt about the im-

plication of this cartoon. It was anti-Bavarian.

And when Hanover was taken over there was a very stirring leader in *The Sunday Dictatorial* under the text (taken from the New Testament)

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

pointing out that all Hanoverians ought to be rolled in mud and blood, and pouring contempt on the other pro-French party in England, which believed that it would be for the ultimate good of France if Hanover were ceded to England for sentiment's sake. The last words of this leader were HURROO FOR FRANCE!

The wholesale annexation of Germany, scrupulously just though it was felt by all parties to be, was not, however, unattended by difficulties. Even after the first rioting had been quelled and the various Monarchist and Communistrisings had been suppressed, a certain amount of nervousness continued to be shown by the invaders, who seldom visited the postoffice or hairdresser's without taking a tank.

The strictest discipline was maintained. All roads and street corners were carefully guarded by day, and no

papers or placards which might contain poisonous propaganda against the French were permitted. The curfew order was imposed, and Germany, after sunset on ordinary nights, was plunged in absolute darkness. But the Prime Minister of France could not get it out of his head that, unhappily, all nights were not dark. There were nights on which leaflets could be read, on which arms even might be manufactured by malingerers. He brooded upon this perpetually, and in the end, on one fateful Sunday afternoon, the crash occurred.

The Prime Minister of France an-



"WE'VE BEEN DISCUSSING OLD TIMES, MY DEAR, JACK AND I."

"I SEE-WHEN IT WAS FOUR-AND-SIX A BOTTLE."

nounced at a largely-attended meeting of his fellow-countrymen that it was necessary for the safety of France to fit out a special squadron of aeroplanes and obscure the light of the moon.

There was a very considerable sensation. The French are a shrewd clearthinking people, not prone to nebulous sentiment. They perceived instantly that their Prime Minister had overshot the mark. They saw that his project was almost if not quite unfeasible. They determined to shelve it. Late therefore on the following Monday it was announced to the world that M. was suffering from nervous over-strain and had been ordered a three-months' holiday.

Unhappily his message had already been telegraphed to England, and so for the first time in twenty years a disagreement manifested itself between the pro-French party in France and the extreme pro-French party in Great Britain. The Daily Nail had a leader with the headline-

A LA LUNE! (To the Moon!) be a great deal of mischievous sympathy between moon-lovers in this country and the snivelling inhabitants of Germany, but that all right-thinking people would agree with France.

thing, to be done," said The Daily Nail. "The moon must go."

Reinforcing this, later on in the day, came the cartoon of The Evening Mews. This represented one or two members of the British Cabinet running about with large bow-ties round their necks, upon the ends of which appeared the word

LUNAR-TICKS

whilst the well-known figure of the split in the Entente. French Prime Minister was seen with the word DIGNITY printed on his hat and the word SANITY attached to his coattails like a luggage-label. He was about to climb a ladder leading to a moon, which wore the grinning face of a Hun, and carried in his hand a black disc designated GUARANTEE OF COMPLETE SECURITY.

By a merciful dispensation of Providence, since it was the first day of Surely our generous cousins don't expointing out that there was certain to | the week, The Sunday Dictatorial was | pect that last item to be repaid!

already published, but the Editor is stated to have made a rough draft of a forcible article, entitled

AND THOU, MOON, IN THE VALLEY OF AJALON!

"There is one thing, and only one comparing the French Prime Minister very favourably with the Old Testament generalissimo, Joshua.

When the news came from France that the Prime Minister of that country was incarcerated in a nursing home, it was necessary, of course, for England in turn to take a rather different line on the subject of the moon, and this was done at once. But for at least thirty-four hours there was a regrettable Evor.

"Replying to the charge of American isolation in regard to European affairs, the New York Herald points out that since the signing of the armistice we have advanced some eleven billions of dollars to that part of the world. These contributions are thus classified: Credits advanced, \$2,500,000,000; interest remitted, \$4,000,000,000; relief work, \$2,125,000,000; private loans, \$1,000,000,000; expenditures of American tourists, \$1,125,000,000."

American Magazine.



Ancient Rustic from neighbouring hamlet (to wealthy philanthropist erecting model village). "Would we shortly be wantin' an oldest inhabitant and a village idiot, Sir?"

A NEAR EAST BARGAIN.

Somewhere in the dim past after the Armistice our Mess was wandering over all sorts of scarcely habitable territory in Macedonia, Bulgaria, Turkey and South Russia. Tradition has retained a semi-glorified, semi-humorous description of that Odyssey. Tradition however did not retain the details of how the Mess acquired its grand piano. In the possession of this grand piano of a veritable marque (as our Levantine traders say) we were distinguished and indeed unique among all other Messes.

We cared not for the units who boasted of their Caucasian bear, their Abyssinian monkey, their ex-Bulgar General's ex-chaise longue. we alone possessed a grand piano.

While the politicians haggled and quarrelled at Lausanne our secret fear was always for the fate of our piano. For when Turkey, we said, is finally evacuated the reward of all our labours will be that our Mess ceases to exist. The worthy disposal of our piano was our haunting obsession for many weeks.

In the Near East the surest way of attracting a buyer is to feign extreme

world was kept informed, by an intensive propaganda campaign, of our relentless determination to take our grand piano to England at all costs. Fortune favoured us when our Greek Mess Contractor, Mr. Georgios Georgiopoulos, was noticed privily and tenderly improvising a tune on our piano while awaiting a business interview.

A carefully - thought - out scheme, whereby the Contractor was left alone in the ante-room with the piano and observed from the verandah, convinced us that he secretly coveted our pet. In consequence all the knowledge that the Mess has acquired of Eastern haggling (learned at the expense of many weary hours and much actual money in the Constantinople Grand Bazaar) was enlisted to induce Mr. Georgiopoulos to become its owner. After discussion it was agreed that, as the Contractor never bound himself either to speak or believe the truth in business, and as he habitually did neither, we were free to conduct the bargaining with the ethical elasticity to which the Levant is accustomed.

The real opening of negotiations was effected when the Contractor favoured

Customs duties. After much circumlocution we gathered that it was well known that our Excellencies had been in the Near East a long time and were thus not conversant with all that had happened in England. That while our Excellencies were engaged in our high military calling the ingrate English Government had imposed a crushing duty on the import of foreign pianos. That as our piano would be taxed according to the high value we ourselves set on it we, he feared, would be despoiled of much ready-money on reaching England.

We had anticipated this argument. Relying on Mr. Georgiopoulos's complete inability to attribute any but the most unworthy and infamous motives to Government officials we contented ourselves with alleging that the uncle of the Mess President was the supreme head of all the English Customs Services. We said no word against the fair name of British bureaucracy, but confidently trusted that the Contractor would think the worst.

Soon after this conversation our suspicions became aroused by the inordinate attention the boy Niko was reluctance to sell. Accordingly all the us with a monologue about English giving to the piano. Niko, it must be explained, leads a hazardous life in and around the Mess. He exists by deputising in the kitchen at the more menial tasks, conducting fraudulently any emergency shopping, and pilfering articles that are not likely to be missed immediately. It was clear that Niko had been suborned to keep the Contractor au courant with the latest piano developments. We therefore instructed him to cause a local carpenter to submit an estimate for making a new piano-case in replacement of the last one that had become fire-wood in the grim winter months. To avoid the immediate expenditure of money we started to collect all the available spare wood. With this we formed a dump, appropriately labelled, and said work was to commence as soon as there was sufficient wood.

This and some propaganda conversation for the benefit of Niko brought Mr. Georgiopoulos hot-foot to interview us next morning. After many flowery preliminaries it emerged that a Levantine friend of his, wishing to have a souvenir of the precious times when the glorious British Army was in Turkey, had conceived the idea of purchasing our celebrated grand piano to remind him in perpetuity of the nobility of the British character. That his friend, unfortunately, was but a poor man and could not afford the piano unless we made the price an almost microscopic quantity, in view of the highly honourable and worthy motives that impelled him to the pur-

We pointed out that the piano was not for sale, but that, in appreciat on of the delicacy of his friend's proposed tribute to Britain, we should like him to see the piano. At the appointed hour the pair arrived, accompanied by an alleged musical expert, whose rôle was to disparage the piano from a technical angle and prove that as a musical instrument it was worse than valueless. This, an old bazaar trick, we had anticipated, and dramatically introduced our own spurious "expert" at the right moment. This polyglot friend (disguised in Cossack uniform and a vast beard) was described as late Chef d'Orchestre of the Russian Imperial Water Guard. His extreme vehemence in Russian and German (the only languages we allowed him to use) completely routed the opposition " expert."

Negotiations after this were conducted in a darker and more sinister fashion. The Mess President formulated unending complaints about the quality of the provisions, and finally threatened to employ a new Contractor. In our favour it must be said that the com-



BRIGHTER KERBSTONES.

ZOOLOGICAL LIVELINESS AMONG OUR STREET HAWKERS.

plaints were amply justified. At last a nice friendly dispute (that had existed from time immemorial) about the rancidity of a keg of butter was revived, and we stated that the price of the keg would be deducted from his current bill without fail.

Some well-prepared conversation, conducted in front of Niko, about alleged shipping difficulties caused the Contractor to appear next day as an open buyer. Much wearisome haggling, in which we maintained our rôle as very unwilling sellers, eventually drew to a close. The bargain, after the price was agreed, was settled on the basis that Mr. Georgiopoulos was to continue supplying the Mess until we could clearly prove that his provisions were palpably deteriorating, and that we bound ourselves to take no drastic action in the butter dispute, each party reverting to its status quo ante.

about our conduct of the negotiations were completely dispelled when we learned that, besides being satisfied with his bargain, Mr. Georgiopoulos had entertained his friends at the Café Xaι Λαιφ (High Life) with an account of his astuteness in employing the boy Niko as a spy, and our typical Occidental stupidity in never suspecting so obvious a move.

A Double Blue.

"He [Mr. Pelham Warner] played for Oxford and Cambridge in 1895-6. Evening Paper.

From the introduction to a song-

"Such songs as Henry Purcell's 'I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly and 'Nymphs and Shepherds,' are as fresh and charming now as when first written some twenty-three years ago."

They were almost as popular, we remem-Any qualms we may have entertained ber, as "The Absent-minded Beggar."



THE IRON WAY.

THE frigid attitude of a Railway Company towards a patron and their petty acts of summary injustice are without parallel in the world of com-

For nearly a generation, in the matter of being transported between London and Surrey, I have given my custom exclusively to one Company. In any other business relationship I should have been recognised long ago as an old and valued client, but there is no evidence that my Railway hold me in any higher esteem than they do the meanest of day-excursionists.

It is useless to tell me that the brusquerie of a Railway Company arises from their magnitude. For that matter, the shop of my fishmonger is part of a mammoth combine, but that does not make him too aloof to stop me and whisper, "Shellfish is scarce to-day; shall'I put a nice crab on one side for you?" If my fishmonger can thus unbend to a regular customer, surely my stationmaster ought to say on occasion," There will be a nice little special train for Gatwick. As an old patron may I save you a seat?"

The size of a concern need not destroy the personal touch. To the Maryle-bone Bank (now the London County,

my patronage is probably of as little significance as it is to the Railway I favour, but nevertheless the Marylebone Bank will always testify, in confidence, as to my worth and stability. But nobody thinks of asking a Railway to speak up for a season-ticket-holder, although it would be quite easy for them to say this sort of thing:-

The Younger. "No more can't I, Mum; I've got a spilliking thumb."

"We have the pleasure to certify that Mr. So-and-So is an old and respected friend of this Railway. He has always paid cash in advance for orders that he has entrusted to us, and we may say that during business dealings extending over many years he has only missed .. the 9.21 up once, and to our knowledge has never been involved in the wrong half of the train at Redhill Junction. He is therefore to be relied upon to meet any engagement he may make."

At any rate there must be some reason why many a business man likes to let it be inferred from his letter-heading that he is a depositor of one of the Big Five Banks, but never that he is a season-ticket-holder of one of the Big Five Railways.

Again, in a large furniture emporium they are never so happy as when they are helping lovers over a stile; but the

stirred by the plight of even the most romantic young couples. I will wager that the following sort of dialogue has never been heard in the Managing Director's room at Liverpool Street Station:-

Mr. Lóvelorn. We have at last been able to find a house. But it is right out at Billericay. Our problem is-

Managing Director (understandingly). You would like us to help you in the matter of a season-ticket?

Mr. L. Yes. But we are afraid that the cost-

 $M.\ D.$ You need only pay us a nominal sum down—shall we say one pound?—and the rest in instalments to suit your convenience.

Mr. L. That's fine. Now as to references-

M. D. (largely). We trust our clients implicitly. In return for your cheque of one pound I will send you at once one of our tickets, upholstered in leather, together with a Free Accident Insurance Policy. May I say that it will give me great pleasure to add your name to the list of 500,000 happy season-ticket-holders of this railway?

When I tell you that for three generations my family have been clients of my Railway, and that I myself have an unbroken connection with them of over a quarter of a century, you will under-Marylebone and Uncle's Bank, Ltd.) pulses of a Railway Company are not stand how bitter I feel that they will



THE DAWN OF A DOUBT.

SHADE OF BISMARCK. "MY GREAT WORK SEEMS TO BE BREAKING UP. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?"

M. Poincaré. "I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER."



Acquaintance. "So YER OFF TERMORRER?" Bluejacket (whose ship is off the Isle of Man). "Yes, worse luck! Look at the lovely promenade, three miles long, and PUBS OPEN ALL DAY! WHY THE ADMIRAL WANTS TO GO AWAY 'EAVEN ONLY KNOWS.'

not renew my season-ticket unless I seat-and-a-half, should get in the course give them (1) my name (in full and written clearly); (2) my address; and travel. (3) the money in advance. (I say nothing of the increase in their charges to an old customer.) Later on I have to call for the thing—marked, by the way, "This ticket is the property of the Company." Clearly, if a Railway had the courtesy of a tailor, I ought merely to have to look in and say, "I want a new ticket for the Autumn. You know the class of thing I like. You can send it along when ready and put it down to my account.'

The boorish behaviour of a Railway is sometimes accentuated by lack of competence. For example, apart from their not admitting any sentimental difference between myself and Jones, a new patron, they do not make the commercial distinction called for by the excess of six stones in Jones's weight over mine. Briefly, he makes them haul, every journey, 84 pounds more than I do; yet he gets off with the same fare. a newcomer like Jones, who occupies a comfortable. But if I continue to deal sight.

of the year about 350 ton miles of free

The contrast between my loyalty and the Company's insensibility is very marked. Since I first gave them my custom in the year of the Diamond Jubilee I have stood by them in all their vicissitudes. I have defended them warmly when the phrase "South-East-ern and Chatham" was a synonym for "festina lente." From time to time I have introduced new business. Often I have written to my friends: "If you come down from the City you cannot do better than use Cannon Street;" or, "There is a splendid train at 11.23 from Charing Cross." But never a graceful gesture on the part of the Railway! Not a kind word or an almanack all that time, during which I have commissioned them to carry me, in the aggregate, 300,000 miles, or twelve times the girdle of the globe! Even the most soulless of boarding-house-keepers will commiserate with a victim over bad weather, or It is not a pleasant thought to me that will express the hope that he has been

with my Railway for a further twentyfive years I shall be surprised if ever they or theirs will deplore the fog on my account, or inquire if the foot-warmers have been heated to my liking.

Only George, our local porter, has ever shown that a kind heart may beat beneath Railway serge. When I am late at the barrier in the morning he will sometimes take into account our long association and, letting methrough, allow me to risk my life in the attempt to board the moving train.

Muscular Christianity.

"Bishop of Baltimore leads International League home run hitters with 21.

Maurice Archdeacon of Rochester is sold to Chicago White Sox."—Canadian Paper.

"Meanwhile, Carpentier was being hugged oyously by his catellites."—Daily Paper. Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!

Thou shalt not kill; but need'st must strive Thou shall not kill, the Arthur Clough."

Monthly Magazine.

Poets, however, may be murdered at

THE WAG.

George is a wag. Neither Mollie nor I would have actively resented this offence if latterly he had not acquired the habit of turning up twice a week and wagging at our dinner-hour-with the inevitable and costly result. At last I spoke to him about it. I said incisively, "George, if you must come here and wag, do it after dinner."

I hoped I had offended him; so did Mollie. We were wrong. The very next evening, just as my one glass of port was beginning to circulate, George burst into the dining-room, and the next instant my one glass was circulating inside George.

"Have you heard the latest about poor old Arthur?" he asked, with his terrible waggish look and in his infernal

waggish tone.

We shook our heads discouragingly. George's sense of humour is primitive; it invariably focuses itself upon some fellow-being's misfortune.

"If it's anything about a banana-

skin, "I began morosely.

"It isn't," chuckled George; "it's about dress-clothes."

Mollie raised her brows. "Arthur's?"

she asked sceptically.
George gurgled. "Ah-ha!" he said; "you didn't know he had any? Well, he has-or had-as you shall now

Mollie frowned, and I, taking my cue, scowled. Neither of us wanted to hear Arthur. Arthur is our friend. Arthur amenities.

is an entomologist—a bug-hunter, you know. He is also the most timid, bashful, unsophisticated little man in Christendom. He is a great personality in the bug world, but outside its radius he barely exists. He is never at his ease unless he is with bugs, just as bugs are never at their ease when they're with Arthur. Until, of course, they enter the lethal bottle; then all their embarrassments are over. But put Arthur (if you can) with his fellowbeings and he is like one of his own bugs on a sugared tree - dazed and helpless. Especially with women: women terrify him into stupefaction—all except Mollie.

For some reason or another he has never regarded Mollie as a woman. He | he twittered. 'What must I do?' is so much at home with Mollie that I am forced to the conclusion that he ally packed his suitcase myself—luckily regards her as some sort of a bug-a he had quite a decent suit of dressrare one, with beautiful markings, that | clothes-carted him down to the station,

cannot be sugared or bottled, must continue to "occur."

"Poor old Arthur," went on George gloatingly, "received an invitation to spend the week-end at a big house about twenty miles away. His hostess wrote that a certain Professor Wachach, the



"THE MOST TIMID, BASHFUL, UNSOPHISTI-CATED LITTLE MAN IN CHRISTENDOM."

Big Noise in Polish bug-circles, was staying there and had expressed an ardent wish to meet Arthur. Of course the poor old chap was in an awful state about it. He yearned to meet this Professor, but he was almost morbidly George being waggish about poor old | nervous concerning the necessary social | voltingly in evidence.



"HE THREW OUT A PRINT SCREEN OF EVENING PAPER."

"'I know nothing of these matters,' | another fifteen was preceding him up-

"So I told him. Nay more, I actuhas "occurred" in my house, and, as it | pushed him into the train and shoved

his suitcase on to the rack above his head."

Mollie smiled. "That was kind of

you, George," she said warmly.

"Yes. He had a compartment to himself; but just before the train started a porter biffed into the carriage, crashed another suitcase on to the rack directly opposite Arthur's, and stumbled out to admit the daintiest, paintiest little girlie-pearlie that ever wore—well, that ever wore silkie-wilkies. Poor old Arthur cast one agonised glance at her and then threw out a print screen of evening paper. Had he not done so-

George paused waggishly. "Well?"

snapped Mollie.

"Had he not done so," continued George impressively, "he could hardly have failed to notice—as I noticed that the girl's suitcase was an exact replica of his own. It is not for me, it is not for you, and most emphatically it was not for poor old Arthur, to conjecture the contents of that other suitcase." Here George sighed suggestively and closed his eyes. "But what is more important," he went on, "is that the initials on her suitcase were identical with those on poor old Arthur's. A.M.W.—Arthur Mergatroyd Wonkit, you know. I spotted it instantly, but there was no time to draw Arthur's attention to the coincidence."

"Go on," I groaned. Mollie gave a little gasp. I think even then we had both begun to suspect the end.

George's waggishness was now re-

"The rest of the sad story I got from Arthur's own quivering lips,"

said George.

"Arrived at his destina tion, our friend sprang from the compartment like a springbok.

"'S-s-suitcase!' he stuttered to a porter. 'On the rack. Initials A.M.W.

Bring it along.'

"Obediently the porter unged in. Dainty-painty plunged in. was staring out of the opposite window. The porter emerged, and in less time than it takes me to tell you (unless I hurried inartistically) Arthur and the suitcase were in an expensive limousine. In another ten minutes his host was shaking him by the hand, and in

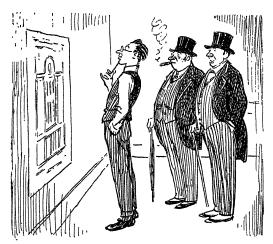
stairs to Arthur's bedroom.

"'I think you'll find everything you want,' said the host buoyantly, flinging open the bedroom door. 'Dinner in half-an-hour.'

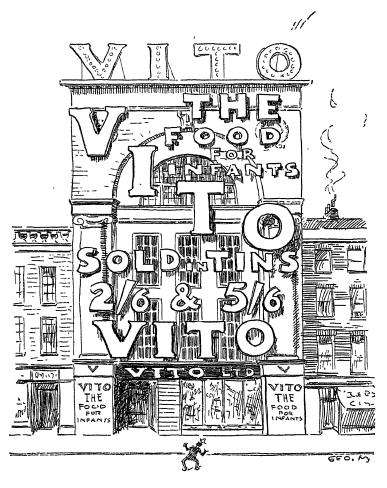
"The dcor closed. Poor old Arthur



 THE YOUNG ARCHITECT PUTS HIS BEST WORK INTO HIS DESIGN FOR THE VITO COMPANY'S NEW PREMISES—



AND PRODUCES A MASTERPIECE WHICH HE HOPES WILL MAKE HIS REPUTATION.



BUT THE SIGN-MAKER HAS HIS OWN IDEAS.

A CLASH OF MASTERPIECES.

went forward into the strange room. The suitcase—the suitcase with the initials A. M. W.—had been unpacked, and its more intimate contents lay out on the virgin whiteness of the bed. Poor old Arthur flung at them a first nervous glance. Then . . ."

George stopped speaking and grinned expectantly into our faces. I dared not look at Mollie. I knew she was undergoing Arthur's agony. I heard her gulp, and I'll swear the dear sympathetic child was holding back a sob. I myself was full of pity for poor old Arthur. It must have been a trying situation for almost any man—any nice man, I mean. But for Arthur!

George's waggish laughter was an insult. I felt as though I hated George. "Well?" I asked harshly when the

pause had become unbearable. "Well, what did the poor old chap do?"
"He dressed for dinner" said George.

"He dressed for dinner," said George, getting up and making rather swiftly for

about the bags—the suitcases, I should say. Arthur simply dressed for dinner."

And we heard George's detestable waggish laughter wafted back from the garden path.

AN END OF MOWING.

Round me the scattered roses lie
By the pitiless winds of Autumn
blown,

But thanks be to all of the gods, say I, The grass on the lawn need be no more mown.

Over the daisies out and back

Many a mile I 've tramped and trod To the ceaseless rattle and clank and clack

Of the whirring wheels and the rolling

Many a curse have I framed and sped When a stick or a wire or a piece of string

the door. "There had been no mistake Caught in the blades and stopped them

And flung me over the beastly thing.

And what have we left of our toil to show?

A lawn all littered with sticks and

Where damp will spread and the moss will grow

And snails come out in the night like thieves.

Farewell, old mower, you'll soon be stored

The bats and the bicycle pumps between,

When the last libation of oil is poured To the grinding gods of the grass machine. W. H. O.

"It was a matter of universal disappointment that the Earl of — was ill in bed instead of on our platform."—Parish Magazine. Nevertheless, if he had to be ill, bed was probably the better place for him.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

I FIRST met the Man in the Moon in an express train. I will not weary the reader with the exact circumstances of his arrival, after the manner of these fantastic novelists. Suffice it to say tliat he came to Earth, and I met him.

It struck me at once that he was a man labouring under a grievance, a

soured man.

"The fact is," he said, "I have long resented the attitude of your planet to the Moon. Nearly everything un-

explicable, is put down to Me. The tides, for instance. I give you my word that I have nothing whatever to do with the tides. Then, the other day, some wretched scientists went so far as to saddle me with that earthquake. What Science would do without me I don't know. Then there is love. The inferior grades of love, of course. The particularly silly kind of lover is called moony. The particularly silly kind of fool is called a loon

"Then there is full-blown lunacy. None of you seems to know much about it, but, as usual, you all agree that it is 'something to do with the Moon.'

It's too bad.

"It is this last charge," he went on, "the gravest of all, that has brought me to Earth. Say what you like about the tides, but I am not content to go rolling round the sky with this stigma of imbecility upon me. I would sooner suffer total eclipse. And I am determined to see for myself what manner of people it is that brings this

accusation, how they behave and whether," he concluded darkly, "those who profess themselves immune from my influence are indeed in a position to throw stones at the Moon.

"Quite," I said. "And now perhaps you would like some lunch? I have a ticket for the Second Service.'

The train was travelling about sixty miles an hour—roaring, rattling, clattering and banging. We staggered down the corridor, bouncing from side to side like peas in a rattle. The next lipped. The smell of cabbage-water coach was Thirds, and we had to filled the air. squeeze past a crowd of passengers standing in the corridor. We climbed over their luggage, squashed in their stomachs and trod on their children; and in return they blew smoke in our faces and sometimes stabbed us with hat-pins.

Towards the end of the coach I heard a faint cry, and, turning, saw the Man in the Moon, looking weak and pale.

"Forgive me," he said, "but this is terrible! I am half dead."

The -train gave a great lurch and flung him into the nearest compartment, which was full of women. We then entered a tunnel. Clouds of smoke choked our nostrils, and there was a noise like a battle.

At the end of the tunnel I got him out, | and my poor friend looked mad indeed.

"AN EXPRESS TRAIN," I yelled consolingly, " IS ONE OF THE MARVELS OF pleasant on Earth, and everything in- our civilisation. In the old days

garaman y

FORCE OF HABIT. AN ABSENT-MINDED SPORTSMAN BACK FROM HIS YACHTING HOLIDAY.

MEN USED TO TRAVEL ABOUT ON HORSES | Passes the time." OR CAMELS. THERE ARE A FEW BAR-BAROUS TRIBES THAT DO THIS STILL. But we have changed all that. We OWE IT ALL TO SCIENCE."

After walking half-a-mile in this manner we joined a crowd of patient people herded together in a very hot passage, about half the size of the previous one. A slow stream of persons who had lunched fought their way past us, tight-

"This will give you some idea of the Great War," I told my friend. "The soldiers used to move about the trenches exactly in this way. How it brings it all back!"

The Man in the Moon nodded with understanding.

"Lunch in the train," I went on, "is considered a great luxury. The people about you at this moment are the rich. Their powers of endurance are considered remarkable. They will suffer anything for a scrap of food. The people you were treading on just now were the comparatively poor. They have no stamina. They can't stand this sort of thing."

"Then they don't have to walk about the train?" said the Man in the Moon eagerly.

("Mad," I concluded; "mad as a hatter!"

"No," I said, "they stay where they are, poor devils.'

We took our places at last, with two strangemen, at a table for four. A steward lurched at us, shouted, "Anything-to-drink, Sir?" and rushed away before any of us had framed a reply. Another steward zigzagged across our bows and tossed four platefuls of yellowhot water on to the table. The first steward reappeared, slammed down two bottles of ale and vanished. The train rocked; the engine whistled for a long time. We entered a tunnel. One of the beer bottles fell into my soup. I opened the other with a shaking hand and poured it over another man's bread. In the din of the tunnel I opened my mouth and made polite grimaces at him; he made polite faces back.

Outside the tunnel, at the top of his voice, he said, "I like a meal in the train. Breaks the journey, doesn't it?"
"Yes," said the other, at

the top of his voice, "there's nothing like lunch in the train for breaking a journey.

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'It passes the TIME!'"
"Just so. Doesn't seem half as long."

"Something to do."

"What?"

"Gives you something to think about. They do these meals very well."

"Not as good as the Midland. I travel a lot on the Midland."

"They give you a good meal on the Great Western."

"Really?"

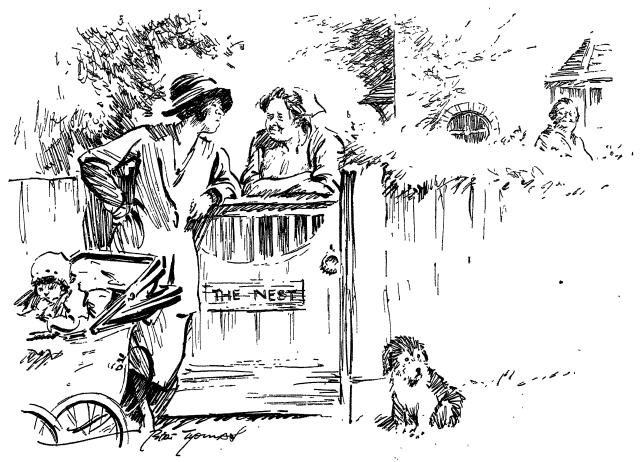
"Yes; they give you a very good meal on the Great Western."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"The country's looking well."

"Yes, the country's looking very



Nursemaid. "Well, 'ow d' yer like yer new mistress?" Maid. "CAN'T TELL YET. SHE'S ON 'ER BEST BEHAVIOUR FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS."

"You see a lot of the country—from it roared. Outside a steward dropped the train, I mean.'

"Yes; I travel a good deal on the Midland."

"We're moving now."

"Yes, she 's going a good speed."

"I like a meal in the train."

" What?"

"I say, 'I like-a meal-in the TRAIN!" I looked at the Man in the Moon. In his eyes was a sort of horror, a fear. Crash, bang! The train jangled over a junction, rocked over a bridge. A hat fell into my plate. A steward put a baked potato in the hat, and removed the whole thing, without a word. "I won't have any FISH!" I bawled. "Sorry, Six, the fish is finished," he shouted, and, snatching up the menu, busily scratched out "Sole au vin blanc." The menu said "Roast Lamb," and a man brought plate after plate of cold ham and beef. "No salad, thank you," shouted the Man in the Moon, and the steward replied, "Pudding, Sir?" heaping salad on his plate. The man opposite ordered a Benedictine. The steward brought seven kinds of cheese.

The train gathered speed. It rocked,

a pile of plates. The atmosphere was red-hot and smelled of cabbage. Men started to smoke. The Man in the Moon's eyes started out of his head. "Is there anybody in charge of this train?" he whispered. I nodded. "Yes, a guard; but he never comes in here.'

The head-waiter came along, said "Two lunch-Two beers-Benedictine $\operatorname{-Bread}$ — Cheese — Butter — Coffee, wrote down seven incomprehensible hieroglyphics, added them up and said, "Ten-and-eight, thank you, Sir."

The Man in the Moon gripped me by the shoulder, wild-eyed. "You don't mean to tell me you have to pay for this?"

"Of course," I said. " "It's a LUXURY. One of the world's great thinkers wrote a book. The rest of the book you Not, as you might think, one of the boys. needn't bother about, but the first sentence is often quoted. 'Man is born free,' he said, 'and everywhere he is in

The Man in the Moon tapped his head significantly.

"Something to do with the Moon, I suppose?" he said. A. P. H.

The new Deal in Newspapers.

The Beaver and the Rotherbrock Were walking hand-in-hand; They laughed to hear the newsboys shout

"Two-thirty" down the Strand; "If we could own the total Press," They said, "it would be grand."

Sanguine Sussex.

"The poultry branch is now on a fair footing, and next season it is hoped to have it on a sound financial basis. A temporary shed is being used for incubators, and it is expected that within the next two years the entire herd will consist of stud cows all under the Government herd test."-Horsham Paper. This ought to settle the milk problem.

> "ETON WALL-PAINTINGS. THE HAND OF A MASTER." Morning Paper.

"Exmouth Bench had a record day at the Petty Sessions on Monday. The Court opened at 11 a.m. and closed at 6.15 a.m., with thirty minutes' interval for luncheon." Local Paper.

What, no tea and no dinner? It must have been pathetic to see those empty. beaks.

AT THE PLAY.

"GOOD LUCK" (DRURY LANE).

One hears a great many compliments showered—and with justice—on Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS for the mechanical achievements of his latest "Sporting Drama," but little or nothing is said in praise of the audience. Yet for the right appreciation of this chef d'œuvre great qualities are demanded, and I don't think I possess all of them. It may kind of thing; and certainly to have assisted at the performance of Hassan on the previous night was not the best

upon me.

Plunging at once into the plot off the deep end -how different from the leisurely opening of Hassan, which gave me time to take in the atmosphere and mental processes of the Eastthe authors wanted me to absorb the following items at one gulp: (1) The training stables of Longbarrow - only separated from the house itself by a swimming tank—featuring "Eleventh Hour," candidate for the Hunt Cup, who carries the money of Lady Patricia Wolseley and the whole of the house-party, and is subsequently seen winning a trial on the downs in the background. (2) His owner,

ever, is about to marry (4) D'Arcy Bristowe, villain, who has her in his power because he holds a cheque forged by (5) her half-brother, Lord Trenton, who confides his difficulties to (6) Leo Swinburne, humorous bookmaker, with the request that he will abstract from Bristowe's pocket the betting - book which is sure to contain the forged (8) in the tank, leaving him more embarrassed by his loss (though he disguises his emotions under a traditional calm) than he is by the fact (9) that he has seduced Lady Angela's maid, Rose Collett, whose (10) brother John (Lady Patricia's chauffeur) is even now plotting revenge for his sister's shame.

them more than enough for one Act. The rest, being spread over eleven colours of the hero (a dazzling pink) scenes, was easier to follow, though after are carried first past the post; and that such a start almost anything might all is well. happen; and it did. I have no space for many of the finer details of the plot, passed this way more times than he but you will get some rough idea of its generosity if I tell you that Bristowe, in his anxiety to recover the forged cheque, arranges a motor-car accident | laborator, Major "IAN HAY?" I like to be that I never had the head for this for Lord Trenton in the carriage drive, picture a dialogue or two between him with the assistance of John Collett, whose revenge he has undertaken to rehearsal and after. buy off; that in the ensuing struggle preparation for it. Anyhow, the First the villain gets rid of this awkward col-bookmaker would mix quite so fre Act of Good Luck, coming so soon after league with a murderous blowin the dark the social life of the aristocracy? an untimely dinner, put too much strain from behind, leaving the dazed noble-

Charlady. "That's just 'ow your 'usband sees 'em? Ah, my ole man sees things like that, but thank 'Evin 'e don't drore 'em."

Sir Anthony Wayne (hero and "sporting basionet"), who loves and is loved by (3) Lady Angela Vale, who, how-Sir Anthony, the hero, emerging at this moment, nobly assumes the guilt in the presence of the whole house-party; that Bristowe, foiled in his attempt to handle the forged cheque, uses a devilish device to get Lady Angela on to his yacht in the Solent; that the hero, now doing time as a convict at Parkhurst, escapes during a fire at that establishment, and swims out to the yacht cheque. This (7) he does while the at Yarmouth just as she is putting off villain is undressing for a mixed bathe in the teeth of a gale; that the doomed vessel is dashed against a cliff (on which the villain disembarks); that the lovers are rescued by a lifeboat; that Mr. Seymour Hicks. I say, old chap, the hero, who has been reported as if I were you I should cut out that burned to death at Parkhurst, reaches 11.2 P.M. by my watch), just in time to know who you're talking about. ng revenge for his sister's shame. | prevent the consequent scratching of | Major"Ian Hay." Oh, please let that There may well have been subtleties his horse (so appositely named); that stay in. It's the only literary allusion,

that I missed, but these were the broader | the villain, who owns the next best features of the argument, and I found horse, is arrested outside the weighingroom for a previous felony; that the

Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has, of course, cares to remember, and Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is no chicken at melodrama; but what of their relatively innocent coland his colleagues during the course of

Major "Ian Hay." Do you think a bookmaker would mix quite so freely in

Mr. Seymour Hicks. My dear fellow,

you don't know a Drury Lane audience as I do. They won't see anything wrong in that. They 'll simply love it.

Major "Ian Hay." Well, are you sure that Lord Trenton would have run his car into that obstruction in the carriage drive when he must have known it was there? He had passed it, you remember, a few hours earlier in broad daylight.

Mr. Seymour Hicks. Dear old thing, this is no film, no photographic reproduction of vulgar facts; this is creative art.

Major "Ian Hay." Well, is there any piecedent in the history of the Turf for a Hunt Cup being won by an

escaped convict who is going about at large on the course?

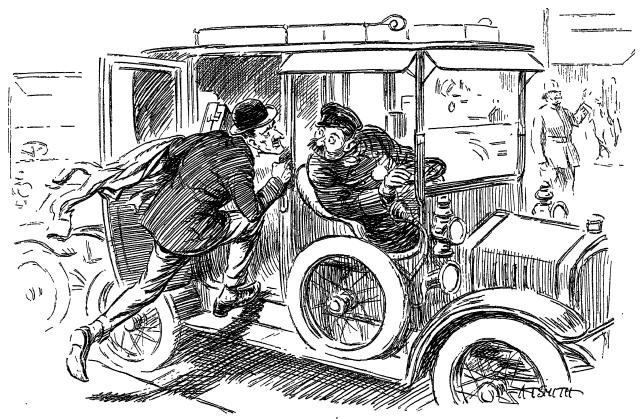
Mr. Seymour Hicks. My poor young friend, we don't study history in the

Lane; we make it.
Major"Ian Hay." If I may dare to say so, Mr. Collins, is it quite natural for Sir Anthony to swim off to the yacht when he could with so much less inconvenience have walked round and boarded it from the quay, where it was tied up?

Mr. Arthur Collins. My boy, you have much to learn. If we can't beat Nature at Drury Lane, what are we here for?

reference to Algernon Swinburne. Ascot at the eleventh hour (actually He's a back number, and nobody'll

Major "Ian Hay." Oh, please let that



Absconding Cashier (selecting destination at random). "VICTORIA! DRIVE LIKE BLAZES!" Taxi-Driver. "WHICH STATION, GUV'NOR?" Absconding Cashier. "Don't care-whichever has the most trains."

and it would be nice to please the cultured people. Mr. WALKLEY for one. is sure to like it.

Mr. Seymour Hicks (after the second What did I tell you? Didn't night). I say Algernon would be a frost?

Major"Ian Hay." I know. I'm afraid Hassan is monopolising the best people. But please keep it in for my sake. I've written books, you know.

Mr. Seymour Hicks. Well, have it your own way. But it doesn't cut ice like that bit about Lady Pat's suspenders.

All the same, it was a brave show; and if I may have been tempted to laugh loudest at the wrong places there was quite good fun of its kind in the performances of Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, whose infectious gaiety carried the play triumphantly through much undesigned absurdity in the serious parts. Mr. GWENN, as Leo Swinburne the book-maker, was at the top of his form, and Miss Ellis JEFFREYS, though the critics may say that her gifts were wasted on the broad humour of Lady Patricia, seemed to me to be in the middle of her element. At any rate she gave the impression that she was thoroughly enjoying her-

Royce's powers were never fully extended in the too easy part of the villain, and he must have had a lot of subtlety in hand at the finish.

I was deeply impressed by the staunch fidelity of the audience to local tradition. For years the films have left the mechanical devices of the stage far behind; but the patrons of the Lane still love to have difficulties overcome or at least challenged—before their eyes; and, though you might not credit them with much imagination, yet, if they can see a real motor-car impinge on a real obstacle at the rate of five miles an hour, their loyal fancy translates its speed into something well beyond the limit, and the gentle impact into an appalling crash.

I entertain no fear of the nation's decline while such a spirit animates her metropolis. O. S.

"U.S. LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP. FIRST ROUND RESULTS.

Miss Glena Collet (Rhode Island), holder, beat Mrs. F. C. Letts (Outwentsia) by 4 and 3. Miss Edith Cummings (Onwentsia) beat Mrs. Quentin Feitner (South Shore) by 5 and 4." Scots Paper.

Quite a good idea to vary the name of self. On the other hand Mr. JULIAN the club in accordance with the result. he is quite right about MARY.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"General Smuts, who wore a dark grey lounge suit and soft grey hat, appeared to be the only Dominion Premier who was dressed in the conventional silk hat and morning coat."—Bristol Paper.

"Considerable and widespread interest is being evinced in the Anderson Report, the Press giving it a mixed and, on the whole, an unfavourable reception, while the organizations whose duty it is to protect the interests of State servants are sounding the toxin vigorously in preparation for resistance. The Customs Journal.

Our own feeling is that the toxin ought never to be sounded except on the inoculation controversy.

From a Dutch bulb-catalogue:—

"My three sisters, Jane, Mary and Cory; when I thought to place a photo in my pricelist to make acquaintance with you, the flower-time of the bulbs was already over. Next season I shall give you several pictures of them in the bulbfields. Jane and Cory have promissed me, when I become your orders to help me with packing and I am sure how nicely and correct the parcels will look out. Mary should also like to help me, but I have said, you must learn good your english exercises in the school, then you can later answer the letters of our english customers."

We think, in the circumstances, that

CRITICISM À LA MODE.

(An Essay in Apologetic Enthusiasm.) THE appearance of a new novel from the pen of Leonard Blax is an event for which we cannot be too grateful, though the evolution of his astonishing | found indispensable as a stimulus to cretalent inevitably arouses misgivings even in his most fervent admirers. Too audacious to conciliate the fastidious, and too chaste to satisfy the avid amateurs of the unholy, he is not immune to the risk of falling between two stools. This is, however, only another way of saying that Blax is in a period of transition, in which the passage from the crude objectivity of his earlier works to a complete and artistic assimilation of the Freudian psychology has not yet been completely achieved. To speak with a frankness which honesty demands, though it is painful to use with so colossal a genius, his mood is still tentative and exploratory, and his method at times immature. The advocatus Angelorum will find many vulnerable points in his new story, The Glory of Ham, and we can well believe that many readers, moved to exasperation by the hubristic ineptitudes which abound on every page, may be tempted, long before they have got half-way through, to hurl the volume into the fire or the dust-bin, instead of persevering to the bitter end, for of its bitterness there can be no doubt.

The style is disfigured by frequent lapses into Gongorism, as when he speaks of lightning as "God's shorthand," or describes a set of false teeth as "subserving the functions of manducation." Again the inevitable march of the plot is delayed by longueursnotably the chapter, extending to fiftysix pages, entirely devoted to describing the hero's sensations in the dentist's chair. The poignancy of the episode is undoubted, as the patient, owing to a faulty diagnosis, has all his teeth removed for pyorrhœa when he is really suffering from the toxic consequences of an excessive indulgence in maraschino. We confess, again, that the magnanimity of the hero, on which the author so passionately insists, is not altogether convincingly displayed in the scene in which Hamlet, or "Ham," as he is known to his intimates, indemnifies himself for his acceptance of his father's money by depositing a statuette of Satan on his tomb at Kensal Green

But at the worst these are but spots conspicuous for its transfused glow, its superb delineation of the implacable revolt of mutinous youth against the exorbitant demands of tyrannous senil- take to the coverts.

ity. The paramountcy of the internal drama holds us in its grip from start to finish. Hamlet Mandrake, the son of a rich merchant, is turned out-of-doors by his father for refusing to abandon a diet of caviare and liqueurs which he ative literary work. (Hamlet, it should be added, has already estranged his mother by breaking off his engagement with Brynhilda Raban because of her avowing her preference of Sullivan to Scriabin; and a volume of his poems had been destroyed by the order of a police magistrate for their alleged pernicious tendency.) During the War he is imprisoned for publishing pamphlets denouncing the policy of the British Government, and during his captivity writes a novel in which, under an easily penetrated disguise, he lays bare the bigotry, intellectual narrowness and complacency of his father in all their nakedness. The concluding chapters describe the process by which Hamlet reconciles it with his artistic conscience to accept the large fortune which falls to him on his father's dying intestate, and to invest it in a maraschino manufactory at Zara, in Dalmatia, where he lives in sumptuous and semi-sultanic luxury.

It is impossible to deny that grave suspicions are aroused of the accuracy of Blax's legal knowledge; that the record of his hero will not inspire all readers with unmitigated admiration. But those who agree with the present reviewer that genius is not a thing to be argued about, but felt, will not be deflected by such negligible considerations. To them it will be enough that here is Blax, if not at his greatest, still at a level immeasurably exalted above the vapid and insipid conventionalism of the average manufacturer of fiction. Though there are many things that we could wish otherwise, many chaptersnotably viii., ix., x., xv., xvi., xvii., and xxxvi. to xlviii.—which might have profitably been omitted, and a vast number of opinions expressed on the taste or truth of which it were best to hold judgment in suspense, it is well to remember with Vauvenargues that les meilleurs auteurs parlent trop. Of this at least we can be certain, that neither MEREDITH nor DICKENS could ever have written The Glory of Ham.

"The first pheasants of 'the First' are being eaten at West End restaurants to-night at quite a number of private and public 'shoot-But at the worst these are but spots ing parties. The reports from the moors are on the sun, venial blemishes in a work that the birds are plentiful."

Provincial Paper.

The grouse, we understand, have been quite crowded out, and have had to We can well understand Mr. Hesel-

THE LAST DRIVE.

THE gales are gotten up with night, The stormy West's a-hum, And hardly there'll be shooting light To last till beaters come; I hear a grouse-cock's wild Go Back, I see a kindling star Redden amid the flying wrack Above the braes of Mar.

Oh, different, different was it once: One "walked," in August's prime, Convenient coveys which a dunce Could deal with every time; Are they the self-same birds, indeed, That, this late afternoon, Come like the levin and will need A man to "ca' them down"?

But look, a lot's aloft and on; A whistle bids us mark; And, curling from the butts, they're gone Across the wind and dark;

Again, again—these shall not shirk, They 're here, a headlong cloud, And, crackling through the gusty mirk, The batteries bark aloud.

And yet again, and yet again, Till last one single spy, Like thunderbolt of Jove, amain Hurls through the darkling sky; Hold yards ahead, and yards ahead, And breathe a prayer to Pan . . . He crumples and he crashes, dead As Cæsar or Queen Anne.

The last indeed, the finished tale; The dogs are picking up; While dusk, upon the gathering gale, Fills glen and corrie's cup; Fair days, fair days, your sum's complete,

Tis southward ho, to Town; Yet was your end most fair and feat— Nine shots and seven down!

The Pace that Kills.

"Britton was undoubtedly running at his best, and, going to the front at a mile and a quarter, began to take the field along at a fast pace. He covered three miles in five minutes, and soon after this the other leaders began to drop out."-Scots Paper.

Perhaps they were wise.

"A lady would help another with cooking children, housework; daily, Bexhill only.

Advt. in Local Paper.

We are glad to see that she confines her ghastly operations to Bexhill.

From a review:-

"Delius, it seems to Mr. Heseltine the oddest thing about him, was born at Bradford just over 60 years of age."

TIME's astonishment.



Celebrity (to obtrusive individual). "I fear your name escapes me, Sir, but I remember your face very well."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have not read Jeremy, but no sooner had I finished the first chapter of Jeremy and Hamlet (CASSELL) than I knew I must find out what Hamlet was like before a whole term's masterless demoralization had turned him into "a kitchen spiritual difficulty from his warm corner by the oven. Meanwhile I must go ahead with the book in hand, watching through the eyes of the acutely individualized Jeremy (which are, nevertheless, the eyes of all childhood) how the momentous problems of home and school life swell into great crises of exultation or agony, before they burst like bubbles leaving not a wrack behind. How admirably Mr. Hugh has dealt with his minor characters—the Cole family, Young Baltimore (unpropitious Arthur to Jeremy's Tom Brown), Colonial Uncle Percy and the rest! I disagree, I am afraid, essay, "Some Irish Memories." with his estimate of Uncle Samuel; and I resent that imaginative sponger's constant endeavour to set himself up as a moral antidote to Jeremy's prosaic father. But, this apart, I have not a grumble to voice; and Jeremy and Hamlet shall head my list of Christmas memoranda.

Neither the future of Europe nor that of the Right Hon-DAVID LLOYD GEORGE is likely to receive much elucida-

occasional speeches and articles, most of which do no more than reflect their author's uncoordinated reactions to the dilemmas of the last ten months. General indictments of the international temper, and particular indictments of M. Poincaré; a defence of the Treaty of Versailles and a plea that I must get hold of its predecessor. I must find out for its integral observance; a challenge to "the Churches" what Jeremy was like before he went to his prep. and came to foster among nations "principles which govern the back, "a small heavily-coated figure," to Polchester holidays. demeanour of decent people . . . to their neighbours," and an attempt to maintain that the customary etiquette with masterless demoralization had turned him into "a kitchen regard to confidential documents is "not applicable to the dog," to be retrieved with Heaven knows what physical and circumstances of the Great War"—these are typical examples of their miscellaneous and not always consistent matter. Their normal manner is the dead-level of journalism, now declining into the Hot-Gospeller vein, most marked in "Palestine and the Jews," now rising into genuine literary competence. For this last quality I recommend the picture of the "lassoing" of M. BARTHOU by Parisian despatches during the Genoa Conference; the Walpole has conveyed all this! And how delightfully he simile of the Rhineland oyster, to which the swallower gives "an independent existence by detaching it from its hard surroundings;" and the whole of that singularly attractive

There is about Lord Gorell a disarming simplicity, to which Rosamund (MURRAY) bears witness. Even the name carries us back to the ancient and leisurely days of Miss EDGEWORTH and the Parents' Assistant. Was there not then a Rosamund who fell to the fatal fascination of a Purple Jar? Scarcely more sophisticated is the manner in which Lord Gorell recounts the sorrows of his heroine, the tion from Is It Peace? (Hodder and Stoughton). A pre-face of September 13th, in which the question on the title-one of those absent-minded scholars who inevitably produce page is answered in the inevitable negative, ushers in thirty long quotations in Greek and Latin, complete with all the

accents and with translations duly furnished in the footnotes. No doubt this will soften the hearts of some reviewers, for a touch of scholarship is not too common in the fiction of the day. But unfortunately Lord Gorell made his Rosamund marry a rising novelist. Strange how any background connected with the Press accentuates the unreality of most fiction. I did not believe in Mr. Louis Venning, the novelist in question, nor was I surprised when an old and discarded friend, too appropriately named Crabling, slated his new novel and refused to help him to any journalistic work when the inevitable troubles came. I was mildly pleased when Rosamund and Louis made it up; but the author had to harness the War to his rather infantile go-cart before he triumphantly pulled it out of the mire of misunderstanding.

successful without being sophisticated. Rowena, who leaves Bedborough at the age of eighteen to earn her living in "London the town built ill," strikes us, in the early chapters, as being even more unsophisticated than the author of her being; but after she has successfully emerged unscorched from two mild love-affairs-one with her first employer, a biggame-slaying Colonel who alternately dictates the narrative of his battues and makes elderly love to her, and the second with a dramatic critic, a young man who, though Mr. O'RIORDAN does not admit it, must surely have been born in Dublinwe begin to think that

Rowena is well able to take care of herself. Only when we make the further acquaintance of Mr. Almroth Knight, an insufferable young man from Bedborough, and learn that Rowena is keeping herself uncontaminated for him, do we return to our original belief that she derives her almost tedious lack of worldliness from the author himself. One fears that he is asking us to believe that kind hearts and simple faith in Bedborough and in marriage with a praiseworthy but provincial prig are the summum bonum that any pretty and intelligent girl can hope, or should aspire, to attain. We simply don't believe it. London's three best-sellers are still the World, the Flesh and the Devil; and Mr. O'RIORDAN will do well, if he intends to launch another heroine into the metropolitan maelstrom, to make their better acquaintance.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, as a very natural reaction from the "dismal science," has plunged into The Brooklyn Murders (Collins). Sir Vernon Brooklyn, the famous actor, gives an the main beneficiaries are found dead, with the evidence of a fascinating volume.

definitely pointing to the fact that each has murdered the other. Now this, as the author points out perhaps rather unnecessarily often, cannot be the truth. Who then is the murderer? The police and the amateurs disentangle with sufficient ingenuity the complicated threads. But in Chapter VI. I was pretty sure, and a glance at an earlier page made me quite convinced, of the guilt of a certain gentleman; and nothing was said or done thereafter to lay a false trail of any kind, which is rather a fatal flaw in an otherwise creditable performance. For Mr. Cole does play fair—perhaps indeed it is his conscientiousness which betrays him in this matter—and doesn't strain probability or twist human motive too desperately. I don't think, however, that the murderer, who took such elaborate and all but successful precautions to cover up his tracks, would throw his weapon, a bag of small shot, on to the roof of the house, to Until he embarked on Rowena Barnes (Collins), Mr. | be found later by the Scotland Yard man; nor would there CONAL O'RIORDAN'S literary adventures were confined to have been among the shot two pieces of paper sufficiently Dublin, where, as everybody knows, it is still possible to be large to be traced as an order to seedsmen written by him.

I would add that the characters have more life and individuality than is common in this form of Art.

Although the people whoinhabited or visited The Copper House (HODDER AND STOUGHron) went frequently in danger of sudden and violent death, I cannot say that the story as a whole either thrilled methroughandthrough or-held me absolutely in its grip. In addition to the customary equipment of the detective romance, including a "mysterious personality," a sleuth who is called the "Problem-hunter," and several unscrupulous villains, Mr. Julius Regis introduces a terrific game

of hide-and-seek with a thing called the Tarraschin document. The scenes of the tale are laid in and around Stockholm "during the fateful year 1917," and in a prologue we are told that "it is the story of a great peril, and how it was averted." My trouble was that I could never quite believe in this peril. Still, I have to thank Mr. Regis for some exciting moments.

I have read several of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's books, and I hope that he will give me opportunities to read many more of them; for to anyone with a taste for natural history they are real treasures. Bannertail (Hodder and Stoughton) is the story, delightfully told, of a grey squirrel. We are given the history of him from his infancy until he is the father of a grown-up family and in considerable awe of his extremely competent wife. Silvergray loved and appreciated her husband, but saw to it that he did not become too domineering. With this tale of domesticity we are also told how squirrels contrive to live, and how eccentric dinner-party, at which he announces rather flam- they manage, if they are careful, to outwit their enemies. boyantly the terms of his will. The next morning two of Mr. Seton's admirable illustrations add much to the charm



Communist Orator (addressing his remarks to P.C. X99X). "YOU POOR BRIBED ACCOMPLICE OF A BLOODTHIRSTY CAPITALIST HIERARCHY, WHO FOR FILTHY LUCRE LEND A WILLING HAND TO CRUSH THE LIFE-BLOOD FROM THE PROĻETARIAT!"

[P.C. X99X happened at the moment to be wondering if "Pretty Peach" has "done it" in the 3.30.]

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that, in accordance with the custom by which distinguished visitors to America become Indian Chiefs, it is intended to confer upon Papyrus the dignity of an honorary mustang.

It now seems that wireless apparatus has almost reached perfection. Last week the bagpipes were broadcasted, and it is felt that, if receiving-sets will stand that, they will stand anything.

A new apple has made its appearance in London, says The Daily Express.

thing of the old Adam still left in us.

The Ministry of Agriculture has appointed Guy Fawkes Day for the opening of Rat Week. A thoughtful arrangement by which a jolly day with the ferrets may be crowned by fireworks in the evening.

Details of Professor EINSTEIN'S new theory regarding Relativity have not yet been published. It was feared that it would clash with Lord Curzon's explanation of Britain's Ruhr policy to the Imperial Conference.

A British firm has just secured an order for a 5,000 horse-power

ice-breaker. A much heavier type of vessel will be necessary if anything is to be done between Mr. Asquitt and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Discussing the new fashions a lady writer complains that Parisian gowns cost more than those made at home. Careful observation of present-day styles suggests that it is best to pay France a little more to shoulder the blame.

The disinclination of boys to become apprenticed as bricklayers is said to be causing concern in the building trade. We can only conclude that a career of leisure has no attraction for our young hustlers.

There is said to be a church in South London where it is possible to get married for sevenpence. It is far too easy.

An Art expert has asserted his conviction that very few so-called Rem-brandts are genuine. The suspicion is gaining ground that the Old Masters didn't really care whether the pictures | don't snap at visitors. they painted were genuine or not.

"Motor Cars Kill Snakes," says a headline. And we know of a little runabout that is a capital mouser.

"I have not yet been to the exhibition of 'Futuristic' musical instruments in Leicester Square," says a Daily Herald writer. Coward!

The cool reception of this announcement | Allied Trades Exhibition in London | heard of Archimedes. We should advise

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Customer (who has submitted to be lathered by juvenile assistant). "I SAY, DO THEY LET YOU DO THE ACTUAL SHAVING?"

Apprentice. "That's all right, Sir. The boss 'e lets me 'ave the plump gents 'cos they 're smooth. But 'e still keeps all the dented ONES FOR 'ISSELF."

> men is to become reasonably cheap. | yet people still ask what the Brighter There is now no reason why every young man about town shouldn't have his hair set to music.

Things appear to have settled down in Mexico now that that country has been recognised by the United States. Yet many a Mexican will look back longingly to the old days when he never knew where the next bullet to hit him in the back was coming from.

A statistician has discovered that blondes marry earlier than they used to. We do not like to hear marriage spoken of as if it were a habit.

TROTSKY is in the list of invited speakers for the Durham miners' gala next year. This is not to interfere with the usual entertainments, such as "Kissin-the-Ring."

In the opinion of Mr. D. S. RITTER, of Grassyforks Fisheries, Indiana, the goldfish makes an ideal City pet. They certainly look well, so long as they

The Tabor, a new instrument introduced to London from America, is said to convey the sensation of a muffled thunderstorm. Upon hearing of this several vindictive saxophones gave a piercing shriek and collapsed in their owners' arms.

"Given a fixed point, with my new gear I could lift the world," says a dis-The Association of Hairdressing and tinguished Greek, who seems to have seems to suggest that there is some-|makes it clear that Marcel waving for |him to obtain Signor Mussolini's per-

mission before he makes the attempt.

America must be wondering why we are sending so many lecturers to the United States. The country is dry enough already.

A bride's recent refusal at the altar to marry the bridegroom has aroused considerable comment in male circles. It is now suggested that intending bridegrooms should in future have one or two ladies in reserve in order to ensure that the ceremony takes place.

A single glow-worm has been seen near Marble Arch on several occasions recently. And

London Committee is doing.

According to a morning paper Nebraska Observatory possesses an extremely complicated instrument which enables the astronomers to see stars hitherto unobserved. The news is said to have left Mr. Joseph Beckett unmoved.

Birmingham has started a movement for more tidy streets. Motorists are requested not to litter the thoroughfares with pedestrians.

"Perhaps his Beckmesser was too courageous in his manner throughout to win his due share of pity, and the influence of this forcible fooling has a tendency to bring the work at times too near to a general hoseplay." Manchester Paper.

The critic has certainly done his part in throwing cold water.

VOL. CLXV.

OXFORD OF THE FARNELL ERA.

[Dr. Farnell, who has just retired from the Vice-Chancellorship, is reported to have said that the enemy to industry among undergraduates was not indolence but distractions; "the modern city of Oxford is no longer such as our former rulers intended it to be, a desirable place for a University."]

(Lines indicating the probable effect of these remarks upon the shade of MATTHEW ARNOLD.)

O PEERLESS city of the soaring spires,
Where Culture had the good sense to be born,
Where in their leisure-time our gallant sires
Followed the quest of loyalties forlorn,
How have you changed since you perused the verses
Which I addressed to Thyrsis!

What is the cause of this so sad decline
From that high plateau where we walked with gods?
Your undergrads, whose zeal was then so fine—
Why have they lost their passionate love of Mods.?
It is to strange distractions we must trace
This heavy fall from grace.

Did not FARNELL expose the downward way
During his valedictory remarks,
Hinting at various lures—the jazz, the play,
The restaurant, the pictures and the Parks,
With veiled allusion to the many shock-tales
He could have told of cocktails?

'Tis his conviction, this retiring Vice,
That these forbidden fruits you'd have them eat
In what was once a scholars' Paradise
Are clearly calculated to defeat
The views your pious founders held concerning
The home of light and learning.

Ah, if I bade the Scholar-Gipsy's ghost
Shun my contemporaries' "mental strife,"
With what new fervour now I'd bid him post
From carnal unrest to the Simple Life!
How fast (en route for Boar's Hill) he should fly
The perils of The High!
O. S.

A FREE HOSPITAL OF JUSTICE.

An excellent scheme has been devised by which "a hospital" is to be founded for dispensing free legal advice. We have much pleasure in giving an advanced report on some of the earliest cases.

Isaac Blutstein was admitted to the Bankruptcy Ward and operated upon by the House Counsel (instructed by the Official Receiver) for suppressed assets. A fat wad, overlooked during a previous operation, was successfully removed from the membrane lining of an internal pocket, but the patient succumbed to the shock.

A petty-cashier is at present detained in the Old Bailey Ward, suffering from curvature of his disbursement column. The solicitor in attendance is of opinion that the man's only chance is an immediate change of climate.

An out-patient, under treatment for the after-effects of a fractured contract, was found to have had a seizure at home, and symptoms were present which pointed to another being imminent. A Specialist in Conveyancing promptly performed the operation of pantechnicotomy at the patient's own house, and everything which might invite a recurrence of the trouble was successfully removed. The man bore the operation well.

A young woman was recently treated in the Breach of Promise Ward for a blighted heart, caused by an alleged blighter. She had herself been trying attachment reme-

dies, but, being ex parte, they had no effect. The girl has made a complete recovery (with costs) and is now on her feet—in fact, right on her toes again.

At 2 A.M. on Sunday the Night-Counsel was summoned to Bow Street by a taxi-driver who had been treated by a police-doctor and certified to be suffering from an acute form of Merry and Bright's disease. The man said he had no faith in doctors and wanted legal advice. It appeared that within the previous few hours he had been treated at several other institutions, and in Counsel's view his case was hopeless—he hadn't a leg to stand on. After several attempts to prove that he had two the man collapsed, and it is feared he will never drive a cab again.

An eccentric lady, in an advanced stage of litigationfever, yesterday asked to be treated as a paying patient. She was bled, and detained for further treatment.

It is understood there is a vacancy on the staff for a Night-Solicitor with a good Chancery-side manner; also for an Engrossing Nurse.

ANOTHER LOST ROMANCE.

["The city worker of Vancouver," we read, "can now do a gold-rush over the week-end, and stake out his claim between Friday and Tuesday."]

Often of old, when the office proved wearisome,
When I remembered (and deeply deplored)
How I received, for long labours and dreary, some
Few scanty halfpence by way of reward,
Vexed at the ways of commercial ingratitude,
I would dream dreams of employing my skill
Looking for gold in its natural latitude
Far from the petty cash till,

I would find scope for my daring proclivities (Thus for my future I'd frequently plan);
Arduous toil and still rougher festivities,
These would be truly the life for a man;
He could be properly proud of his labour who'd
Mix and compete with the dare-devil sorts,
Such as affect an auriferous neighbourhood,
Crushing (and quaffing) their quartz.

Such were my dreams; but, alas! the reality Now is a thing to be looked at askance; Urban week-enders affront the locality, Stripping it bare of its former romance; Not of its charms any more am I amorous, Not for its call am I caring a fig; Now an allotment seems equally glamorous When I am tempted to dig.

A Weight-Carrier.

"A young woman typist took part in a Marathon race from Durban to Maritzburg, and finished 27th of the 68 runners, 67 of whom were men. A fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of slight build, she weighs only seven tons."—Tasmanian Paper.

We can only imagine what she would have done if she had been in real training.

"Three men broke into the residence of Mr. —— during Sunday night, and got away with jewelry valued at about £75, a sable stole, and a quantity of valuable old china. They left behind a 12-h.p. motor-car."—Daily Paper.

Well, fair exchange is no robbery.

"The Official Peace Celebrations which were to have taken place on the 13th August, but were postponed, were held on the 27th inst. H.E.H. the Nizam gave a grand ant 'At Home' at which 00 of the leading Officials and the Nobles were present."—Indian Paper. Having regard to the habits of the ant, we do not blame



LA HAUTE POLITIQUE.

John Bull. "EXCUSE MY ABSURD CURIOSITY, BUT ARE WE GOING ANYWHERE IN

MR. BALDWIN. "NO; JUST GLIDING ABOUT."



Pat (play-acting). "Have you lodgings to let?" Barbara. "Excuse me, have you any parents?"
Pat. "Yes." Barbara. "I'm 'fraid we never take in children with parents."

FICTITIOUS AIDS TO FICTION.

Once upon a time there was a young novelist. Full of earnestness and zeal for the improvement of his work, it occurred to him one day that the method which he had hitherto adopted of heading his chapters "A Leap in the Dark," or "A Roland for an Oliver," was outworn. Seeking in his mind for something better he bethought him of the Spanish proverb. There is, he felt, an intriguing atmosphere about the Spanish proverb which no other form of chapter heading can attain. Who will not read on when the chapter is headed, "Even a one-eyed man will see the hilt of a dagger.— Spanish Proverb"? The more he thought of it the more he liked the idea. And being, as I have said, an earnest and conscientious young man he packed his bag and started that very night for Spain in search of proverbs.

His hopes of being able to return at the end of a week, or at the most a fortnight, with his bag full of proverbs were doomed to disappointment. The fact that he didn't know a word of Spanish was a very serious hindrance, and such Spaniards as spoke English were curiously unhelpful. The interpreter at his hotel, after deep cogitation, reeled

off a proverb in Spanish which sounded excellent and raised his hopes to the highest pitch. But the translation turned out to be "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and our young friend left him much discouraged.

In other quarters his efforts were equally unsuccessful. High-sounding proverbs proved in translation to signify "A burnt child dreads the fire," or "Birds of a feather flock together," and in the end he had to return to England empty-handed and disgruntled.

He sat down to his desk prepared once more to head his chapters "The Silver Lining" and "A Friend in Need," but he had lost heart. It was then that the great temptation came to him. Why not make up some Spanish proverbs for himself? Earnest and conscientious as he was, he put the thought from him. But it would not be put, and after a brief but always hopeless struggle he wrote: "The quickest way from Sombrero to Bombeos is not across the mountain-top.—Spanish Proverb." He put this at the head of Chapter I., and the deed was done.

It was easy going after that. "It is better to be able to laugh at misfortune and go barefoot than to have a grudge in the heart and two pairs of

boots" was followed by "There is a time for all things; it is when the merchant's belly is full that the wise beggar asks an alms." And the heading of the final chapter, "The road to Huerta is a smooth road, and the road to Xeres is a smooth road, but the smoothest road is the road of the evildoer," was singularly applicable to his own case.

Once upon a time there was another young novelist. She also was earnest and conscientious.

It had not been her habit to head her chapters at all. Chapter I., Chapter II., etc.—just that. But after a while she became conscious of a strange indefinable yearning, and one day, when inspiration was slow and she sat inking over and over the word Chapter and the figure XI., it came to her what that yearning was. "Tumty, Tumty, Tum.—Old Song," she murmured. "That's the way to head a chapter." And she ran to the bookcase to find Ye Book of Old English Songs.

Alas! there had recently been a spring cleaning, and the book had disappeared.

But she could not get the Old Song

idea out of her head, and almost unconsciously she wrote:-

"As I went up to Truro Town I met a man a-coomin' down, And all that he would say to me Was fiddle-diddle-dee. Old Scng."

For some time she struggled manfully with the temptation, and then, glancing guiltily round to see no one was looking, she scribbled it under Chapter XI., and the deed was done.

It was easy going after that.

"Where is my faithless Johnny gone That should have stayed with me, oh?"

was followed by

"Cow's in byre, Byre's in varm, Varm's in Zomerzet: What more, I zay, On zummerday Could gude cow want than thet?"

These and others were incorporated in

the book, and by the time it went to press her conscience, once so active, was almost silenced.

They met for the first time at a soirée of the After-Tea Club. In a secluded corner they talked of books—their own books and each other's books-till far into the after-tea time. Then she said with glowing eyes, "It is your Spanish proverbs that I love so. How do you know so many? Have you been much in Spain?"

"I have been in Spain," he answered. Then, gathering together his few remaining shreds of honour, he blurted out, "They're not real ones at all; I

made them up."

He rose and stood there with burning face, waiting for her to give him one glance of scorn and leave him. Instead she turned deathly pale and would have fallen had he not supported her.

"Like my old songs," she muttered, and swooned away in his arms.

They were married in a registry-office. Having been brought together through a common disregard for the elementary virtue of Truth, they could not face a church.

Scotsmen All.

"On his arrival at High River Lord Renfrew mingled freely with his new neighbours. On the streets Chiefs Bear's Paw and Red Cloud of the Stonie Indians greeted him with the words. Greetings, Chief Morning Star; your brothers of the Stonies salute you. Lord brothers of the Stonies salute you. Renfrew shook hands with the two Chiels." Scots Paper.

"Income-tax Payer" writes to inquire whether the £4,500 that BECKETT obtained for the show with CARPENTIER will be treated by the authorities as unearned income, or as a windfall.



Celebrated Portrait-Painter. "I do wish you'd let me paint you, Lady Violet." Lady Violet. "MY DEAR MAN, THERE ARE SOME SECRETS I MUST KEEP."

SCIENCE AND SENSE.

["It is possible to tell the exact age of a fish from the marks on its scales." Scientific Journal.

"Он, fancy," said Jane as she gazed at the dish

Containing our breakfast; " they say That a casual glance at the scales of a

Will tell you his age to a day."

"A subject like that I can freely dismiss,"

With a sniff of the nose I replied; The question that seems more important is this:

What time has elapsed since he died?"

Our Helpful Press.

"WHAT INFLATION IS. Inflation is the reverse of the deflation process."—Daily Paper.

"Mr. Kipling made a speech on Independence, which he declared meant, 'Let every herring hang by its own tail."—Daily Paper.

"Mr. Kipling's Message to Youth -Independence means 'Let every herring hang by its own head.'"—Same paper, same day. We think this point of natural history ought to be cleared up once for all.

"Jack Dempsey, the world's heavy-weight champion, is not felling very well."

Evening Paper.

We understand that on this subject FIRPO, "the Pampas Bull," has his own opinion.

OUR BOYS.

"Theodore," said my own Evangeline, "I don't want to worry you, but I feel sure that Teddie is smoking. His breath and clothes reek of it. I know he would not tell me an untruth, so I don't like to ask him about it."

"It's all right," I said soothingly; "it has happened before. In fact it happened to me. I will do just what my excellent father, one of those unjustly decried early-Victorians, did. Thanks to him I was cured from that day till I was thirty, although I know you think that I have made up for lost time since. Send Teddie to my study. No, I am not going to punish him ; I shall merely say to him what my father said to me. I have never forgotten his words."

I then went to my study, first arming myself with a box of Regalia Pomposos, the strongest brand I know, manufactured during the war, possibly by the Ministry of Explosives. I keep them handy for friends who like a six-course

smoke.

Teddie and I differ, and have always differed, in our conception of the way a father's study should be entered. My entrance used to be modelled on the general demeanour of Fido returning to the family circle after appropriating the Sunday joint. Teddie enters with the air of a man of the world endeavouring to make a rustic feel quite at his ease. His breeziness made me stern. "Teddie," I said, "where have you

been?"

"In the summer-house, Dad." "And what were you doing in the

summer-house?"

"Oh, just reading. A sort of a natural history.

"Ha!" I said on a note of severity,

Now was the time for my father's

wouldn't grin when I say 'My child'), "your mother and I are your best friends. We want you always to be open withus. If you must smoke, do it frankly, without secrecy, without subterfuge. And smoke the best tobacco. Here is a cigar such as the best people smoke; I desire you to smoke it. The rest of the box is at your disposal."

Teddie received the gift with the same surprise and gratitude that I remember to have exhibited on that historic occasion, and he vanished with it to the summer-house to pursue his studies in

natural history.

"Evangeline," I reassured an anxious mother, "we will rejoin him in ten minutes. It shall be yours to soothe a sick and penitent prodigal who will in the Book of Common Prayer. What abjure tobacco for many a long year."

who wanted me to sign a protest (I always sign protests, as they do no if he refused to be dealt with? harm and give much pleasure to the protesters) turned the ten minutes into three-quarters of an hour.

At last Evangeline and I went armin-arm to console our prodigal. He was still in the summer-house and did not observe our approach. He had finished the cigar and to my horror was smoking my most ancient meerschaum, filled with the strong shag that our gardener affects. His book on natural history was in his hand. Its title was What Every Man of Sixty should Know.

THE EXORCISING OF THE EVIL ONE.

THE service was pursuing its orderly course. The Vicar was considering the heads of his discourse; the Curate was reading the prayers in a manner which suggested that he had swallowed his teeth; the choir were giving imitations of rabbits with their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the congregation, having remarked the voluminous nature of the Vicar's sermon notes as he came into church, were prepared for the worst.

All was peace. The hymn was given out and well begun, and the Vicar had left his seat to mount the pulpit, when into this

blissful scene walked Satan.

He came in with the air of one who knows the place and has a definite purpose to perform. His tail was carried jauntily upright and he looked quite unconscious of the sensation which his appearance caused in that righteous assembly.

He was first noticed by some small boys at the back of the building, who tried to attract his attention. It was noticed that they seemed quite familiar

with him.

Satan took no cognisance of these "My child," I said (I wish Teddie attempts to distract him from the business in hand. He spied the Vicar moving and quickened his pace.

Signs of mingled mirth and apprehension were seen on the faces of the congregation as he made straight for the reverend gentleman, who had now

reached the pulpit steps.

Past the vicarage pew he sped, now going at a good pace. The occupants affected a studied indifference and pretended to be unaware of his intrusion.

Nothing was now between him and

the Vicar.

What would the Vicar do? This question was in the minds of everyone present. Doubt and indecision showed plainly on the features of the worthy cleric. There was no office for exorcism was the most seemly method of dealing

A pressing visit from a neighbour | with the unwelcome visitor? Anda still more disturbing question—what

> His brow registered stern resolution. As Satan reached him his voice rang out in firm, clear accents. "Satan," he said, "go home."

> It was not a very impressive form of exorcism, but the air of imperative

authority had its effect.

Satan's tail dropped and found position between his legs. He turned round and left the church by the way he came, looking very dejected and clearly recognising that he had met his master.

When the Vicar returned, after service, he found a small black cocker spaniel puppy sitting on the door-step waiting for admission. Him he addressed in accents of stern reproof.

"You'll have to be tied up during service time in future, Satan," was

what he said.

THE NEW ROMANCE.

Now that the industrial pundit, G. D. Cole,

The great protagonist of Guild Control, Bidding a temporary valediction To economics, has embarked on fiction— And fiction, be it noted, of a kind More apt to startle than improve the

mind-I think we may look forward to exciting Developments in modern novel-writing. With fancy's eye I watch the wondrous

WEBBS,

strains

Whose literary outflow never ebbs, Forget their famed Minority Report And to the realms of Fairyland resort: Or find good Ramsay anxious to enthrall Our minds with tiger stories from Ben-

Or Hodges frankly emulate the vein Of ETHEL DELL, or MARIE OF HALL CAINE.

Perchance—who knows?—now Cole has given a lead,

The School of Economics may succeed In fostering some new GABORIAU, Some super-Conan Doyle or E. A. Poe. Nor is there anything that harshly

The law of probability if KEYNES Be meditating some colossal work More in the style of Balzac than of Burke.

What the professional romancers think Of these new prospects in the Street of

We cannot confidently predicate; Thus much, however, we may safely state,

That Bludyer's tribe—to borrow DRY-DEN's rhyme-

Undoubtedly should have a "glorious time."



THE SHY AUTHOR.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

II.—THE NOBLE ART.

I FIND the Man in the Moon extraordinarily dense—a head like a cheese. There are times when he seems incapable of understanding the simplest assertion. My second attempt to congive him some insight into Foreign Polito be discussed at all, and he com-

Îeading articles in English newspapers that day without finding a single reference to England, "as such." Mad-

mad as a hatter!

And at the Fight he was as bad as ever. While we were waiting I pointed out some of the notables in the audience. "There's Phipps the novelist," I said. "And that's Bleather the poet. And there's Truck the painter. And there's Lady Blime. Yes, there's a great number of the intelligentsia here. But you see them everywhere these days. That 's the distinguishing note of our modern world—intellect. Intellect is valued at its worth. Force has given way to refinement. Or rather refinement is recognised to be every bit as good as force. Brain is as good as brawn. And meanwhile-

"But I thought you said that Might was Right?" said the Man in the Moon, scratching his head in an imbecile way.

"Ah, yes, we were speaking of Foreign Politics. I m talking about real life. Might is Right in European affairs, of

course—I explained that; the only question is whether the words should not now be added to the moral code of the Ambassadors' Conference, to avoid misunderstanding. But, anyhow, these Europeans —a fishy crowd, you know; I was speaking of England and her intelligentsia.'

"What is the intelligentsia?" said

the silly fool.

"Well, it's-oh, well, you know-I mean it explains itself—it's a Greek word—it 's—damn it—well, it 's Phipps, Bleather and Truck. And Lady Blime.

"And, as I was saying, it's broadened out. In the old days you'd never have seen it at a great popular gathering of this kind. But now it takes a healthy interest in the sports of the People. It realises that brawn has its place in life. It-

"But I thought you saidman began feebly.

"Sport," I went on warmly. "That's the note. To-night you will see the traditional qualities of British sport at their best. Our cricket is the same —fair-play, chivalrous sympathy for the loser, pure love of sport for sport's vince him of the essential sanity of the sake, the game's the thing, both men terrestrial race was made at a Large playing for their side-bets-for their Fight. On the way there I tried to side, I mean. There's nothing like it."

At this point a sallow man of Spanish tics, as he said that no other topic seemed appearance sat down astraddle on a seat in front of us and, gazing earnestly plained that he had read twenty-five at the Man in the Moon, began to sing which are earned by the best Prime

Visitor. "A GOOD PLACE TO FIND SOLITUDE, EH?" Native. "AY, THAT IT BE-AN' RABBITS TOO; THERE BE THOUSAN'S ON 'EM."

in a dismal monotone, "I'll give six to four Bill Bullock—I'll give six to four Bill Bullock-I'll give six to four Bill Bullock," winding up with an obscure reference to ponies and On the contrary, he allows him to stand monkeys.

"What is he for?" said the Man in the Moon.

"Pure love of sport," I said. "This man has so passionate an interest in boxing, so sure a confidence that Bill Bullock's opponent will win the fight, that he is prepared to give money to anyone who contradicts him. Just gives

it away," I concluded proudly.
"Extraordinary," said my friend. "We have nothing quite like that in the Moon."

-?" the crowd who is not engaged in some similar disinterested operation. Except. of course, the intelligentsia, whose generosity is different but even grander."
"What do they do?"

"Why, some of them have paid as much as ten to twenty guineas to be present to-night. Purely to encourage the sport. And then, you see, some of these boxers are very poor men. Bill Bullock, if he loses, will receive a beggarly forty thousand pounds; a man at the top of his profession! Well, I mean, when you think of the fortunes

> Ministers, the best actors, surgeons and so forth, you'll see that someone must make an effort to keep the poor fellow

alive.'

"Still, I suppose the intelligentsia get something for their money?" said the Man in the Moon. "What exactly is it that I am going to see?"

"Well, it depends. men go into that square place: (which we call a Ring) and hit each other as hard as they can, sometimes in the face, sometimes over the kidneys (it is not good form to hit a man over the liver). If we are lucky, we shall see them do this, with intervals, for an hour. Before the end of that time, if we are very lucky, one of the men will be bleeding from the nose, and it is to be hoped that at least one of his eyes will be 'bunged up,' as we call it. It is considered a great treat to see a properly bunged-up eye; and Lady Blime should see it very well, for she has brought her operaglasses. One of the men will probably be knocked down two or three times; but while he is

on the ground the other man will make no attempt to stamp on his face or kick him in the stomach. This is one of the great chivalrous traditions of the Ring. up before he knocks him down again. This will give you some idea of the strides which our civilisation is making. After a little of this the other man becomes so feeble that he can scarcely stagger about the Ring, and the climax is reached when he is knocked senseless on the floor. This is considered to provide a thrill comparable only to the victory of France in the Ruhr.'

"But didn't you say——?"
"Shut up. What I have just described is called the Noble Art of Self-"No? Well, would you believe it, Defence. It is what has made us what there is scarcely a soul in this vast we are. And you will see, of course,



that if it were not for these periodical displays the sterling qualities of English manhood would fade away and we should dwindle into the similitude of lizards. It is true, of course, that in cold fact and in real life the law forbids a man to defend himself — to that extent; so that many people no longer trouble to learn. However, here

Mr. Bullock entered the Ring, cheered to the echo, whatever that may mean. He was followed by Mr. Ox, cheered to nearly the echo, but not quite.

is Mr. Bullock."

"These two men," I said, "are the idols of a nation. By the simple process of fighting one man per annum they have acquired a fame not less than Shakespeare's. Then why write Poetry? Intellectually, they have no Mr. Bullock's technique has equal. never been surpassed. During the weeks of training he lies flat upon his back and allows heavy negroes to jump upon him with increasing severity, until at last he is able to endure the kick of a horse without serious inconvenience; a steam-roller is then passed over his body, and he is supple and ready for battle. His method in the Ring is to stand perfectly motionless and allow his opponent to hit him how and where he likes for half-an-hour.

other man has rained blows upon him till he is tired out and his hands ache, Mr. Bullock leans against him once, and the man is carried out, half-dead. In this way he has despatched Bung Peters, Bert Bogg, Drummer Butts and Swish Radley. For four or five years he has been the idol of the Englishmen you see before you, not to mention the niggers, bookmakers, pickpockets, novelists, Society ladies and East-end Jews. And now for the fight."

At this moment two men behind us with singular gruffness addressed the Man in the Moon in the following terms :-

"Take your hat off, Snowylocks!" The Man in the Moon is sensitive about his locks. Turning, he replied emphatically, "I will see you further,

At this several outraged men rose in their places and shook their fists at him, yelling furiously. The noise they made, however, was suddenly drowned by a tremendous outbreak of booing in all parts of the hall.

"Come on," I said. "You can keep your hat on. It's all over."

"But is that all?" he bleated foolishly as I hustled him out of danger.

"Isn't it enough? Mr. Bullock has A delicate reminder that the illustrious

Blime has enjoyed herself at the rate of a guinea a second. And as for you and me and the gentlemen behind us-But thank Heaven at least the traditions of the sport have been maintained. English manhood is safe for another six months."

"But why are they booing?" he whimpered. "I thought you said he was their idol."

"So he was."

The Man in the Moon sighed helplessly and tapped his forehead in a significant manner. "I give it up," he said. "Something to do with the Moon, I suppose?" A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Rev. J. — was permitted to see several of the rescued men this morning, although the doctor had specifically enjoined that the survivors should be subjected to the minimum discomfort."—Scots Paper.

"The bride was 789 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, and cost £28,975."—Local Paper. Some armful.

"When Mr. Lloyd George arrives in New York on Friday Mr. —, Thirst Assistant to the Secretary of State, will board the liner and invite the ex-Premier to visit President Coolidge."—Daily Paper.

When the earned forty thousand pounds. Lady visitor is entering a dry country.



[Scene: A fairway on which a thunderbolt, following a recent precedent, has just alighted.]

Myopic Sportsman (a great stickler for the decencies of the game. "See that? That's what they call golf! I shall certainly report the matter to the Secretary if they don't replace the divots."

THE GREAT DUUMVIRATE.

When I sent this article, as I originally did, to one of the few daily papers which are not controlled by the Great Duumvirate, I used the sub-title

SHOCKING DISCOVERY BY OUR SARTORIAL EXPERT,

but, as this is a weekly paper, I have been obliged to forgo the use of a subtitle, which I think is a pity. But we must get along as well as we can.

Whenever the photographs of strong dominant personalities who control the destinies of England are published in the Press I always study them with avid curiosity. I look for the strut of the jaw, the jut of the prominent chin, the butt or beetle of the brow. But I look for more than this. When I have finished examining the mere physiognomy, I pay special heed to what comes immediately below it. It is my firm belief that nothing reveals the intimate character of a man so surely as his collars and his ties. I am supported in this by the pictures which I see every day in the Underground Railway of masterful-looking men whose success in life is almost entirely due to the quality and tone of their neckwear.

As soon, then, as the Great Press | The Kin Coup or Deal became known to the general public I first of all made a minute examination of the faces of revolution.

Lord R. and Lord B., not only in their more smudged, but also in their more careful, representations.

"Is this the face," I kept saying as one or other of them met my eye—

"Is this the face that owns a thousand sheets
And practically guides the English Press?"

I may say at once that, judged from the Latin or Italian standpoint, these photographs were disappointing. We have grown accustomed to certain conventional attributes of the Southern Dictator, not only on the films, but in real life. It is impossible to imagine that Englishmen would spend the whole night in the streets singing—

as the Italians sing: "Mussolini! Mussolini!" in Florence, until their voices are drowned at daybreak by the voices of the mules in the market-carts. These men had not Mussolini's flashing eye or his loftiness of brow.

One could not imagine these men, again, as Spanish generalissimi. One could not imagine that, if they were summoned by a king to take over the reins of government, there would be any dramatic little dialogue like this:—

The King. What on earth is the matter? Is it a rebellion?

Lords R. and B. No, Sire. It is a evolution.

The King. Right-o. Then I ratify it. Which I gather is more or less what happened in Spain.

Regarding Lords R. and B., in fact, as masterful dominant personalities from the purely spectacular point of view, one felt that one could call their bluff. But, as I stated at the beginning, I do not content myself in these matters with studying mere facial traits. They are always misleading, especially in Englishmen. I looked for the subtler clues.

It was then that I made my startling discoveries. We will begin with Lord R. There is a strong suspicion that Lord

R. wears a made-up tie.

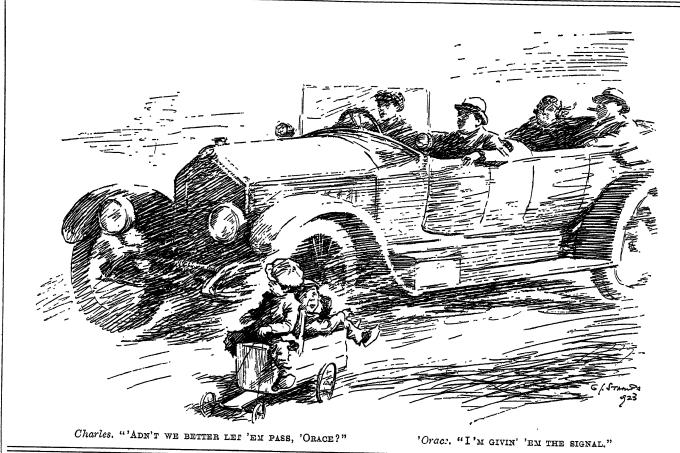
It is impossible to be quite certain about this. But there is a curious flatness and a pinched appearance about the lower part of the knot which, though they do not afford actual proof, lend very considerable support to my theory.

However, let us put this aside. There

is worse to come.

Lord R. wears a double or turnover collar. Now everybody knows that in the adjustment of the double or turnover collar the important point is to draw the knot of the tie so closely that the flange or flap on the right side of the collar is invisible, the knot at the same time being drawn up as near as possible to the apex of the angle formed by the meeting of the two front edges.

The whole flap or flange of Lord R.'s



double collar stands completely revealed, and the knot of the tie has sunk below the flange.

Let us turn to Lord B. The position is far worse here. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility, I feel obliged to point out that not only does Lord B. wear a soft turn-down collar, forming part of and not detachable from his shirt, but also,

On the evidence of his photograph, Lord B. does not wear a stud.

After a close scrutiny of Lord B.'s photograph with a high-power magnifying-glass, I am able to detect a distinct gap or hiatus just over the knot of the tie, which makes it more than probable that the ends of the collar are drawn together by means of the tie alone.

I know that this is a very serious accusation. I was myself walking along Piccadilly a few days ago with a newspaper proprietor when his front collar-stud suddenly snapped. I felt as if the whole foundation of society had been loosened, and insisted on his going at once into a very expensive hosier's and repairing the breach. He bought there a stud made of bone, and I am thankful to say that they charged him a shilling for it.

absence of any permanent coupling instrument, but

The two flaps, instead of being tucked down inside the opening of the waistcoat, hang right over it.

These things being so, can it be said that either Lord R. or Lord B. is a man qualified to control the opinions of England by means of the Newspaper Press? The answer must surely be in the negative.

I had scarcely concluded my investigations into these details when I was struck as by a lightning flash by another most significant circumstance.

Lord R. was wearing a hat. Lord B. was not.

And, moreover, there was no parting in Lord B.'s hair.

That Lord R. should be wearing a hat at all in view of his recent notorious campaign on behalf of our French allies was in itself sufficiently monstrous. When I coupled it with the fact that Lord B., who is in favour of imposing artificial restrictions on trade, had neglected to part his hair, I could only come to one conclusion.

What is it?

Both Lord R. and Lord B. are Bolsheviki at heart.

Once the solution is forthcoming, a To return to Lord B. Not only thousand corroborating facts leap to There was something does his soft shirt collar betray the the mind. Have Lords R. and B. ever about his description.

spoken in the House of Lords? Have they ever dared to confront the collar and tie of Lord Curzon with their own sartorial negligence? Where, even in the House of Commons, does one have to go to find neckwear so culpable as this? Surely to the Communist members of the Labour Party alone.

It is my considered opinion that Lord R. and Lord B., once they have gained complete control of the British Press, intend to set up a Red Duumvirate after a model which I need not name. It is high time that something were done. At any rate, whatever happens in the future, let the British public never say that they have not been warned.

I hope Papyrus will win, don't you? EvcE

Our Tactful Contemporaries. At Toronto :--

"From the City Hall Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to a Brotherhood mass meeting in the Massey Hall, where again he surprised and gratified everyone by speaking briefly."

Manchester Paper.

"She came then with an Italian who called himself an offifficeffir iffinffi the Italian Army. He was asked to leave England by the authorities,"—Daily Paper.

She ought to have been on her guard. There was something very suspicious



The Wife. "To-morrow's the anniversary of our wedding-day, Jack. Let's do a play. What about 'The Merry WIDOW, DARLING? The Husband. "OR 'BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE,' MY PET?"

P'S AND Q'S ON A P. & O.

THOUGH your experiences of sea-travel may include voyages from London Bridge to Margate, and adventures on the far-famed Skylark, you may nevertheless find life

on a P. & O. liner strange at first.

For one thing you will discover that yachting caps are not generally worn, and riding-breeches are even more of a rarity among your fellow-passengers. Blazers and flannels are more usual. But since blazer-badge-reading is a favourite pastime for relieving the monotony of the voyage, it is only fair to mention that the badge of the Peckham Consolidated Cricket Club may lead you an awful life in competition with those of our older universities and public schools. Even if you are able to furnish yourself with a Balliol badge for a few shillings, which is not impossible, you may not feel quite comfortable till you get used to it.

Again, you will experience some difficulty on a P. and O. liner in indulging your partiality for nuts, shrimps and other food-stuffs whose consumption results in a certain amount Few P. and O. officers like to see nut-shells and shrimp-ends about the deck. There is, of course, the space in the music-room behind the piano, but even there

you could not rely on being undisturbed.

Having a drink, again, is not so much fun on a liner. The employment of the bottle as a drinking utensil is so unusual that it is almost sure to make people stare; and when, having drained every drop, you throw the bottle overboard, there will be few, if any, who appreciate the humour of this gesture.

One must be careful, too, about musical instruments.

Take your mouth-organ or accordion by all means, but before you attempt to amuse your fellow-passengers with either of them, find out whether they really care for music. In any case it is just as well to wait until the Bay is entered. Then perhaps no one will mind very much what you do.

The uninitiated would be saved much trouble if the various officers had their rank clearly indicated in gold letters on cap or lapel. Many a passenger has begun the voyage badly by asking the Chief Engineer why dinner is not ready. One cannot mistake the Captain, however. Superb, imposing, entrenched behind impenetrable defences of dignity, he looks every inch a Lord High Admiral. He cannot, on very brief acquaintance, be slapped on the back, called by his pet name and offered the flask. Only a bishop or a duke could offer him liquid refreshment without very dreadful results; but, even so, neither would be well-advised to call him "Freddy."

Like lesser vessels, the P. and O. liner will not always avoid oscillation; but however little its motions may affect your healthy appetite, there is no slipping down into the saloon at eleven o'clock for a snack of lobster, as on the Skylark. Stay where you are if you don't want to look foolish; and when at that hour the deck-steward brings you a cup of bouillon and a biscuit, do not openly express your opinion of the sustaining qualities of this meal.

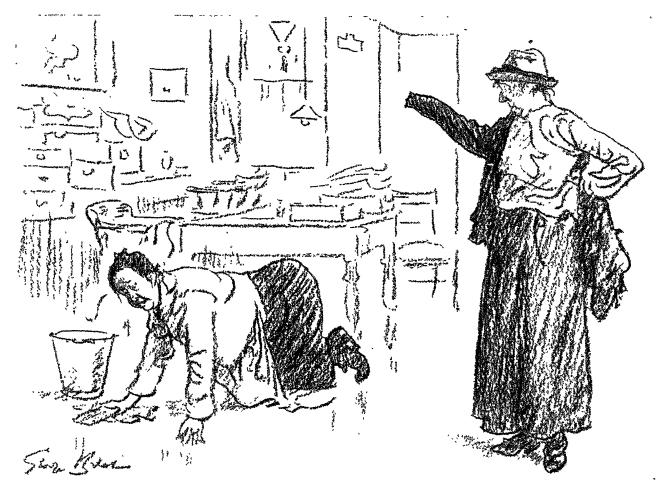
Remember also that waving one's handkerchief to passing vessels is the sole prerogative of the Captain. He may not seem fully to avail himself of the privilege, but for any coolness of bearing on the part of a P. and O. liner towards

other craft the responsibility is not yours.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. - October 17, 1923.

THE LION, "NOW, MY BOYS, I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE THESE NICE DRIED FRUITS."

CHORUS OF CUBS (led by Australia). "MEAT, PLEASE!"



First Charlady. "They tell me the League o' Nations is a good thing, Mrs. 'Arris." Second Charlady. "Well, Let's 'Ope they'll 'ave none o' them furriners in ir."

A NEGLECTED CLASSIC.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—Knowing your consistent and generous support of "the humanities," I venture with the utmost confidence to call your attention to some striking verses by the obscure Latin writer known by what seems to be the pen-name of Ambulator Hamatus, though the exact meaning of that title has so far baffled inquiry. He is not, however, to be confused with Cacus Ambulator, the author of the rare tractate De Choreis vulpium gradus imitantibus. Of Hamatus almost nothing is known beyond that he is credited with having attracted Caligula's favourable attention by composing an ode in honour of the horse which the Emperor appointed proconsul. He was a man of a festive turn, addicted to practical joking, and probably the author of some of the best of the Gesta Romanorum. But his works have never yet been printed, and the only manuscript of his poems in existence is that which has recently been acquired for the University of Tipperusalem, in Oklahoma. The number of pieces is small and their style is

not comparable to that of OVID. But what lends them their unique distinction is the frequent repetition of the opening formual, "Grandævus quidam. To this personage is attributed a variety of actions and sentiments sometimes so incredible or discreditable as to suggest that the formula was used to disguise a personal reference which might have been dangerous in those perilous days. I may take the following examples:—Grandævus quidam Bovilongi in litore natus

Non prius auditum fudit ab ore melos. Gens aviumstupefacta silet; nonterrita verbis, Sed duplicis sensûs exanimata metu.

It is a thrilling quatrain, a masterpiece of condensed and poignant pathos unparalleled in Latin poetry outside the pages of CATULLUS. And the following is on the same exalted level:—

Barbatus quidam fatum ploravit acerbum :
"Quod metui factum est—heu miserande
senex!—

Septem ululas cum gallinâ gallisque duobus Jam video in barbâ nidificare meâ."

A third poem is unfortunately incomplete. It begins finely:

Grandævus quidam mihi dixit "Quomodo vaccam Effugere hanc potero?"

But the rest is illegible except for the words "considere sæpto" and "perpetuo risu."

Enough I think has been said to convince your readers of the enduring interest of these remarkable poems. Yet I regret to have to add that on my bringing them to the notice of the Editors of The Classical Review, they declined to insert my contribution on the ground that "Bovilongi" was a vox nihili, and that there were strong reasons for believing that the poems were fabricated by a nineteenth-century scribe. I confess also to being mystified by the comment on the third line of the second quatrain: "You have got the numbers wrong, and why leave out the wren?"

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Verily thine, Lucian Phibson. Tusculum, Boar's Hill.

"I shall be much obliged if any kind reader could tell me the value—if any—of an English coin, one-third of a farthing, Edward VII., 1902."—Letter in South African Paper.

We hasten to oblige. The answer is, at the latest quotation, a little over ten million German marks.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

EVERYONE must have been struck by the prevalence of dishonesty. Yet we can all, by straining our memories, recall isolated cases of the other thing. The problem is—Is it not possible to increase their number?

I have a suggestion towards solution. It is at the moment impossible to open a newspaper without being confronted by reports of turpitude, from petty larceny to murder. Wives (we read) have been poisoned by their husbands, householders have been shot by

burglars, hotel guests and actresses have been robbed, jewellers' shops have been rifled, confiding women have been deceived by bigamists, gold bricks have been sold to Colonial visitors, signatures have been forged, Chinamen have been caught selling cocaine, investors have been defrauded, horses doped, and thousands of small thefts have been committed. These are daily occurrences, and all receive the reward of print. Is it possible - since great are the uses of advertisement-that the knowledge that publicity is to follow may have had an inciting effect on all those male factors, and that, were no reports to be published, this tendency to crime would diminish or disappear? That may be too fanciful a notion; but at any rate we shall never know till we try.

Supposing a newspaper were published with no reports | of crime in it whatever? Is that too anti-social, too restrictive a notion? If this kind of journalism became the rule, it might, of course, land certain noble newspaper - proprietors in the Bankruptcy Court; but how honourable a way for a peer of the realm to get there!

But, if records of turpitude are considered still to be essential to our civilisation, might not space—of course not equal space—also be given to records of acts of virtue? Then, if the incentive of publicity is a fact, virtue might increase and everyone would be happy.

reader would be more amenable to such a title as "Sensational Placidity in Kennington"):-

WIFE ARMED WITH CHOPPER.

Emily Tyler, 54, wife of a Kennington plumber, after many remonstrances with her husband for staying so late at his Club, lost patience and went herself to fetch him home, armed with a chopper. After extricating him from his companions she kissed him lovingly and led him quietly back arm-in-arm.

With these eyes I have more than once seen obviously needy persons standing at railway bookstalls, where, owing to the rush, customers' coppers

"THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN."

Mr. ASQUITH, SIR JOHN SIMON AND CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN. [In the Fiscal Hunting Season which opens shortly the Free Trade Hounds look forward to some excellent runs.]

have not yet been collected; but they have picked none up. I have seen, in tea-shops, people sit down at tables just vacated, on which the twopenny or even sixpenny tip still remained, and make no attempt to pocket it. If those heroic creatures were publicly given credit for their valour in resisting temptation, would any harm be done? Surely not.

All this is but exordium to the story of an incident which occurred to me the other day. I was in an omnibus going East along the Strand, sitting next the door. At a certain point, material with hat to match."

"The bridegroom, given away by Mr. —, looked charming in a dress of Amethyst material with hat to match." next the door. At a certain point, somewhere near the Bush Building, while the conductor was on the top, a This kind of thing (I have made the man seated at the far end rose to leave, heading lurid, but in course of time the and as he passed me he handed me a him away.

penny and asked me to give it to the conductor for him, and jumped off. Here was a case of peculiar honesty, for there are many persons of ordinary sound morality—as between man and man-who, if the conductor had chanced to forget to collect their fare and they were in a hurry to get out, would look upon it as a gift from Heaven and accept it in that spirit. Quite nice people might. Others might employ the arguments of sophistry. The rights of companies, they might say, are notoriously less sacred than those of individuals; it is an adventure, and an

innocent one, to bilk a bus; the block at Wellington Street, having been longer than usual, had meant an even graver loss of time than Londoners have lately been subjected to, and if anyone can induce the road - mending traffic-congesting authorities to attend to their business surely the omnibus companies can! The conductor had neglected his duty. And so on. This man, however, was more scrupulous, and he entrusted me with his penny.

I am proud to be able here to do honour to his action, and if I knew his name I would print that too, and his address. But to such an extent are our minds saturated with suspicion, so prone are we to expect dishonesty and indecorum instead of virtue, sweetness and light, that I have to confess, with shame, that when I related this incident to a friend of

mine—or one whom I had hitherto looked upon as a friend—she asked, "And did you give it to the conductor?" Not a nice world, really.

"The Sea hath its Pearls."

"GEMS RECOVERED FROM SEA.

Mr. —, contractor of Admiralty, has re-covered four big gems from warship 'Raleigh' wrecked on Labrador coast."

North Country Paper.

Provincial Paper.

We doubt if he would have escaped notice even if Mr. --- had not given



THE VOGUE OF THE BONESETTER.

Astonished Visitor. "My DEAR, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOURSELVES?" Ardent Experimentalist. "ISN'T IT SPLENDID? BOBBY'S BEEN TO A BONE-SETTER FOR HIS RHEUMATICS, AND I'VE BEEN FOR MY INDIGESTION, AND HE'S PUT US BOTH RIGHT."

HOW THE DADDY GOT HIS LONG LEGS.

(After Mr. KIPLING.)

You must know, O Small Sweetheart, that in the Long Long Ago time there dwelt on the banks of the muddy Mississippi a happy little nestful of insects very like large gnats. They weren't quite like any gnats that you have ever seen; but I am afraid I can't explain why. This, you see, is a "So-So" story; and you must please believe that every-

thing in it is just as I say.

Well, they lived comfortably together, the Daddy and the Muzzie and the three small children; and they had one special 'syncrasy; they were very, very fond of guessing riddles. Now you know, Best Beloved, how nice it is to guess riddles when you are all sitting round a cosy fire that keeps your toes warm and flickers in your faces while you think when a door can possibly be not a door. It sounds so difficult. doesn't it?-until you are told; and then it strikes you as being so funny that you have to laugh and clap your hands. Well, that 's how the gnatty

before they went out to dance in the twilight so that there would sure to be fine weather to-morrow. Of course I don't mean that they sat round a cosy fire; but they did the next best thing: they hung by their feet to the most lovely twig close over the muddy Mississippi; and until you have tried doing that you have no idea how delightfully topsy-turvy everything in the wide, wide world can look.

Now one fine day, as they were trying to guess the answer to "Why is a fish when he swims?" there came to visit them their neighbour the Caterpillar. He was a lazy, grey-green, soft old fellow; and he had the shortest and the slowliest moving legs that you ever saw, and such a lot of them too! And as he came creepy-crawly along he humped up his body in the middle just like the jaguar when he ate the-

But that's quite another story!
"Good morning," said the Caterpillar. "After surmounting a serious succession of stumbling-blocks without any 'ventitious assistance whatever, I have arrived once again at the entrance

view of assuring myself of the continued welfare of you all." You will observe, O Small Sweetheart, that the Caterpillar liked to use long words. Some little girls do too. I suppose it is because they are little that they try to make their words so big; that was the real reason why the Caterpillar talked so largely. He was about an inch-anda-half long; and if he had written down two of his big words they would have been longer than he was.

"We're all well, thank you, good neighbour," said the Daddy.

"Engaged, as usual, I see, in the elegant and leisurely occupation of guessing conundrums," remarked the Caterpillar. "Permit me to ask you one. Who is it that has the longest legs in the world?"

Well, the Muzzie began, because, of course, ladies always come first. She thought, and then she said, "The Giraffe." And I expect that you will agree that that was a good guess.

But the Caterpillar said, "Oh, dear,

Then the eldest sister thought and family used to spend the long days of your hospitable domicile with the thought, and she said, "The Camel:



MEET THE SHORTAGE OF DANCING MEN.

it?

But the Caterpillar said, "Wrong

again." Then the brother thought and thought and thought, and he said, "The Ostrich;" but the Caterpillar cried, "Entirely erroneous;" and the small baby said, "I fink it might be the Efalunt" (she meant "Elephant," you know; but her lips were too sticky to say it properly, because she had been sucking a sugar-cane); and the Caterpillar said, "Absolutely incorrect!" And then there was an awful pause. And the pause went on for quite a long time, like this * * * * * * * *

And at last the Daddy said, "I don't believe you know yourself!" and the Caterpillar humped his back and answered, "I do know myself. I am the answer to my conundrum. I have the longest legs in the world."

Well, you know, Heart's Dearest, his legs were about one-twelfth of an inch long, so of course that startled the him three times in the muddy Missiswhole gnatty family very much. And sippi he recovered; and they all cried for "enormouthe Daddy mediately called out, "Oh, out without any ventitious assistance their minds?

and that was not such a bad shot, was | you're pulling my leg!" The Caterpillar, however, took no notice, but went on solemnly, "I am also the strongest person in the world;" and the Daddy screamed, "Oh, you are pulling my leg!" "And I am also the swiftest," continued the Caterpillar; and the Daddy shrieked, "Oh, you are pulling my leg!" "And the fiercest," said the Caterpillar; and the Daddy yelled, "Oh, you are pulling my leg!" "And above all things the most truthful," finished the Caterpillar, as he rolled himself up into a grey-green ball and fell off into the grass without any 'ventitious assistance whatever. But the Daddy said, "George Washington!' and fainted away and let go the twig.

Then the Muzzie and all the children hurried down after him; and when they looked they saw that the Daddy had been right; someone or other had been | list:pulling his legs, for they were as long as long—ever so much longer than his body! And as soon as they had ducked

whatever, "Why, you are DADDY LONGLEGS!" And he rubbed his long legs together (as you've often seen him do, Small Sweetheart), and walked up and down the river bank as proud as proud. And that's how the Daddy got his long legs!

Commercial Candour.

Advertisement thrown on the screen at a Yorkshire picture-palace:—

"Ladies' Handbags of every description at more than reasonable prices."

- are detached. The sun " All houses at gets right round them. Every day and in every way the sunshine does its beneficial work."—Advt. in Evening Paper.

The sun seems very erratic in this neighbourhood. Einstein, we suppose.

From an Indian costumier's price-

"Organdy Muslin Dress. A Very finest and Prettiest dress that wear well in this hot season by our enormous ladies of noble mind." But is Organdy muslin quite the thing for "enormous ladies," however noble

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES" (Princes).

Mr. J. E. HAROLD TERRY and Mr. ARTHUR Rose have made a play out of material drawn from Sir Arthur Conan DOYLE'S later Sherlock Holmes' stories, and have done their patchwork in a neat and lively manner, providing a quite sound entertainment even for the sophisticated.

Perhaps they have rather piled it on. Poor Holmes, looking an older and a sadder man, and I regret to say having recourse to the morphine needle to keep his immense brain in first-rate working order, and still handicapped by the egregious Watson, has no fewer than fourteen criminals to deal with out of a cast of twenty-two. It may be convenient to divide them into three groups.

The first is composed of a very tough scoundrel, "Holy Peters," masquerading as a Nonconformist missionary, the Rev. Dr. Shlessinger; his beautiful wicked sister, Cecilia; Mortimer Profennis, a scientist who has discovered a deadly undetectable poison which he carries in his waistcoat pocket; Sims, a manservant; Jenny, a spy who gets a job with the guileless Watson. This group is after the fortune of Lady Frances Carfax, whose fiance they have kidnapped, persuading her that he has bolted with her securities, and that a letter in his handwriting, beginning "My deargirl,"and announcing his resolution not to see the addressee again, is written to her, whereas it was, in fact, written to Cecilia, who has been steadily vamping him in the interests of the group. Lady Frances is being slowly poisoned (which, eugenically considered, would be no bad thing) by the amiable-sinister Profennis and the beautiful snake-hearted Cecilia.

Charles Augustus Milverton is a group by himself. He drives a Rolls-Royce on blackmail, has what he believes to be an incriminating piece of paper and wants his bit out of the Carfax estate, to the manifest annoyance of Shlessinger and Co., whom, however, he pacifies by bringing into the game group No. 3, the redoubtable Colonel Moran, Moriarty's friend and successor, with his gang of ruffians who, in the guise of decorators in an unoccupied house, are giving a skilful exhibition of ca'-canny by day and tunnelling into an adjacent bank by night.

Holmes first comes into the business in the interests of Lady Frances. Having, rather rashly, put Watson in charge of her case, the great man calls in person. It is the work of a few moments to diagnose the patient's condition for the benefit of her Doctor; to determine



Exasperated Bo'sun. "If yer brains was dynamite they wouldn't blow yer blinkin' 'at off!"

his snuff-box of poison; to confound end of the First Act. the blackmailer, Milverton, and finally

ment at which a certain letter was have heard of watermarks and textures written; to upset a table and fruit-dish, of paper. Nevertheless a very sound and in the confusion rob Profemis of position had been established by the

In the Second, Colonel Moran gets hold up Profennis and Shlessinger at going. That implacable fellow is inthe point of-his pipe. I must say stalled in an unoccupied house opposite they all made it rather easy for him. Watson's with his famous walking-Their eavesdropping was of the crudest; stick air-gun. Holmes naturally comes they forgot that the great Holmes, like to explain to the abject Watson what lesser men, could see behind his back a tight corner he is in; there is much in an ordinary wall mirror, so that those | business with mirrors and periscopes, who pretended to be unacquainted and finally a crash and a flattened the benefit of her Doctor; to determine would easily be caught conferring bullet indicating, among other things, with the famous lens the exact mo- together; and they didn't seem to how bad a shot Colonel Moran is. When the beautiful Cecilia appears to discover the effect of the shot, our Holmes feigns to be in articulo mortis; and when Moran, without his stick, appears to make sure, a revolver in Watson's hand and a sofa-cushion in Holmes's ton), Mr. ARTHUR CULLIN (Shlessinger), hold up that robust villain.

However, the imperturbable Colonel, explaining, when commanded by Watson to stay or be fired into, that your suspicions aren't proof, and that you can't in England shoot unarmed people in sitting-rooms, however annoyed you may happen to be with them, walks out from under the levelled automatic. A

very plausible check.

himselfrapidly as one Schultz, the Colonel's German valet, he walks straight into the other "unoccupied" house, in which, by one of his infallible deductions (the steps of which have escaped my memory), he has guessed that Philip, Lady Frances' fiancé, is a prisoner.

He has taken with him a small smart messenger-boy and a police-whistle. This by the way is the nearest Holmes comes to the recognition that there is any such body as the police; and even here the whistle is mere spoof. Watson naturally forgot to give him his revolver-the great man can reason profoundly about unfathomable obscurities, but he can't remember for himself a little thing like that—and, as the full strength of the three groups (save Jenny) is up against him, he may reasonably be expected to be "for it." It says much for the original author's and the

adapters' dexterity and the producers' | so much performers and audience as | ingenuity that the victory of the great investigator and the release of the prisoner should not have seemed to be three-quarter hours' performance a full altogether impossible, even though the half of the time must have been taken episode included a rather obvious trick up with applause. This doesn't mean of distracting his enemies' attention. It that we didn't get good measure, for ended with a stampede of the whole thirteen into the tunnel thoughtfully dug for them by the authors.

Mr. EILLE Norwood's performance as Holmes seemed to me admirable, and the whole production, for which he was responsible, ingenious and competent. This kind depends more, I think, upon production than upon any very great subtlety of acting. Mr. H. G. STOKER'S Watson seemed well done, with the right degree of affectionate, MAITLAND'S Colonel Moran was im- "Bill and Oliver." There was more see them. Staunch fellow!

beautiful and bad as Cecilia. Master | fine piece of work, Miss Monkman's VICTOR EVANS' messenger-boy was much approved; Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD (Profennis), Mr. ERIC STANLEY (Milver-Miss Molly Kerr (Lady Frances) and Mr. Noel Dainton (Philip Green)—all seemed to me adequate. Colonel Moran's gang alone seemed rather tiresome and unconvincing. Of its kind certainly a good thing.

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PRINCE OF Wales's).

THE Co-Optimists and those who It is now Holmes's turn. Disguising gather to hear them are not, I imagine, brows in the profession—"To think meelfrapidly as one Schultz.



THE CO-OPERATIONISTS.

MR. MELVILLE GIDEON (maker of the music) and MR. DAVY BURNABY (maker of the words).

an elaborately organised society like the Fascisti. I suppose of the two and the turns follow each other without a break, and it must have been a tired if happy group of co-operators that rushed away from that screen of exquisite flowers to dress for the inevitable supper of mutual congratulation.

I think the undoubted success of the evening's performance was due as much to their established good-will as to the details of their programme. The outstanding good thing was the dancing of Miss Phyllis Monkman with Mr. devotees. A man behind me said of a admiring stupidity. Mr. LAUDERDALE GILBERT CHILDS in a Dickensian Fancy, friend that he had been forty times to

mense; Miss Hilda Moore was duly fantasy than Dickens; but it was a dancing being a beautiful thing to watch. Mr. Burnaby, Mr. Childs and a promising recruit, Mr. Austin Mel-FORD, made merry with a new and bright version of the stage parson joke in "Three Clerical Errors," the authorship of which is not given in a programme full of attributions. Barring a joke (which was too grim in its undersurface implications to be funny) about an ex-general grinding a barrel-organ, I liked a song by Mr. GILBERT CHILDS, who surely has the most expressive and independently manipulatable eye-

> pen in Old England." The finale of Part I. included a hunt with a Battersea Dogs' Home pack, which recalled the happiest freaks of the early Follies. An excellent turn, too, was Miss BETTY CHESTER'S Cosmopolitan

cake-walk.

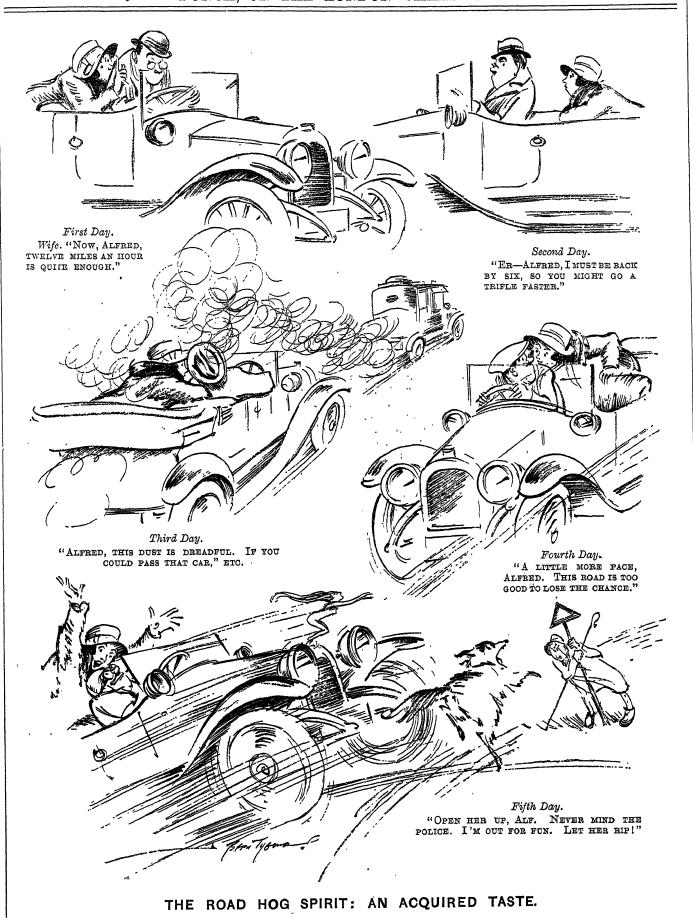
The Second Part opens with a most, attractive shadowgraph of the company in action. The pretty number, "Secrets," carried over by request from the last programme, shows Miss Monkman looking charmingly pretty and moving with exquisite grace in a series of three pictures of three generations of women, while Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON plaintively murmurs his confidential songs, as he does off and on throughout the programme, to the evident delight of his audience. Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY'S attractive baritone was heard to advantage in a Pirate Song; and his gift of mimicry in a dis-

tinctly colourable imitation of Mr. Jack HULBERT and Miss NORAH BAYES.

Pierrots must have their sentimental songs. "Memory Street" (Miss Elsa MACFARLANE and Mr. HOLLOWAY) was the best of them.

The Co-Optimists seem a little in danger of letting down the standard of their "book." The humorous verse is a little too "easy," and, as for the "lyrics," there are other rhymes in the language than "love—above," "trees breeze," and "roam - home"; and better ones than "mortar-water."

There is such a pleasant friendly air about this company of artistes that one wishes them all the best of luck and a continuance of such a following of loyal



A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY."

My sister Pamela looked worried. "I really don't know what to do with Henry," she told me; "I cannot persuade him to give his mind a rest. He works nearly the whole day; he reads only medical journals, and he talks nothing but shop. I'm getting him off. seriously alarmed about him.'

"Last Sunday one of his oldest friends came to lunch. Henry was dreadful. He would describe a trepanning operation he had just done. He illustrated it with a loaf and the bread-knife. Really at times he is most trying."

"Why not take him away for a holiday?"

"Oh, I've done that. We stayed in Devonshire last month. Henry was miserable. When he had a wire to return and operate on Sir Jonathan he was as happy as a prisoner with a some time before I could draw one of reprieve."

I offered my condolences.

"Arthur," said Pamela coaxingly, "I wish you would take him away; he has aways been so fond of you. Try to keep his mind from medical subjects for a week; will you?"

I promised to do my best.

When I proposed a tour in my new car, Henry showed no enthusiasm; indeed, if I had suggested a cheap excursion to Thanet, he could hardly have made more excuses. However I pressed him so persistently and Pamela | particularly remarkable case. abetted me with such vigour that at

length he gave way.

I very soon discovered that I was up against a tough proposition. In former days Henry had been a fellow easy to entertain, with an observant eye and a taste for scenery; but now that he had grown famous in the anæsthetised to the beauties of Nature. | motion.' Winding streams recalled the flow of lymph in fistulæ. A starry sky made him think of a photographic plate of bacteriological growths; an autumn ophthalmic cataract.

There had been a time when Henry took an interest in my profession-Land Agency; I strove to revive it.

With some difficulty I kindled a spark of enthusiasm on the subject of timber. I was nearing a state of optimism when we came upon a woodcutter engaged in lopping off superfluous branches. Henry shuddered and launched into a lecture on the dangers of using unsterilised instruments.

I persevered, and at length succeeded

of the cows I showed him he noticed a peculiar ganglion which he excitedly told me belonged to the same species as one he had removed from a patient the previous month. Not before I had listened to a complete and detailed account of the operation could I draw

The situation threatened failure; I "How about asking in friends to distract him?" I suggested.
"I've tried that," sighed Pamela. stimulated his vitality by bathing him stimulated his vitality by bathing him in sea-water and depressed it by dosing him with medicinal spring water. I quickened his brain by drawing him into conversation with village rustics, and dulled it by introducing him to my hunting acquaintances. It was all in vain; his mind persistently swung back to its surgical magnetic meridian.

At length we happened to meet two of Henry's friends whom he had last seen at Bart's. Of course the conversation at once took a clinical turn, and it was them aside and explain matters.

We discussed possible remedies at considerable length, and agreed that some powerful counteractive stimulant

was imperative.

He quoted cases of a confirmed bridge fiend cured by an earthquake; a rabid religious maniac restored to sanity by a spiritualistic séance, and an advanced dipsomaniac who signed the pledge after four days on the switchbacks at Barnet Fair.

The last of these he pointed out as a

"It was the excitement which cured him," he explained; "couldn't we try the effect of pace on Henry?

"Henry hates a fast life," I said. "I tried him with mixed bathing down at Brighton, but it was a dead failure. I'm afraid his mind is too anatomical."

"No, no, I didn't mean that," he operating-room his mind had become put in hastily; "I meant the speed of

I told him that my car was considered fast by certain of the local police who had warned me; and it was agreed that we should take Henry out the folmoon shining through mist suggested lowing morning and invoke the aid of the Goddess of Pace.

The road was good, and in spite of the extra weight of Henry's two friends we easily touched seventy on the straight. What we touched on the bend was a car approaching us on the wrong side of the road, carrying four male tourists.

Henry and one friend at the back escaped with a few cuts and bruises, but the remaining six of us were not so lucky. We were taken to the nearest

A week later Henry sat on the foot in raising a mild interest in short- of my bed, smiling and happy, hold- we had our scanty locks clipped.

horns. But unfortunately upon one ing in his hand a packet of X-ray plates.

With the pride of a child displaying his album of picture-postcards, he showed me broken fibulæ, shattered clavicles and fractured femurs-all produced, aligned and plated with the skill of a master-hand.

"It has been a top-hole holiday!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically grasping my uninjured palm; "I can't thank you enough. We must have another

tour next year."

IS IT PEACE?

(An ex-soldier soliloquises.)

WHEN KAISER WILLIAM lost his head And tried to smash the blinkin' earth, "I s'pose it's up to me," I said,

"To show the blighter what he's

worth."

I had no taste for soldierin' ways, In fact I wanted nothin' more Than livin' peaceful all my days, But up I got and went to war; And four long beastly years I stuck Of blood and sweat and wounds and

I never had, through all that spell, One thought of glory or of pride; I hated all of it like hell,

And often wished I could have died (Like better men); but all the same

Somehow inside o' me I knew 'Twould be an everlastin' shame

If England didn't see it through; That Englishmen were bound to fight The brute idea that Might is Right.

And when we'd done the job, sez I, "We've won a better state o' things. No more will men be forced to die For whims of Kaisers and of Kings;

Nations won't squabble all the while; This war has made 'em understand;

They'll plod along in sober style, With Peace and Reason hand-in-

A dam bad prophet, dreamin' dreams, My breath was wasted, so it seems.

I'm sickened, lookin' round to-day; The world seems pretty well as mad, Swords rattlin' in the same old way And mailed fists shakin' just as bad;

It makes a feller half inclined

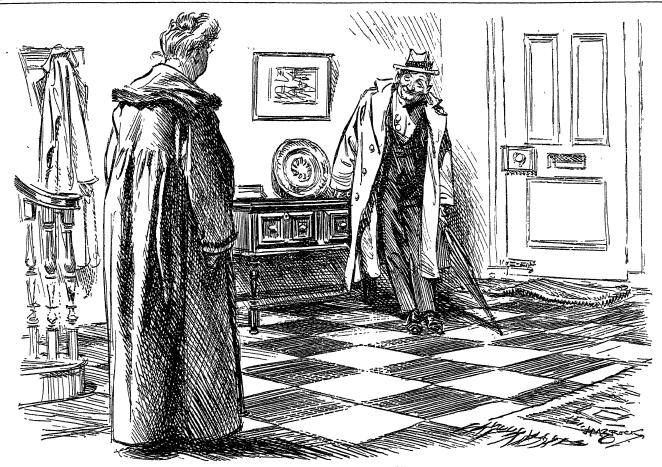
To envy those that sleep out there, Who never guessed the rotten kind

O' disappointments we've to bear. With hopes still bright they took their call:

Were they the happiest, after all?

"NEW FASHION IN HAIRDRESSING. Robbing, it is asserted by experts, has gone out of favour."—Scots Paper.

We hope this will be read by the brigand who charged us a shilling the last time



A LINOLEUM DRAMA.

Returned Reveller (to his wife). "Your move, I think, m' dear."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have never been able to get up as much interest as I could wish over the jeopardized virtue of Mr. Stephen McKenna's heroines; and in the case of the leading lady of Vindication (Hutchinson) I feel that I was not given a fair chance. I was warned on the book's jacket that some woman or other was destined to carry temerity too far, and, having spotted my woman from the outset—a feat which did not require any particular penetration-I found it somewhat dreary work awaiting the inevitable lapse. Gloria Britton, penniless and beautiful, has at least two possible suitors—Norman Cartwright, of the New Poor, and Freddie Kendaile, of the New Rich. Apart from Mr. McKenna's over-scrupulous anxiety to fulfil the pledge of the jacket, there seemed no reason why she should not marry one or the other and have done with it. However, an informal engagement to Norman being countered by a casual surrender to Freddie, she makes the best of the matter by marrying Freddie; while Norman consoles himself with an ingenue heiress, who is subsequently seduced by her husband's original rival. The spell of social competition between the young couples, which this last incident finally determines in favour of the less sensitive Kendailes, is described with an ingenuity which compels me to assume that Mr. McKenna is thoroughly acquainted with his world. If I am right, he errs, I think, in imagining that the average reader covets his opportunities.

ing for the Carlyle enthusiast than Carlyle Till Marriage (KEGAN PAUL), the first volume of a promised five-volume life by Mr. David Alec Wilson. Mr. Wilson has already to his credit one particular and one general refutation of FROUDE'S worst misdealings with CARLYLE'S reputation; and he approaches his present task—that of combining the testimony of "multitudes of Boswells" into a sound and definitive biography—under the conviction that, once FROUDE is routed, CARLYLE will resume for this generation the moral authority he wore for the Victorians. Myself, I doubt it. CARLYLE in his own day stimulated rather than satisfied speculation; and the stimulant of one age is only too often the soporific of the next. Moreover the Teutonic slump, ridiculous as it may be, has damaged CARLYLE'S great prestige beyond immediate repair. These obstacles far outweigh the remote innuendo of FROUDE; and I hope Mr. Wilson will not waste on a revival of polemic the unique material he has been thirty-three years in accumulating. At least five collections of hitherto unpublished MSS. have been placed at his disposal, and he himself has obviously been an indefatigable investigator of CARLYLE traditions and relics. A country portrait, half-pathetic, half-petulant, of Jane Baillie Welsh, authenticated by a letter of Lord JEFFREY, is to my mind the most suggestive piece in his initial display of treasures.

I can think of no author more likely to provide diversion for one of Mr. H. G. Wells's "weary Titans" than the cheerful ecclesiastic who writes under the name of "George A. Birmingham." He is always amusing, and yet never I can imagine no book at once more alluring and annoy- too uproariously funny; I mean to say, it is possible to

take his works into the Silent Room at your Club without scandalising brother members by bursting into open merriment. You read King Tommy (HODDER AND STOUGH-TON), for example, conscious of a slowly-widening grin, but capable, if you have ordinary self-control, of repressing anything above a half-audible chuckle. It is a wild farce, of course, but when you once begin you are almost persuaded of its possibility, so infectious is the author's manner. Things had only to be a little different, and we can see Lord Edmund Troyte, our Minister for Balkan Affairs, trying to find a suitable British King for Lystria, that once independent monarchy which the Treaty of Trianon had unjustly merged in the republic of Megalia. I don't supthat important post; certainly no one else could handle like and attractive woman, and something new in heroines.

with a more dexterous aplomb the various situations that arise before the Rev. Thomas Norreys is safely united to the Princess Calypso. He can even persuade us almost to believe in ex-King Wladislas, who is now head-waiter at the Mascotte, in Berlin, and Count Istvan Casimir, whose stock of English is entirely composed of Shakespearean quotations. King Tommy, in short, is an excellent Prisoner of Zenda, seen from the standpoint of an Irishman who can never take even his romances quite seriously, though he likes to have them plausible.

Though the jacket of Marriage (Hodder and Stoughton) is adorned with a sinister device of fetters, this collection of magazine stories by American writers is mainly an affair of happy endings; not of happy endings to courtships—there is but one of these—but of quarrels composed, estrangements ended, boredoms mitigated, imminent infidelities averted, in the

number of words appropriate for stories that appear first in newspapers in an "all-star programme, under the auspices of the United Feature Syndicate." Of course you can't expect THEODORE DREISER and JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER to conform to the Sundae standard. They hand you out the grim thing. Nor does Henry Sydnor Harrison quite fall into line. But in the main you may count on being reconciled to an ancient institution, unperturbed with deep thought, soothed with sentiment, and here and there diverted with humour. Thank Heaven, one needn't suppose real life in America is any more like magazine life than English life is like that depicted in our own bookstall literature. But the settings of the American scenes should be interesting to English readers, while the craftsmanship is on the whole better than we could produce in such a mixed bunch. The House Guest, by ALICE DUER MILLER, goes nearest to being a helpful criticism of the pompous male, while MAXIMILIAN FOSTER directs a stout pompous male, while Maximilian Foster directs a stout | "The fine spirit of the eeprit-de-corps which existed among the blow at a certain type of American wife not uncommon if members was emphasised."—Exeter Paper. travellers' tales be true. The fact that there are sixteen Yes, we see it was.

men to four women on the list doesn't mean that the dice have been unfairly loaded.

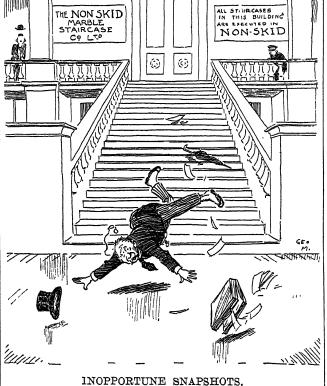
I hope no one will misunderstand me and think me uncomplimentary when I say that I have found The House of Memory (Heinemann) rather difficult reading. Miss Jane HARDING has graduated into the high-handed school which insists that the reader, looking at the characters, their sayings and doings and relationships, shall guess what they are driving at for himself without any telling from the author. Possibly this is the higher form of the novelist's art, the very furthest point from the days when the gentle unjustly merged in the republic of Megalia. I don't suppose anyone but Canon Hannay would have had the means heavy going for him. Still, Miss Harding writes brilliant idea of running an Irish curate as candidate for after this fashion extremely well. Her Helen is a most life-

> Her story, which should certainly be read, will possibly leave the reader arguing; which is one of the nicest things a novel can do for you. features in The House of Memory gave me especial pleasure. One was the art with which Miss Harding avoids that perfect dovetailing of different characters and temperaments which is so often to be found in conventional fiction and so seldom in real life; the other was the charm of her description of an autumn country-side.

> I am beginning to be more than a little depressed by novelists who take cosmic disaster as their theme. Recently I read a tale in which a great blight swept over the world and destroyed millions of people, and now Mr. C. C. TURNER goes one worse. In The Secret of the Desert (HURST AND BLACKETT) practically the whole of civilisation is swept out of existence by a tremendous catastrophe. Anselm Broadbent, a famous

Egyptologist, had in his researches discovered a prophecy of this event, and with a small party of friends took careful precautions against it. The result was that they were almost the only human beings left alive at the finish. The publishers have correctly described this story as one of "amazing adventures"; and I will leave it at that.

In Beasts Royal (INGLEBY) Miss DOROTHY MARGARET STUART has reproduced from Punch the series of poems which gives its name to this exquisite little volume, together with other verses which appeared in these pages over the now familiar initials "D. M. S." My best compliments to both author and publisher.



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NON-SKID MARBLE STAIRCASE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Precision.

"Energetic Office Boy (male) Required."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Henry Ford is a possible candidate for the Presidency of the United States. His policy is understood to be "Compulsory cars for all."

The EX-KAISER has stated that he will never again be Emperor of Germany. His acceptance of this view makes it unanimous at last.

A correspondent of The Times has discovered that the ten-shilling Treasury note contains the hidden head of a beautiful woman. This accounts for the action of the Scotsman who was seen to kiss one of these notes passionately before changing it.

With reference to the controversy over the remains of General OGLE-

understand that an alternative suggestion to re-name the State Lloyd-Georgia, and retain the body of the "Greatest Living Englishman," has not received unanimous American support.

"CHELSEA DRAWS," said a recent football headline. And sometimes paints a little.

* * A woman speaker at a vegetarian meeting in Manchester protested against men wearing long beards. In severe

over them, we certainly think they should be bobbed just below the waist-

According to a news item a burglar was recently surprised by two brick-lideas for future comedies. layers at work. He must have been.

"For hundreds of years the explanation of the blueness of the sky has been in dispute," says Mr. G. F. Sleggs. We sincerely hope this is not an attempt to rob Carmelite House of the credit.

"I used 'Jazz' in serious compositions years before it became popular," says M. Maurice Ravel. It is very good of the French composer to shoulder the blame like that. ***

A New York message indicates that women who smoke are on the increase in America. This confirms the rumour that American women are becoming effeminate.

Thieves last week broke into the residence of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P. The annoying thing is that they were probably non-union burglars.

on Tuesday last. It is good to know that the occasion passed off without any casualties.

A correspondent in a West Country newspaper intimates that he believes in post-mortems. But surely one should be quite enough for a healthy person.

Lord Sandwich has written a book of poems, and a contemporary reminds us that he has never done such a thing before. The First Offenders Act would therefore apply. * **

During a recent revolt in Bulgaria, THORPE, the founder of Georgia, we we read, the newspapers were published

"GRACIOUS, HENRY, DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT TREE?"

"CERTAINLY I SAW IT. DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME HONK MY HORN?"

cases, where passers-by are apt to trip as usual. It seems a pity that countries cannot have their revolutions in peace.

> Many British playwrights are said to be turning to the American film versions of their old dramas to glean new

> ***
> A mother-in-laws' association has been formed in New York. The idea, we fancy, is to put a stop to the growing practice of young men marrying before they can properly support a mother-in-

A station-master has succeeded in growing chrysanthemums of two different colours from one root. The promised speeding-up of our railways then is not mere talk.

"Nobody had traumatic neurasthenia when I was appointed to the Bench," said Mr. Justice Darling, the other day. It will be remembered that the appointment caused no panic.

The Eskimo, we read, has no newspaper of his own. We conclude that Lord ROTHERMERE has never been there.

At Kuala Lumpur eight Chinese The muffin season opened in London have been fined for playing Mah Jongg, their national game, which was expected to become all the rage in London. Yet nobody here has been fined for indulgence in this pastime. The question thus arises, "What is wrong with our Mah Jongg?"

> Bolgolon, the new antiseptic discovered by an American professor, is said to possess the most disagreeable taste known. Smeared on a postman it has been known to put even a dog off its food.

> "Are there any real openings for young girls on the other side of the Atlantic?" asks a contemporary. There

is certainly a fortune waiting for any girl willing to act as a professional bridesmaid in Los Angeles.

A scientific expedition from the American Museum of Natural History has discovered eggs in Mongolia estimated to be ten million years old. Soho is annoyed that they should be wasted on a museum. ** **

"Golfers are becoming much more enthusiastic of late," declares an evening paper. We

understand that quite a number of players are parting with their plus-fours and taking up the game seriously.

According to Senator George Jackson gas will decide any future war. By all means let the therms have a go at it.

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB denies that Socialists are idiots. We understand that this dementi is to be regarded as semi-official.

"To Let.—Twenty-four Acres of good Fog."
Provincial Paper.

We shall wait till November and get ours for nothing.

"Lord Rothermere will merely have to imagine that something is true; and 131 will be made to think his way by means of about twenty-six million printed sheets."

Weekly Paper.

It seems a big expense of effort for such a meagre result.

VOL. CLXV.

MRS. BOGEY.

HAVE you heard of Colonel Bogey? We have heard.
An inhuman and immaculate machine

Whose performances are always carried out without a hitch,

Whose performances are always carried out without a hitch,
Who 's immune from any hazard, bush or bunker, burn or
ditch,

Never presses, never foozles, never fluffs a little pitch, And who never drops a stroke upon the green.

Can you picture him in being? Can we not?
Just a colonel of the good old comic type,

Plump, moustached and knickerbockered, with an eye not lightly met,

And a fiery geniality, except when he's upset By some prodigal infringing his ferocious etiquette— A majestic fruit, though something over-ripe.

Have you thought of Mrs. Bogey? Oh, our hats! That's a fancy we have never had before;

We can see her sitting, knitting, wan and weary, pale and

While her Bogey recapitulates his triumphs of the day, Illustrating on the carpet the perfection of his play;
Mrs. Bogey, you are married to a bore.

We bewail you, Mrs. Bogey. *" Not at all.
You can wipe away the sympathetic tear;
As it happens, I'm a golfer of superlative degree;
There's a bogey on the ladies' course—a lady—which is me;
I should like to show you how to do the seventh hole in three;

It's a story that the Colonel loves to hear."

Colonel Bogey, this is very, very sad.

† "D—d bad!
I assure you, Sir, I'm fairly in the cart.
I've communicative instincts and a stirring yarn to spin,
But she's finished half-a-dozen by the time that I begin;
Why, without exaggeration, not a word can I get in;
And I'm stymied, simply stymied, from the start."

___ Dum-Dum.

NON-STOP STAGE NEWS.

REHEARSALS have begun of Long Before Eden, whose first performance will take place in London during the autumn after next. The play introduces a bold innovation into the theatre of to-day, being much briefer than modern custom demands. It remains to be seen whether the London playgoer will consider a ten-day performance worth troubling about.

Owing to absence in the Malay Peninsula, Sir Mewley Playn, that inveterate first-fortnighter, did not occupy his customary stall last evening at the opening of *Pre-Adamite Nights*. Sir Mewley purposes leaving by aeroplane on Friday next, however, in order to be present next week for the great scene in the Twenty-ninth Act, of which so much has been predicted.

Admirers of Miss Millie Shaugham, who plays the strong part of Ham's wife in If the Flood Comes, will hear with regret that she sustained an injury to her thumb last Saturday from the hammer of Shem during the episode of the building of Noah's Ark. Her part is being ably taken by her understudy, Miss Gabie Blewe; but Miss Shaugham, with characteristic pluck, is determined that she shall have recovered sufficiently to return to the cast in time for the tremendous scene of the embarkation of the animals on Thursday week.

* This is the lady. † And this is the Colonel.

Mr. Crocksmith is introducing the cld-time device of a triple bill at the Universe, consisting of three bright trifles lasting only five days each, from the pen of Datchet Swift, a name which barely conceals the identity of a well-known stockbroker. Each of these plays was dictated over the telephone by Mr. Swift in the intervals of his busy operations on 'Change, and all have a quality of crispness and sparkle which one would expect in the circumstances.

* * * *

In connection with the new play at the Republican Playhouse an interesting romance has just been made known. During rehearsal Mr. John Pepper and Miss Mayris Plumbling, two young players who, it may be remembered, have small parts which require their presence on the stage only on the first Monday and the second Friday of each performance, became engaged to be married. They were duly wed on the morning of the first Tuesday of the play, spent a brief honeymoon on the Mediterranean, and returned in time to reappear in the last Act but seven.

STILL BIGGER CHIEF.

On the occasion of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S adoption into the Sioux tribe, we are privately informed, the Chief of the tribe made a long oration in fluent Red Indian, to which the eminent statesman retaliated with equal eloquence in Welsh. This explains why the newspapers have not recorded so much of the proceedings as they would have liked to do.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is delighted with his new honour, for it opens up a field of metaphor which has been hitherto unexplored by him. It is no secret that of late the mountains and common celestial phenomena have failed the Wizard. In the picturesque customs of the Red Indian, however, he sees a wealth of material with which to enrich his utterances when he resumes the warpath in this country.

In these critical times the wearing of inconsiderable emblems such as the leek creates but a mild sensation, and the EX-PREMIER is weighing carefully the expediency of donning the full war-paint of his tribe in his next political campaign. National Liberals are hopeful that he will make judicious use of his new name, Wambli Nopa. Signifying two eagles, one for war and one for peace, it is essentially a Coalition name.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S compatriots need have no fear that Wambli Nopa will abandon his Welsh enthusiasms. Already he has refused to speak Red Indian, and Red Indian cooking does not appeal to him. But certain customs of his tribe attract him, and he is much fascinated by the possibilities of the tomahawk.

Elaborate preparations are being made for his return voyage. A wigwam, with totem-pole complete, is being erected on the upper deck, which will be padded, in order that the war-dancing incidental to membership of the Sioux tribe may be conducted with as much comfort as possible to the novice. Wambli Nopa will be requested to refrain from war-whoop practice between the hours of 10 p.m. and 8 a.m., in the interests of his fellow-passengers. A guard of full-blooded Sioux Indians will be on duty day and night to keep the camp-fire burning and to protect the distinguished passenger from molestation. Passengers will be warned not to approach too near, lest, when Wambli Nopa is practising, there may occur some mishap by which the hatchet is buried in the wrong place.

The curious, however, may be fortunate enough, on a calm night, to scent the aroma from the pipe of peace and to hear the great man's "Ugh, ugh!" of contentment as he sits, wrapped in his blanket, in the opening of his wigwam and ponders on the possibility of adding to his collection of scalps when he has safely crossed the Big Water.



"WHEN LABOUR RULES."

PANEL-DOCTOR. "AND THESE MASTERS OF UNTOLD WEALTH WOULD DENY ME A LIVING WAGE."

MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P. "WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT PHRASE BEFORE?"

[Mr. Thomas, as spokesman of the Approved Societies which administer enormous sums under the National Insurance Act, has supported the proposal to reduce the panel-doctors' fees.]



Leading Lady (who has arrived at rehearsal before Leading Man). "Good Heavens! Am I the only one here?"

RAW MEMORIES.

(Being a preliminary extract from a wholly imaginary work.)

By the Rt. Hon. CHILCHURCH STONEWIN.

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IT was a momentous Cabinet. Now that our great two-pronged attack through the Baltic Sea and Kurdistan had been finally decided upon, we all came to Downing Street with a vast sense of relief. The tension of the last five days had been terrific. The news that the 159th Division had recovered from chicken-pox and could now be transported to Borkum had gone far to relieve the strain. At that moment, I verily believe, if the conduct of the War had been grasped in the right human hands, it might have been brought to a speedy issue, before the nations were shattered, before the peoples were ground to powder, before the empires began to totter into ruin and despair.

I mentioned this to Lord Burleigh at the time, but he only coughed.

All too soon it became clear that a tremendous opportunity was to be lost. Genius was to be thwarted of its own. No splendid harmony was to crown the it must be carried out at once and with ence. At the same time it was clear wonderful plan. Instead there was to the utmost employment of force and that the strain of his great task was

had Lord Burleigh taken his seat at the table when I knew instinctively that he had faltered in his overnight resolution. Only the evening before I had received the following telegram from him:-

DEAR CHILCHURCH,—I agree with you as to the necessity of thrusting on the amphibious attack with all arms. The 159th Division is now ready. A simultaneous turning movement against the Kurds on the opposite flank will certainly relieve the pressure on Afghanistan. Do you really think Bolivia will come in? I have spoken to Fox and Palmerston about it, and they seem doubtful. We are writing a letter to Effingham detailing what you think ought to be done.
Yours affectionately,

Burleigh.

I reproduce the telegram in full here, not to justify myself or minimise in any way my responsibility, but purely in the interests of truth. The envelope I have thrown away.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

When I pointed out, as I did before Fox and Palmerston could begin to speak, that if the stroke were to succeed be bitterness and wrangling. Scarcely disregard of losses, I perceived instantly too much for him and demanded a

a chill in the air. Lord Burleigh, speaking with some hesitation, explained that rose-rash had broken out in the 159th Division, and that he had been obliged to disband their transports and equip them with obsolete rifles; at the same time he stated that the Queen Anne, the Cornucopia and the other vessels of the Pandora class were no longer sea-worthy, and that mice had been reported making an attempt to gnaw the boot-laces of the troops in Kurdistan. He showed me a letter from Hawkins which he had received only that morning. It ran:-

"Hell!"

P. said that in face of this expert advice it was practically impossible to proceed. Lord Burleigh got up and walked to the door. I ran in front of him and held it shut, while I argued vehemently with him for nearly threequarters of an hour. But it was of no avail. Finally he forced it open.

No one had a greater respect than I had for the wonderful work done by Lord Burleigh, his indomitable courage, his magnetism, the breadth of his judgment and the width of his experience. At the same time it was clear more energetic and resourceful mind. Was such a mind to be found? If not, then it was clear that the great expedition, the scheme of which I had originally adumbrated, would be frittered away in futile bombardments and half-hearted assaults.

I wrote this down in my diary at the time.

THE ATTACK BY SEA.

Matters went from bad to worse. Two days later a message came from Admiral Effingham stating that he considered the defences of Copenhagen invulnerable and had decided to relinquish the attack by sea. An order had reached the 159th Division that it was to be broken into platoons and utilised for coast defence. I countermanded the order, rebanded the Divisional Transport and told Lord Burleigh what I had done. He then agreed, too late, alas! to despatch them to the Baltic. An invaluable week had been wasted. I shall always be firmly convinced that, if my advice had been taken, the War would have been well won in the spring of 1915. As it was it was not.

I mentioned this on the margin of a minute to Hawkins, and subsequent events proved the accuracy of my forecast. Henceforward the defences of our enemy were to be reinforced by a bastion of stupidity and delay. A wall of some hard substance, probably Portland cement and utterly impregnable, began to tower up in the Baltic, and against this edifice of inhibition no argument of mine could prevail.

I did not conceal this view which I had formed of the naval and military situation from the Cabinet.

"How is it," I said to them, "that a wall of some hard substance, probably Portland cement and utterly impregnable, has begun to tower up in the Baltic, and that against this edifice of inhibition no argument of mine can prevail?"

And as I spoke I rapped the table sharply with a small hammer which I had brought with me.

Lord Burleigh merely got up and opened the ventilator.

The reign of "No" had begun. Never again until the end of the War were we to be so near to a chance of success.

A TORN-UP LETTER.

All this time the attitude of the Scandinavian countries had greatly exercised our mind, and I had been imploring Fox to put diplomatic pressure upon them. I even offered to raise a marine expedition myself and attack Christiania. Late on the night of the 30th of February I had written to him:



Shopman (to nervous customer, who has asked for a hat to shoot in). "I CAN RECOM-MEND OUR CELEBRATED GROUSE HELMET, SIR." Nervous Customer. "YES, B-BUT WILL THAT DO FOR SHOOTING RABBITS?"

Mr. Stonewin to Charles Fox. February 30th, 1915.

I beseech you at this crisis not to make the imbecile mistake of conciliating the Swedes. You must be bold and violent; if possible, truculent. We must have Norway and Sweden, if they will come. Tell them you will meet them in a spirit of generous co-operation in the matter of sharing Finland between them. Half-hearted measures will ruin all. Do not let I dare not wait upon I would.

"He either fears his fate too much Or his deserts are small That dares not put it to the touch To gain or lose it all."—Montrose.

N.B.—Lapland will probably join too. On second thoughts I tore up this dentist?

letter. But I print it here to show what I had in my mind at the time. The next day came the news that the Norwegian Storthing had been dis-

[Copyright of this article is protected by machine guns.]

The Facial Acrobats of Fiction. From a recent novel:-

"Mdme. — let her lips droop over her magnificent eyes."

"After cooking a sheep's head a Cheshire resident noticed something glistening on the jaw bones. It proved to be gold, and efforts are being made to discover where the animal grazed."—Liverpool Paper.

Why not find out the name of its

SPEY.

"The Lang Run o' Spey." Morayshire Proverb.

IAM Spey; Where Corryarrick on high Looks over Lochy and Ness And the west wind comes weeping; Where the rain-clouds lift and press And the hill-mist thickens and thins, And by red gully and grey The young burns go leaping, leaping; There cradled am I, And the Lang Run begins.

Shouting and strong and bold, By Garva and Crunachan, Laggan and

Cluny I come-Black as night in the shade, In the sun a glimmer of gold; Like a war-horse loosed to the fray, Clad and caparisoned, frantic for bugle and drum,

Eager and gay Till out of a fold In the hills where the red deer run Truim leaps with the flash of a wellused blade, And we that were two are one.

Then, speed! speed! A rush and a race by Ruthven and Farr, Where Feshie falls like a mist from Mar, A rush and a race by crag and birk, By farm and forest, by cot and kirk; Faster and faster—coursing, leaping, Swelling, thundering, conquering, sweeping-

Till, by all the Badenoch hills that bore me,

My own dear Strath lies fair before me! Then who is the monarch of rivers, say? Who, indeed?

Who of them all but Spey?

Who loves my Strath? That haven set in the hills. Where the wild winds' wrath Is tempered a while and stills Its voice to quiet weather? Where Spring comes down the path Gold-starred with daffodils, And Autumn lingers long in the purple heather?

In all broad Scotland hath, Match me the gallant land "Twixt Nethy and Aberlour-Kings' castle, minstrels' bower, Highland and howe together, Stronghold of Spey in his power— Spey with a lilt in his heart, a sword in his hand!

A long run and a good; But the end draws near. Down by the Orton wood, Down, down to Fochabers. Till the scrannel sea-fowl shear Through the beating air that stirs With the loud sea's neighbourhood, And the Firth lies open and clear.

Full-grown in majesty, Crested and plumed and splendid, Swift as the running deer, Spey comes safe to sea; The Lang Run's ended! H. B.

OUR BEAUTY COLUMN.

THE desire to be beautiful is in all of us, even in policemen; for has it not just been reported that the authorities select the constables as much for their good looks as for the size of their feet? $\, {f I} \,$ do not propose to offer any advice to the police on becoming beautiful, because I should hate to think that any remarks of mine would cause a policeman to stop in the middle of directing the traffic to powder his nose, but I may be forgiven if I offer a few hints to the ladies.

To become attractive is a full-time said "Il faut souffrir pour être belle." No woman would be such a coward as to shrink from a little pain in a good cause, and besides it won't hurt her half so much as it will the man who has to settle her bills.

The first point of any importance is the care of the skin. Many a girl has to thank her beautiful complexion for the fact that she is now married and has to spend sixteen hours a day in managing a home, mending and cooking for a great fat lazy husband and seven hulking children; but, in spite of this, girls still hanker after peach-bloom

It is said that beauty is only skin deep, and probably the lack of it is no deeper, so that if you can't manage to improve your looks in any other way you might skin yourself for a start. This can be done with a potato peeler, or with one of those preparations, to be rubbed in at night, which you see in the advertisements. Then in the morning you rub it off again, taking the old skin with it and discovering a nice new skin underneath. I take it that you mustn't put too much on, or the face itself may come off in the morning, and it is very doubtful whether you will find a nice new face underneath.

Many Society women enamel their faces. To do this, thoroughly clean the face with pumice-stone or emery-paper, and apply a coat of good white paint. When this is dry apply two or three coats of enamel. Each coat must be thoroughly dry before the next one is applied, and it requires about a week to harden, so the face must not be used during that time. This is what the book says about enamelling baths, and probably the process is the same for enamelling faces. Personally I should borrow a face from a friend to experiment on first of all.

If you don't care for the idea of enamelling the face, you might like to stain it mahogany or oak. The only trouble is that you will have to leave the face in the stain all night to soak, and it's much nicer to have it in bed with you. (As many women find it more convenient to have false hair that they can send away to be done, possibly a false face would be a good notion. You might have several of them: one for Ascot, one for the moors, one for evening use, and so on.) If you dislike staining the face you can distemper it, or even paper it. Remember, after all, that it's your face, and you can do as you like with it.

Having by the methods I have described above acquired a beautiful complexion, you will naturally want to preserve it. Rain spoils many a good job, and, as a French philosopher once face. To make it water-proof paint it with a solution of indiarubber. Or you can dissolve one-and-a-half pounds of alum in five gallons of boiling water, mix in five pounds of sugar of lead, and finally add the face, stirring briskly the while. Later, retrieve the face—if it is still worth retrieving—squeeze it dry, wash it with cold water and serve with all the sauce you can muster.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ethel, Hackney.—To wash in hard water, use soft soap; in soft water, use hard soap, and so on. I am sur-

prised at your asking.
Mrs. T., Halstead.—If your husband meant it when he said that your face had got the moth in it, why not try chewing a camphor-ball? Moths hate camphor.

Lady D., Sudmarsh.—There are many reasons why a woman looks older than a man. The use of cheap aids to beauty, such as those which are not advertised in this paper, is one. Another is this: If you take a man of thirty and examine his birth certificate you will find that he was born thirty years ago. But if you take a woman of the same age you will discover that she was born at least forty-five years ago. Having lived all that time longer than the man, she is bound to show it somewhere. She looks older, in short, because she is

Agatha, Bath.—To restore grey hair. It's easy to restore anything, even an umbrella, if you know to whom it really belongs. Did you find it, or did you receive it in mistake for your own at a Turkish Bath? Why not advertise for the owner?

Use Carmelite for that Ruhr Feeling. [ADVT.

"Garsia's Law Relating to Carriage of Goods by Sea in a Nutshell."—Publisher's Advt. Rather a risky method of transport.



A STREET CORNER IMPROMPTU.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

III.—ECONOMY.

THE Man in the Moon still insists that we are not quite right in our heads. Go where we will on the earth he finds things curious and hard to understand, not to say dotty. In my view he is one of those tiresome fellows who cannot see the wood for the trees; he is so taken up with our petty particular lunacies (the phrase is his, damn him!) that he is blind to the tremendous ordered scheme on which our civilisation proceeds. Therefore on Monday I took him up in an aeroplane, hoping that from an altitude he would get at least a glimpse of the wood, and, in his own element, become a little more charitable.

which was awaiting us, an angular structure reminding one of the more complex propositions of Euclip and smelling strongly of castor-oil.

"Here," I said, "you see one of the age-long dreams of mankind realised at last. Flight. We moderns have captured the swiftness and beauty of the denizens of the air. The Ancient Egyptians, with all their cleverness, were unable to do this. The Ancient Greeks could not fly a yard. They frittered away their time on sculpture and that kind

of thing. And this," I said, as a young man climbed into the machine, a pleasant figure entirely concealed from the human eye by a suit of hide and with monstrous orbs like a diver's—"this is a Bird-Man. We are even with Nature at last. This is the nearest thing to a Pterodactyl that has breathed for

æons."

"He is very beautiful," said the Man in the Moon. "I have read, of course, your Utopias—your Mr. Wells and so on—but I did not know you had advanced so far in practice."

The machine rose, uttering its inimitable bird-like roar, and the garden of

England fell into view.

"You see below you," I said, "the richest country in Europe. Her credit is the wonder of the Globe. By sacrifices undreamed of elsewhere, by taxes not tolerated in the history of the world, the Pound Sterling has been hauled out of the mire which engulfs the French franc and practically elevated to the pinnacle which we call par."

"What is that?"

"When the Pound Sterling is at par, it means that our country is exceedingly rich and prosperous," I said. "It is Monday. Look down at our docks, our offices, our railway-lines, our canals, our ship-yards, our teeming millions busy as bees at their labours. Look down-

"But what are those long black lines?" said the Man in the Moon.

"They are the Unemployed queues. They are paid for standing about. They have been standing there for three or four years. There are a million-and-ahalf of them. They have nothing to do. But we are so rich that we can afford it on putting the canals straight?" to pay them for doing nothing. And they are quite happy. As you see, most straight. If the canals were straight of them are reading The Financial there would be less traffic for the rail-

We motored to the aerodrome and Times. They love to know that their ways. That is why they bought the nervously approached the Great Bird, country's credit is high; they pat each canals. By years of patient and method-

"SHALL I CATCH YOUR HAT FOR YOU, SIR?" "No, thank you, my boy; it's going my way."

other proudly on the back, remarking with strange oaths, 'By Gad, Bill, the Pound Sterling is away up!

"And of course," I went on, "people who know tell us that most of them don't want to work. We rather think they are | high?" mainly Anarchists, Russians, Bolshevists, spies, loafers, brutes, unemployables. There are thought to be a few decent fellows among the 1,400,000 some 300,000-and our Government has arranged to give this handful something to do during the winter. We are justly proud of this achievement, a feat of organisation to which the maintenance of 6,000,000 men under arms during the War was a mere flea-bite. The remainder-

"The remainder should be compelled to work," said the Man in the Moon "It's disgraceful. Is there those long white lines?

"They are what we call canals."

"We have canals in the Moon," said my friend. "Very useful things. Most | soil so bad?"

of your canals seem to be choked with weed."

"They are."

"They look shallow and neglected. Some of the locks are in a dreadful state. They need attention."
"They do."

"Then why not make the Anarchists work on the canals?"

"It would cost money. The canals you are looking at belong to the Rail-

"Have the Railways no money?"

"They have more spare cash than anybody in the world."

"Then why don't they spend some of

"They don't want the canals put

ical neglect they have succeeded in making most of the canals impassable. You can scarcely ask them to waste their money on making them passable

again.'

"But would it be waste? I hear that the canals along which it is still possible for a powerful motor-barge to thrust a passage are paying their way. If you removed the weeds-

"The weeds belong to the Railways."

"Oh, well, is there nothing else the Anarchists could do?"

"We want more houses. We want more schools. We want more food."

"Then why not-?"

"We have no money."

"But I thought your credit stood so

"We have no money. Not a bean. There is not a bean in the country.'

"But you say your theatres were never so full?"

"I tell you we have no money! You are little better than a Socialist."

"How green the fields are!" said the irrelevant creature.

"We are very proud of the greenness of our fields. It is extremely simple. We grow no corn. In a year or two there will not be a patch of yellow on the landscape. You see that ploughboy? He will be dead; unless he comes up to town. Then he will nothing that needs doing? What are be put at the end of a long black line and paid by the State for standing about."

"Why don't you grow corn? Is the



Polite Gentleman (recognising prece of his trouserings in the mouth of fair stranger's dog). "Th—thank you, Miss, b—but I wish you c—could have c—called him off, 'stead of p—pulling him off."

"The soil is capital, curse you! But it costs money to grow corn in England. And we have no money for that sort of thing. You must see that?"

"No," said the Man in the Moon.

- "You are no better than a Protectionist."
 - "What is that?"
 - "It is Party Politics."
 - "What are they?"

"We have two principal Parties," I said. "One Party says that Black is White, and wants to spend money on the country. These are Protectionists. The other Party says that White is Black and wants to spend money on the towns. These are Socialists. The Protectionists won't let anyone spend money on the towns. The Socialists won't let anyone spend money on the country. This is called the Party System. Without it we find we can get nothing done. There is also a sort of Party which stands about between them, bleating like a sheep the words, "Free Trade," which are a magic charm against coma and creeping paralysis. This Party won't spend money on any-

Moon.

"Then you are men of no principle, shallow, volatile and insincere. In this planet you would be considered no better than a leper. You will admit at least that it is better to pay a million men to do nothing than to pay them to do something; for in the latter case it is not certain how soon you will see a return for your money; while in the former case there is no doubt at all; you are certain to lose the lot. And certainty is of the first importance."

"Quite," said the Man in the Moon. "But what do you spend money on?'

"We are building a superb naval base on the other side of the world in order to defend ourselves against one of our old Allies who at the moment is incapacitated by an earthquake. And we are having a Great Exhibition to demonstrate the wealth and prosperity of our Empire. But we have no money."

"Still, your credit is good," said the Man in the Moon musingly, looking down at the long black lines. "This

must be a great comfort."
"It is. On the other hand, the latest advice from our economic experts is that this has been our ruin. Those gentle-"We have nothing like that in the men over there are our Statesmen, the cleverest men in the world. They tell! The things these doctors know!

us that until they have restored Germany to life it is no use doing anything for poor old England."

"Is Germany responsible for the long black lines?'

"So they say. On the other hand, our economic experts tell us that something quite different is responsible."

"And what is that?"

"The dazzling success of the Pound Sterling. If we had only left it in the mire with the French franc we might now be as prosperous as France.'

"All this is very strange," said my companion, tapping his head significantly. "Something to do with the Moon, I suppose?" A. P. H.

"Miles Pencarrow had entered her room and had locked the door-on the inside!"

Had he locked it on the outside after entering we should have been thrilled. As it is, we are left cold.

"Contusions of the larynx may be caused by blows or kicks, by garrotting or by a cart-wheel having passed across the neck. The affected parts are sometimes painful and there may be alteration or loss of voice."
From a Manual of Surgery.



Inexperienced Sportsman. "'Ullo! I DIDN'T KNOW I'D GOT SO MANY." Candid Loader. "NEITHER YE DID. THEY 'RE JUST A FEW I KILLED WHEN YE WAS FUMBLIN' WI' THE ITHER GUN."

"THE IMPENITENT."

From Bruce Henshaw, Dramatist, to Robert Tosher, Theatrical Manager.

The Backwater, Maidenbury. My DEAR TOSHER,—By this post I am sending you the manuscript of my new play, The Impenitent. Though it is not on the lines of my usual drawingroom drama, I think I can say that it is the greatest thing I have ever done. The idea, which reveals the progress of the soul and shows the inevitable consequences of wrong-doing, the judgment and aftermath, is a spiritual one which ought to have a wide appeal.

Your leading man, Sterndale, is rather light for the part, but perhaps we can knock him into shape at rehearsal.

I shall be glad of your opinion. BRUCE HENSHAW. Yours ever,

From Robert Tosher to Bruce Henshaw.

Hilarity Theatre, W.1. My DEAR HENSHAW,-I have read your play carefully, and, though I admit there is much that is striking in it, I am not certain about its general appeal. The "progress of the soul" stunt is all right, of course, but our theatre is hardly big enough for that sort of thing. Then I am doubtful about the opening scene being laid in the desert. Per-

popular draw. I am sending The Impenitent to Sterndale for his opinion. Yours always, ROBERT TOSHER.

From Horace Sterndale to Robert Tosher.

Blenheim Club, W.

My DEAR TOSHER, -I don't know what Henshaw is getting at in this new play, but I think The Impossible would be a better title than The Impenitent. The thing will never do as it stands. I suggest that the opening scene be changed to the setting of a London flat. The hero, Lorimer, can still have his scene with Nyvasha, the Egyptian girl; it could be shown that she had followed him to England. I could write in a bit of amusing stuff here, myself—the scene is too heavy as it stands. Let the hero have his lurid past all right, as it makes the part stronger, but that retribution ending is piffle—it would kill the piece on the first night. I am sending the play to Miss Devereux, as you suggest.

Yours very sincerely, HORACE STERNDALE.

From Miss Doris Devereux to Mr. Robert Tosher.

Hotel Majestic, W.

DEAR MR. TOSHER,—I am sorry to say that, after reading The Impenitent, sonally, I think sand is played out as a | I must absolutely decline to play the |

part of Nyvasha, the Egyptian girl. An Eastern make-up does not suit me; also I prefer to wear modern clothes. Further, most of the epigrams seem to have gone to the hero. I return the play herewith.

Yours very sincerely, Doris Devereux.

From Bruce Henshaw to Robert Tosher. The Backwater, Maidenbury.

My DEAR TOSHER,—I have received the play and note that you do not like the idea. Sterndale objects to the setting; Miss Devereux dislikes her character; the under-manager thinks the dialogue lacks snap, while your secretary suggests a new title. Why have you omitted the opinion of the sceneshifters?

To carry out the suggestions you mention would mean sacrificing the entire motive of the play and the ideal underlying it.

Yours ever, BRUCE HENSHAW.

From Robert Tosher to Bruce Henshaw. Hilarity Theatre, W.1.

My DEAR HENSHAW, - Awfully sorry for your difficulties, old man, but I am afraid we can't put on The Impenitent at the Hilarity, unless it is written on more conventional lines.

Many regrets. Yours always,

ROBERT TOSHER.



Willum (slightly elevated). "'AD GOOD SPORT WI' SQUIRE TO-DAY, PADRE?"
Willum's Wife (shocked). "DON'T TELL 'IM, SIR—'E AIN'T WORTHY."

From Bruce Henshaw to Robert Tosher.
The Backwater, Maidenbury.

My dear Tosher,—I am sorry you do not see your way to producing *The Impenitent* as it stands. I will endeavour to alter it in the way you suggest.

Yours ever, Bruce Henshaw.

Extract from notice by the Dramatic
Critic of "The Morning Echo."

Mr. Bruce Henshaw's new play, Girls and Good Men, was produced at the Hilarity Theatre last night. Mr. Sterndale made the character of the hero, Lorimer—a rake in the process of reforming—delightfully amusing. In the bedroom scene Miss Devereux looked charming in a rather daring négligée. The whole was enthusiastically received.

"Venice.—Summer months 18-30, winter 15-25 lire. Afternoon tea. Heated."

Advt. in Ladies' Paper.

It is best that way, don't you think?

"London, August 31. The rapid concentration of the Italian Navy at Toronto, and a notification that the fleet had been ordered to clear for action, has caused a sensation."—New Zealand Paper.

It would.

A MINISTRY OF TRANSPORTS.

["It is hoped that the information given upon these maps will prove of service to road-users generally."—Ministry of Transport.]

FAIR are the waters and the woodland fair,

And thou more fair and made for more delight

Than all the nymphs that breathe the amorous air,

When beating pinions thrill the summer night.

But wistfully I tarry at the brake Where ferns lie hid in many a mossy nook—

Pale but still watchful at my leafy shrine—

Until at length you take
The winding way true lovers ever took,
Threading B 70 to A 39.

O sing no more the Roman might That laid the Appian Way! A thousand motorists delight In better roads to-day; For on A 26 men strew Tarmac that TRAJAN never knew.

III.

And still she wove from year to year The mirror-image, bright and clear, Of all who passed the level mere,
Of all who trod from far or near
The road to Arcady;
And often in the shining glass
She saw the knights in armour pass,
With glint of helmet and cuirass,

From a theatrical criticism:—

Along A73.

"The central figure in the piece is Professor—, a tall, dreamy, innocent, wool-gathering ornithologist, absorbed in the study of the inner life of beetles."—Provincial Paper.

Chorus of Coleopterists, "Outsider!"

"'I wrote my first novel in the evenings in about three months,' she told me to-day, 'after I had only been to London twice. I spent one day at the Zoo, and another day I went to see a doctor.'"—Evening Paper.

We have often wondered where some of

our lady-novelists get their types.

A lady who had taken out an "All Risks" Insurance Policy on her belongings before starting recently on a visit to Italy wrote to her insurance brokers from Rome as follows: "I gave a black marocain dress to be ironed, and they washed it and shrunk it, and I can't wear it any more. Am I covered, do you think?" The answer was in the negative.



IN VIEW OF THE THREATENED RETURN OF THE "HOBBLE" SKIRT, THE MISSES BELMONT INTRODUCE, AT THEIR TERPSICHOREAN STUDIO, A SPECIAL CLASS FOR GRACEFUL DEPORTMENT UNDER RESTRICTED CONDITIONS.

An Appeal to Humanity.

To a previous appeal on behalf of the million Greek refugees who had been driven by the Turks from Smyrna, or had fled from Constantinople and Eastern Thrace, and were destitute and dying on the mainland and islands of Greece, Mr. Punch's readers most generously responded with gifts amounting to £5,000. Thanks in a large measure to British charity and the noble work of the Imperial War Relief and Save the Children Fund, the situation in Athens and Western Thrace is well under control. But elsewhere the destitution and misery of the refugees is still appalling. A British representative who has recently returned from Greece reports that the beach of Salonika is densely crowded with women and children and old men suffering from exposure and disease and lack of food and clothing. The Greek Government is doing all that is possible with its poor resources, rendered poorer still by the preposterous indemnity imposed upon them by the cynical judgment of the Conference of Ambassadors. Nothing but Christian charity can save these Christian refugees from death in the winter that is upon them. Mr. Punch is therefore compelled by the claims of common humanity to make, without apology for being importunate, a further appeal for their relief, and earnestly begs that gifts of money may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Imperial War Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2, or gifts of clothing to the Imperial War Relief Fund, New Hibernia Wharf, London Bridge, S.E. 1.

Dr. Nansen, who has been acting on behalf of the League of Nations as High Commissioner for Refugees, will address a meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, at 8.30 this it so I most certainly should not like it.' evening, Wednesday, October 24th, and his report of their Can it be matter for wonder that we

this country. Tickets, which are free, may be had from the Save the Children Fund, 42, Langham Street, W. 1, or the Imperial War Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2. A limited number are being reserved, and application for these should be accompanied by a remittance of 2s. 6d.

THE STAGE LORD.

THE life of a stage lord nowadays is considerably more mentally fatiguing than it used to be. For a long time we were quite content that he should be simply a thoroughly bold bad villain, or else a picturesquely benevolent old buffer. We did not expect anything brilliant or subtle from him in the way of conversation. To-day, however, we refuse to recognise a stage lord of the first water unless he talks in a scintillating and stylishly cynical manner. This must entail a lot of care and forethought on the part of his parents. He has practically to be born with an epigram in his mouth. In real life, if you listen closely, you may occasionally hear a lord make a quite commonplace remark, but on the stage—never.

The modern stage lord is one of the few people that can sparkle at the breakfast-table. Let us suppose that the stage butler murmurs deferentially, "I trust, my lord, that the devilled kidneys are to your liking?" Now an ordinary lord would probably reply, "So, so, Jenkins," or something equally bourgeois. It might as well be a paltry suburban episode. The stage lord, on the other hand, immediately endows the incident with the charm of literary paradox by drawling, "Nothing, Jenkins, is ever to my liking.

Can it be matter for wonder that we underlings snigger sufferings will be illustrated by a film which has just reached and clap and nudge one another to indicate our appreciation



THE IDLE MILL.

JOHN BULL CHEERFULLY RAISES THE WIND.

[The Minister of Labour has announced the Government's approval of proposals involving the expenditure of £50,000,000 to provide work for the unemployed.]



"'There'll be twenty pounds for yer,' she sez, 'when I'm gorn,' she sez. An' now she 's gorn an' left me nothink. She ain't arf got the laugh o' me."

of his deep-lying subtlety. But, bless you, the stage lord thinks nothing of it. Properly to understand the intellectual strength of the upper classes you have only to hear a couple of stage lords of a certain type conversing together. There is not much small-talk in stage High Society, no toying with triteremarks about the weather or the situation in the Near East. They get to grips right away with the things that matter. Somewhat in this manner:-

First Lord (lighting a cigarette). I saw Tony and his wife together in the Park. Absolutely indecent. No man ought to be seen going about with his wife until they have been divorced.

Second Lord. People nowadays seem to be losing all respect for the sanctity of divorce.

First Lord. That's so. Ever since the middle-classes ceased to be ashamed of putting asunder those whom the Devil hath joined together, divorce has degenerated into a

popular pastime. $ar{S}econd$ Lord (solemnly). Unless Society pulls itself together and becomes virtuous it will no longer be notorious. Then where shall we all be?

First Lord (throwing away his cigarette). Writing for the

They can go on like that for hours.

In his youth the stage lord is usually a good-for-naught with a cynical temperament, and when he is old he becomes a noble statesman with a reputation at stake. Stage political affairs are always on the verge of a grave crisis, and the Is this quite fair to the band?

reputation of a stage statesman is always at stake. All this is due in part to the ease with which stage politics get into a complicated condition, but mainly to the noble simplicity with which the stage statesman entrusts his wife, or the wife of some other man, with important secret information. The stage Society woman feels bound to make dishonourable use of this information, because if she doesn't she won't be able to repent, and she knows that the stage statesman never makes such a splendid show as when he is forgiving a repentant woman. Much of the dazzling epigrammatic brilliance of the stage lord would be afforded no outlet were it not for the unselfish infidelity of its womenfolk. In fact, but for them, stage politics would be almost as dull as those of real life and might safely be left to mere commoners.

Great Happenings in Sussex.

"The workhouse master reported that the laundry engine had failed twice during the month; that the Bishop of -- had held a confirmation service in the chapel at the institution; and that seven pigs sold at the market realised £35 6s."—Local Paper.

"Asked if he pleaded guilty, a man charged at Highgate to-day with drunkenness said, 'I can't say I am gunlty.'"—Evening Paper. We can hardly say it ourselves.

From a Wireless programme:—

"Opening of the Aberdeen Station (2 B.D.) by the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.T. The opening address and pipe band selections will be broadcast simultaneously." Welsh Paper.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE SAD CASE OF THE SAXOPHONE.

A VERY painful impression has been created by the statement of Mr. W. J. TURNER, the eminent poet-critic, in the pages of The New Statesman, that "the saxophone is not taught at the Royal College of Music or the Royal Academy of Music, and that Sir Landon Ronald has not even introduced it into the Guildhall School." The motives which have induced Sir Hugh Allen, Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE and Sir Landon RONALD to maintain this obscurantist policy have not yet been divulged. Their explanations have been long over-

lenge now precisely formulated by Mr. Tunner will not remain unanswered. The cogency of his appeal, we need hardly say, is greatly strengthened by the prestige of the journal in which it has appeared, for it is obvious to all but the most purblind academics that the essential qualities of the New Statesmanship are closely allied to, if not indistinguishable from, those of this sonorous and soulanimating instrument.

* * * This comparison is no mere fanciful assertion; it is based on facts capable of irrefragable demonstration. The saxophone was invented by ADOLPHE SAX, who was not only a man of great ingenuity but "a master of theart of self-advertisement, whose name was often prefixed to successful inventions for which he was not

primarily responsible." But he certainly did invent the saxophone, which is a hybrid instrument combining the peculiar timbres of reed and brass. It is hardly necessary to insist on the significance of this combination when it is remembered that the reed is preeminently the emblem of vacillation, fluctuation and concession, while brass has throughout the ages been synonymous with self-assertion, exuberant assurance and strident clamour. Swift, in his lines to GAY, has an illuminating couplet on these useful attributes :

"I knew a brazen Minister of State Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.

The saxophone, again, depends for its judicious and effective use on overblowing; its tube is serpentine and it has a large bore.

exhausts the catalogue of its great qualities. With the trombone, the double bassoon and the tuba it shares the in his opinion "the perfect saxophone distinction of being able to imitate player was not yet born. The present more convincingly than any other instrument those stertorous explosions which accompany inspiration in profound unconsciousness. It thus serves the momentous purpose of reproducing. in terms of sound, the stirrings of that primitive sub-conscious self which has now been proved to be the predominant partner in all our actions and decisions. Small wonder then that the saxophone is the favourite instrument of FREUD and his school, and that the most been attracted by the potentialities of due, and it is to be hoped that the challenlightened psycho-analysts regard it the jazz band. Meanwhile I under-

A PITIABLE CASE.

"I FELT LIKE A PAUPER IN THE UNITED STATES." Sir Alfred Mond in an interview.

with unqualified reverence. And to all those moral qualities—the exquisite pliability of the reed, the wisdom of the serpent, the fortitude of brass, the stertorous simplicity of the noble savagethere remains to be added the saxophone's appeal to the æsthetic sense, for its bell—I quote from the article by Miss Schlesinger, the great expert on wind-instruments, in the Ency. Brit. -" is shaped somewhat like the flower of the Gloxinia," one of the most beautiful of American tropical plants.

The attitude of the directors and principals of our musical schools becomes all the more inscrutable and indefensible in view of the explicit and, we believe, that "a good saxophone player can command three times the salary of a good violinist." Not only that, but the supply

But this enumeration by no means is lamentably inadequate to the demand. The musical director of a jazz-band organization informed Mr. Turner that player is either a good reader with a bad tone, or a bad reader with a good tone, or a good reader with a good tone who has not got the peculiar jazz temperament." The tragedy of the situation is too great for discussion. Tremendous possibilities for the uplifting of humanity on the one hand; on the other the insuperable barrier of academic prejudice, aided by the apathy of our young English composers, none of whom so far has

stand that an influentially signed application has been made to the Carnegie Trust with a view to its assisting in the foundation of a new Musical Seminary to be exclusively devoted to the study of Instruments of Percussion, Ululation, Bombination and Tarantulation.

It is expected that the recent formation of a large Choral Society for Socialists will furnish a powerful incentive to our young composers to provide suitable works for performance by such a body. At present there is a most regrettable dearth of masterpieces animated by sound Socialist principles, all the large choral works composed in the eighteenth and nineteenthcenturies, withhardly an exception, having emanated from musicians who belonged to the bourgeoisie,

or harnessed their talents to the service of royal or aristocratic patrons. HAYDN was little more than a menial in the household of the ESTERHAZYS. Mozart was at the mercy of archdukes and archbishops. BEETHOVEN, for all his democratic opinions, associated on intimate terms with Austrian, Hungarian and Polish nobles. Mendels-SOHN belonged to a family of bankers, and WAGNER was the protégé of a King.

Clearly the works of such composers are wholly unfit for political propagandism and should be replaced without delay. Meanwhile a welcome report reaches us that Sir Montague Barlow's scheme of work for the unemployed has strictly accurate assertion of Mr. Turner inspired Mr. Sidney Webb with a fine topical song, of which the refrain is-

> "The man who breaks the Bank is Monty BARLOW."



MR. JONES OF THE TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY SURPRISES A BURGLAR.

MORE OF EVERYTHING.

For people like the Browns there are difficult days in store. They are already conscientiously drinking more milk and eating more fruit, and I dare not think what will happen to them when all these other Publicity Campaigns (self-styled "National") have got into full swing.

Apart from the obvious danger with which they are threatened, hygienically, by their faithful obedience to the commands to Drink more Champagne ("Stand by France" Society), to EAT MORE TRIPE (National Council of Offal Merchants), to Use More Sauce (Amalgamated Bottle and Sauce Makers), to EAT MORE SEED-CAKE (Federated Society of Tooth-pick Manufacturers), and a hundred others—apart from this, I say, they will surely be faced with the gravest financial and domestic problems it is possible to imagine. For instance, Brown is, or has been hitherto, a steady-going, hard-working business man; never in his whole career has he dreamt of taking a day off in the middle of a week. What sort of a revolution will result from this manifesto (issued by the Associated Golf Clubs of Great Britain):-

PLAY MORE GOLF.
FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE.
FOR YOUR MIND'S SAKE.
FOR GOLF'S SAKE?

Do you play golf only at week-ends? If so, that is what is wrong with your golf—and with you.

By all means play at week-ends, but why not on mid-week days as well? When the links are not crowded, when others are toiling at their work, when you might be toiling at your work, what could be more delightful? You frequently take a day off for your grandmother's funeral; why not for golf?

PLAY MORE GOLF!

You will gain a new confidence, a brisker step, a brighter outlook, a better swing.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR. ASK YOUR PRO.

Life's handicaps will vanish with your golf handicap. You will be a SCRATCH MAN at everything.

MAN at everything.

Think of it! The day's work with the prospect of a day's golf before you; the day's golf in the wind and sun; the day's work with the bounding health of a day's golf behind you!

GOLF! GOLF!!! GOLF!!!

Start to-morrow. Take a day off to-morrow. Take a day off every week—

two days, three days—take every day off. Why not retire from business? Has it never occurred to you that by retiring from business you can enjoy the rest of your life happily on the links?

Think it over. It is worth thinking over. And, if you cannot quite see your way to retire from business to-morrow, you can partially anticipate the date of your retirement by keeping on taking days off for golf.

Think it over to-night! And start to-morrow!

Poor Brown! Do you imagine he will be able to resist this? And when he has succumbed to the exhortation to PLAY MORE GOLF and to WATCH MORE FOOTBALL, to TAKE MORE HOLIDAYS and to Buy More Cars, and Mrs. Brown has retaliated by heeding the injunction to Dance More Blues, to Wear MORE JEWELS, to BUY MORE HATS, to Join More Clubs—what will be the fate of the little Browns? Not only the present little Browns, but the other ones—the ones that will arise out of the sternly emphasised recommendation to HAVE MORE CHILDREN (National Joint Councils of Nurses and Governesses, School Teachers and Bib - Manufacturers)?

THE WALKING-STICK PROBLEM.

LET me begin with a warning. Any hasty-tempered over-sensitive Australians (if such there be) who may have started upon the perusal of these lines are advised not to proceed, for there is matter herein which might inflame them overmuch. It is true that the Australians that I know are all placid and reasonable, with the charming habit of referring to England as "home"; but it is well to be on the safe side, and you must remember that I did see The answer (once more) is "Wait and often with amazement at the rebellious

GREGORY more than once and never without rejoicing that I had not been among the scores and scores of batsmen who were tried for England. Now, if GREGORY chanced to be in London

to-day....

In the past few weeks I have been looking at Old Masters in various European galleries, and in the course of that very pleasant task I have handed my stick or umbrella—too often my umbrella, for there is no fine weather any more anywhere—to a vast number of frowsy old ladies in bombazine who have given me a ticket in exchange and charged, for taking care of it, sums varying from ten centimes in Paris to, in Munich, a million marks.

In the course of these wanderings I have seen representations of practically every individual in sacred history so often that, had I never heard of the Bible, I could reconstruct it, although not necessarily in the right order. There is no Saint with whose appearance I am unfamiliar. Thave seen scores of Rembrandts that, if a recent writer is

correct in a devastating assertion, Rem-BRANDT didn't paint, and I have seen units that he did. I have seen enough TENIERS to cover a golf-links. But the odd thing is that I have seen none of these works in the company of my walking-stick or umbrella, for that is a luxury that is not allowed. Either it has been found necessary to give these frowsy old ladies a job, or somebody did once, in a state of fury caused by its badness or its shamelessness, hit a picture a deadly blow. The rule is so strict at our own National Gallery (where, however, stalwart men in uniform have

creatures as members of the National Art Collections Fund have their sticks taken from them; although, as I have before pointed out, the visitor to a Gallery who was bent upon doing damage could do it equally well with articles concealed in his pocket: a stone for the glass and a knife for the canvas.

"But." I seem to hear someone ask, "how does all this dreary stuff about walking-sticks and pictures affect Australia? What have you said that could possibly cause Gregory to gregorize?"

HIGH HEELS OR LOW? A SOLUTION OF THE DILEMMA.

see." I had a lot of other things to say have gone on far too long. first, really humorous too, but since there is so much impatience about I will come to the point at once. Last week, directly after my return, as though 1 had not seen enough paint to last me a lifetime, I went to Burlington House to inspect the two exhibitions there, one of Australian Art and the other of British Primitive Art, and paused at the cloak-room counter to ask if it was necessary once more to give up my trusty staff. The attendant astonished me by replying with an inquiry as to which of the two exhibitions I was charge of the office and no fee is taken) proposing to enter. On hearing that that even such friendly preservative my adventurousness and determination | Lord Curzon's decision would be.

were such that I was bent on visiting both, he reached out his hand for the stick and took it into custody.

Now here was a pretty problem. Obviously in one of the two exhibitions awaiting me upstairs the connoisseur was not to be trusted. There was something, the work either of a modern antipodean hand or of a mediæval monk, calculated to provoke assault. Equally obviously (I thought) it would be the antipodean, for have I not for years rejoiced in The Sydney Bulletin, and

> high spirits which now and then break out there? To be quite certain, howeverfor I have lived long enough to have ceased to have any confidence in my own deductions—I asked the attendant to tell me into which of the two exhibitions sticks were not admitted, and he replied at once, "The Primitives."

It was while his unexpected reply was sinking in that the awful possibilities of Australian resentment occurred to me. Look at the slight, the insult almost, that is suggested; the inference, of course, being that, in the opinion of the Royal Academy authorities, there is nothing by their distant Commonwealth confrères that is worth protecting! Wouldn't that infuriate you?

When I went upstairs I was even more perplexed, for less provocative work than the pious efforts of the sweet and simple old ecclesiastic decorators I never saw. Who could bring himself to do mischief to these artless innocentaltar-pieces. these ingenuous rood-screen panels? Whereas—

E. V. L.

Another Sex Problem.

From a review :-

"This is a book to delight every man or woman who ever was a boy."—Weekly Paper.

"At the short sixth both missed putts for trees."-Provincial Paper.

This was, presumably, in an afterluncheon round.

"LORD CURZON'S VITAL QUESTIONS. LOW HEELS OR HIGH HEELS?" Headlines in Scots Paper.

We do not doubt for a moment what



"Now understand, Mrs. Robinson, if this happens again you'll get a month's notice; and if it occurs a second time you'll get two!"

AT THE PLAY.

"Outward Bound" (Garrick).

A PLAY about Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven, in which there is much incidental laughter, might seem as if it would be merely irreverent where it was not abjectly ridiculous. As a matter of fact Outward Bound, by Mr. Sutton Vane, a new hand, if I mistake not, is neither. It is first-rate stuff, admirably modelled. Nor is it, I need hardly say, necessary to subscribe to Mr. Vane's exceedingly odd eschatology to be profoundly interested and, yes, deeply moved by his tour-de-force of fantasy. Sincerity and intelligence cover a multitude of queer suppositions.

Not indeed that it need be assumed that our author imagines the passage to the undiscovered country to be made in a crewless steamship, of which the acting Charon is a steward who keeps an ever-open bar, or that the dread "examination" is conducted before that bar by a genial old parson in white ducks and a pith helmet. What I take it he is after, if after anything beyond producing an effective stage-play, is to offer a modernist interpretation of an

old thesis that as the tree falls so shall it lie; to suggest that death does not wipe out character but merely provides a new setting for the operations of that character—new trials, new chances, gradual not immediate illuminations, purgations, amendments. I have seen stage-portraits of people who have passed over and been promptly turned inside out and flattened. Ineffably dull they were. These immortal mortals of Mr. Sutton Vane are very much alive in death.

If you should be irritated into protest against the unlikely concrete detail of all this, he might, I suppose, reasonably answer that, philosophically considered, his metaphors are no more if no less intrinsically ridiculous than any other metaphors under cover of which the immense unknown has been presented to halting human minds; or, for short and to avoid controversy, that he is merely presenting a queer dream that he dreamed.

bar by a genial old parson in white ducks and a pith helmet. What I take the author's for that matter, is not with but only gradually begin to suspect it he is after, if after anything beyond producing an effective stage-play, is to but with the skill with which he has built has been drinking steadily before realioffer a modernist interpretation of an upon them. Of that skill I conceive sation, and meets the crisis of knowledge

there can be no possible doubt. To hold a theatreful of mixed folk interested throughout and at moments genuinely excited, to make us laugh yet hold us from guffawing in the wrong place, to push us towards tremendous thoughts and yet not depress or bore us beyond recovery—this feat the author, extraordinarily well served by his players, contrived to do. Of course you can go out of the theatre, rub your eyes and shrug your shoulders, murmuring "Pshaw!" or "Tut-tut!" but the fellow has had his will of you-you've been touched. Do I infringe my Lord ROTHERMERE's monopoly by calling for "Hats off to Mr. SUTTON VANE "?

I commit myself to this supreme gesture of admiration because I entirely despair of conveying the atmosphere of Outward Bound. It does not—I admit it—sound plausible to explain that all the action takes place in a bar-lounge on board ship; that none of the passengers can quite remember where they are going, that they are in fact dead, but only gradually begin to suspect their condition; that young Mr. Prior has been drinking steadily before realisation and meets the crisis of knowledge

and fear by a steady continuation of the process; that Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, intolerable snob and empty of any sort of spiritual thought or suspicion, is not notably impressed by the discovery, and, though shaken by the exposure of her shamelessness by the old deputyexaminer, remains sufficiently brazen to call him "Swine!"; that Mr, Duke. the curate, sincere, not a little absurd and passionately afraid that he will prove unworthy and lose his job, "the finest job in the world," is confirmed in it in a new sphere; that Mrs. Midgett, motherly old soul, recognises in Mr. Prior her ne'er-do-well son

finds her heaven in being allowed to try to pull him together; that the grotesque Mr. Lingley, M.P., should have to confess himself the swindler Feldman and pay for it with suffering; that unhappy Ann and Henry, like a modern Francesca and PAOLO, should be outcast from the rest and ignored even by the examiner as "halfways," that is people who have not had the courage to face lifesuicides, in plain English; that the wise grey old steward, also a "halfway," dispenses drinks and comfort and even takes tips on voyage after voyage of this queer liner - how utterly absurd! Precisely; but go and see it all the same. It is not a bit like that really.

As to the playing it could scarcely be bettered. I thought one passage, in which Ann (Miss Diana Hamilton) speaks to her momentarily vanished lover, quite exquisitely done, with a rare blend

FABER'S study of the degenerate Prior was, I thought, quite admirable; not the least exaggeration anywhere.

Miss GLADYS FFOLLIOTT'S Mrs. Cliveden-Banks was brilliant; but I wonder if she didn't rather overplay it. It seems to me that if she had made the audience smile more and laugh less it would have been better. And Mr. ARTHUR PAGE'S Mr. Lingley seemed to suffer from the same fault, though he may have been carrying out the author's intention, in which case I respectfully offer the latter my little word of tentative blame. Mr. JOHN HOWELL'S curate was excellent, and not an easy part either. Mr. STAN-LEY LATHBURY as the Steward, Mr. WILLIAM STACK as the tortured Henry, Mrs. Clare Greet as Mrs. Midgett, and Mr. LYALL SWETE as the Examiner, all | clude him from amassing a huge fortune | not for the rhyme.)

can't really understand how playwright and players pulled off so difficult a thing so triumphantly. Nobody ought to miss this.

"TRUST EMILY" (CRITERION).

Even the most incredible farce ought, I think, to start from conditions that are humanly conceivable. And I cannot humanly conceive of a man being so enamoured of a scent, as worn by a woman, that he is resolved to remain parel to give publicity to their respec-celibate rather than marry any woman tive claims. Into a neighbouring farm-(I confess I thought this a pity) and who does not wear the same smell. It house, the property of Netherby, to



A SET-BACK TO LOVE'S ADVANCES. The Cook Miss Connie Ediss. MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD. Arthur Netherby

of passion and restraint. Mr. Leslie | is, of course, a commonplace that sub- | tial contribution to Netherby's happiconscious memories associated with a person or place are more easily quickened by the sense of smell than by any other. But the case of Arthur Netherby was peculiar. At a masked ball he had fallen in love with a woman who diffused a certain aroma. Shortly afterwards he proceeded to Australia and for four years he went sniffing through that vast Dominion in the hope of finding a woman who diffused the same one. The original wearer of it was not likely to be there, and if she had been he wouldn't have recognised her, as he had never seen the face beneath her mask; but that didn't seem to matter. It was the smell that he was in love with.

Returning from Australia (where this preoccupation of his nose did not pre-

seemed to me as good as possible; all, on a cattle-ranch) he strolls out one indeed, were good individually, and to- night into the garden of an uncle's gether a very fine team. Even now I | house, and there in a dark arbour he recognises the smell and passionately embraces the invisible woman who was saturated with it. On hearing of his experiences no fewer than three women staying in the house, with the cook for a fourth, claim to have been the recipient of that embrace; and the fun-such as it is—begins.

All the ladies severally take Emily (parlour-maid) into their confidence, bribing her with gifts of wearing-ap-

> which he had withdrawn for the purpose of privacy, each claimant, including the thricewidowed cook, pursues him; and in self-defence he locks them up, one at a time and separately, in two attics, the coal-cellar and a glass-cupboard. When eventually they are released from a prolonged incarceration lasting over a considerable part of two Acts, during which their existence has been practically ignored (their protests, incredibly moderate, being confined to a few desultory knocks on the attic doors and walls), it is to learn, through a ruse of Netherby's, the faked report that he has lost his fortune. As a result, though their brazen impudence might have survived the rude rebuff which it had sustained, they take no further interest in him.

> In the end it is to Emily that he traces the smell which he had embraced in the dark arbour; better still, though it didn't appear to be an essen-

ness, it transpires (as they say) that she was the lady of the masked ball, and had stooped to menial employment in his uncle's house in the hope of recapturing her hero. And so the faithful Emily gets the goods; and Netherby the smell that he wanted so badly. The curtain falls on him as he embraces it.

The materialisation, so to speak, of a smell is not new. KEATS thought of it. You will recall a passage in his Lamia, where the perfume of censersmoke is visibly reflected in mirrors:-

"Fifty wreaths of smoke From fifty censers their light voyage took To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous."

(I am responsible for the italics, but

I gathered, by the way, that Emily's perfume was identical with the odour emitted by the cook's handkerchief, an odour so potent that it penetrated to my place in the centre of the stalls. If I am right, then I am sorry for Netherby's taste in smells.

Miss May Edginton, who wrote the play, has gilts of her own; but-and I am far from regarding this as a flaw in her constitution—the way of farce does not seem to be her way. The hand of the amateur was more than once betrayed, and the excellent company that supported her must have been aware of this. Mr. Hugh Wakefield, as Netherby, played the silly ass with quiet confidence, assisted by an eye-glass which emphasised his air of fatuity. Miss Edna Best's Emily, who combined the wisdom of the serpent with the ingenuousness of the dove, had very little relation to farce and remained untainted by her environment. Miss ATHENE SEYLER, as Mrs. Delancy, got all that could be got out of a part that was not good enough for her; and Mr. Tom Reynolds (butler) was obviously capable of funnier things than he was given to say or do. Miss Laura Wal-LIS MILLS, who will some day get a better chance, I hope, has good looks, and could afford, when all was over, to appear with the marks of the coal-cellar still on her nice face.

The atmosphere of the play brightened visibly with the too-brief apparitions of Miss Connie Edds as the Cook. Her humour, of course, had the right breadth. From her first entry—when she alleges herself to be the lady of the arbour, fresh from the infatuated Netherby's embraces ("'You are the breath of my life,' he says; and I says, 'Old yer breath as long as you can'")—to the scene where, emerging from the glasscupboard in a state bordering on hysteria, she learns of Netherby's loss of his fortune and is instantly reminded of the Book of Job, she was a superb figure of fun.

For the rest, the laughter was seldom boisterous, as it should be all the time in a farce; even our giggles were often tentative and lacked conviction.

For our Oriental Fictionists.

"Wanted, . . . the Agency of a reliable Spinner of Egyptian Yarns."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.



From a feuilleton:—
"On the stairs he encountered the postman.
The man handed him two or three letters, with
evident relief at being spared the climb to the
top flat, which Craig with hardly a glance
thrust into his pocket."—Daily Paper.

One of those "bijou" flats, we suppose.

"A PET WHALE.

When Lord Plunkett was Governor of New Zealand, he promulgated an order specially devised for the protection of one particular shark, which frequented the narrow strait known as Pelorus Sound."—Daily Paper.

Being a "particular" shark, we don't think it will like being called a whale.

"Wanted, a soup chef by old established firm of soap manufacturers."

Advt. in Scots Paper.

No soup to-day, thank you.

"Sullivan's Festival Te Deum . . . is a discord for soprano vocalist, chorus, orchestra and military band."—Provincial Paper.

Sometimes, we fear.

"On a représenté à Londres Bath to Mathuselah, la nouvelle pièce de Bernard Shaw." . Paris Paper.

Having regard to METHUSELAH'S age, we trust that Mr. Shaw took the chill off.

HOW THE CRICKET COT HIS CHIRRUP.

(After Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.)

Now after the Caterpillar had pulled the Daddy's leg with his 'strornary statements, O Best Beloved, he felt very proud of himself, and he picked himself up out of the long grass and humped up his back higher than ever and went creepy-crawly along the bank of the muddy Mississippi until he came they all cried out, "Oh, he's made to the Cricket's house. For some 'scrutable reason or other the Cricket was a very gloomy person, who spent most of his time leaping about to keep himself warm when other people were glad to lie in the shade and drink one of those quenchy things that fizz.

Well, there he was, hopping dejectedly about in his doorway. And the Caterpillar called out (you will remember, O Littlest of Lovebirds, what long words he liked to use, and why), "O you persistent and pragmatical pessimist, emerge, I pray you, from your doleful domicile, cease your saltatory exercises and deport yourself orthodoxly on the herbage; in other words, come along and play the game." So the Cricket sighed and said, "Oh, very well, I s'pose I must;" and he came along. Of course there was only one game where the Cricket was concerned.

And they collected quite a lot of playmates with difficult names to remember, such as Orthoptera and Cyphocrania and Phasgonura, and silly words like that; and they found a nice piece of | Just that and nothing else. But it was level sand, just such as you used to play cricket on with Tommy and Nana when Duck jump! Off she flew in such a you were at the seaside in the summer, hurry that she dropped the egg and O Small Sweetheart; and they began to play.

But first they had to place the field; and that was rather difficult, because, you see, the Caterpillar wanted to go to all the far-away places like long on much difference, does it? whether you and long off and long stop and long slip and long leg; but they all agreed that the Daddy must go long leg, so he did; and at last they decided that the Caterpillar should be Umpire, because, don't | Hobbs does? you see? he could hump higher than anyone else.

Well, the Cricket went in first, looking very depressed; and he said, "I know I shall make a duck's egg;" and, just as the first ball was bowled, up flew a Wild Duck from the reeds at the side of the muddy Mississippi, and without any 'ventitious assistance she laid an egg on the pitch; and every one cried out, "Oh! he's made a duck's egg. Isn't he out?" And the Caterpillar humped himself higher than ever and said, "In view of the singular and obfustigating concatenation of circumated, I give it as my considered opinion | side of the hearth and then on the | bathing.

So the Cricket gave a great leap to one side, and they changed the pitch his chirrup.

and began all over again. And he looked more depressed than ever as he started to play the next ball; and, would you believe it? up flew another of those Wild Ducks and laid another egg just in front of him. And another duck's egg! Surely he must

be out this time? And the Caterpillar said, " Not necessarily. I reiterate my previous decision. But this must be his last chance, so let him avoid esoteric activities."

And the Cricket said, "Gee whiz!" and he grew gloomier and gloomier; and then they all Gee whuz, which was a very 'strornary sight to see, O Small Sweetheart; and he gave another great leap sidewise; and they changed the pitch once more and began all over again.

And when the next ball was bowled well, it was getting monotonous, wasn't it?—yet another of those interfering Wild Ducks flew up from the reeds of the muddy Mississippi and started to lay her egg on the pitch. Now this was too much for the Mosquito, who was an old friend of the Cricket and understood all about pitches, because he had a very high-pitched voice himself. With a sudden "Ping" he darted to the Duck and sang in her ear, "Green peas!" enough, for you should have seen Mrs. broke it; and everyone cried out, "Oh, he's broken his duck's egg! Now he'll make a sentry." I think they really meant "century"; but, when you come to think of it, it doesn't make walk backwards and forwards between two points a great many times, as a sentry does, or whether you run from one to the other a hundred times, as

And the Cricket was ever so pleased as pleased as Pu-(Oh, dear, how thoughtless of me!) And then all the Orthoptera and the Cyphocrania and the Phasgonura and even the Caterpillar cried out, "Cheer up, Old Thing! You'll make a sentry yet;" and he said, "I will cheer up!" and he did; and he went cheer-upping between the wickets hundreds of times till he couldn't stop chirruping.

And the habit of making the best of things grew upon him, as I hope it will grow upon you, O Best Beloved. And when you hear him at nights makstances in which the occurrence origin- | ing that funny loud noise, first on one | cillor CLARK and his views on mixed

that another opportunity should be other, you will know that he is still afforded him." ber, won't you? how the Cricket got

THE HAWKER'S FRIEND.

[Mr. Forbes Lankester recently dismissed a case brought against a street hawker who had refused to "move along," roundly declaring that he would not have these men bullied by the police]

TAKE courage, brothers, you who ply The hawker's "roaring" trade; When Robert's ample form draws nigh No longer be dismayed; Nor heed him if amid the throng He roughly bids you "get," For, though this arm of law be strong,

There's one that's stronger yet.

With sympathetic eyes he sees The toughness of your job-How rare it is in days like these To earn an honest bob; He will not suffer to be bound The poor man in his need, For here at any rate you've found A friend at court indeed.

He will not give a bloke what for Because in dust and mud He cries the million-mark-note or The penny collar-stud; He knows the times are out of joint, That trade is all askew, And, what 's more clearly to the point, He knows his Robert too.

Then oft amid the traffic's whirr Recall with grateful heart The kindly House of Lankester And him who took your part; Who Justice once again compelled In Mercy's garb to walk, And from his judgment-seat upheld The human right to hawk.

Commercial Candour.

From a testimonial quoted on a sample of blotting-paper :-

"It is not the colours that count, but the Quality, which in your clotting is next to none.'

"Half Dinner Service, including soup tureen, pair Indian clubs, pair wooden dumb-bells, armoured garden hose."

Advt. in South African Paper. On the whole we think we should prefer the other half.

From a report of Mr. Kipling's rectorial address:-

"Our world—which is only another name for the tribe—is not merely 'too much with us,' but moves, shouts and moralises about our bath and our bed through every hour of our days and nights."-Daily Paper.

The reference is, we suppose, to Coun-



She. "How do you like the modern poets?" He. "NEVER READ 'EM; BUT I'D BACK 'EM AGAINST THE OLD CHAPS ANY DAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the most interesting, and to me most attractive, habits of the late Sir Walter Raleigh's criticism is its artistic and ethical application of the doctrine of the Balance of Power. Like GEORGE SAVILE, Marquess of HALIFAX, he delights in being what party-men call a "Trimmer." His essay on SAVILE is one of the prettiest things in Some Authors (Oxford University Press); and Sir Walter himself is seen at his best endeavouring to persuade leaders of revolt to take an interest in order, and urging the claims of divine frenzy on the hide-bound and prudish. BLAKE is praised for his inspired excesses and Boccaccio is exquisitely and rightly handled as "the escape from Dante" while Sir Thomas Hoby exemplifies that "freedom under the law " which is the ideal of the scholar-gentleman, and the Augustans are lauded for the serene narrowness of their Horatian outlook. There are fourteen essays altogether, two of them hitherto unpublished. But the masterpiece of the book is the reprinted article on Burns, whose misfortunes Sir Walter is inclined to attribute less to personal a people with "no gaiety in their religion and very little sobriety in their pleasures." Had this tribute been written to-day, instead of in 1914, it might have been more cautious in some of its condonations. It could hardly have been more nobly expressed or, on the whole, more just.

the first hundred-and-fifty pages of Mr. H. W. Nevinson's Changes and Chances (NISBET) to the remaining half of his wholly attractive reminiscences. On the face of it the career of a war-correspondent should make for the maximum of autobiographical interest; and it is Mr. Nevinson's assumption of that rôle in the Græco-Turkish War of 1897 that marks the cleavage I have noted. But, as a matter of fact, wars have a way of dwarfing the Correspondent; above all when the Correspondent has the diffidence of Mr. NEVINSON and the war attains the dimensions of the Boer War, with whose close the present volume ends. So, for personal charm, commend me to my autobiographer's pre-journalistic period: his Tory Evangelical home at Leicester, where The Arabian Nights, SHAKESPEARE and The Imitation of Christ were all on the Index, and governesses were chosen "for their family misfortunes rather than their ability to teach;" his school-days at Shrewsbury and his bitter-sweet sojourn at Christ Church; his wander-year in Germany and its influence on his personal service under Canon BARNETT, where, among other more obvious humanities, he imparted drill (conscientiously acquired in the Tower and Wellington Barracks) to the than to national excesses—to the poet's submersion among first Working Youths' Cadet Corps ever formed. These chapters have atmosphere and individuality; all the more grateful because the atmosphere is unforced and the individuality never exploited.

It was a happy resolve on the part of Mr. John Buchan, who has a fine taste in adventure, to tell briefly the story of I shall be surprised if I find myself alone in preferring recent achievements in exploration. Few people have the

opportunity, even if they have the nerve, for making perilous invasions of the unknown; but in The Last Secrets (NELSON) everyone may vicariously ascend terrific mountains, hew his way through savage jungles, and capsize his hollow-tree canoe in the furious rapids of uncharted rivers, between lunch and tea-time. It is a far cry from MANDEVILLE and HAKLUYT and Purchas, yet it was not until after the ascent of Mount Everest last year was so nearly achieved that it could be said, as Mr. Buchan says, "there are no more unvisited forbidden cities, or unapproached high mountains, or unrecorded great rivers." Mr. Buchan vividly and tersely relates the last nine splendid exploits: the expedition to Lhasa of 1904; the tracking of the Brahmaputra river to its head waters; the attainment of the North and South Poles; how the gallant Scorr and his companions came to the South Pole, and how they died; the climbing of the mysterious Mountains of the Moon, of the dreadful Mount McKinley; the attempts to reach the summit of Mount and Mr. A. J. B. WAVELL's perilous journey to the Holy Cities | Winterley, that choleric die-hard peer, and Julius Warden,

of Islam. These superb exploits go to prove that what men will do and endure for gain is as nothing compared with the perils they will face for the sake of an idea, in whose fulfilment there is no material profit.

The most charming thing about Mr. WALK-LEY as a critic is that he is happiest when praising. His rare condemnations are phrased so kindly as never to be wounding. In several of the reprinted Essays from The Times that make up More Prejudice (Heinemann), he gives the reader some insight into his method, theoryandreservations

you, he explains, very definitely to read between the lines of his amusing and, as it seems, often much too merciful judgments. The rest of the essays—there are some fifty in all are about any man, book or event, trivial or serious, that happens to take his fancy. And what an engaging fancy it is! Here is a critic with a well-stored memory, who doesn't quotes just enough to give point and colour—no more. I find him always diverting whether he is turning Mr. LLOYD George into a Neapolitan lazzarone in dispute with Benedetto Croce; or describing and reflecting upon the young lady with the lip-salve, or the blackbird on the tree-top, or the armadillo at the Zoo, or gently teasing Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, the moralist, or reminding us of the artistry of his favourite, Jane. Most readable good stuff it all is. pointed with apt allusions and enriched with an unfailing connoisseurship. He makes you feel the world of men and books to be a perpetually enchanting place, which is a good service for one man to render another, while his knowledge and appreciation of French literature, from MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ to MARCEL PROUST, should amount to a factor in the preservation of the Entente.

There are a number of good things in Special Licence (NASH AND GRAYSON), but as a whole the book leaves behind the impression that it has not quite "come off." FRANK STAYTON starts off pleasantly and brightly enough, in the vein of a slightly sentimental drawing-room comedy, with Geoffrey Kennion and his wife Hermione who were too wealthy and fortunate a couple for happiness. They were, in fact, on the point of agreeing to a polite and perfectly amicable separation, so deadly dull was the smooth progression of their joint lives, when young Dyon Warden ran away with Lady Marjory Darrell and persuaded the discontented couple to hide them from their angry parents until they could get safely married. Quite a good idea this, and the experienced novel-reader perceives at once that Geoffrey and Hermione will be all the better for taking a hand in so romantic an adventure. They smuggle the two runaways down to their country cottage disguised as cook (male) and housemaid; and then Mr. STAYTON, to my mind, spoils the whole thing Everest, the top of the world; the penetration of New Guinea, by turning his light comedy into a boisterous farce. Lord

> founder and proprietor of the famous "No Gratuity" restaurants, together with a comic parson and a ridiculous journalist, are brought on to do their knockabout turns. They provide the author with a conclusion of sorts, but they ruin any artistic value that the book might have possessed.

I mean solely to be complimentary to Mr. W. PETT RIDGE'S A Story Teller (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), when I say that the strongest impression I derived from it was that the author has been a most faithful friend to the poor children of London. He has not, of



Perfect Stranger. "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU MR. SPOODLE, THE CELEBRATED HUMORIST?"

The Other. "No, Sir, I am not. But I am suffering from a horrible indigestion, if that's any use to you."

in regard to the theatre, the actor and the critic. He expects | course, in any way insisted upon his services in these pages; he has just related, simply and modestly, some of his experiences. But apart from this record of excellent work he has given us as good a book of anecdote and humour as any I have seen for many a day. My favourite story is that of Edmund, a feckless husband, going into the back-yard to hang himself. It may be old, though it is bore by overmuch display of this dangerous gift, but new to me; but, whatever its age, it is of the order of tales that ought never to die. A delightful book.

> Nursing as I do an almost sentimental affection for The Blue Lagoon, I am disappointed with myself for not more thoroughly appreciating its sequel, The Garden of God (HUTCHINSON). With the best will in the world I never could get myself to succumb to this story as I succumbed to the other. I like to think that I am more to blame for this than Mr. STACPOOLE; that it is not so much that he has lost the art of conveying the glamour and romance of the South Seas as that I have mislaid something of my earlier enthusiasm for this kind of fiction. But I am not so insensitive that I cannot appreciate his story of *Dick* and *Katafa*, which is beautifully told and with a manifest keenness for the joy of adventure.

CHARIVARIA.

FACES are being worn pale this autumn, we read. In spite of the Brighter London movement it certainly seems that red noses have had their

The Parisian paper, Le Peuple, states that on one day last week M. Poincaré did not make a speech. Hats off to M. Poincaré!

We gather that several daily newspapers have decided to be either for or against the Protectionist proposals, and they don't care who knows it.

An optimistic spirit prevailed in political circles last week when the rumour went round that Lord ROTHER-

MERE had secured the controlling interest in Signor Mussolini.

According to Lord Curzon any fool can make war. Some of them can make peace

The POET LAUREATE celebrated his seventyninth birthday last week. The event passed off without a hitch from his pen.

According to a personal paragraph the POET LAUREATE is the first holder of the office able to write M.B. and

F.R.C.P. after his name. We have felt sure all along that he was able to write something.

A solicitor at Green wich Police Court mentioned the case of a man who, in spite of his wife's objection, insisted on living at the house of his mother-in-law. Sheer bravado, we suspect.

Mr. John Petruzzi, a New York undertaker, has invented a musical hearse which has increased his business by twenty-five per cent. We assume that those who book their orders in advance can choose their favourite tune.

"The word 'damn' would clear the air at many a deacons' meeting," says the Rev. Dr. Norwood. It takes something stronger than that to clear a golf course.

An American university has decided to reject all examination papers containing slang phrases. A graduate has | Cabinet, dissolving the Parliament and | Mr. Punch repeats his historic advice.

for the name of the woolly-whiskered guy who issued this order and suggests that he is a never-wuzzer and that his knowledge of education is not yet.

"It is believed," says a contemporary, "that evidence will soon be available to show whether or not Julius CESAR actually landed at Richborough." If it is decided that he did, we understand that something will probably be done about it.

The Daily Express points out that the country is crying out for leaders. A few good followers would also be useful.

The National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship has started another!

already written to the Principal asking | exiling thirty of his political enemies, Marquis Estella said that he did not wish to undermine the Constitution. Otherwise, we presume, he might have taken some high-handed action.

> An eleven-year-old girl is making a name as a dancer. So long as it keeps her mind off song-writing there can be no objection.

> A slate quarry of unlimited resources has been discovered in Cornwall. It looks as if the coal supply in this country is assured.

> For the present it is believed that the "Back to SHAW" movement is likely to be confined to the provinces.

In Paris a painter has had the un-

pleasant experience of being suspended at a dizzy height for fifteen minutes. In Chelsea there are painters who have endured this for weeks.

It seems that a German pianist who has been performing in London adopts a crouching position at the key-board. We doubt how-ever if any real advantage is gained by the "monkey-seat."

The British Waterworks Association's proposal to compel the installation of new taps

in every house is under consideration.

Listeners-in will be able to hear the PRIME MINISTER'S speech at the LORD Mayor's Banquet. But they won't get any turtle-soup.

Californian astronomers claim to have discovered the densest star. It appears that she mislaid her pearl necklace and kept quiet about it until it was found.

Four-fifths of the water consumed in London comes from rivers, says a weekly paper. The connoisseur can tell by a mere sip whether his beer is a Thames or a Serpentine vintage.

"A large crowd of relatives and friends gave the happy couple a great send-off at the station, a 'flu de jore' being fired by detonators as the train left the station."—Welsh Paper.

After sweeping away the Spanish | To persons about to be married in Wales



"NINE HUNDRED SEEMS A LOT OF MONEY FOR THAT CAR."

"BUT DON'T FORGET, DEAR, IT INCLUDES THIS PERFECT DUCK OF A MASCOT."

campaign to delete the word "obey" from the marriage-service. They seem | In some quarters the scheme is regarded to be obsessed by the old-fashioned idea as paving the way for Prohibition. that the word means something.

가는 가 가 A gossip writer reminds us that green is no longer regarded as unlucky. A small boy who recently smoked his first cigar in secret declares that he has inside information to the contrary.

Mr. HENRY FORD, in a recent issue of his newspaper, informs the American public that he is not running for or against anything. If only his cars would accept this as their motto for life!

The fact that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE left this country just at the time when his book, Is it Peace?, was published, suggests that it was. The fact that he intends to return suggests that it is only temporary.

VOL. CLXV.

TO THE MAN WHO SPOKE OUT.

[General SMUTS, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, has openly said that "the dreadful policy of France . . . has applied a relentless pressure far beyond the feeble power of the new Gormany," and that "it will produce misery and hatred without measure, and in the end such an indelible impression on the public opinion of the world as will cost France more than the devastations of the Great War."]

Gone are the various Premiers who Sat at Versailles dispensing fate; Of all their company none but you Holds tenure of that high estate; Where are the Big Three? where are they, CLEMENCEAU, LLOYD GEORGE, WILSON, and O Where is their little friend to-day? Has anybody seen ORLANDO?

And now you've come from oversea And said the actual things you felt, Speaking a language large and free As are the winds that wash your veldt; Frankly you talk and unafraid To us whose mealy mouths are muffled, Who fear to call a raid a raid Lest France should find her feelings ruffled.

Taught by a generous English foe, You hold that wars are won in vain If those who took the knock-out blow Are not allowed to breathe again; Careless of being called "pro-Hun," You broadly hint that decent races Who have the enemy down and done Do not proceed to kick their faces.

And, if you've heard about a Trust Whose organs urge our starving poor, Filling their hollow eyes with dust, To hail the victors of the Ruhr, You're friends with France, but I infer, Whatever Press Combine may do it, You'll take no headgear off to her Just for the joy of talking through it.

O. S.

THE GOLFING HEAD.

When Grant told me this afternoon that he had given up golf I smiled sardonically and said, "What, again?" And when he told me the reason I laughed outright. For I have always thought, as no doubt you do, that men do not give up golf except for some terrible reason like floating kidney or paralysis of the diaphragm. And I knew

Grant had none of these things.

"My dear chap," he said, "have you ever watched a group of pros playing golf? Well, what do you find is the one feature of their swing that is common to them all? A rigid stance? A stiff left arm? A turn of the wrists? A controlled back swing? A sweeping follow-through? No. They do what they like about these things, and they all do them differently. The one and only thing that they all do them differently. The one and only thing that they all do without fail is to keep their heads down until after about how to keep the head down." the ball is struck."

"Well," I said, "and so?"

head that won't stay down after the ball is struck, and, as that is the only thing that matters in golf, it's no use of envy of Grant and his practice-net by the garage. going on playing. That 's all."

This was where I laughed outright. "But, Grant," I said, "you must make it stay down. You must exercise proper control."

"It's no good saying that," he replied. "I thought it we have misjudged them."

myself for years; but I know now that it is impossible. There are some heads that won't stay down. It is heredity; it's in the blood. Mine is one of them. And yours, by the way, is another."

"Thank you," I remarked coldly and went home.

But, sitting here this evening thinking about my golf I cannot help remembering what Grant said. I have been playing very badly to-day; I usually do play very badly. Why is it? Is it that I sway my body or get my hands in before the club? Or can it be possible that it is all due to my head? Can it be possible, as Grant suggests, that some of us have heads that won't stay down? It is a fact that I cannot remember one single occasion to-day when I saw the ball at the moment of impact? Why is it? Why do I look up? Must I always look up? I think of other men's heads—good players' heads, like B.'s and C.'s. Why don't they fly up? Somehow one cannot imagine them

flying up. But why?

And then in a flash I remember Grant's word—heredity. Heredity! I picture my father playing a mashie shot; I try to visualise my old grandfather playing a mashie shot. And suddenly I know that it is heredity—that is, in the blood. I see it all. I look at the family crest—with its motto, "Sic itur ad astra"—a dexter arm, embossed in fesse, couped at the shoulder in mail, cuffed, or, the hand proper holding a dagger in pale on the point of a dragon's head couped close, dropping blood, gules. Does that sound like looking down? Was it by keeping his head still that the owner of that strong right arm impaled the head of the dragon properly on his dagger? Whose head, I ask you, would have been dripping gules blood, his or the dragon's, if he had gone about keeping his eye on the place where he had just been hitting? Looking down indeed! Where should we be now, we Tomkinsons, if we had looked down? Sic itur ad astra! Am I to be the first of our line to break the glorious tradition? Am I to put the first blot on the escutcheon? Am I to bring up a son who shall say, "Look at Father, how wonderfully he keeps his head down"? Never. A thousand times never. Not for all the spoons in the Club; not for all the golfing fame in the world. Sic itur ad astra!

Grant is right. It is heredity. I think of B. and C. again, with their heads tucked down like the Man with the Muckrake, and I thrill with pride as I pity them for their miserable heritage. Grant is right. I too will give up golf. I will apply myself to some pursuit worthy of one whose head is ever flung proudly up to the stars. I will tell Grant

about it at once—to-night.

I move to the telephone, my head held high. His wife answers.

"I want to speak to Grant," I say firmly.
"Hold on," she replies; "I'll tell him." And then she adds with a chuckle, "He's at the end of the garden, by the garage. He's rigged up a practice-net there, and lit it up with one of the headlights.

"A what?" I scream.

"Don't trouble him," I gasp. "It's not a bit important." And, replacing the receiver, I have staggered into a chair, "And so," said Grant, "I am giving up golf. I have a my head bowed low with sorrow and shame—sorrow for the fickleness of the golfer, and shame for a sudden spasm

"Many tailor-maids give a hobble effect simply because they appear to be tight when they are not."—Ceylon Paper.

We have not hitherto employed tailor-maids, but perhaps



OUR GUY.

Mr. Punch (a life-long friend of penny postage, to the Postmister-General). "GOT A MATCH ABOUT YOU, WORTHY?"



Aunt (persuasirely). "I'd often like to go to bed at seven. I'd like to go now, but I've work to do." Meg (aged six). "YES-BUT AFTER SIX YEARS OF IT ONE GETS A BIT BORED."

THE TRACEDY OF A MILLION MARK NOTE.

Mr. Josiah Trimmer bought a million mark note in Threadneedle Street, for which he paid sixpence. He sent it to his fiancée, Miss Kathleen Mittens, who lived in Dimcaster, a small village in the Midlands, where her mother kept the village general store. The following letters were exchanged :-

September 30th, 1923.

My DARLING KATE,-Just a line to send a loving greeting with the enclosed. A million marks! And all your own! I make you a present of this fortune. My precious sweetheart is now a millionwas worth £50,000. Who knows what it may be worth in a few years, even in a few months! Isn't that a fine present for my little girl?

> From your loving Joe. October 3rd, 1923.

My sweetest old Joe,—You're a perfect darling to send me that funny a disappointment. Mr. Travers, the nature, and I am returning your ring, paper. To think it was worth £50,000, new schoolmaster, came in on Monday and may be worth that again in a few months! I couldn't sleep most of the inght thinking about it. It makes me as their money was only worth half as feel quite creepy having so much money much as the day before. So I felt my in the house. I locked it up in the note was only worth £25,000 when I

it under my pillow; and then I was depressing. But the next night he was afraid to go to sleep. So I put it in my stocking and pushed it up the chimney. I must have fallen asleep after that, but as soon as I awoke I rescued my precious note, and I am carrying it everywhere with me.

Your own precious

October 4th, 1923.

My DEAREST OWN KATE, -Just received your little letter. A million marks isn't worth £50,000 now, you know. It was worth that, and if the exchange (I don't quite understand this exchange business, and I am sure you wouldn't understand it if I could explain it) came aire. In 1914 a million mark note round to the same thing as in 1914 a million marks would be worth £50,000. That's what I meant. So don't worry about that old note, there's a darling. No time for more. Love as usual,

Yours,

more gloomy still about German money, and said it had only a third of the value of the day before, so my note is now worth only £8,333 6s. 8d. It is a fearful loss, and I thought I ought to let you know that it is not my fault. Those German people must be terrible gamblers to let their money change so quickly. I am too sad to write more. From your most dejected KATE.

October 15th.

My dearest Kate,—Are you joking about that million mark note? I gave sixpence for it, and if I could meet the man who sold it to me I'd demand fivepence back, because it would be dear at one penny. Put it in the fire if it's going to give you so much worry.

Your old

October 18th, 1923.

Mr. Josiah Trimmer.

Friday, Oct. 12th. Dear Josiah,—Your letter opened My Dear old Joe,—I've had such my eyes to the deceitfulness of your very thankful that I found you out benight to smoke his pipe and said that | fore going too far. I wonder how many men would care to play such a cruel trick upon an unsuspecting girl. You send me a present, letting me believe it would be worth £50,000 in a few years wardrobe and then took it out and put went to bed that night. It was most or maybe in as many months. Then when I find that your gift is lessening in value, taking it at your own valuation, you calmly tell me you gave sixpence for it, and that it was only then worth a penny!

Be kinder to the next girl who may honour you with her love; I am brokenhearted, but thankful to have escaped.

Yours faithfully,

KATHLEEN MITTENS.

P.S.—I am keeping the note. Should it ever become worth £50,000 I shall feel in justice bound to refund you what it cost you.—K. M.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF COMPETITION.

In the brave old days competition meant the cutting of prices by manufacturers to induce the public to buy

their goods.

"Sales of Stepitout Boots down by two hundred gross last month" (or twenty-four thousand brace, or whatever term they use in calculating footwear), the Chairman would remark to the Managing Director of the Phlat-

phoot Boot Mfg. Co. Ltd.
"Tut, tut!" the Managing Director
would reply. "Well, there is only one
thing for it. We must reduce our price

by a shilling a pair."

Whereupon rival companies would promptly reduce their prices by two shillings a pair, and the Phlatphoot people would retaliate by a further cut of eighteen-pence, and so on, with the result that one could light-heartedly buy a pair of boots for little more than the price of a pair of boot-laces to-day.

But those good times have gone, I fear, for ever. Competition to-day means something quite different.

"Sales of Kutklene blades down by a thousand gross last month," says the Chairman of the Keenejj Satety Razor Mfg. Co. Ltd. to the Managing Director, "what are we going to do about it?"

"We must have a competition, of course," says the Managing Director. "We must offer a prize of five hundred pounds for the best rhyme or limerick or something of the sort extolling the merits of Kutklene. Everyone can have as many attempts as he buys packets of blades between now and Christmas."

And rival manufacturers begin offering larger and still larger prizes for names, catchwords, couplets, triplets, and so forth, all on condition that you buy some of their goods and extract the coupons before you can enter.

Of course everyone falls to the lure. It seems such a simple way of picking up, say, a thousand pounds, merely to buy half-a-pound of tea and place the names of fourteen songbirds in order of popularity or to purchase a pair of braces and suggest a title for a new poster.



New Member. "HI! ARE YOU THE CADDY-MASTER?" Veteran Member. "No. But I saw him a short time ago and he said he DIDN'T WANT ANY MORE CADDIES.'

Thus incidentally it comes about that I am now seeking to dispose of the accept an offer of five pounds for the following articles:-

28 half-pound tins of cocoa.

11 tins of dog-biscuits.

19 vests.

37 packets of health salts.

294 slightly mutilated copies of periodicals.

5 electric lighters.

17 tins or packets of breakfast cereals.

12 tins of boot polish.

31 pants.

I am not, I may add, one penny the richer as a result of these purchases and an enormous expenditure of intellectual energy. On the contrary.

To cut my losses, I am willing to lot; but no, that savours of price-cutting and the old-fashioned competition. I must be businesslike and upto-date.

I shall try the new competition. I shall offer a prize, consisting of the whole of the afore-mentioned articles, carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom, for the most accurate forecast of the number of people who will be enterprising enough to enter for this competition before midnight on the 31st of December, 1923. Every forecast must be accompanied by a Sixpenny Postal Order. Stamps not accepted.

Now, then.

THE CASE AGAINST MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

"THE doctors, I 'ear, are coming out." The speaker was sitting sideways on a bench near the No. 5 Departure Platform, with her face close to that of another woman who had a sort of permanent listening-in expression. Two or three yards away sat Albert on an over-packed rush-basket. The questions subsequently put by Albert, sitting with his back to his mother, were addressed into space, in a level tone which neither invited nor received any reply.

The subject of doctors interested me,

and I lent a not unwilling ear.

"Comin' out, they are; and wot I want to know is, where do we come in? Last time ole Brown treated me-

The listening-in face relaxed for a moment and its owner said with some show of enthusiasm-

"Now that was nice of 'im."

"Not that way, silly," resumed the other. "Ole Brown's our doctor. We've set 'im on 'is legs since LLOYD GEORGE's panel came in. Before that 'e was glad be the Chatham train?' enough to treat us for next to nothin'. "I rather think it is," Where was I?"—(Albert, speaking concurrently: "Wen are we goin' ome, Mum?")—"Ow, yes. Las' time 'etreat | the time. We shall 'ave to 'urry now." me, or wot 'e called treat me, 'e never wrote me out no description for the chemist. It wants lookin' into, and me obligin' is wife Toosdays and Fridays. If it 'appens again I shall write to SEYMOUR 'ICES-

"JOYSING 'ICKS," corrected the listener-in.

"Well, Joysing 'Icks, not bein' able to foller these double-barrelled 'Ealth Ministers. 'Ere to-day and gone tomorrer, they are, as you might say. Well, as I was sayin' or tryin' to say wen you broke in, wot's the use of a doctor if 'e don't give you no medicine? And now, without so much as a byyour-leave to the likes of us wot are keepin' the likes of them, they 're comin' out, just over a bob a day, as fur as I can make out. Where do the public intrest come in? If 'e can't settle this little matter with the doctors and their union, 'e oughtn't to be where 'e is, oughtn't SEYMOUR 'ICKS-

"Joysing 'Icks," said the listener

mildly.

"JOYSING 'ICKS, it's all the same. And you 'aven't 'eard all yet. When I asked 'ole Brown for the weekly ticket for me club money, 'I can't say as 'ow you're incapable,' 'e says. 'I should think not,' I says, bridlin', 'if that's wot you mean.''—(Albert, "Wen are we goin' ome, Mum?'')—"'No, no,' 'e says, 'I can't say you're incapable, 'e says, 'because I can't 'elp knowin' you work 'ere Toosdays and Fridays.'

No medicine, then no LLOYD GEORGE money. Wot I mean ter say is, if this ere Seymour 'Icks-

The other one opened her mouth to

speak, but was waved aside.

"As you say, then. Well, if 'e can't settle a little matter like that, we want another change in the 'Ealth Ministery. Where's my sick-pay to come from, while me'usband is still loyally answerin' the call of 'is union owin' to the wickedness of the employers"-(Albert, "WEN ARE We goin 'ome, Mum?")-"them wantin' to knock ninepence off at a time like this, talkin' a lot o' nonsense about the cost o' livin' goin' down? Wot I says is, where do we come in? Seems to me that no account is taken of the public int'rest nowadays, first by the employers, grindin' the faces of the pore, then the doctors takin' our money and doin' nothin' for it, and then wantin' to strike for more pay for doin' it. And now this 'ere SEYMOUR'ICKS-Excuse me, Sir," she said, rising suddenly and addressing me, "would that

"I rather think it is," I said.

"Come on then, Elbert," she said, "settin' there and not remindin' me of

Albert made heroic efforts with the bulging rush-basket; the woman with the listening-in face helped to gather up the string-bags and the parcels, and the three made a dash at the barrier as the train began to move on its appointed

"I'm sorry I didn't know that was the Chatham train," said Albert's mother to the ticket-collector.

"Don't mention it," said the ticket-

collector.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THE Football Editor spread out his latest list of general orders on the desk in front of him and, after studying it carefully, began his summary of the day's play. Somebody had just signed a very big cheque and bought him and the readers of the paper, along with the goodwill, the machinery and all last week's "returns," so that it behoved him to be careful.

"CHELSEA CHECKS CARDIFF CHAMPIONS," he wrote. "The all-conquering career of Cardiff received a set-back yesterday at the feet of Finlayson, who scored for the visitors in the last seven minutes of play."

This looked all right. But it wasn't going to do for HIM. The Football Editor knew that, so he went on:—

" How many times have we said that this country needs a strong alert man? In the Football Field we have Finlay-

a Poincare, who would see to it that Germany must pay?'

Good. He'd got the style. He ticked off two items on the sheet of instructions and carried on:-

"At Shepherd's Bush a sensation occurred in the game with Swansea, but the referee, a strong capable man like (here he looked at his list and ticked off another item) Mussolini, quelled the disturbance with an iron hand.

"North End, once known as Proud Preston, are still at the bottom of the League, having failed as yet to win a match. And before long Britain, once known as the Brightest Bauble ever Set in the Silver Sea, will be as low in the League of Nations. Preston would not take our advice with regard to their forward line, and the Cabinet would not take our advice with regard to a forward policy in the Ruhr. Pusillanimity does not Pay!

"There were many injuries yesterday. And here let us point out that for every tibia cracked on the touch-line there are dozens and dozens shattered in sculleries, kicked in kitchens, fractured whilst frying and splintered on the stairs. Wise Women Insure. They Sign the Forms. Do You?

"The Spurs, our best Metropolitan team, lost at home to Notts County. The North Londoners are obviously out of training. Did we not urge everybody this summer to take part in our Net Sale Sand Games, which provide intellectual amusement with exercise and profit? What were the Spurs doing?

"It is suggested that we should send out a team to play the Icelanders next year. As usual, we shall be beaten; but at least we can make sure of one thing. We can send out a copy of our Overseas Weekly Edition to each member of the team, Telling Them the News From Home. An Order Form will be found on page 4."

He glanced down his list with a smile of satisfaction, and took his copy to the General Editor, recently appointed by the Trust.

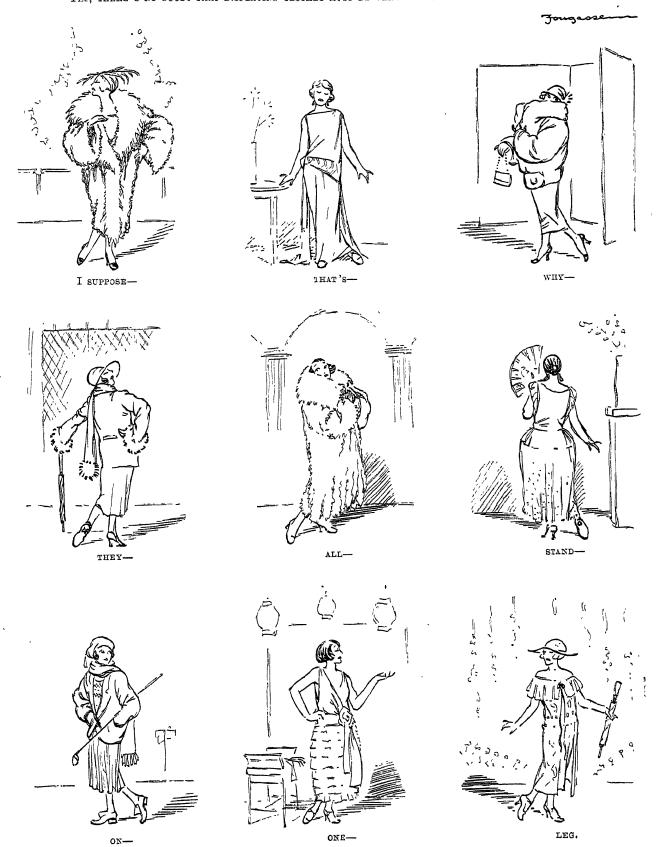
"Not bad," said the Great Man. "But you mustn't use italics. They 're reserved for You Know Who. And, by the way, you haven't said anything about the Isle of Sheppey."

"That's not on my list," objected the Football Editor.

"Ah, I remember now. It was the late Chief who had property down that way. Right. Try to work in a bit somewhere about this threatened Tax on the People's Food, and then send it up to press. Oh, and look here. Cut out that bit about the League of Nations. And that's wot comes of obligin' people. son. Why have we not in the Cabinet I don't think HE's very keen on it."

THE MANNEQUIN STANCE.

YES, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT DISPLAYING CLOTHES MUST BE VERY TIRING WORK FOR THE DISPLAYERS.



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

IV .- THE PLAIN MAN.

"I see here," said the Man in the Moon, pointing to a leading article in The Times, "that they've been denouncing the Plain Man for writing to them. Who is he?"

"Why, he is a sort of beetle," I replied. "He crawls about the world paying taxes, travelling in Tubes, apply-

ing for passports, being trodden underfoot by the Departments, the bug-bear of Altogether a the great. rather unpleasant object, and as much as possible we keep him out of sight in his hole; but every few years we have to let him out, for one of two purposes, either to vote or to join the Infantry. These are the only things he is fit for. On these occasions we pat him on the back and feed him up and tell him he is no end of a fellow. Then we push him back into his hole. He is never allowed to write to The Times."

"Why not?"

"He is not a Bishop or a Baronet. He keeps on thrusting his nose into the affairs of his country. And he is very 'ignorant.' He doesn't know anything about Foreign Policy, so we make a point of not telling him anything.

"For in our view, if a common citizen wants to take a hand in Foreign Politics, he can wait till there is a war. And indeed a few years ago quite a number of plain men were allowed to contribute to a Foreign Affair of some

importance."

"You surprise me," said the Man in the Moon. "None the less he has

a fantastic notion that his Government should from time to time!

explain to him the meaning of what they are doing, which days of the week he is in love with the French, and which at daggers drawn, and so forth."

"Absurd creature!"

"But very lovable. When he gets loose he is capable of the most childish extravagances. Then, of course, he has an old-fashioned prejudice against a dirty action (this is called 'cant'), and he fondly flatters himself that he can recognise a dirty action as well as a highly-trained statesman, entirely forgetting, as The Times points out, that | tell you three time is true '-hein?"

the unfortunate statesman is 'in the grip of circumstance.""
"What do they mean by 'circum-

stance'?"

"We never know. But I can show you the kind of thing.

We entered a large room Somewhere in France, very beautifully furnished, with marble pillars, gilt chairs, plush sofas, and the Ambassadors of Begonia, Calceolaria, Azalea, Verbena and Salpi-

LLANDYSSULS

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

Mr. Caradoc Evans's reception in the land of his fathers.

glossis. We crept behind a curtain. The Begonian Ambassador was speaking, labouring, it seemed, under some considerable agitation. He spoke in faultless English, the others listening in French. He said :-

"The honour of Begonia is insult. A ship of my country on a rock has run in the waters territorial of Petunia. The ship has sink. The rock is a new rock, there placed by intrigue of

The Azalean Ambassador gravely bowed his head.

"Voilà," continued the Begonian, "my country make only reasonable demand. We not wish humiliate Let Petunian Navy steam Petunia. five time round same rock, firing off guns, flying Petunian flag upside down, Petunian Prime Ministerstanding on his head on rock. Five regiments Petunian Army crawl through capital of Begonia

on hands and knees. Honour of Begonia satisfiedvoilà."

"These are the recognised forms of international apology," I told the Man in "They have the Moon. been most carefully worked out by diplomatists and sanctioned by long international usage. In the old days these things were done in very barbarous ways. We have changed all that."

At this point the Azalean Ambassador rose, and in a voice vibrant with moral indignation said, "This is an injustice. My country will never permit it. It is a lie. It is an outrage. My Government will set its face against it. Lord Galahad, my Foreign Secretary, is nothing if he is not right-eous. He will set his face against this awful thing. It is a lie. It is an outrage. I won't have it.'

He sat down. The Man in the Moon was profoundly moved, and it was with difficulty that I restrained him from clapping.

"Now you see what Aza-

lea is made of," I said.
"Eh bien," said the Begonian Ambassador. "Then Begonia land three divisions in Petunia. We bombard Mush. The brave Begonian Navy will steam out of the harbour where she defied

the enemy through whole War, and blow Mush to-how you say?-blazes -voilà! But th's will be in no sense act of hostility," he added vivaciously.

There was no mistaking the sincerity of the man, and I noticed that the Azalean Ambassador looked extremely grave.

"He refers," I whispered, "to a recent Armageddon, in which, with the indifferent support of some extraordinarily plain men, a number of Prime Ministers won a great victory for Freedom, and the Smaller Nationalities of Europe."

At this point the Calceolarian Am-



INFLUENCE OF THE FILM ON STAGE TECHNIQUE.

BRINGING UP THE AUDIENCE ONE AT A TIME TO GET A "CLOSE-UP" VIEW OF THE HERO'S FACE AT A DRAMATIC MOMENT.

bassador spoke up, a sadly cynical old like your support in the matter of this man, I fear.

"I deprecate," he said, "the employment by the Azalean Ambassador of the words 'injustice' and 'lie.' These are words having a definite meaning, suggestive of blame, and, as he very well knows, to use such words in a diplomatic discussion is much the same thing as to use a foul word in a drawingroom. As for this rock, let us be sensible. We all know that the rock is an imaginary rock, but for the purposes of diplomacy it is none the worse for that. I would remind our ingenuous friend from Azalea that on this continent we are realists, which does not mean that we face the facts, but that we face the fictions. In that spirit let us approach the rock so unfortunately struck by the Begonian coal-barge already referred to. As for the Azalean Ambassador, all I can say is that, if he persists in his present attitude to this unimpeachable rock, he need expect no help from my country in the matter of the Meringian oil-fields-voilà."

"Excuse me," said the Azalean Ambassador. "I must communicate with my Government;" and he walked to the telephone.

"Hullo, Galahad," I caught. "I should stored."

rock. This Begonian fellow——" Then I heard no more.

Meanwhile the other Ambassadors were conferring stealthily together, a striking scene. The Calceolarian Ambassador promised to stand up for the honour of Begonia through thick and thin, provided Begonia would vote against Azalea on the question of the these things. Ptomaine Phosphate concessions; while Verbena and Salpiglossis drafted a secret treaty about an island in the Pacific. They shifted frontiers, re-arranged Ententes, bombarded towns, poured regiments of plain men over mountain ranges, tore up treaties, transplanted whole tribes, tossed battleships about. In five minutes the map of the world was a different thing; and not a plain man in Europe stood quite where he did before. Then the Azalean Ambassador returned.

He was pale. His voice shook with emotion. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is an outrage. It is an injustice. is a lie. And my country agrees to it."

And he bowed his head, as if ashamed -I could not imagine why.

"Voilà," said the Begonian Ambas-

sador kindly. "Then harmony is re-

"What is that called?" said the Man in the Moon as we slunk away. "We have nothing like that in the Moon.'

"That is Diplomacy. It is a very high and difficult pursuit. Only the rich and well-born are able to take part in it. You see now," I went on, "why the plain man is not allowed to write to The Times. He doesn't understand

"I see," said my friend, tapping his forehead in a significant manner. "Something to do with the Moon, I suppose?"

A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"A motor-car, driven by Mrs. --, plunged into the Thames at Richmond late on Sunday night. It is thought that Mrs. — failed to keep to the main road."-Morning Paper.

At the Imperial Conference:-

"Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for Eternal Affairs, represented the Irish Free State."—Provincial Paper.

Surely "Mr." is a misprint for "Rev."

- gearbox has always been famous for ease of changing, and the new model is, if one might say so, like the lily, gilded in this respect."—Motoring Paper.

Of course one might say so; but we shouldn't care to.

OBEYING THE RULES.

THE great mistake that the Post-Office telephone people make is that they do not insist upon discipline. They do not carry out any house-to-house He should now state distinctly the number visitation to see that their commands are obeyed. They issue no licences. Anybody can be a telephone subscriber. One has only got to get a banker's reference and a testimonial from a rural dean, and then apply to the proper authorities. After a month or two a man comes and knocks the party wall of your house down and puts the telephone in next-door. A few weeks later the whole matter is adjusted and your first call comes through. This is to ask you what your number is. The next than is required in ordinary speech, if day your second call comes through. I mistakes are to be avoided.

This is to say that the telephonist is sor-r-r ry to have tr-r-r-roubled you. For the future you find that you are practically left to your own devices. Except for an occasional testing of the line, say once or twice a week, the initiative is in the hands of yourself and your friends. Orders may be issued from time to time by Telephone Headquarters, but nothing is really done to see that they are obeyed. The whole thing is very English and unsatisfactory.

Let us consider the latest circular to subscribers. It bears the sub-title-

"HOW TO PASS AND RECEIVE A TELEPHONE CALL."

As a matter of fact this was the first intimation that I had ever received that I was in the habit of passing calls. I thought I simply took a thing off the hook and then it rang a thing at the other end. However, "passing a call" is obviously the right phrase, because the circular goes on-

"PASSING A CALL.

"Before passing a call to the Exhe hears the telephonist's 'Number, that. please?' and then, speaking CLEARLY and DISTINCTLY, with the lips ALMOST TOUCHING THE MOUTHPIECE, he should | 2 ,, state the number required.'

I was so impressed with this sentence that I immediately put it into verse. I can hardly ever remember instructions unless they are put into verse :-

Or ever he passes a call to Exchange, The subscriber should wait till he hears The telephonist's loud "Number, please," ringing strange Through the void of the years.

O passionate words through a mouthpiece suspired.

Warm lips to mechanical lips! desired

And remember these tips.

The tips follow.

"FIRST the name of the Exchange and THEN the number.

"It is important to remember that the distinctive sounds of consonants become blurred in the transmission of speech by telephone, and words containing the same vowels are apt to sound alike. Greater care therefore is necessary in speaking by telephone



The Mournful One. "No, I AIN'T 'AD NO BLOOMIN' LUCK WITH WIMMIN, BILL. I NEVER FOUND ONE WOT LOVED ME FOR MESELF ALONE."

One can put that into verse too if | 16-ers?" I asked. one likes, though perhaps it is not necessary :-

First the name of Exchange and thereafter the number,

Pronounced not as numbers of old, Faint syllables sick with the perfume of slumber,

Grown mouldy with mould.

Not thus must we speak, lest our labour be

double; The words of her tongue must we know If we wish to pass calls to our lady of tr-r-rouble Whose ought is as O.

But not only is her ought O. Things change the subscriber should wait till have now become far more serious than

> 1 is pronounced as "Won," emphasizing the consonant N.

"Too," emphasizing the consonant T, and with long OO.
"THR-R-EE," with slight

rolling R and long E.
"FOER," one syllable with long O.
Fife," emphasizing the

5,, consonants F. "SIX," with long X. 7 is pronounced as "Sev-en," two syllables. 8 ,, ,, "ATE," with long A, and emphasizing the consonant T. "NINE," one syllable with long I, and emphasizing the consonants N.

What I always say about a system is that unless you make it compulsory it is almost without value. Undoubtedly the Postmaster-General ought to insist on an oral examination of wouldhe telephone-subscribers in order to find out whether they can pronounce their numbers properly. If they failed, they would have to go through a course of phonetics. At the present moment the laxness which prevails is positively appalling. People may pronounce their numbers properly when passing calls to Exchange, but when talking to each

other on the telephone they are always slipping back into the bad old A docile and ways. well-disciplined telephone-subscriber, myself I find this very painful indeed.

Only the other day a man was talking to me about somebody he had just played golf with and beaten.

"He was wearing the most beautiful and baggy plus - fours I have ever seen," he said.
"Plus what?" I

asked.

"Plus-fours."

"Idon't understand."

"Plus-fours!"

"Do you mean plus

"Don't be a fool," he said. This just shows you. But I will freely admit that there are occasions when the new pronunciation demands something of a strain upon the intellect, even in the case of a brain like mine.

Charles Copplestone rang me up the other day, and said that he was going to give a lecture, and wanted to quote one of Wordsworth's poems in it.

"Very nice too. Which one?" I said. "It's that one about the little child that lightly draws its breath," he said. "I can't find my Wordsworth, and I don't remember how it goes.'

"I think I could manage to quote it to you now," I said, "even without the book."

I got on very well for the first three verses, but after these I found myself confronted by a difficulty. It is unthinkable to quote Wordsworth without making him scan. Nothing, on the other hand, will cause me to disobev any sort of edict from the POSTMASTER-

GENERAL. I was obliged, therefore, to go on like this :-

"Sisters and brothers! Tell me then How many may you be?"
"How many, Sir? We are sev-en,"

She said, and looked at me.

"And where are they, dear kid?" I cried. "Sev-on," she said, "are we;

"And too-oo-oo at Conway bide And too-oo-oo at sea." . . .

"Too-oo-oo at Conway roam, And too-oo-oo at sea,

Yet still ye are sev-en? Now come, Sweet maid, how can this be?"

Then did the little maid reply, Sev-en, sev-en are we.

Teo-oo-oo in churchyard lie Beneath the yew-tr-r-rec.

·· You run, my little maid, around, Your limbs are full of life.

If too-oo-oo are underground Then ye are only fife.'

It practically spoilt the thing.

What was even more annoying was that, despite all my pains, Charles Copplestone proved to me that I had not fully followed the Post-Office instructions myself.

"When I rang you up," he said, "you

gave your own name. "Well?" I said.

"You ought to have said, Mr. Thomas Brown speaking.'"

" Why?"

"Look at the rules, my poor fellow." I did.

"Answering a Call," I read.

"On taking off the receiver the called subscriber should not say, 'Hullo!' or 'Who's there?' but should immediately announce his name.

"A householder would say, 'Mr.

Thomas Brown speaking.'

I must try to remember that next time. EVOE.

SURREPTITIOUS READING.

[It is suggested that the best way to break boys of the habit of reading "penny bloods" is to make such books the subject of class-work.]

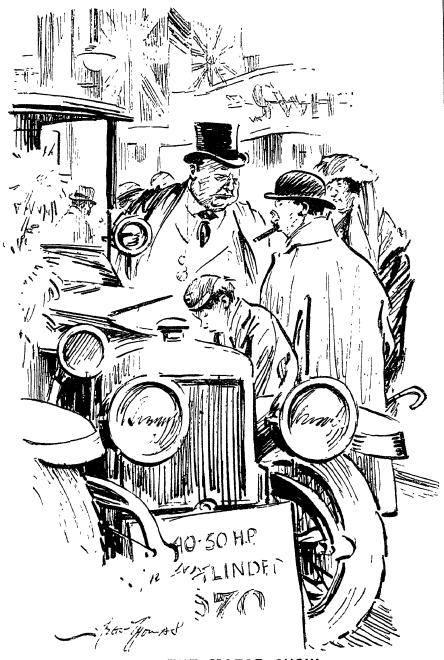
Good children all, reflect upon The tragic tale of Youthful John, Who long before he reached his prime Was absolutely steeped in crime.

Such fate is often his who looks With favour on forbidden books And yields himself to their immense Contaminating influence.

Where others were content to mug Up facts of "Theodore the Thug, Beneath the desk he gave his mind To volumes of another kind.

He would not learn one single date Connected with The Bandit's Fate And other text-books such as come Within a school's curriculum.

It pained his parents much to see His manner slowly change, till he Became, who once was bright and glad, A singularly moody lad.



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Salesman (peeved by gratuitous criticism). "No, Sir, we do not claim that our equipment is as complete as that given with the 'Flash' car, which, I understand, includes an A.B.C. for use in Breakdowns."

But they were even more annoyed Upon the day that he employed His brand-new pocket-knife to slay An uncle who had come to stay.

Twas then the cause of Johnny's state Came out before the magistrate: He had, he did not dare deny, Been reading Hamlet on the sly.

"This is always an occasion when the chef attends in person to every detail, from the moment the bullets are extracted in the kitchen."—Evening Paper. Shrapnel, or what?

Commercial Candour.

- CORDS "USE AND RECOMMEND and finish with Tyre Trouble." Trade Paper.

How many miles from home?

"The Prime Minister is selling his house at 93, Eaton Square.

How far this may be taken to indicate Mr. Baldwin's confidence in the tenure of No. 10, Downing Street, I must leave to individual judgment, but the topers and tadpoles have been busy with their deductions."

Provincial Paper.

We never trust a toper's deductions.



THE ALTRUIST.

Mistress (to maid who has been to the dentist). "How many did he take out, Mary?"

Mary. "Three, 'm; and if you'd seen what trouble he had with one of them you'd have pitied him."

UNTO THE HILLS.

[As a memorial to their fallen comrades the Rock and Fell Climbing Club have set apart "for the use and enjoyment of the people of this land for all time" the mountains on each side of the Styhead Pass, including Kirk Fell, Glaramara, Great Gable and Great End.]

With drifting ghosts of dreams the earth is grey,
Dreams that can neither slumber with the dead
Nor lift themselves like lilies from the clay;
Wroth and dejected, with low-bending head,
Man plods the clamorous windings of despair.
Is there no sanctuary, no place aloof,
Where quietness is shrined as in an ark,
Where the eternal hands may stretch a woof
Of worlds across the undesecrated dark
And dawn may rise like incense in the air?

Surely the mind of man has bitter need
Of some hushed refuge from the endless jar
Of pride and fear, whence battle-cries recede
And where his thought may gather, like a star,
Out of the circling dark its climbing fire!
And surely not to stumble in the heat
Among the sharp weeds of a desert path
He was given immortal eyes and mortal feet
In some blind caprice of derisive wrath
That makes frustration twin-born with desire.

And yet the hills of peace, the slopes of gold,
Like phantom peaks of sunset chrysoprase,
Fade far away, and scarcely we can hold
A wan remembrance of the dream that was,
The dream that shone in eyes that shine no more.

Were it not well for us if we might find Some skyey token wrought in ageless stone That not like dust before an Afric wind Valour and hope shall scatter and be gone, Nor faith like foam upon a cruel shore?

Love of the lone peak and the stark ascent
Beckons the cragsmen from the citied plain,
As honour beckoned from their old content
Some who will never walk their hills again,
Who girded them for a more arduous climb
And went forth unreturning, steadfast-eyed,
To whom their brethren of the crag have vowed
A mighty fane of memory and pride
Scarred with dead fires and diadem'd with cloud
And one with England till the death of time.

Lo. where the grey fells rise august, austere,
Where an abiding-place of memory stands
For them to whom those perilous heights were dear
Beyond all telling, o'er shrines not made with hands
The darkness thunders and the dawn-light thrills.
Remembering them who loved the long climb well
And knew the lonely summits as friends are known,
Who will look no more on English field or fell
And touch no more the grey crag or the brown,
Shall we not lift our eyes unto the hills?

D. M. S.

[&]quot;It is related of Macready that once, playing Hamlet, he laid about him with such vigour that he slashed a couple of fingers off the hand of the unfortunate Macduff."—Local Paper.

Well, it served him right for straying out of his proper play.

IN EXTREMIS.

CAR FOR AN AMBULANCE." General Sauts to Mr. Baldwin. "IF ONLY THAT GENTLEMAN WOULD LEND US HIS



First Onlooker. "FANCY THEM GOIN' FOR ONE ANOTHER LIKE THAT! SISTERS, TOO, AIN'T THEY?" Second Onlooker. "No-just friends."

TOOTH AND CLAW.

. . . They were down now; Thomson, the bigger of the two, undermost, but so far with no disabling injury. In this contest, so unexpectedly sprung on him, with absolutely no warning word or hint of quarrel, he found that he had been able to recall something of his old agility and decision in action.

Of recent years, particularly since his marriage, like many another man once proud of his athletics he had let himself run to seed physically. But now, at the urgent call, the old fineness of hand and eye, the old steely temper of muscle and sinew, came back to him.

From the first he had gathered that the idea of quarter would not be entertained. His opponent, though smaller than himself, seemed tireless, and the rapidity with which he changed his method of attack, now showering blows, now clutching, might well have appalled a man less resolute than Thomson.

They fought in silence, save for an occasional throaty gasp. Each had backwards. With a sudden writhe and you? I think he must have cut his got his grip—Thomson with both arms a half turn he freed himself of the hold. second tooth in the night."

round his antagonist's waist, the other Instantly the lithe hands drove at his with fingers sunk home in Thomson's eyes. He shut them tight and grabbed throat. Thus placed, however, the big at the wrists, but felt the thumbs man felt that he could keep control of the situation till help arrived. He dis- balls. The pitiless knee slid upwards dained to cry out, and concentrated on from his chest to his throat, at the same a stubborn endurance. An end there instant a snarl sounded at his ear and must be, and he relied on his old superb | a savage bite got home there. strength.

But he was met by an elusiveness that taxed his utmost resources. To guess the next move kept Thomson's wits at full stretch. One consideration dominated everything else-he was contending with something apparently unfettered by the slightest scruple as to what he did or how he did it. Here was in fact the sheerest savagery to contend with-something utterly and shamelessly reckless of even the most primitive code of honour.

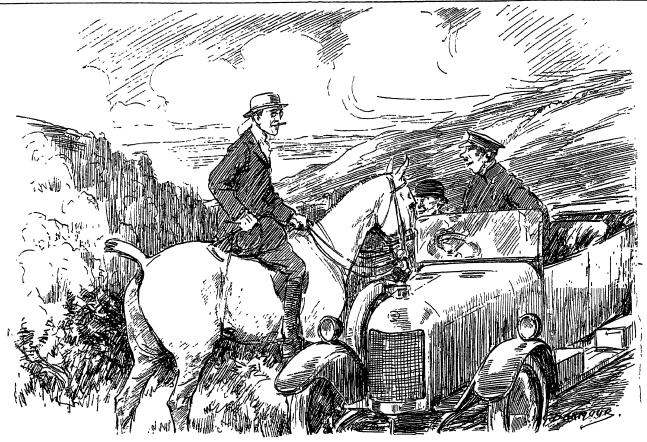
The fight grew wilder. Thomson felt the fellow's nails in the flesh of his cheeks. Then a knee came up on to his chest, his hair was grabbed and a strenuous effort made to force his head And have a look at his gums, will

pressing, working, straining at his eye-

Something like an answering savagery was stirring within him. He too, he felt, could bite, could claw, could throttle, could descend to these depths if need be. . . . Bah! He was English, and he put the thought aside.

And help came. As if Fate had but tested him, swift on his chivalrous decision came the sound of footsteps, of a voice he knew, a freeing of that pitiless grip, opportunity—oh, how blessed!—to draw once more a breath unlaboured.

"Darling," he said, sitting up in bed, "don't leave me with Joe another morning. I'll go down for our early cup of tea till the new girl comes.



Member of the Devon and Somerset (to London chauffeur). "Well, Charles, did you see anything of the Hunt?" Charles. "Yes, Sir; one o' them fellows in a red coat came scorchin' past, makin' a bare ter-do with 'is 'ooter."

THE NEED OF NEW CHAIRS.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—On the day on which Mr. Geoffrey Duveen's fine gift to the University of London was announced in the papers, I was asked by a young friend to explain to him what "Otology" meant. The request was not altogether unnatural in view of the disrepute into which the old "fortifying Classical curriculum" has fallen of late, but none the less it came to me as something of a shock in view of the fact that the questioner had been educated at one of the most famous of our public schools, and had recently taken a First Class in the History Schools at Oxford. Still, the distress caused by his admission of ignorance was mitigated by the fact that science -the most up-to-date science-is unable to dispense in its nomenclature with resort to Classical compounds. But the endowment of a Chair of Otology suggests other possibilities in regard to which you, as a life-long champion of the humanities, will perhaps allow me to say a few words.

The munificence of millionaires is so seldom inspired by imagination or a sense of appropriate and impressive nomenclature that I venture to offer

the foundation and endowment of other Chairs demanded by the exigencies of the hour.

Of all the key-industries of the country there are three of absolutely paramount importance to-day -- poetry, poultry-farming and husbandry.

My first suggestion is accordingly that a Chair of Cassiterotheology should be founded without delay, preferably at one of the older Universities. Whether it should be attached to the faculty of Theology or English Literature is a point which cannot be hastily decided. Much might be urged on either side. But there are strong reasons in favour of the Professor taking up his residence on Boar's Hill, where the opportunities of observation and research are probably richer than in any other locality.

The second Chair indicated by the needs of the moment is that of Oology. The absence of any academic recognition of this science is a crying scandal, all the more remarkable when we reflect that the pre-Socratics were deeply interested in the philosophy of the "Ev; that, according to a French writer. there are six hundred and eighty-five different ways of cooking an egg; and that poultry farms are the outstanding feature of the landscape of rural Enga few hints to the benevolent rich on land to-day. Here there can be no

question of the preferential treatment of one University; Chairs of Oology should be established at all.

Lastly comes husbandry; and I am not using the term in the limited sense which associates it with agriculture, but in the wider and infinitely more important connotation which links it with the great and growing problem of the plurality of women. A Chair of Posio-thereutics is imperatively needed, and, in view of the commanding position in regard to Feminism taken of late years by the University of Oxford, it would only be right that it should be attached to that ancient seat of learning.

Other suggestions will doubtless occur to your readers. I do not claim to have exhausted the field, but merely offer these few remarks for the consideration of those whose readiness to turn their superabundant wealth to the service of the community is in need of intelligent, and imaginative guidance.

Faithfully yours, MARMADUKE PECKWATER. Asineum Club.

Sidelights on the Press.

"The 'Review of Reviews' has been bought, and is, in the future, to be edited by Mr. Wickham Steed, who was editor of 'The Times' when Lord Northcliffe edited it."

Weekly Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAST WARNING" (COMEDY).

The Last Warning, by Thomas F. FALLON, is one of those plays of the Bat, Cat and Canary type, the secrets of which we are implored by managements, with tears of apprehension in their eyes, not to give away. About half-a-dozen of the said secrets were indeed hidden from me and, I suspect, from the author. Mr. FALLON is an adroit enough mystery-monger, but he hasn't a particle of conscience.

The action takes place in Woodford's Theatre. It appears that some time ago John Woodford had made a great success with a piece called The Snare . . .

Anyway I can tell you about The Snare. The scene is set in a Gloucestershire inn, "at 11 P.M. of an autumn night about 1865." "About" is rather good. The action moves with commendable briskness. A minute after the curtain rises enter a prominent Liberal philanthropist eloping with his wife's young sister; a half-minute later enter his wife. The immoral Liberal is heard making love and laughing in the best bedroom. He emerges. He recognises his wife. "I will trumpet your shame throughout the land," says she. "I, on the other hand, will batter your head in with this brass candlestick," replies he, seizing same. A promising play!

But at this precise point John Wood-ford fell down one night in a seizure, was carried to his dressing-room and died (about 1918), asseverating (it is alleged) that no one should ever play his part. 1 say he died; but this is mere presumption. It appears that he was thoughtfully left for a while dying fast in his room. When his friends returned the body had disappeared. Some casual suggestions are thrown out about his having insulted the leading lady, who was engaged to the producer. Was it the producer who finished off what the seizure had begun and smuggled the body away? Or was it Mr. NEVIL MASKELYNE? At any rate nobody seemed seriously to bother about it, except that the theatre got the name with the Profession-a hopelessly superstitious lot, as is well known—of being haunted, and remained closed till in the present year McHugh, the retired detective, leased it and determined to revive The Snare, with the original company-barring, of course, John Woodford. As to the leading lady and producer, still in love, each apparently believes the other to be guilty.

And so rehearsals begin, accompanied by all the manifestations of a first-class John Woodford's favourite haunt. scent is everywhere manifest; his picture crashes from the wall; his voice is heard and the sound of his well- reappears much damaged.



The Novice. "WHAT DID I DO?"

Donald. "MAN, YOU TOPPED EVERYTHING!"

known limp; the eyes of his black cat move about in the sudden darkness, and the leading lady's throat is scratched; the word "warning," in letters of blood, is found written across the producer's script; Woodford's pet tarantula climbs up to his master's picture—an apparition that was rather wasted, as the whole company was at the moment frantically hustling through the skylight to avoid a suffocating poison gas, all the doors having been mysteriously locked on them. The actor Carlton, taking Woodford's part, is found dead in his dressing-room in a sea-green light. The door slams, is reopened, and lo! the corpse has disappeared. (That's all very well, Mr. Fallon, but how? where?)

A fortnight later rehearsals are still going weak. Wilkins, the understudy, feeling not unnaturally a little nervous, is about to go through the candlestick scene. He falls; later he disappears;

Well, that's about enough to go on with, I think. But, later, The Snare is actually performed for us as far as the candlestick episode—when several diverting and unlikely things happen.

The piece had its dangerous moments, when giggles were heard among the audience instead of exclamations of horror and despair. Perhaps this was really nervousness. The acting needs no comment. It was quite adequate for the genre—the STUNT elaborate. The production, which is a more important matter, was entirely competent. For those who still like this kind of thing it's quite probably the kind of thing they'll like immensely. T.

"Lady going abroad wishes to dispose of her own and family wearing apparel."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

Of course the South Sea Islands will be all right when they get there, but the journey will be the trouble.

HE AND SHE.

He. I have just heard that she is coming by the noon train. This is great news. I must go and make everything ready for her.

don't like that. I must think of another; something attractive but short; something one can call out. ele ele ele ele

"Tess" wouldn't be bad. I think I'll call her Tess.

Yes, Tess.

She (in the train). 1 wonder where I'm going. This is very uncomfortable. It shakes horribly.

* * * * I hate being alone, too.

a; a, a; a; I wish I'd been kinder to mother.

I wonder if they shoot. Mother will be disappointed if they don't.

* * * * Poor mother.

He (on the platform). She's a beauty. I never saw such silky black ears, such a splendid coat.

But she doesn't seem very friendly. Not a single wag has she given me yet.

No sto sto sto She. I don't care much about him; in fact I don't like him at all. I hate having my head patted.

* * * * I don't care for his trousers.

非 非 字 华 Or his boots.

His hand smells of tobacco.

He. This is very disappointing. was hoping for a real companion; looking forward to it. And she's terrified of me. Won't come near. Hides under the furniture if I approach.

\$\$ \$\$ \$\$ \$\$ Well, perhaps she's nervous from the journey—the strangeness of it all. * * * *

She. I don't care for this place at all. There 's no other dog and no one to talk to. I hate fences all round too.

them. It's degrading.

* * * * I shall concentrate on the cook.

> n n n n LATER.

The cook 's a great disappointment. Her name, the letter says, is Chloe. I | A vegetarian household, I'm afraid; at any rate, no meat comes my way. Soaked biscuit and cabbage—what's the use of that? Well, if I don't eat it they'll have to give me something better. Nothing like hunger-striking to make them nervous, and one must begin right. Poor mother always said that.

中 5 本 2

who are always coaxing me to come to | now perhaps I'll never persuade them and so never get any meat at all.

* * * * He. I'm having rotten luck. To-day after lunch she let me approach my hand almost within an inch, and then a log fell and she rushed in alarm to the other end of the room. She thought I did it. Any unusual sudden frightening sound she attributes to me.

非 非 非 非 I've never been so disappointed.

* * * * * I always thought that spaniels were so affectionate.

> * * * * * She. He still follows me about with his hand held out to me, making silly murmurs. It's sickening. How I dislike him!

\$\$ \$\\$\ \$\\$\ \$\\$\ \$\\$\ Hc. This morning a terrible thing happened. Tess ran into the field and caught a young chicken belonging to the farmer. If dogs pursue chickens it is, of course, fatal, so I had to be very severe. After ten minutes spent in pursuit I caught her and lashed her with a switch until she screamed.

* * * * It was dreadful, but I had no option.

Spare the rod and spoil the dog.

But that, of course, settles it. She'll never come near me again. I may as well send her away and get another for all the comfort she'll ever be to me.

She. I'm so sore. My sides are that tender I can hardly bear to lie down, and

I'm too miserable to stand up. The fact is I worried a chicken. I was bored to death, and there the little idiot wasyou know what fools chickens are—and so I grabbed it. It was only for fun; but the way those people carried on! And then HE came out with a lady's riding-whip and after no end of a chase caught me. I knew I was for it sooner or later, but I decided I'd lead him a

How he puffed and panted!

হার হার হার She. I was so hungry to-day I had And then he began to lay it on. My to eat the biscuit. I'm furious about tail, but it hurt! I yelled and yelled, being so weak-minded, but one must but he went on and on until I really live. The funny thing is it didn't taste began to admire him in spite of mycreature; no character. I hate people so bad. Still, it was a mistake, and self. I didn't know he was so master-



The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street (with an eye on Master $R_{\rm EGIN,4LD}$ McKenna). "He may say it's not 'inflation,' but I MUST SAY IT LOOKS VERY LIKE IT.'

Dear mother.

I wish I'd been kinder to her.

He. She's adamant. I can't get her to come within three yards, and then she's all suspicion. And the worst of it is she's so dainty. You can usually get at a dog through its greed; but not this one. I suppose if I tried raw beef it would be all right; but I don't care for dance. such bribery as that, and the letter said on no account give meat.



"Why, I sold the old kitchen chair to that chap from Lunnen as a genuine antique, and I can remember my old " GRANDFATHER TELLIN' ME HE MADE IT HISSELF.'

ful. I expected him to stop directly I screamed. But he went on and on until his arm must have ached.

And then he flung me away.

He. The most wonderful thing in the world has happened. She's sitting in my lap, licking my hand! E. V. L.

"The Chairman said defendants had behaved as bad as they could, and ought to have been better educated."—Local Paper. The defendants: "You're another."

From a concert-programme:— "Solo, 'Tootsies good-bye,' Mrs. -A variant, we suppose, of Hood's— "And there I left my second leg And the Forty-Second Foot.

"Mr. Lloyd George enumerated the achievments of the Empire in the world £war. During his progress through £the city Mr.

Lloyd George was cheered by great crowds. He visits Niagara Falls to-morrow, and proceeds to Winnipeg. £."—Provincial Paper. ceeds to Winnipeg.

We think the symbol of the dollar would have been more suitable.

THE LAST PHASE.

HE was certainly not an inspiriting figure as he stood, to all appearance, regarding pensively the dull autumn landscape. No one would say he was well or even respectably dressed; indeed his clothes were markedly shabby. His grey flannel trousers were stained and baggy. His morning-coat, green rather than black, was too long for him, and two or three obvious rents in the cloth had not been mended. His vellow-and-red scarf, the ends of which flapped listlessly in the breeze, was frayed and discoloured.

An uninteresting, almost depressing individual, and yet there was something about him which instantly caught and held the gaze of the passer-by and led to a train of melancholy reflection. One perceived in him at once an emblem of Failure, a symbol of Lost Causes, a portent and a warning against any facile optimism about the amelioration of mankind.

the inspiring schemes for the social Lucky dogs!

elevation of humanity which have come to birth throughout bistory, gone bravely into the world, flourished a brief while -and died. Fruit of the eager brains of emperors, statesmen, preachers, poets, sages, which nevertheless wilted and withered and came to naught.

And the greatest power of them all knows too its defeats. That all-pervading, restless and infall ble Force, which informs and reforms us daily, which guides, guards, goads and almost governs us, tastes also the bitterness of unsuccess. Yes, even the Press, one is forced to admit, sometimes fails in its efforts to bring us to a higher state.

Such were my meditations as I looked upon him. He was not in himself an impressive spectacle, this scarecrow. His features were negligible. His garments, as I have said, were mean. But on his head was jauntily perched a perfectly good Sandringham hat.

- lunched with the Ootacamund One's thoughts turned inevitably to hounds on Thursday morning."—Indian Paper.

SINGLE-HANDED.

My idea of sailing is to take it calmly. The excitement by which all yachtsmen seem to be afflicted as soon as they get on board a boat distresses me; I like to sit still and watch the waves and seaweed going past without having to worry about the rudder and the keel. When the boat strikes the rock I am just as unmoved as when she is merely



"MY IDEA OF SAILING IS TO TAKE IT CALMLY."

boxing the compass, and when she jibs or booms, or whatever the technical expression may be for the manœuvre whereby the sail knocks your head off if you are not quick, I simply duck until all is safe again.

When James invited us for a sail in his new yawl I explained this to him.

"James," I said, "we will come to be sailed, but not to sail. You must look upon us strictly as passengers, mere ballast, 'dunnage,' as the sailors have it. Understand that we are in no sense of the word a crew.'

"That's quite all right," he replied. "She's a real single-hander; I can work her with one finger. That's one of the advantages of a yawl. So handy. She has a roller jib and a patent mains'l. Practically reefs itself."

"Excellent," I assented.

"The mizzen, of course, works automatically.'

"Providential," I agreed.

"Of course," he added, with a shade of doubt in his voice, "there are the

"The jibsheets!" I pounced. "You feel that these jibsheets may require our assistance? Then, my dear James-

"Not a bit of it," he interrupted bluffly. "I'll manage. You and Mrs. Chalmers can just sit in comfort and admire the view."

While James leapt nimbly to and fro, occasionally stamping on my back, I worked the pump steadily for about a quarter of an hour. "Rain-water! he explained. "Every drop of it."

I did not begrudge the labour. Very

myself comfortable with a pipe and hands and begun to do things at the enjoy the sail.

Meanwhile Elsie had a nasty bruise on the shoulder where the "boom' had hit her.

"The beauty of this boat," said James, while the sails made a terrific racket overhead, "is that you don't need to leave the cockpit even to let go your moorings. An idea of my own. See, I haul on this rope-

He did so.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Seems to have jammed. You might just run forrard and slip it. Look out for the jib."

Painfully 1 made my way to the front of the vessel. The jib was looking out for me. A large piece of wood attached to the corner of it hit me smartly on the side of the head and

knocked my glasses off into the water.

After some minutes' exertion and
by the united efforts of James, Elsie and myself, the mooring was cast off. James now explained that we were tacking. He stood by the tiller, which he manœuvred with his hips. He had two ropes in one hand and one in the other. I began to understand why he called the boat handy. Occasionally he shouted "Lee-o" to himself, and everything movable slid from one side of the boat to the other.

"Afraid we must reef," he announced suddenly, just as I was settling down to enjoy myself. "Now you'll see how simple it is. All done without leaving



"BEFORE I COULD PROTEST HE HAD THRUST THE TILLER AND SEVERAL ROPES INTO MY HANDS."

the helm for more than a second. Just cast off that halyard, will you? No, not that one, the other. No, that's the fellow. Now ease it while I hold her. No, not like that. I tell you what—you take her for a minute while I—

Before I could protest he had thrust the head with the brass end of the

soon I knew I should be able to make the tiller and several ropes into my mast.

"My dear James," I began.

"That's right," he shouted. "Don't let her fill. Luff a bit more—no, luft!"

The ropes cut deeply into my hands; the tiller, against which I was forced to lean, bit most painfully into my



"TREADING LIGHTLY UPON ELSIE'S HAND."

"James," I called, "this is too much.

He stepped down from the side deck on to my toe.

"Thanks awfully," he said. "Neat arrangement, isn't it? Take you longer than that to reef in the ordinary way." "Would it indeed?" I replied.

For the space of half a minute we sat tight and admired the view. Then James appeared to be anxious about something.

"She's making a lot of leeway," he murmured at length. "Could you-Hell! The centre-board! Sorry, Mrs. Chalmers," he added. "Forgot you were here. Could you—"

"The centre-board?" I asked. "What

is that?"

"It's a kind of thing that goes down the middle and helps the boat to sail.

It's jammed. Could you—"
"And when it jams—" I persisted. But James was not listening. He ap-

pealed rapidly to Elsie.

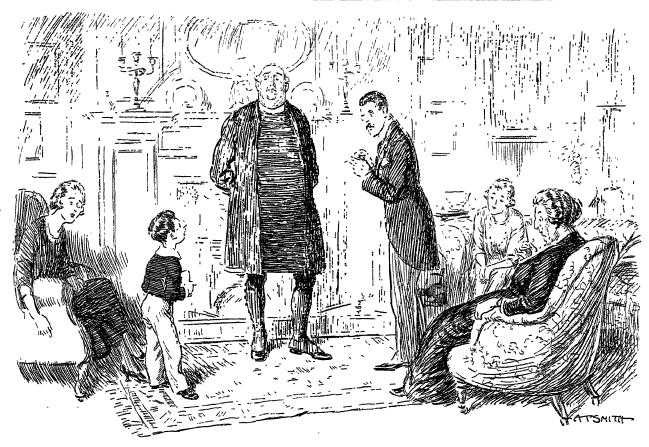
"There's an iron spike by the side of the case. Push it down through that hole. We'll be aground in a minute."

Elsie had already grasped the spike and was jabbing it furiously into a small aperture.

"It won't move," she gasped.
"Hang on to this," ordered James rudely, again thrusting the tiller and

the network of ropes into my hands. "My dear James," I objected, "I have only two hands. Besides, as I told you-

At this point I was hit violently on



Eric (thinking he has found an authority at last). "Please, what is the exact temperature of hell?"

boathook, the butt of which James was ramming desperately into the hole. dropped my ropes and began to rub the injured place.

"Put your helm down," James.

I at once released the tiller. "No, not that. Lee-o, dammit! We'll be aground. Hang on to the jib sheets. Belay your mainsheet. Curse it, we're on!"

Treading lightly upon Elsie's hand, James dived for the tiller. It was too late. We had grounded.

"Never mind," said James. "I will try not to," I replied, rubbing my head, "but the brass was unusually hard to the skull."

"We'll be off in a minute," he continued brightly. "We'll push her head round with the oars, and as she comes across

jibsheet aback to let her pay off. See?"

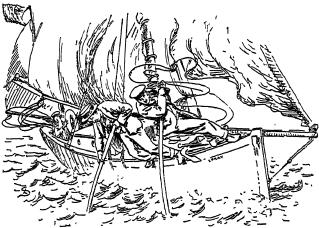
I did not see. It was all unreal to me; besides I had a headache. Nevertheless I was resolved to take it like a man.

"What about the mizzen?" I asked bravely.

it looks after itself.'

Following James's example, I seized an oar and, making my way to the front phantly. He was wrong.

of the boat, began to push. For per
"The mizzen!" I called to him. yelled of the boat, began to push. For perhaps five minutes we contorted our- "You have trusted it too far."



"Well-nigh disembowelling ourselves in our efforts."

the wind Mrs. Chalmers can haul the | selves at the oars, digging them into | Hither, about the year 600 B.C., came Colthe soft mud and well-nigh disembowelling ourselves in our efforts to free the boat. At last she began to move. It was then that the mizzen elected to betray us. So far from look-ing after itself, it became quietly en-the delivery."—Weekly Paper. elected to betray us. So far from looktangled in a pole or perch, the use of Not every orator has this gift.

"Oh, you needn't worry about that; which, according to James, was to mark the channel.

"She's off!" shouted James trium-

With a lurid oath he sprang aft. As he did so the boat swung round, and the apparatus, known, I believe, as the boom, moved violently from one side to the other.

"Look out," he shouted; "she's going to-

But she had.

Single-handed he had fallen overboard.

A Painful Subject.

"The report of the Select Committee on the Nationality of Married Women was yesterday issued as a Blub-book."—Daily Paper.

"The early history of St. Andrew's is obscured in the mists of time.

umba, to nurse the flame of the Christian faith."—Weekly Paper.

Another very early Christian.

"The opening note of enthusiasm was some-

"PUNCH" TO "THE P.M.G."

(It is officially announced that "The Pall Mall Gazette" has been amalgamated with "The Evening Standard.")

'Tis close on sixty years since first we met, When, borrowing the name "Pall Mall Gazette," Which THACKERAY coined, you soon repaid the loan By making his description all your own— "Written by gentlemen for gentlemen;" For many a gallant paladin of the pen Served under Greenwood's banner in the days When wholly enviable was your praise, And when your censure all the deeper bit By arming reason with the spear of wit. Then, with a change of owner and of coat, Turned Radical, a new and strident note You raised when STEAD disturbed Victorian slumbers By his alarming "Babylonian numbers." Later, reverting to the Tory ranks, You warred, with HARRY Cust, on prigs and cranks, And in a mood quite insolently gay Surveyed or scourged the follies of the fray. A score of years succeeded, from the stage When freakish levity illumed your page, Down to the final phase, wherein your robe Enveloped in its ample folds The Globe, And nightly CRANE awoke the listening earth To awestruck wonder or to ribald mirth. Yet those of us who trod the Street of Ink Ten lustres back affectionately link The P.M.G. with GREENWOOD and the names Of TRAILL and STEPHEN—LESLIE OF FITZ JAMES.

A DIPLOMATIC DIAGNOSIS.

IT is true that I have known stories which worked out like this one, but none of them was about my father-inlaw; and, however old its dénouement, to have my fatherin-law for its hero is enough to give distinction to my story.

James—as he allows me to call him—has a mind that jumps to conclusions, and upholds them against all contrary evidence, as petrifying rock preserves fossilised fish. He is the sort of man who, having decided that a neighbouring volcano is extinct, will hardly be convinced of his error when molten lava flows into his front-door.

Among his fixed illusions is the idea that he can ride a horse. Now James is a man who would look well as the human section of an equestrian statue, or even upon a real horse, provided it were strictly stationary; but set him upon a horse in motion, and neither free verse nor a ridingsergeant's vocabulary will help to convey the effect.

In other directions James might almost be called a sportsman. I have seen him account for four birds in a covey; he has saved men from drowning; in his younger and slimmer days he was something of a boxer; but of these accomplishments he thinks nothing. His real pride is his horsemanship, and with an eye to my stable he never misses an opportunity of staying with us.

Respect for his age and consideration for his safety have prompted me to keep for his sole use a discharged Army mare, originally reserved for inspecting generals who had commanded infantry regiments. This year, however, her groom having foolishly mentioned in her hearing that James was due the following week, she immediately went lame, and, notwithstanding all threats of Field Punishment and reduction of forage, remained so until after his departure.

After much anxious consultation we decided to substitute

her spirits as far as possible with strenuous exercise and a diet of grass.

But alas for our precautions! As with so many of her sex the appearance of a strange male threw her into a competitive flutter. When Alethea thoughtlessly sailed over a hedge, James's most determined efforts failed to prevent her following. With his well-known independence of spirit, James cleared the hedge by a separate route and landed in a ditch, where he lay upon his back.

By the time I had dismounted and run to his rescue his mind was made up. "I have fractured my femur," he said

decisively.

"But surely," I objected, helping him to his feet, "you

seem to have the use of your legs."

"No, no," he put in impatiently, pointing to somewhere in the region of his appendix, "it's broken here; I heard it snap."

I did not wait to argue the geography of his anatomy, but helped him home as quickly as possible. I saw from the way he walked that nothing was broken, but I knew better than to say so. When we arrived Alethea telephoned for the doctor.

As he was a new arrival in the town and an entire stranger, I thought it advisable to put in a word before he saw James. I met him in the hall and said, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but my father-in-law has had a fall and imagines he's broken a bone. He hasn't done anything of the sort, but I should be very much obliged to you it you would just have a look at him. Don't contradict him; he's an obstinate man and it would do no good."

Naturally he looked surprised, but he picked up his black

bag and followed me upstairs.

In his room we laid James upon his bed and ran over him in detail like a Frontier Commission. It was agreed that he had fractured his femur, and complete rest for

forty-eight hours was prescribed.

In the hall I said, "I'm very much obliged to you, Sir. Some people jump to absurd conclusions and hold to them;

it's often best to let them have their own way.'

"Don't mention it," he said; "I'm only too pleased to help whenever I can. Now if you will show me where the gas-meter is I will get on with my job."

Les Grands Esprits . .

"The Earl of Birkenhead who in on a visit to America is famous for his powers of vituperation. His retort to a heckler has become famous. At a tariff meeting the heckler shouted: 'What about food?' 'Don't worry, my friend,' said F. E. Smith. 'Your food is safe. No one is proposing a tax on thistles.'"—Canadian Paper.

"The new United States Ambassador in London, Mr. William Collier, who has succeeded Mr. Harvey, has a reputation as a wit. Once, when addressing a political meeting, he was heckled by a man who persisted in shouting, 'My food is taxed. Why?' 'I had no idea,' retorted Mr. Collier at last, 'that there was any tax on thistles.'"

Conclusion of a feuilleton:-

"But the lovers in the Devonshire garden were beyond thinking of anything but their own two selves and their unutterable bliss... For they had found the only thing which is really worth finding in this old world—True Love.

[THE END.] This story is complete fiction."

Weekly Paper.

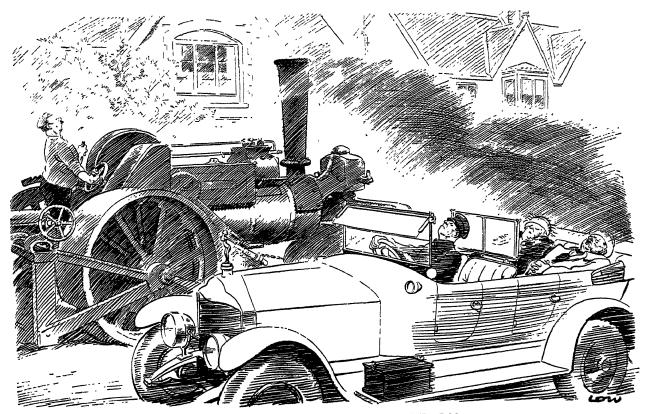
These cynical editors!

"HEALTH MINISTER STANDS FIRM.

Asked what he proposed to do, the Health Minister said, 'I am going to sit still. I think that is the right course to take.'"

Evening Paper.

There is a slight discrepancy between the headline and the text. Still, we may safely infer that Sir W. Joynson-Hicks the quieter of Alethea's two hunters, having first suppressed | does not intend to take the matter lying down.



OUR LOATHSOME CONTEMPORARY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If there is anyone who imagines that Pam at Fifty (CASSELL) has lost any of her charm, let him (or her) buy the Baroness Von Hutten's latest novel and do immediate penance for that absurd suspicion. Pam at fifty is middleage at its most resourceful. Secure in the adoring appreciation of her husband, de Lensky, naturally and inevitably absorbed in her adopted daughter, *Pannny*, and in her own *Roderick*, *Eliza* and *Thaddy*, *Pan* is more than content to yield her own place in the sun to the younger generation. But as the necessary result of this willing abdication she finds herself lit up beyond all girlish radiance by two reflected lights—the afterglow of her own romantic youth and the dawn of her children's. The memory of the first helps her to cope with the second—with Pammy's first passion for an unsatisfactory violinist, with Eliza's pathetic love for Panny's suitor, Kingsmead, with Panny's fatal and persistent attraction for other girls' fiancés, and with poor little Eliza's heartbroken efforts to secure Kingsmead's happiness at the cost of her own. It is his father's diplomacy that tides Roderick over his first entanglement; but Pam has a finger in Roderick's affairs too, and both hands in every enterprise of the engaging Thaddy. I should like, if his creator will humour me so far, to hear more of Thaddy. And of course Thaddy without Pam is unthinkable.

"Berta Ruck's" latest novel would be merely an innocent little orgy of emotion and incident but for the attention paid to its setting—the world of the modern ballerina—and the benevolent if not very profound interest it takes in an important "case of conscience." Should a woman

is twice mooted by Ripple Meredith, the heroine of The Dancing Star (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Once she weighs its pros and cons in connection with Captain Victor Barr, a heavy-weight Victorian with strong views on enforced domesticity; and once in relation to Steve Handley-Racer, a chivalrous young motor-expert, who holds that the decision on this head is best left to the woman. This last opinion is, I gather, favoured by the authoress; and she adds a rider to the effect that the ideal bride will spontaneously give up her career, and the ideal husband will see that she does not regret it. Ripple and Steve arrive at this promising, if somewhat tentative, solution six months after the young dancer's triumphant replacement of her worldfamous leader. This episode, and the long spell of prosaic work that leads up to it, are both well thought out and convincing. Unfortunately the style of the book is seldom on a level with the best of its substance.

Bosula, The Owl's House (Heinemann), lay in the Keigwin Valley, about six miles south-west of Penzance, if we are to take Mr. Crosbie Garstin's word for it. If I thought there were an outside chance of finding it there, with any of the stout Penhale breed still hanging about the place, I am not sure that I should not try Penzance for my next summer holiday. For Mr. Garstin has built an extremely good story of adventure round that old Cornish farm-house. I cannot recall any picaresque novel of recent years with a more engaging rascal as hero than Ortho Penhale. The author works him pretty hard but with unfailing spirit. The period is towards the end of the eighteenth century, and we are introduced to horse-coping Romanies and smugglers in plenty, and the press-gang, and Barbary pirates and all the good old machinery of our youth. What is about to marry expect to continue in a wage-earning career more, Mr. GARSTIN writes about all these things with a if her husband is capable of supporting her? This question captivating air of intimate knowledge. One would swear

he had been taken by a Sallee rover himself and sold into slavery, and worked his way up to be Kaid Rahal of the Moroccan forces. What he doesn't know of wreckers and smugglers round about the Cornish coast cannot be of much consequence; and he has a trick or two up his sleeve with regard to wrestling, and farm-work on the moor, and the management of irregular cavalry and sailing pretty nearly any rig of ship. The Owl's House, if it doesn't get overlaid with the rush of autumnal fiction, ought to make good. Possibly it may be a little handicapped both by its title and by the picture on its wrapper; but the man who begins it will assuredly read on to the end.

It is a pleasure to welcome from the author of On the Face of the Water so sound a collection of short stories as Tales of the Tide (HEINEMANN). In the first six of them the connecting link is Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL'S love of the waters that race about the Hebrides, and of those that go

well-planned dramatic fantasy concerned with a seventeenth-century pastor who is too much a lover of beauty and hater of cruelty, and too unorthodox in theology and practical conduct, to be satisfactory to his flock; "In the Tide-way," almost long enough for a full-dress novel, wherein two illassorted pairs and an outsider work out their destiny to a tragic end; and "Avilion," a slight tale, touched with humour, of young people whom a case of oranges drifting down the Gulf Stream to their beach inspires to adventure in California — these pleased me best. The second six have rather

an air of having been just a little written down to a popular magazine audience. They don't seem to be felt and told in the author's best way. Yet "London Town," a story that tells of a little old English lady in Monte Carlo, who cherishes her dead and worthless brother's memory and is always just going to put up the stone in the little cemetery, and how a casual gambler makes her last moments happy, brings its unforced pathos home to the reader.

The plant which gives its name to Lady TROUBRIDGE's new book, The Passion Flower (METHUEN), always seems to me a singularly respectable, almost Victorian plant, yet its name serves for an excellent description of lovely Trixic Mason, who attracted passion and returned it as simply and naturally as flowers accept the association of bees and honey. But the simile will not stretch too far; for byand-by she meets Lord Glyde, the one man who is going to matter more to her than any other, and he hates her because she has brought secret shame into the life of his great friend and hero killed in the War. The action develops into a long-drawn struggle between the man and woman, wiles and entreaties on her part, scorn and reluct-

the only son of the woman he loves, and Glyde marries her to save the boy. The end of the story is unexpected, and I have no intention of spoiling the effect of it. Lady Trou-BRIDGE has a pleasant pen and a kindliness towards all her characters which is delightful, but her natural history is a little vague. I am still wondering what she means by saying "something stirred him subconsciously, like a wasp in late October, and drove its sting into his mind." subconscious on these occasions? I know that I am not.

Though Mr. GERALD CUMBERLAND may be fairly suspected, and that on sufficient internal evidence, of making the most of slight acquaintanceships as material for more or less intimate personal reminiscence, and is certainly apt to sum up very definitely for or against the prisoner at the bar after too short a hearing, he steadily refuses to bore the reader; and that surely makes up for any number of inaccuracies, inadequacies, prejudices and egotisms. The fact is we like to read gossip about our contemporaries, and if out upon them or anxiously watch them in their angry is we like to read gossip about our contemporaries, and if moods from the shore. "A Precession of Equinoxes," a it be tinged with malice—do not suppose that Written in

Friendship (GRANT RICHARDS) is free from the author's specialty of malicious comment -why, so much the better. Moreover, Mr. Cumberlandcan write, and the fact that one disagrees with half his judgments does not, after all, either prove them wrong or make him less entertaining. Celebrities major and minor in the world of artists of all kinds, musicians and authors especially, are summarily dealt with in a sheaf of snap-shots from unusual angles, some of them as misleading as that kind of portraitusuallyis. And naturally our author takes care to have a



Fond Mother (introducing her child to mistress of private school). "His father AND I ARE BOTH ARDENT BELIEVERS IN THE FLAT EARTH THEORY, AND HAVE BROUGHT OUR BOY UP IN THAT BELIEF. I HOPE YOU WILL TEACH HIM NOTHING THAT WOULD SHAKE HIS FAITH OR UNDERMINE HIS CONFIDENCE IN HIS PARENTS' INTELLIGENCE.'

finger in one or two of the feud-pies which are set before the inner circles of literature and music.

Mr. H. L. Mencken, in his third volume of Prejudices (CAPE), is still a tilter; indeed I should describe him as a full-tilter. Offensive as I often find him I confess that the world will be duller when he ceases to attack it. In this volume he gives us much that is really exhilarating and amusing, and more than enough that is trivial. The amusing, and more than enough that is trivial. The chapter on "Star-Spangled Men" is an example of Mr. MENCKEN taking a holiday. Here he sets out to flay people who are essentially ridiculous, and, though he flays with much energy, he adds nothing to their original absurdity. All the same I recommend Mr. Mencken to anyone who wants to read honest opinions fearlessly expressed. His "Third Series" should give a great deal of annoyance to selfsatisfied people, especially if they happen to be Americans.

From a pamphlet published in Edinburgh:—

"Prohibition, forced to trial by Extremists in four hemispheres, has failed egregiously."

The other side will doubtless retort that the need of Proance on his. Trixie seems to win, because she has enslaved | hibition is all the greater if their opponents see double.

CHARIVARIA.

This is Rat Week. Rat early to avoid the crush.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC have jointly laid a foundation-stone. It is believed to have stood the strain remarkably well.

A press report states that while in America Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was followed by a mystery man. A statement is expected from Lord BIRKENHEAD to the effect that he arrived in America before the EX-PREMIER.

A political writer hopes the General Election will not be put off too long. It couldn't be.

A grey parrot is reported to have

We can only hope that in after years its conversation will be worthy of its early literary environment.

Speaking at Bath recently Mr. GEORGE BER-NARD SHAW stated that he was a descendant of the original Macduff of SHAKESPEARE. A less modest man than Mr. Shaw would have said that Macduff was his ancestor.

The Leicestershire village of Newbold Ver-

don, we read, is with \(\sigma^{\eta} \) a single telephone. On the other hand we wouldn't mind betting that they have troubles of their own.

A woman writer dealing with matrimony states that men are too fond of their freedom. We heard the other day being out after nine o'clock at night.

A new edition of King's Regulations Was issued last week. Soldiers in search of a pleasant evening's entertainment might ask the Serjeant-major to read It to them.

"I take it for granted that we must work," says Mr. HENRY FORD. And he can also take it that we must jump at times, and jump quick.

In order to keep warm at this time of the year women are advised by a medical writer to wear more clothing. These old-fashioned ideas still have have been arranged for the few celebritheir supporters.

A correspondent writes to The Daily Mail to say that he was recently aroused at daybreak in Naples and found a man selling copies of The Darly Mail. It is very doubtful if anything can be done in a case like that.

When a woman was fined at Reading for dangerous driving, it was said that after her motor-car had run into a handtruck, knocked down a boy, mounted | the pavement and narrowly missed a girl, she smiled sweetly. Little courtesies like these are always appreciated by pedestrians.

Barges in Staffordshire are now being propelled by electricity. Local bargees who still swear under their own power are to be fitted with earthwires.

A Rhode Island woman recently rebeen hatched in a Finchley bookcase. ported to the police that she had shot season hard-riding people have found

The Innocent. "MOTHER, WHAT'S 'RAT WEEK'?"

the wrong man. The impression in the Paris. Many of our own steeplechasers best feminist circles of America is that that are still running would give anythis sort of thing almost amounts to a thing to be twenty-one again. breach of etiquette.

Protogonius has been known for a company to say that one good therm hundred-and-fifty years," says Professor deserves another has lived to regret his of one libertine who thinks nothing of E. B. POULTON, "no one had thought of rash act. holding a specimen up to the light.' As far as we ourselves are concerned, we have no defence to offer for this just now. What did they expect it to oversight.

> According to a weekly paper a tailor means with Treasury notes he need not thing will only encourage him. have advertised the fact.

T. P. O'CONNOR's seventy-fifth birthday the blast furnace. ties he has never met.

Primitive skulls which have been discovered in California are remarkable for their thickness and for the size of the mouth cavities. These characteristics, together with the fact that they were found not far from Los Angeles, support the theory that they were prehistoric cinema-goers.

We read that Dr. Benes, the Premier of Czecho-Slovakia, formerly played Association football. His example shows that a man of strong will can shake off this habit.

Office workers in New York are agitating for bricklayers' wages. It certainly seems unreasonable that one sedentary occupation should be more highly paid than another.

With the opening of the hunting

the old inconveniences still existent. In some parts there is a good deal of wire; in others hounds are very numerous.

The Soviet Press announces the appearance of a new island in the Caspian. This is regarded as a triumph for Bolshevism.

Dr. Voronoff is reported to have successfully performed a rejuvenating operation on a retired racehorse in

We are not surprised to learn that "Although the neotropical butterfly the man who wrote to his local gas company to say that one good therm

> The Thames, we read, is full of water be full of? Beer?

Atwelve-year-old boy who has written is advertising that the pockets of the an oratorio has been invited to conduct suits he makes never bulge. If he an orchestra. But surely that sort of

The President of the Staffordshire A large number of notabilities at-|Iron and Steel Institute recently retended the banquet in honour of Mr. ferred to the wonderful possibilities of A correspondent the other night. Regret was felt that writes to say that most of the golfers an overflow entertainment could not he has met seem to speak their lines very well without the assistance of any such mechanical contrivance.

"SUMMER-TIME" AND THE FARMER.

["He earnestly begged them not to treat the farmer's side of the question with levity.' -From a report of the Home Secretary's reply to the deputation that called upon him to plead for an extension of Summer-time.]

I know the worries which infest The agricultural interest.

The farmer works with all his might But never gets his weather right.

Either his soil is parched with drought,

Or else the other way about. Each morning he forestalls the lark And puts his boots on in the dark. He spreads manure with lavish hand,

But fails to fertilise the land. He scatters putrid fish and lime,

But Nature downs him every time. Barley or bullocks, fowls or hay, He simply cannot make 'em pay.

No wonder, then, that I regard The farmer's lot as very hard;

And it would not occur to me To treat his case with levity.

I never take a humorous line About his wurzels or his swine.

But least of all would I allow Myself to giggle at his cow.

For I respect a beast whose tone Was ever Tory, like my own.

On Frinciple she hates to loose The holy ties of habit's use.

That's why it makes her peeved and sour

When people change her milkinghour.

That's why she lashes with her tail And kicks against the previous pail. But she will listen when I plead The public's overwhelming need; And not ignore my humble rhyme In praise of longer "Summer-time."

And he, the Tory farmer, too Will take a patriotic view;

And on the Minister will call (Towing his cow along Whitehall);

And say to Mr. BRIDGEMAN, "Sir. Our old time-table we prefer;

But are prepared, my cow and I. To listen to the town-folk's cry,

And for their sake remove our ban On 'Summer-time's' extension plan,

Making their life more large and fair By means of extra sun and air."

So much the farmer. And at that The Minister will raise his hat

A gesture only; being at home. He'll have no covering on his dome),

And answer with a solemn face, "This is indeed an act of grace;

A nobler statement [here he 'll bow] Was never made by man or cow;

By self-denial you would give Democracy more life to live; There spoke a true Conservative!" O.S.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

(Thoughts inspired by the Rugby Fcotball Centenary.)

The recent celebration of the Rugby Football Centenary has revealed to the nation the disgraceful poverty of our written records. Public opinion is growing indignant at the casual manner in which we treat our heroes. Such a state of affairs can no longer be tolerated. Here is the case of WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS, the founder of Rugby Football one hundred years ago. Historical research has revealed nothing of that epoch-making event but that "he first took the ball in his arms and ran with it." Just that. It's maddening.

We want to know a hundred-andone things about that great and memorable day. Why did he do it? Was he one of those future pioneers of Victorian Imperialism, or was he just absent-minded? Was he a tall curlyheaded autocrat sweeping rules aside as he pressed onwards to the goal, or was he a small fag fleeing hurriedly from the wrath to come? Did the lads with eager pants—I refer to their breathing —gather round him in smiling admiration and carry him shoulder high to the pavilion, or was he thoroughly kicked for being a funny young swine? Such are the questions the historian of to-day in vain seeks to answer.

But are we better than our forefathers in this respect? Do we study to preserve with loving care the full circumstances that surround our national events? Or will the historian of the future be content merely to state that

"JOHN HENRY ROBINSON, whilst playing golf at Maddington, with a fine disregard for the rules of the game as played in his time, deliberately picked up his ball from a bunker guarding the green and placed it in the hole, thereby originating the distinctive feature of Maddington Golf. A.D. 1923''?

However, we flatter ourselves that in these more enlightened days the Press at least would have sought WILLIAM Webb Ellis and left some interesting record for posterity:—

 $[From\ our\ Special\ Correspondent.]$ "I found WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS | And one who wouldn't have come unseated comfortably in front of his study | stuck.

fire, conning his Latin grammar for the morrow. Modest and genial in appearance, the lad has in his eyes the dreamy look of the true adventurer. 'Yes,' he replied, in answer to my question, 'it was an interesting experience, but one which I would not willingly repeat.' Asked whether he found the ball heavy, he smilingly acknowledged that it was the dirt that he had disliked. I glanced at his hands and noticed that they still retained considerable traces of his unique experience. When questioned as to his future career, WILLIAM refused at first to make any definite statement. Being pressed, he admitted that he had a leaning toward the Leather Trade. I gathered afterwards from the head porter that he is a very popular boy in the school and has made many chums since he came to Rugby.'

This, at any rate, would be something definite for 2023 A.D. But is it enough? Is it not an affair for the Government rather than the Press? Should not the Record Office be instructed to keep a full account of all events that may one day be of great national importance?

Students who specialised in this branch of learning would be encouraged to make research among these records, while the popular demand for information could be appeared by a brief summary, of which we give one or two examples:-

(1) October 24th, 1923. Arthur Mowbray Hopkins (aged 39; married), whilst playing Billiards at the Conservative Club, Little Stockton, with one stroke drove all three balls off the table, and with a fine regard for the rules continued to pia ursery cannons all round the floor.

Origin of "Figor-Billiards." Tablet in the Club Smoke-room.

Colonel (2) November 5th, 1923. Trevor Trevelyan-Smith (56; Indian Army), whilst playing Auction Bridge at the Bathland Club, was charged with having made a revoke. With a fine disregard for the rules he hastily snatched up the tricks and hurled the cards defiantly at the Presentation Clock.

Origin of "SNAP-BRIDGE."

Memorial bas-relief set up in Card Room, but subsequently smashed by Colonel Trevelyan-Smith.

Our Robots.

"Without moving a muscle the host bowed agreement and said to the butler, 'James, the coffee, please.'"—Evening Paper.

"Had he [Mr. CHURCHILL] stuck to soldering we should probably have had one brilliant General in the war."—Bristol Paper.



THE MULTIPLE DICTATOR.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA-

"O I AM A COOK AND A CAPTAIN BOLD AND THE MATE OF THIS FANCY BRIG, AND A BO'SUN TIGHT AND A MIDSHIPMITE AND THE CREW OF THE CAPTAIN'S GIG."

[Mustapha Kemal Pasha has been elected President of the new Turkish Republic. Kemal was already President of the Assembly, President of the Cabinet, and President of the Popular Party.]



GLORIOUS PLACE FOR A POULTRY FARM THIS!" Artist (being shown over Poultry Farm). "You ought to make a great success. Lady Farmer. "WE THINK IT'S A BIT BLEAK FOR THE FOWLS." Artist. "YES, BUT JUST LOOK AT THE VIEW THEY'VE GOT."

SOME GUY.

BRITISH HISTORY AMERICANISED.

SAY, kiddoes, the history for to-day is the inside dope on the Story of Guy FAWKES. So quit chewing that gum and listen-in.

In the Fall of 1605—years before Hiram C. Columbus hiked it across the herring-pond in his catboat and shook out Old Glory on the dry land of America, the London Senate had a meet booked for November 5th. But lots of folk were kinda sore at the Big Bosses and were groanin' like a bamboo table at a Thanksgivin' spread. The news-sheets had to be widened some to take in the scare heads:-

GREAT SACHEMS' POW-WOW TO OPEN IN CAPITOL. SILVER-TONGUED SENATORS SLING THE KIND WORD WHILE BEANS SOAR 7c. "BALL GAME FANS TO BE TAXED," SAYS SECRETARY BUCK SMITH.

But did the gang of boys let the alfalfa sprout in their footmarks? No, Sir-ee, they did nart. The local Ku Klux Klans foregathered with themselves in the Soho hash joints and roared secrets cases of cordite under the big Talkyand orders for highballs until the bell- Talky House, and, at midnight on the

fainted in their tracks.

At Manhattan Mike's, in Jean Street, a team of toughs of the Extreme Left banged the table de hot-pot and shot their mouths in favour of their Extreme Rights. A bad man from Badville, with corkscrew pants and a cast in his near window, threw off a scheme full of up-

roars and entanglements.
"Say, boes," he articulated, "you kinda make me tired. You're a helluva fine bunch of boneheads all right, all right. You wouldn't lift a bottle of milk from a baby to cool the engine of your flivver. Tune up your wavelengths and listen in to me. Why should the tin-horns in the Big Shack on the river be allowed to go thru our jeans like a lovin' wife runnin' thru our pants on late lodge nights? Is it the goods? Nope, I'll say it is nart. Will you poor boobs let the Big Fish bite your pay rolls good an' hard? Attaboy! don't let them pull the rough stuff. It's not only the gold-fish that have been round the globe, I'll tell the woild!

And Guy—for that was the handle his may had fixed him with-ladled out a regular fillum plot to cache a few

hops grew dizzy and the bar-keeps | dot, press the button and wast the pan-handlers into the blue-black inky night.

"Will you do it, gents?" orated Guy. "All agreeing will arguify in the usual manner."

"Nope!" yells one chicken-livered conspirator. But he was a flat tyre and must have been bughouse, for Guy beat him to the draw by a coupla split seconds and ventilated his best dickey with six holes you could have covered with a caffay-nore saucer.

All went well with the firework fans. A real-estate shark was in the plot and put them wise to a house to rent next door to the Hot Air Works, with a passage leading plumb to the cellars.

By November 4th everything was ready. The night was as black as the Earl of Hell's riding-boots, and the cellar where Guy waited for the word "Go" was as brilliantly lit as the inside of a cow. He was leanin' on a barrel of up-stuff and thinkin' of a pretty lil flapper in a pink shirtwaist that he had a date with, when the door was busted and a posse of fly cops and gum-shoe men from Central Office butted it.

"Hell's bells!" said Guy, reachin' for his hardware.

"Hoist up your mitts," rapped the

District Attorney; "the game's up, Gunpowder Guy. You're covered in ten places.'

Guy was plumb puzzled.

"Say, officer," he said, as they slipped on the bangles, "I never left any clews big enough for you saps to stub your toes on, did I?"

"Can it," snapped the D. A. "One of your side-partners slipped the lay-

off by 'phone.'

"The pie-eater!" grunted Guy. "Aw, shucks! I mighter known. The ouija board was allterhell yesterday. Sing-Sing and the armchair for mine, I guess."

And it was so. And to this day the kids over the Pond beg dimes and burn fireworks on the Fifth, like you do on the Glorious Fourth.

THE COMING TRADE REVIVAL.

[The practice of reciting verse aloud as one walks is recommended as an aid to the cultivation of a graceful and rhythmical carriage.]

My first resolution had faltered

As the fact grew increasingly clear That the world had deplorably altered Since a bard's was a paying career; Received with a chill that was Polar,

I had made up my mind to retire, Relinquish the bays for a bowler And lay down the lyre.

For never, I feared, would the tin burn A hole in my pocket, whose feats Fell short of the rapture of SWINBURNE And failed of the fervour of Kears; And sad were my thoughts and distressful,

As every experience showed Mine wasn't, for being successful, The royalties' road.

But now I have done with despairing; Fresh hope I'm beginning to nurse,

Now the cult of an elegant bearing Demands the assistance of verse; I will sit up and lucubrate nightly

And garner the consequent gains In the market that opens for slightly Pedestrian strains.

THE VOCUE OF SECOND CHILDHOOD.

(Extract from a Letter to a Country Cousin.)

YES, my dear, all the smartest women are carrying dolls. Topping idea, isn't it? They're worn in the crook of the left arm. Viola took one to the Bantocks' dance last night. She was in scarlet tulle herself, so she had it dressed as a nun. You've got to force the note a bit or you don't get any attention. But Pansy went one better; she took a wooden Dutch doll, not dressed at all. It's one of the best notions ever!



"Didn't the artists finish them things, Emma?"

"Course they did, stupid! It's dustin's done that."

real babies are, of course, imposs. People who have tried them tell me that by the time you have trained them they are grown too large and heavy to be any use. Marmosets are rather ducks, but they have a way of getting consumption.

Wilfred has been saying that he doesn't see why women should have all the fun, and that he fancies that before long we shall be reading paragraphs like this in the Society columns of the papers:-

Lord Augustus Fitzsnoop was with Lady Augustus in the Row yesterday morning. His Lordship was bowling a wooden hoop. Major-General Glubb was taking the air, accompanied by his green velvet elephant and a small Teddy Pekes have been known to bite, and bear; and I saw Mr. Miniver, who is, of Is "Free" quite right?

course, a partner in the great shipping firm, showing a friend some of the animals out of his Noah's Ark.

Wilfred says that when it comes to this we shall have to call in the Young World to redress the balance of the Old; and when I asked him what he meant he said:-

"Infants in Kensington Gardens will be studying The Literary Supplement of The Times, or persuading their nursemaids to park their perambulators while they indulge in a symposium on the subject of deflation.

Isn't he too absurd?

"Shorthand.—Speed with Accuracy. Free, 12 Lessons one hour each, One Guinea." Advt. in Provincial Pager.

In Memoriam.

Andrew Bonar Kalv.

BORN 1858. DIED, OCTOBER 30TH, 1923.

THE harsh contending voices die away And silence comes, as winter shadows come, Swiftly and sadly from a sky grown grey.

Beyond the dim horizon of our ken He has passed, upon that tide whose darkening foam

Bears to the deep all mortal sons of men.

He has passed in whom we saw, and loved to see, A spirit whose shining truth no stain might cloud, Whose wisdom sojourned with simplicity.

For the State's honour and the people's good He strove, and never to that end were vowed More earnest faith, more gentle fortitude.

Not for loud triumph or for temporal gain He let the pure flame of his soul consume, Steadfast upon the lonely path of pain.

For aims that yet beyond our compass lie He strove unshaken through the deepening gloom And counted it a little thing to die.

He strove for honour, he whose honour must Stand as a noble heritage to his race; He strove for justice in a world unjust.

And now the hands of Death have set the crown Upon a life most fair, most rich in grace, Not lived in vain and not in vain laid down. D. M. S.

THE TWO LORDS OF THE LOST ISLAND.

"Wasn't there once a country called Britain?" inquired the intelligent young Eskimo of his grandfather, "in the year 1993?"

"There was, my boy," replied the old man. "It was a thickly populated island in the Atlantic ocean."

"Then what happened to it, Grandpa?" asked the boy. "I can't find any trace of it in my atlas. Did it disappear in an earthquake?

"Not exactly an earthquake, but something quite as bad. It is a sad story. Would you like to hear it?"

"Please," said the boy, nestling against his grandfather's

"Well," began the old man, "in the year 1914 Britain got mixed up with a big war, which lasted for some time and unsettled everything frightfully. Then peace was made, but not very cleverly. In fact it was almost as bad being mixed up with the peace as with the war. The British were very puzzled to know what to do for the best."
"Couldn't their leaders tell them?"

"Their leaders! My boy, there were two men, and two men only, who saw clearly what ought to be done, and they were not official leaders."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Didn't they tell the people?"

"I should think they did. Not by word of mouth, for they never spoke in their own House of Parliament, but by writing. They owned newspapers—lots—and in these newspapers they kept on telling the official leaders and the people what ought to be done."

"Who were they?"

"Two lords, named Beavermere and Rotherbrook."

"What funnynames! And did they say the same thing?"

"No. One of them said that the British ought to be very, very hard on the Germans—the people they had fought and beaten in the war-and the other said it would be wise to give the Germans a chance. Again, one of them said that the British must on no account let any tax be put upon food that came into the country, and the other said that such a tax would do no harm to speak of."

"But I thought you said they both saw clearly."

"So they did, but in different ways."

- "Didn't it make things very awkward for the British to have one great lord telling them to do one thing, and the other telling them to do the opposite?"
- "On the contrary, it was very good for the British. It kept them on an even keel, as sailors say. As long as one of the great lords opposed the other, the balance of the country was maintained. They counteracted each other."

"I think I see, Grandpa. What happened next?"

"Well, the Germany business and the tax squabble blew over, as these things always do. After a few years new questions cropped up. There was a dispute about something between Britain and Patagonia, and there was a sharp argument over a proposal to give the Parliamentary vote to girls of fourteen and upwards."

"And did the two lords see clearly again?"

"Yes, quite clearly." "Opposite ways?

"No, the same way. That was where the trouble began."
"I should have thought—— How did the trouble

begin?"

"You remember what I said about the balance of the country? Well, one day these two lords, in all their newspapers, simultaneously delivered their judgments on the questions of Patagonia and Votes for Girls. People went to bed overnight as usual, not expecting anything out of the ordinary to happen; until eight o'clock in the morning it was quite a normal country."
"Eight o'clock?"

"Yes; that, roughly, was the hour at which all the two lords' newspapers got to the people's breakfast-table. It was then discovered that the judgments of the two lords were unanimous. They thought the same way. That was too much for Britain. As long as the two lords thought opposite ways the country was safe. But the combined weight of their identical opinions, both pressing Britain in the same direction, did it."

"Did what?"

"Pushed Britain off its balance—made it lopsided turned it upside down.'

"You don't mean —

"At twenty-five minutes past eight, the island gave one great heave, rose out of the water, turned clean over, sank and was never seen again! That was the end of Britain. It was a pity."

"The depression situated between Scotland and the Faeries is moving slowly East."—Weather Report.

The famous "faerie lands forlorn" seem to be indicated.

"Claims can now be received for the supplementary distribution of Naval prize money in respect of officers not on the active list and men not now serving whose surnames begin with the letters H, Q and X."-Daily Paper.

The officials should have a quiet week, especially if they drop their H's.

From a report of the O.U.A.C. meeting with the Combined South African Universities:

"The first event on the programme was the 100 yards. The field rose as one man and were together for 50 years."—Natal Paper.

We are looking forward to 1973 to hear the result.

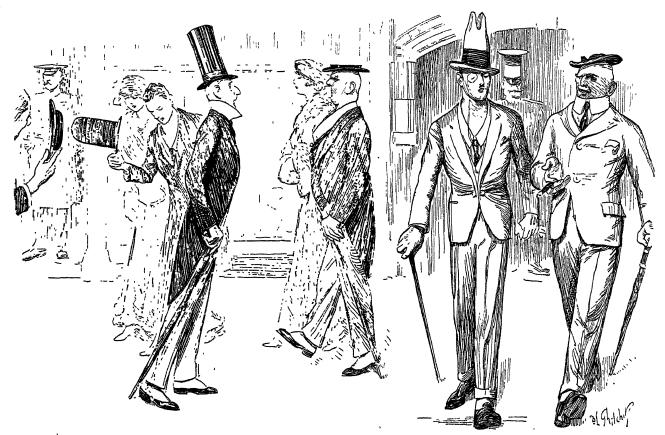
MANNERS AND MODES.



IF WOMEN ARE PERMITTED TO CHOOSE THE LENGTH OF THEIR SKIRTS—



OR THE HEIGHT OF THEIR HEELS-



WHY CANNOT OUR MANHOOD BE ALLOWED A GREATER LATITUDE IN THE CHOICE OF ITS OWN ATTIRE?

ONE OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE NICHTS.

Am I going to like this play, did you say? I don't really know. You see, my Hassan, when I read the play, had black hair, and this one's is quite sandy. Do you suppose Mr. HENRY AINLEY found out that there really are sandy men in Baghdad? He looks exactly like a master we used to have at school. And what a bad cold he has, poor man! He should take something for that . . .

No, we do not like Selim at all. I wonder if that is a good Persian carpet they are sitting on! It doesn't look like it, but it may be merely the light. I wonder where they got it from

very much.

Hassan is making some sweets now. It seems very easy to make sweets. I wonder if he will make any blackcurrant lozenges for the throat! But we must not allow the sword of cavilling to pierce through the chain mail of appreciation. The man on my left has not. He has just said, "Topping good show this. It's better than Cairo; it's very nearly as good as Chu Chin Chow.' The hammer of comparison has driven home the nail of approval. Very charming of the Censor to pass Selim's remarks about Yasmin, wasn't it, when you think of some of the things he cuts out? But

there, we are not living in the caliphate of QUEEN VICTORIA.

Oh! here is the Caliph. Harcun himself. A most cruel man. And that is the Vizier, Jafar. I believe he was a Barmecide, though it does not say so on the programme. I should have expected a Barmecide to be more imposing than that. . . . Oh, they are all going upstairs in a basket! A basket is a much jollier way of going upstairs than a lift. Ishak the poet has put Hassan in the lift. How strong he is, and how splendid! But I wish he would not say lewt. I suppose that was the way they pronounced "lute" in Baghdad.... It's a curious thing about these places like Cairo and Baghdad that we don't mind

incorrect. . . . Shall I go out and get a drink? No, it is too late. The barrier of figures there are in it! A comic vizier procrastination has severed the whiskyand-soda from the lips of desire.

We are in Rafi's house now. Rafi is the King of the Beggars. They are having a dance. Did men dance in old Baghdad, I wonder? I don't remember anything about it in the poem. But now, a very pleasing place. We are M. FOKINE probably knows best. And how stupendously they dance. The ladies are going to dance next. This will make the play popular, whatever happens. The clothing of the ladies is so very extremely Mesopotamian.

Zelfrijji perhaps, or Barkhar. . . . I feel | bigger. Ethiopian executioners should | stage, though the amount of sword-play sure that we are going to like Yasmin always be large. Still, he does look is terrific. Off the stage—ah! well. like an executioner, not a bit like al

Sailor. "Want your son to go to sea, do you? like a seafarin' man, 'e don't." 'E DON'T LOOK MUCH

Father. "Oh, don't 'e? Well, just let me inform you as 'e was near bein' chosen as one o' the waves in the Storm at Drury Lane."

merchant from Basra. I think it was rather rash of Rafi to tell his whole lifestory with a man like that in the room. Oh, the Caliph's party are all shut up in the trap now. I think I must have misjudged Jafar. He does write S.O.S. messages with remarkable speed. I think he has written this one in a field note-book. Not bad for a Barmecide. Still, it was Hassan's idea. But how the message ever tumbled out into the street is more than I can fathom.

The people in front are eating confectionery. That is rather a good idea. Probably one ought to eat chocolates all the way through Hassan—until the lid of absolute repletion is shut down upon the box of appetite. Not a very good one that? No.

and his love. And what a lot of comic and a comic chief of the military, and a comic chief of police, and two comic beggars. The man on my left has been laughing almost the whole time. He'll be rather damped when we come to the torture, I expect.

We have got into Hassan's pavilion going to see a lot of Yasmin in this scene. Ever such a lot. I cannot put it better than that. Poor old Hassan! He is so sandy and so pale, and he stumbles whenever he walks. No, of course he cannot kill Yasmin. Nobody I should have liked Masrur to be does kill anybody in this play on the

I still can't help an uncomfortable

feeling that some of the people who haven't read the play may think it is all going to end quite brightly. girl in front has already had her tenth chocolate, and the diwan has only just begun. The soldiers have just done a wardance, so I suppose men did dance in ancient Baghdad. But surely in the real play the soldiers didn't dance; they chanted the war-song of the Saracens. I should like to have heard that:-

> "Pale kings of the sunset, beware!"

Never mind, there are some jolly people in the diwan. Mostly comic, of course. Funny about

the Ambassador from the Court of the Empress Ireen at Constantinieh, in the land of Rum. One would have thought that they pronounced Ireen as Irene in those days ... The diwan is a regular League of Nations.

Ah! here is Pervaneh. I wish she were not so much like MARY Queen of Scots. Yes, I knew it would happen. The man on my left can't see anything funny about the Caliph's verdict upon Raft and Pervaneh. It has made him stop laughing altogether. The tin-tack of consternation has entered into the sole of amusement. I rather like that one; don't you?

Hullo! Hassan and Ishak have got into the condemned cell and are guardthe natives coming on and talking in all kinds of English and Scotch accents, but we should feel frightfully upset if any of their houses or costumes were to end in unutterable tragedy for Rafi ling Pervaneh and Rafi. That didn't happen in the play. They only looked through a grating. Rafi is pointing out that death for the sake of love is not



Betty. "TELL YOU WHAT, BILL, OLD BEAN, WE SHALL HAVE TO TAKE OUT THIRD-PARTY POLICIES."

worth while-probably the only hero who has pointed this out on the English stage. Love, I gather, is a tyranny, like riches and power and pomp. That | have been caught in the trap of dismay. is what Hassan and the poet Ishak feel too. Poetry, freedom and life are the things. This play is really a tremendous piece of propaganda on behalf of poetry-and confectionery, I suppose. It would be rather splendid if poetry diwans were held at Mr. What's-his-Street, where they have the opera, instead of at the Poetry Book Shop.

It must be very difficult for Per-

vaneh to remain ecstatic for such a long time as that. . . . They have chosen Death. . . .

What marvellous evenings there were in Baghdad! Mauve and magenta and green. The dawns were pretty sumptuous, as Ishak pointed out; but for real abandonment give me cypresses and a Persian dusk. . . . The Procession of Protracted Death is coming now. Oh, dear me, this is a surprise. The Procession of Protracted Death is a kind of ballet. They keep on turning round. I had forgotten M. FOKINE for a moinstruments of torture were used. That rather unpleasant Caliph, away to Sa- Hassan! Good-bye.

of me is holding a chocolate suspended in mid-air. The fingers of nourishment Pervaneh will now wail. Yes, she has. And the silver fountain is running red with blood. At least I suppose it is blood. It makes a trickling noise and has a crimson glow. Poor old Hassan! He's taking it very hard. The Caliph forced him to look on at the torture. I must say it name's big sweet shop in Coventry lasted a very short time, but it seems no doubt it was pretty bad while it lasted.

Yasmin again. I am afraid Yasmin is not what one would call a really nice girl. She is going off with Masrur now; a black man, you know, my dear. There I felt certain Masrur was not really strong enough to be an executioner. He can only carry her up one short flight of steps and she has to walk the rest. The scale of dramatic effectiveness has been tipped by the avoirdupois of reality. Naughty Yasmin! At the Lyceum Yasmin would have been booed. . . .

Come on, let us get to the Gate of the Moon. It seems to be just going to be dawn. How restless the merment. Rather ghastly. I feel thoroughly | chants are! Hassan and Ishak are going thankful that I don't really know how with them, you know, away from this

brazier, you know. The girl in front markand. Hassan might have travelled in confectionery really, because some of the merchants did.

> "Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice And such sweet jams, meticulously jarred, As God's Own Prophet eats in Paradise."

I wonder what the Persian for "meticulously " is!

The gates are opened. The most wonderful and beautiful dawn is beginning on the Persian wastes. I don't wonder people want to go to Samarkand. Besides, gilding it all over like that makes the meaning of the Golden Road to Samarkand so clear. How that phrase haunts one's head! I can imagine crowds in front of one of those gates that they keep closed on the Underground all chanting, "We take the Central Tube to Shepherd's Bush!" or, "We take the Non-Stop Tube to Golder's Green!' That would brighten London a bit!

Hassan and Ishak are staying till the last. Hassan leans back to say Good-bye to us. So sandy and so pale. He looks more like that master that we had at school than ever. This is the end. . . . Oh, no. Hassan has come back again in front of the curtain. I thought he had started for Samarkand. The silken snare of vociferous applause has entangled the feet of Art. Dear old EVOE.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

V .- Touchy Trades.

"WHAT's all this about the lawyers?" said the Man in the Moon.

"A Special Committee has recently been inquiring into the conditions affecting the Forensic and Domestic Services," I said. "Lawyers and domestics, like the rest of us, have many grievances; but the thing that bites them is the feeling that people are making a joke of them. They are old jokes, as old as the profession. A man called Dickens won quite a name with one of them. But in these days we don't hold with jokes, or not, at any rate,

on Committees and Special Commissions. In the old days our official classes were trained to take a joke seriously and were constantly guilty of jests themselves. They are now trained to stamp on humour at sight.

"You see what this Committee says: 'While those employed in other professional channels frankly despise the legal service and relegate it to an inferior status, we cannot feel that the general public is free from blame in this genuinely important matter. The constant caricaturing of barristers as pettifogging, prosy, verbose, obscure and somewhat grotesque creatures, and the use of such contemptuous phrases as "Welsh Attorney" and "The Law's a hass," are significant. Unfortunately these attacks and witticisms are keenly felt and resented by the barristers, many of whom are young and sensitive, as the young usually are, to ridi-

cule, however ill-founded. We earnestly hope that the Press, the dramatist and the humourist will realise that they are inflicting pain (which we are convinced is not their intention).' And so on. You follow the argument? And of course the same blight has fallen on other professions; 'The Admirable Crichton' drove thousands of butlers out of the business. Our literary decline is directly due to the national habit of being funny about poets. For the same reason we have no clergymen. Peers are extinct. The police are starving for recruits. All due to this eternal devastating stream of ridicule. As for the lawyers, you may have noticed how little we respect the law-in this country."

"Quite," said the Man in the Moon.

in real life. They are merely the artificial invention of dramatists and humourists. Now, God forbid that either you or I should inflict pain, so I purpose shortly to take you to a Court of Law; and in order to show you how baseless is the legal joke, and to prepare in you a proper respect for the legal status, I should like to give you a short reading from Thugg's Leading Cases at once."

"Very well," said the Man in the

"This is the judgment of Mr. Justice Bangs in the case of In re Skipper's Settlement: Newt v. Raddle, ([1899] 2 | invalidate, suspend or affect any settle-Ch. 717). It decided, shortly, that a ment or agreement for a settlement

THE AGE OF ADVERTISING. Lady. "I say, Reg, can you make out what that man is trying to write?"

married woman's property is no less her | laughing." property when it is her property than when it is not. The judgment is expressed partly in simple straightforward English, partly in French and partly in the Latin tongue, the last consisting of ancient maxims originally designed for the bamboozlement of the Roman plebs, and still going strong. It is not funny, and for the lawyers' sake don't laugh, for a single smile may bring unhappiness to a thousand homes. Stand by!'

"Right," said the Man in the Moon. "The question raised," I read, "by this originating summons depends upon the true construction and effect of sect. 1(5) of the Married Woman's Protection Act, 1883, coupled with sect. 19 of that Act. Sub-sect. 5 is as follows:

professional jokes have any foundation of her separate property be subject to distraint or seizure in the same way as if she were a femme sole or chattel real.' Now if there were nothing else it would follow that the entire life interest of Mrs. Newt, notwithstanding the restraint upon anticipation, would pass to her heirs collusive per stirpes, or in the alternative to the heirs of her body in esse. This is clear. See Ruggles v. Brise ((1889) 22 Q.B.D. 548). Čertum est quod certum reddi potest.

"But then comes sect. 19, which is less easy to interpret. It says: 'Nothing in this Act contained shall interfere with,

> made or to be made respecting the property of any married woman, co-parcener or bastard, or shall interfere with, affect or render inoperative (except by cesser) any restriction against anticipation at present attached or to be hereafter attached to the enjoyment of any property, income or money by a woman, co-parcener or bastard under any settlement or agreement for a settlement, and no settlement or agreement for a settlement shall have any greater force against creditors of such woman, coparcener or bastard (except by merger, estoppel or what not) than a like settlement or agreement for a settlement made or entered into by a femme sole would have against a satisfied therm.' De minimis non curat lex.'

"You follow that, of course?" I said, pausing for breath.

"Go on," said the Man in the Moon; "I'm not

"Now, there is no difficulty," I continued, "in attaching a separate use by merger or adhesion to the estate of a married woman matrimonio contracto, as in Stogdon v. Lee ([1891] 1 Q. B. 661), or even to an estate in fee (Baggett v. Meux ((1844) 1 Coll. 138); or an equitable remainder in tail male (Smut's Case); or even it may be to a common executory relapse in frankalmoign, though there is no authority on the point. This is clear. Leges consistunt in mumbo jumbo. In the well-known case of Jelly v. Jamb ((1840) 1 Beaver 1) it was finally decided that, under a limitation to a female without power of profits appurtenant the restraint "Quite," said the Man in the Moon. of that Act. Sub-sect. 5 is as follows: upon profits appurtenant would be-"The odd thing is that none of these Every married woman shall in respect come operative under and by virtue



Sportsman (handicapped by hearty lunchecn). "YES, IT'S A GOOD LIE. I'LL TAKE A BRASSIE."

of and notwithstanding the original by In The Goods of Simpson ([1891] assignation in the event of a second coverture, though in this case the woman was an imbecile. Nimia subtilitas in jure reprobatur. Lord Ramble, it is true, treated the separate use as suspended and having no operation while the woman is discovert, but that was the case of an ancestor for value without possibility of issue (Moxon's Case, 1 Pole's Pleas, 1371). Lex non dormit nisi in foro. Lord Cottenham, in a striking passage, expressly asserts that the old separate estate continues through the second coverture (see Hike v. Fitzgibbon, where the testator was a plaice royal). Caveat emptor qui non pe-

"What does that word 'coverture' mean?" said the Man in the Moon, in a dazed fashion.

"It's the legal term for marriage, 'marriage,' it is clear, being a wholly inadequate word to express the idea of marriage. When a layman dies his wife becomes a widow; when a lawyer dies his wife becomes discovert. Hinc illæ lacrimæ quod ne plus ultra-

"Oh!" said my friend. "We have nothing like that in the Moon."

"Habet," I went on cheerfully. "But I have to ask myself if I am not bound dramatists who make their butlers as ticular.

2 A. C. 422), where Lord Justice Kay uses language on which great reliance has been placed, rude though it is. He says, 'The answer to this argument is that there is no such thing as separate property of a femme sole. Nunc est bibendum.' And in consequence of these weighty observations of Kay, L.J., I confess I have felt great difficulty, for while it is clear that a clause in auter droit can be attached to a life sentence or a niece for years quoad hoc it cannot be attached to a fee simple, fish-tail or fardel, which, so far as the law is concerned, is capable of subsisting for ever, particularly, as Sweedle, L.J., observes (Jelly v. Jamb, supra), where the widow is a femme sole discovert after the demise of her third spouse and without possibility of issue until a fourth or fifth coverture, which is not in the present case a relevant contingency, the woman being defunct. There are also autho-

"Hi! Stop!" cried the Man in the Moon, rolling on the ground. "I can't bear it. I promise to respect the law."

"Yet there are people, I assure you, who laugh at lawyers, just as there are

amusing as they can. Nothing is sacred now."

"Dear, dear," said my friend; "something to do with the Moon, I suppose?"

The Hydra.

From the description of a new restaurant :-

have a head in each department."

"To hunt such an extensive stretch-roughly, over 400 square miles in extent—four dogs a week is necessary."—Midland Paper.

We think that every dog should have at least his one day.

"A lady would like to share a horse box, Kalka to Lahore, about the middle of October or earlier."—Indian Paper.

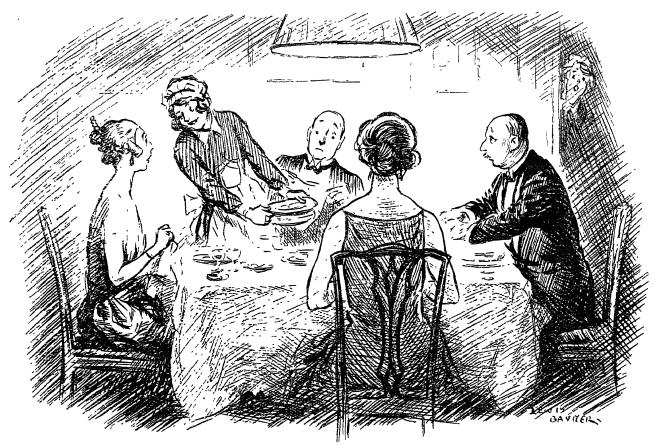
Possibly the same lady as the one mentioned in our last issue who "lunched with the Ootacamund Hounds.'

From a theatre-notice:-

"'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

gave a convincing interpretation of the role of Sherlock, taking no liberties with the text."—North-Country Paper.

The critic seems to have been less par-



Loud whisper from the door. "Doris, ver wanted!" Mistress. "What's the meaning of this?"

Doris. "It's all right, Mum—only my boy on the 'phone. (Clapping down vegetables on table) Back in half a mo'."

THE PATSY SYNDICATE.

The activities of "Patsy," the well-known London demonstrator of the "confidence trick," have been the subject of much newspaper comment of late, and various writers have shrewdly surmised that the spoiling of the American within our gates is the work not of an individual but of a syndicate.

In these circumstances we feel sure that our readers will be deeply interested in the subjoined advance copy of a prospectus which, we are informed on fairly reliable authority, is likely to appear shortly, but for the authenticity of which we are unable to vouch:—

THE PATSY SYNDICATE LIMITED (1923).

Етс., Етс.

CAPITAL . . . £100,500 (Of which £500 has already been issued).

Directors.

Patsy O'Farrel, Esq., The Strand, W.C. Gentleman (at large).

PATSY O'FARREL, Esq., Trafalgar Square, W.C. Financier.

Patsy O'Farrel, Esq., Russell Square, W.C. Philanthropist.

PATSY O'FARREL, Esq., Westminster Abbey, S.W. Guide.

Bankers.
PATSY O'FARRED.
Auditors and other things.
PATSY O'FARREL.

The Company has been formed with the view of extending and consolidating the work of the famous Patsy Syndicate, whose patriotic and remunerative efforts in extracting considerable sums of money from American visitors are not only keeping the exchange value of the pound sterling in a satisfactory position, but will intime largely counterbalance the heavy debt which at present we owe to the United States, and which is such a burden on the tax-paying British citizen.

In spite of the extraordinary success that the Syndicate has already attained, the Directors are of opinion that the time has come to apply the latest and most scientific methods in order to develop the business to the utmost extent on the lines of mass-production, and for this purpose they are inviting the general public to subscribe one hundred thousand pounds in cash for an equivalent number of Cumulative Participating Incubating Non-Incriminating Preference Shares at ten per cent. per annum, free of amusement- and income-tax.

It is proposed to devote the entire receipts from the new issue to an elaborate advertising campaign throughout the U.S.A., exhorting, entreating and inducing well-to-do citizens to come to Europe for a holiday, and adding that on no account should a tourist fail to make London his first stopping place. The latter is an important point, as many members of the operating syndicate, after a strenuous day of honest toil, have, to their intense chagrin, been rewarded with no more than a nontransferable return ticket to Smithtown (Pa), a ten-thousand mark note, and the counterfoil of a fauteuil ticket for the Folies Bergères. The notorious rapacity of Continental hotel-proprietors and amusement-caterers so reduces the dimensions of the average American's "wad" that he is an unprofitable client of the Syndicate. It is therefore essential that he should be attracted to London before falling a prey to unscrupulous foreigners.

The Directors are confident that the judicious expenditure of ten thousand pounds per annum for a period of ten years will assure as large a supply of raw material, viz., American tourists, as the present plant is capable of handling,



AN HEROIC REMEDY.

DR. BALDWIN (to patient suffering from acute unemployment). "NOW SOME DOCTORS CALL THIS A VERY DANGEROUS DRUG; BUT YOURS IS AN EXTREME CASE AND CALLS FOR EXTREME MEASURES."

PATIENT. "I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS, GUV'NOR, SO LONG AS IT CURES ME."



Panel Doctor. "And how did you get that eye, Mrs. Jenkins?" Mrs. Jenkins. "Mrs. O'Flannigan done it on me." Doctor. "Mrs. O'FLANNIGAN? I AM SURPRISED!"

Mrs. Jenkins. "Yes, I know. She speaks like a lady-but you should 'ear 'er talk."

and the profits should be enormously enhanced.

REVENUE AND PROFITS.

It has been estimated that each member of the Syndicate can handle one tourist per day, five days a week. Assuming, however, that on the most moderate estimate he can handle only half-a-tourist per day, that means one hundred-and-thirty tourists per working year. This for the four Patsies gives a grand total of 520 tourists.

The average amount extracted per tourist, as declared by our auditors, is £170—say £150.

520 tourists at £150 £78,000 Deducting underhand charges, cost of refreshments, wear and tear on bogus notes, outlay on voice jujubes, straws for chewing purposes, and boot repairs

£70,500

which sum, after providing £5,500 for In clarion accents you arraign depreciation of the Patsies, and £1,000 | Maxims that savour of chicane,

insurance at Lloyds against the untimely arrest of any of the Syndicate -though records show how groundless is this fear—leaves a balance of £64,000, enough to pay the preference dividend more than six times over and to provide a considerable sum available for distributing a bonus to the Patsies.

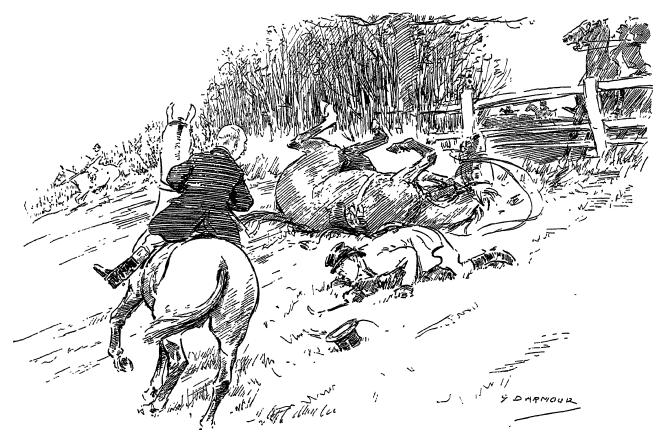
The customary commission of 5s. per £100 will be paid to judges, criminal lawyers and Scotland Yard officials on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp.

Dated this 31st day of Sept. 1923.

ODE TO DR. FRANK CRANE.

ALAS! when shall I hear again The preacher's daily tonic strain, So very high-toned and humane, Linking in one unending chain Phrases that breathe a high disdain 7,500 | For what is worldly or profane? Free from the doubts which tore in twain The soul of Hamlet, Royal Dane,

And yet adopt a genial vein, Undeviatingly urbane, To those who liberally drain The cup of pleasure and refrain From following the rules of QUAIN. Great Opportunist! with what pain We note the ending of a reign Which brought to travellers in the train, Or tram or Tube or aeroplane, The bombinations of a brain Ruining along the vast inane With greater unction than HALL CAINE Or HAROLD BEGBIE can attain! And yet so long as Charles's Wain Gilds in the North night's dark domain; So long as sheaves of golden grain Are harvested in Mincing Lane; So long as ships shall plough the main And diarists besmirch and stain Dead friends to glut their greed of gain-So long will every simple swain, Each Jack and Jill and pretty Jane, And all the ultra-normal sane (But not, I think, the King of SPAIN, Or Mr. Gosse, or Henry Ain-LEY, or perhaps Sir DAVID PRAIN) Heap blessings on the name of CRANE!



Practical-minded Sportsman (to friend on the ground). "Would you mind just picking up my hat as you are there?"

A CORDIAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

SAY (or read) what you like, the Entente is not in quite such a terrible bad way as you might think from the newspapers, French and English. Or perhaps there isand I hope there always will be—an entente of sympathy and admiration between individuals which will outlast any understandings (and misunderstandings) on an international scale; the kind of personal entente which enabled Yorick to go sentimentally travelling through France in the very thick of our eighteenth-century quarrels and yet to receive everywhere the same courtesy that he sought to bestow. . .

"Is it that Monsieur eats nothing?" said the little waiter solicitously.

Alas, it was indeed so. The hotel's table was as attractive for dijeuner as it had been for dinner on the previous evening; had Monsieur retained his liking for it there was still the excellent Anjou in its little carafe, and to follow the coffee (this was in Normandy) the really distinguished vieux Calvados that had been sampled last evening. But during the night something awful had quietly happened to the internal arrangements of Monsieur. As old Burton would put it, some wandering devil had ensconced himself in his intestines and had there set himself to produce black blood and melancholy. As a matter of fact the trouble later revealed itself as the first stage in an uncommonly complete cold; but at the moment all that Monsieur knew was that he had wakened that morning with a sick headache and an infinite distaste for any kind of food whatsoever.

An autumn morning spent in wandering through the placid streets of one of the show towns of Calvados had

Monsieur's inspection of Queen Matilda's famous tapestry, though, to be sure, Monsieur had approached that diverting historical document with more enthusiasm and attention than the haughty French damsel who, entering at the same time, had given one glance at the way in which the tapisserie winds round and round the cases on which it is displayed, had tapped her foot impatiently, observed loftily and loudly to her escort, "Combien kilomètres?" and then incontinently strode from the chamber.

And so Monsieur had returned to his hotel no better for the morning's work-returned to watch Madame, full of sympathy but also full of a healthy appetite, setting to work on an excellent lunch while he sat opposite and gloomily nibbled a little bread and sipped a little Vichy water. Hors d'œuvres he had declined, fish he had declined, veal he had declined, cheese he had declined—and then the little waiter made the remark which has been mentioned.

Monsieur explained that he had unfortunately lost his appetite. Now this may not have been a very good way of describing such a temporary but complete revulsion from all food as had overtaken him. Perhaps he should have explained more fully the far-reaching and fundamental nature of his loss. But two things deterred him. In the first place he was not at all sure what the French was for "bilious attack"; and, secondly, he was extraordinarily anxious not to let anyone connected with such a very nice little hotel think for a moment that he thought for a moment that anything in the food or cooking which he had already sampled had disagreed with him. So Monsieur just said that he had lost his appetite.

The little waiter was most sympathetic, volubly sympathetic. Having got so far in the meal and eaten nothing not been able to dispel the melancholy and its origin; the lit was absolutely necessary that something really attractive wandering devil had even managed to take the edge off should be found for Monsieur comme dessert. But after



Householder. "Is that your mate over there?"

Street-singer. "Yes, Sir. Lovely voice, Sir; used to sing in hopera."

Householder. "Did he? Well, I'm only giving you this to stop his beastly row."

Street-singer. "A tanner won't stop 'im, Sir. But if you make it a bob I'll try an' drahn it wiv me own."

gathering so much it must be admitted that Monsieur very completely lost track of the little waiter's eloquence, Monsieur being of that not uncommon kind which reads and even speaks the language far more readily than it comprehends the exact import of a sustained oration. All that he gathered was that the waiter was suggesting something which really would tempt Monsieur's lost appetite back to activity. Certainly one familiar word seemed to be distinguishable for a second before it was swallowed up in the general torrent of the waiter's eloquence; but it was such an extraordinarily improbable one, "comme dessert," that Monsieur instantly decided that his unaccustomed ear had once again deceived him. Dimly envisaging perhaps some specially acceptable compote of fruit with a liberal allowance of cream, Monsieur nodded assent and the little waiter ran away happy.

In two or three minutes he returned, proudly bearing—well, what do you think would be the most utterly unattractive dish that could be laid before a man with a bilious attack? It was that and no other. In one of those little round dishes lay two poached eggs, and, coiled beneath the eggs (Heavens! jambon was the word he had used after all), two carefully arranged rashers of the richest ham!

"Voilà, Monsieur!" said the little waiter triumphantly, at the same time demonstrating his tact by almost instantly gliding away lest the gratitude of Monsieur should become overwhelming.

Poor Monsieur! And poor waiter! for, with the best will and politeness in the world, all that Monsieur could manage was to get rid of most of the eggs and leave those awful

rashers untasted! But what would you? If the lost appetite of an obvious Anglais is not to be recovered by an inspiration like ham and eggs, what more can a sympathiser do for him?

But wasn't it a pleasant, though most unluckily turned, courtesy towards the stranger within the gates? And who in face of it dare maintain that all Gaul is divided into three parts, those who hate the English much, those who hate them more and those who hate them most?

BETWEEN EXETER AND WATERLOO.

The long dull train is hurrying, hurrying Eastward
With a rattle, a rattle and rush, which a sleepy brain
Turns into the click and the squelch of trotting horse-hoofs
In a red wet Devonshire lane.

That sound, and then the smell and the creak of leather—
The Staghounds are out, the bracken is dark with rain,
And Landgirl, the darling! is dancing along on her tip-toes
Down a wet red Devonshire lane.

I suppose those others are thinking of worries or welcomes
And taking this Eastward rush as a matter of course,
They would stare if they knew that, almost in tears, I'm
thinking

Of London without a horse.

Is it riding? Oh, well, a canter is still a canter

If you do hold on to the saddle and flap the reins;

But a luckier someone is out with the mare this moment

In the wet red Devonshire lanes.

Bus

HOW THE ROBIN COT HIS RED BREAST.

(After Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.)

Now, when Mrs. Duck flew away in such a hurry because of the 'scrutiating remark that the Mosquito made to her, O Dear Darling, you will remember that into a little Duck, who would stand on first that he was referring to egg-shell his head in the water and wag his tail china; but he said he wasn't. And she it didn't mind a bit—and dropped the in the air, as you saw the ducklings asked him if he would mind posting letter in; and off he went as fast as fast, doing in the pond the other day. So the letter for her, because he was so without stopping to take breath.

was up his gum-tree, and got some gum from him; and off she flew to the place where she

had dropped her egg.
And she looked and she looked, but she couldn't find it; and no wonder, for a Bor Dagger had been by and eaten it up! I don't suppose you have ever met a Bor Dagger, and I don't suppose you ever will, for they seldom leave the banks of the muddy Mississippi; and when they do they can only be seen by horrid cross little girls. But they're very unpleasant creatures to meet; and remember, if ever one catches you, the really-truly only thing to do is to call the Funny Chigs and the Mantle-Dogs to help you, for the Bor Daggers simply can't stick them.

So Mrs. Duck went straight off to the Caterpillar and asked him what she should do about the egg; and he said, "I recommend having recourse to epistolary correspondence. Communicate with the Cricket and inquire of him as to its ultimate fate." So she got a nice large palm-leaf, and she went to the Porcupine and asked him for one of his quills. And he gave her one; but he was very fretful about doing

so. And she asked the Cuttle Fish for and could fly more quickly. And he some of his best blue-black ink; and she wrote politely to the Cricket and

"Dear Cricket,—Will you please tell me eggsactly what happened to my egg when it broke and this comes hopping it finds you the same as it leaves me at present Mrs. Duck."

And then she didn't know what to do, for she was afraid to post her letter because of the Bor Daggers, who always make their nests near pillar-boxes.

And suddenly she thought, "The very thing. I'll get Peter to post it for me." Now Peter was the Robin (you've heard people talk of "Robbin' Peter," haven't

brave little bird, with a brown coat and truly very red indeed. And the Robin a shirt-front of snow-white feathers, of which he was very proud. It was rather like the white thing that Nana pins on to Tommy's shirt when he goes | sang it three times, and then he made out to a party. Indeed, people used to a dash for the pillar-box; but just as he call Peter the "Dicky Bird" because got near it he saw the tip of a Bor Dagger she dropped her egg and broke it. And of it. So she went and told him all coming round the squish-squash bush. that worried her quite a lot, for she about the egg; and he perked up and His heart went Peter-pat, but he put wanted to mend it and hatch it out said, "Chink, Chink." She thought at his bill in the slit of the box—it was she went to the 'Possum, who of course much smaller than she was, you see,

ARREN

THE LEONIDS.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER IS ASSOCIATED WITH METEORS, ESPECIALLY THOSE BELONGING TO THE LEONID GROUP, SO CALLED BECAUSE THEY SEEM TO RADIATE FROM THE CONSTELLATION LEO.

said he'd risk it.

So he took it in his bill and flew off; So he took it in his bill and flew off; anything in a pillar-box, to find out and on the third turning to the right past the gum-tree, opposite the squish-base bush he found a pillar box. The postmaster of the product of the postmaster of the product of the pro past the gum-tree, opposite the squishsquash bush, he found a pillar-box. It was a lovely scarlet colour and had way as the Robin's dicky did? "V.R." on it, which perhaps you know stands for "Very Red." You've seen them marked like that, haven't you, Littlest of Lovebirds? Others are marked "E.R.," which means Exceedingly Red, or "G.R.," which means Others are Gorgeously Red.

Now strangely enough a new Postmaster-General had been appointed the day before; and when that happens of course all the pillar-boxes have to be recognising him, in spite of the fact that

fluttered round and round it, and even he felt a little afraid, so he made a sloka (that's a magic), a nice fresh one, and quite used to having bills put into it, so

And when the Caterpillar saw him flying by he was so startled that he nearly forgot which of his many legs to move next, and he called out, "What in creation has happened to your Dicky, O Unobservant One?" And what do you think? It had turned a bright red! You see, he had been in so great a hurry to post the letter, for fear the Bor Dagger should catch him, that he had banged himself up against the pillar-box, which, as you know, had just been painted Very Red, and there was an end of his patch of snow-white feathers.

> Well, he was startled when he saw himself in a really-truly looking-glass; and so was everyone else. The Caterpillar murmured something about "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," which sounded silly but seemed to please him. And Peter tried Gloxo and Waxo and Righto, and rubbed and scrubbed with Won't Wash Clothes and Worth a Guinea a Box and all sorts of other things; but the paint wouldn't come off; and at last people gave up calling him the "Dicky Bird" and named him "ROBIN REDBREAST" instead.

So you'll be very careful, won't you, Small Sweetheart, before you post your pinafore should turn red, the same

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

(Studies in the High Art of Reminiscence, after a well-known model.)

I had not met Doctor Dabčik, the President of the new Kutzo-Vlach State, for nearly five years when I saw him last week at the luncheon given to him at the Guildhall. I had no difficulty in you, Best Beloved?). He was a very painted again; so this one was really- he had disguised his baldness with an



Widow, recently bereaved (to Minister's wife). "Ay, he wil a guid man, an' an honest—I'll say that for him. An' yet he ave boasted that he had never given awa' a bawbee in all his life. Bit on his death-bed he confessed that for him and he had never given awa' a bawbee in all his life. THE LAST TWENTY YEARS HE HAD SENT A HAGGIS ANOANYMOUSLY EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY TO HIS BEDRIDDEN SISTER-IN-LAW.

ambrosial wig and adopted horn-framed spectacles, which lend him an appearance of owlish sagacity that borders on the preternatural. But the face was still benignant, gentle, almost naive; yet it had also a certain hardness and austerity of expression, probably the result of the sense of his tremendous responsibilities and the marvellous realization of a great and apparently

impossible dream.

Verily the whirligig of time has seldom brought about a more marvellous reversal of fortune! My last and only previous meeting with this remarkable man was in America, when I travelled in the same train with him from New York to Chicago. He was then an exile, a poor professor, and, seated quietly in the corner, was more a listener than a talker; indeed, now that I think of it, his contributions seldom, if ever, attained to more than monosyllabic dimensions. Perhaps I talked too much-I sometimes do—but I may plead in extenua-tion that the great Kutzo-Vlach statesman listened with profound interest to what I had to say. Except for these I had better notice M. Bombinowsky,

absorbed and even asphyxiated by my torrential and polyphloisboisterous eloquence. Still the final impression that I derived was that of a mentality of colossal grasp and power of assimilation, rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that he hardly knew a word of English, and that I was then ignorant of the intricacies of the Kutzo-Vlach alphabet.

But he was obviously drawn to me, as I felt drawn to him, by that mysterious bond of intuitive personal sympathy which transcends all linguistic obstacles and fuses two kindred souls in a cosmic synthesis. I cannot resist the conclusion that my accidental encounter, at the nadir of his fortunes, with this wonderful man may have proved the turning-point in his career, and have exercised a potent influence in bringing about those modifications - temperamental, physiognomical, capillary and psychological—which so deeply impressed me at our meeting last week.

As I am writing of foreign statesmen

brief interruptions, he sat silent, remote, | the new Minister of Publicity in Latvia. I can claim him as an intimate friend, for during a visit to Paris in 1913 I dined frequently at the same restaurant and had ample opportunities for studying his personality as revealed in circumstances which tend to self-revelation, for, as the Romans said, in cibo veritas. Bombinowsky must be now a man in the early 'sixties. Ten years ago he was a handsome though Sphinxlike figure, with a frame of opulent contours. His eyes were, as well as I remember, of a blue or blue-gray tint, and were generally open. He was peculiarly addicted to sole a la Mornay, andtell it not in Mayfair—wore a palpably made-up tie. The somewhat bulbous development of his frontal region reminded me of Lord Salisbury, but he was free from the "blazing indiscretions" of the Conservative statesman. He spoke in a low muffled voice, and I never caught a word except his instructions to the waiter, which were invariably clear and explicit, though voiced in a Slavonic accent.

On one occasion, when he was leaving



The Pillory-Keeper. "Don't be down-'earted, Sir. IT AIN'T SO BAD. YOU'LL 'AVE PLENTY O' FRESH AIR AND CHEERFUL COMPANY, AND YOU'LL 'AVE A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION."

the restaurant, he inadvertently took my hat instead of his own, but, finding that it was several sizes too large, replaced it with an ironical shrug of his shoulders, eloquent of the quiet, ubiquitous, incessant activities of the great conspirator who for years had played for his liberty and life under the constant surveillance of the Russian police.

I noticed him the other night at the Fritz, and he was little changed, perhaps a trifle bulkier in build, but with the suggestion of iron resolution beneath his benignant exterior accentuated by an increased protuberance of his high cheek-bones and an enhanced imperativeness in his method of addressing the waiters.

WINTER TIME.

No sooner was last week's deputation to the Home Secretary on Summer Time out of the way than another one arrived to put the case of Winter Time before him.

The deputation was introduced by Sir Torpid Knapp, M.P., who said that there was a very strong feeling in the country that the balance of things could be maintained only if, during winter, everyone had an hour more in bed to compensate them for the annoyance and fatigue of the early rising of the Ornithological Society of Great

forced upon them by the late Mr. WIL-LETT, and in future, he understood, to be extended every year for a few weeks. If they had longer days in summer, surely it was only right that they should have longer nights in winter. (Cheers.) He was the spokesman of a party of reasonable men and women who had come to the conclusion that late rising was a necessity of national life. The War had very nearly cured English shopkeepers of the pride they used to take in good workmanship and in keeping their word. The late-rising movement which he advocated would complete the cure, and no pride at all would be left. How admirable a result, for what was worse than pride? (Cheers.) But that was not all. If they saved light, was it not logical to save dark too? And where was a better place to save it than bed? He trusted that the Home Secretary would grant them the same consideration that he had so readily given to the Daylight Saving people. (Cheers.)

Mr. BRIDGEMAN, the Home Secretary, said that before any more speakers were heard he ought to say that he had received a letter of protest which he was bound to take seriously. The proposal to lengthen the night carried, it seemed, certain hardships with it which members of the deputation might not have thought of. In this letter the Secretary

Britain pressed the claims of the owl to consideration. He asked if they realised what a burden to the owl a longer night would be? His hours of rest must necessarily be curtailed. Was that fair? (Sounds of emotion.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connon said that the fact that he had accompanied the deputation in favour of extending summer time was not inconsistent with his presence there again. During summer time's reign he was all for early rising. Directly it was over he was in favour of getting up as late as was possible to a man who was constantly engaged in approving of films, having a film made of himself, writing reminiscences of eminent men whom he might or might not have known, and editing a literary weekly.

Lord RIDDELL rose to ask what was the name of the literary weekly in question. He had not heard of it, and should like to compare it with the one in which he was interested, and to which, true to the modern fashion among peers, he contributed his views on life. For the essence of the new nobility, he added, is to own a paper and write for it.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR: "T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.'

Lord RIDDELL, "Oh, that!" His lordship went on to say that there were times when lying in bed on week-days was perhaps undesirable, but he could see nothing but good in the habit on Sundays, provided that you had the best Sunday paper to peruse—and by best he meant the one that threw the most searching light on the dark places of

Mrs. Dawdle, representing the Charwomen's Union, said that she was all for a good lay on Sunday mornings herself, and she wished she could have it on week-days too. She didn't know what Sunday paper Lord RIDDELL was referring to. Her own taste was The News of the World.

The Three SITWELLS said that they were in favour of late-rising. Although poets, they could say truthfully that they knew no more disgusting sight than dawn breaking. It was a mistake to get up before the world was warmed, and in winter this meant a very late hour.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON said that, poetry having been mentioned, he should like to quote a couplet apposite to the occasion :-

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain:

'You have waked me too soon: I must slumber

This Winter Time proposal, if carried, would be a wonderful thing for the sluggards: would, in fact, give them a charter. The clamour of editors and his own complacent nature made it unnecessary for anyone to consign him (the speaker) to the ant for homily or example: he worked only too hard; but Heaven knew that in his heart of hearts he was as big a sluggard as there was in the world. One of Nature's sluggards, not made but born. That was why, even though his native tendency had been distorted and the pen had become mightier than the nightcap, he stood up for sluggards and joined the deputation. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. W. P. Bagger, representing the Office Boys' Union, said he thought it would be a magnificent thing if during the winter months all business premises opened an hour later. His union had instructed him to make the strongest representations possible to this end. He personally would not mind if the opening of business premises was even two hours later.

Mr. William Sikes, representing the Burglars' Trust, said that he and his friends were all in favour of longer nights and a Darkness Saving Bill.

The Home Secretary said that he had listened with the greatest attention to what had been said, but that he did not feel that the time was yet ripe for legislation. He was thankful that no one had mentioned cows. They had no cows. But he was bound to say that mined his decision. (Groans.)



"M'RIA, THEY BE JUST THE FELLERS TO PRUNE THAT TALL APPLE-TREE US CAN NEVER GET AT."

the plea for the owl moved him. He therefore had no alternative but to bid could not help feeling that it was a sound one. The owl had to be considered. It was true that before any reform was passed some one or even some class had to suffer. On the other hand, was this reform, or change, of idea how tired he was of hearing about | not. It was the owl which had deter- | of the Transvaal to worry about South He America.

the deputation good-bye and wish them hearty slumbers. E. V. L.

"A message from Johannesburg states that the drought in South America is steadily becoming worse.

There is no sign of rain anywhere. In the sufficient importance to the community at large for the sufferings of the owl to fallen since last February."—Scots Paper. be necessary? Personally he thought Considering its own troubles, it is nice

AT THE PLAY.

"AMBUSH" (GARRICK).

Assisting at the revival of this play, I found myself, like its hero (if you could call him a hero), waylaid in an "ambush" of Fate which I had escaped at the time of its original production. It is a sombre and depressing affair of words, relieved by scarcely any visible action, and conducted in an atmosphere of almost unmitigated gloom. The scene, a lower-middle-class interior (unchanged throughout) is laid in a suburb of New!

York, but, apart from a touch or two of American terminology, and a faint spice of American slang, and the suspicion of an American accent in the case of one performer, it might just as well have been laid in Balham.

The ménage consists of (1) the father (head clerk), a man of extremely high principles, proud of his self-respect and the maintenance of it in the eyes of his neighbours; (2) the daughter, who has a penchant, not approved by her father, for the society of young men (with "automobeels") in a rank of life above her own, and (3) the mother, a bitter, nagging, discontented woman who takes the daughter's side against the father and assists her in her prevarications.

The character of the daughter, an accomplished liar, is interesting but not very intelligible. Apparently this was the author's design, for he makes her impose upon the audience almost as much as on her simple-hearted father. At first we take her for just an ordinary joy-rider, a common product of the War, who means to have a good time, and takes her chance of getting into trouble in AUTOMOBEEL, OLD CHAP." the process. Then, when a nightout has to be explained and she confesses to a moral lapse, her

sincerity that we harbour vague hopes at once to another intrigue—with a married man this time; and we conclude regretfully that this is a case of a girl in narrow surroundings who has had her virtue permanently undermined by a passion for smart dresses and a luxury

above her station.

Finally, when in one of her sudden spasms of candour we learn that she had originally been the mistress of a man without money or social position, we give her up as hopelessly vicious, and us? does it "purify our minds with are left without any reason in nature, pity"? based on inherited instincts or anything

degeneracy.

Nor were her moods much easier to follow than her morals. To her father she was alternately affectionate and defiant; you never knew whether she was going to accept his caresses or clout him heavily on the side of his head. I admit, however, that one's it all by paying his rent with the price inability to foresee her next attitude provided a certain speculative excitement which did something to relieve the long-drawn monotony of the dialogue.

But it is the father who is the central



Seymour Jennison (MR. DUPRÉS). "COME OUT IN MY

Walter Nichols (MR. FISHER WHITE). "THANKS, BUT I DON'T THINK THE AUDIENCE WOULD EXPECT ME TO GO OUT IN ANYTHING BUT A HEARSE."

grief and remorse have such an air of | figure of the play and furnishes the | motive of its title. In addition to of her redemption. These hopes are the trouble he sustains through his destined to be dashed when she proceeds | daughter's various delinquencies, he is turned out of his job and, pour comble de malheur, loses all his capital in an oil-field stunt. "Fate," so he tells us, "presses you in on every side and gets you into an ambush." That is not my idea of the usual arrangement of an ambush, but let it pass. The question is, does this spectacle of a good man fighting at odds with Fate do for us what the best Greek authority says it ought to-does it "free and dilate"

Well, I don't think I was ever thor- is an obituary notice.

else, to show how she came by this oughly freed or dilated till I got outside; but meanwhile I did feel a certain amount of pity. And when the hero resolutely declined to accept a lucrative post in the employ of his daughter's third lover, I was not only sorry for his misfortunes, but I was rather proud of him. And then he went and spoilt of his daughter's shame. Sophocles would never have let him do a thing like that; he'd have seen him dead first.

Mr. Fisher White played the part of Walter Nichols, the father, with great sincerity, but set too slow a pace for a play that had no need of a brake to check its liveliness. Miss Nancy Price, for all her intelligence, could not hope to make us understand the mother's dubious attitude towards her daughter. whose mode of life she at once disapproved and encouraged by her protection. Miss Angela Mackay, who has some engaging qualities, did well to make us realise the character of the girl at all, and, if her movements were at times too sudden and spasmodic, this was due in part to the jerky methods of the author. Mr. Duprés, as Seymour Jennison, jovial friend of the family, did his best by a boisterous hilarity to dissipate the gloom; but it was too thick for him.

Mr. ARTHUR RICHMAN, the author, has done an honest piece of work, but he took a tedious long time about getting his atmosphere; and when at last he had worked up to a dramatic situation and brought the girl and her lover (No.2) and their respective fathers together, he seemed anxious to get rid of it as quickly as he could. His construction too was transparently simple. Somebody or other was always arriving in an automobeel to take either the girl

or the family out for a ride; and when Mr. RICHMAN wanted to dispose of him so that the others might talk over private matters he was always sent to sit outside in the car for protracted periods.

I rather wonder why the Garrick people, when they were doing so well with Outward Bound in the evening bill, should have revived Ambush for matinées. In the scheme of Outward Bound no arrangement is made for the dead to have a second time on earth; and I think it would have been better to apply this limitation in the case of Ambush.

P.S.—Since writing the above I learn that Ambush has died again. So this



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"I'll show you," Mr. Arnold Bennett seems to say in an unwritten preface to his new novel, "whether my hand has lost its cunning or no. I'll push aside all my Denrys, Lilians and Prohacks, and bring on some of my ordinary obscure common folk. Nor shall they be of the Five Towns, but I'll take a drab forgotten island of Camberwell and make a place thereon for a middle-aged second-hand bookseller whose first early passion for hoarding money fights with and overcomes his late-flowering passion for a woman, also middle-aged if still handsome and vivacious. And you shall see into their most secret thoughts and understand and pity them. And within a year I'll kill them both of under-nourishment. My real heroine shall be a charwoman-solid, loyal, not uncomely, slow of thought and speech, infinitely charitable, splendidly sane. Oh, yes, and I'll give my book a title that won't of itself sell two copies—Riceyman's Steps (Cassell); and you'll see it will be a winner. I'll make it all not just merely credible but inevitable, and so close-knit that the perceptive reader, for whom (after myself, of course) I here write, will not care or dare to skip a word. Believe me it will be one of the very best pieces of work I've ever done." And I thoroughly agree. Mr. Bennett, when serious, is never the romantic. But still less is he the mere photographer of the crude and squalid; and never really a cynic. $\it Elsie$, the charwoman, is a beautifully tender piece of work. All through one is drawn to one's fellows, a little more persuaded of the truth of the plausible doctrine of compensations, and, above all, if one has any feeling for technique, the man. A few days before his death C.-B. said to me,

entranced to watch a superb craftsman's hand at work. Certainly the best Bennett since The Old Wives' Tale.

The good grey head of C.-B. ("canny and couthy" C.-B., as Mr. GLADSTONE called bim) has been laid low for more than fifteen years before we have his authoritative biography in The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (Hodder and Stoughton), by Mr. J. A. Spender. Some modern biographers seem at times to be more bent upon extorting our admiration of their literary skill and obtruding upon us their own political, psychological and philosophical reflections than upon focussing our attention on their subject. Mr. Spender is not of this number. His lucidity, good taste, clear thinking and balanced judgment never desert him. He now earns distinction in a new field and with artfully concealed art paints an enduring picture of a fine character. The story of the faicts et gestes-and manifold jests-of C.-B. unrolls itself with just enough historical setting to make the narrative intelligible to the ordinary reader. Those who liked C.-B. before will like him still more after they have studied this record, and there will be few who will not feel constrained to recognise the courage and honesty of the homely, shrewd and humorous personality laid bare in his letters and conversation. Of no Prime Minister can it be more truthfully said that he sought not himself in political life but, like Lincoln, tried to "do the right as God gave him to see the right." His settlement of the South African question will live in history as a master stroke, setting the seal upon his sagacity, insight and foresight. An incident (not recorded by Mr. Spender) reveals "If people should think that I ran straight, well, there is no particular merit in that, because the straight course always seemed to me to be the easiest." Happy the country whose leaders can deprecate their virtues in this fashion!

Mr. E. F. Benson thoroughly understands how to get away with a good story, and the openings of the twelve samples of creepiness he calls Visible and Invisible (Hut-CHINSON) leave nothing to be desired. Nor does the explanation or lack of explanation at the end of each: Mr. Benson invariably winds up with artistic completeness, whether he chooses to be communicative or taciturn. It is the actual quality of the pseudo-scientific and supernatural leaven employed throughout which is not, I think, up to the family standard. In "Mrs. Amworth" the slaughter of the vampire in "Dracula" finds an almost too gory parallel; "And the Dead Speak" tells how a surgeon induces the her quite early in her married life. When her son Tony

mysteriously quickened brain of his dead housekeeper (an unconvicted murderess) to set her tongue wagging about her cold-blooded crime; while in "The Horror-Horn" a climber encounters a tribe of primitive men, one of whom is eating a live chamois with a very shocking disregard of table manners. "Inscrutable Decrees,"
"Machaon" and "The
Gardener" owe some part of their eerie revelations to mediums or planchettes, and the climax of "Roderick's Story" might have been lifted bodily from the opera of Sir Oliver LODGE. Too much physical horror and too many spiritualistic paraphernalia is my reluctant verdict on Visible and Invisible. Even

spook stories demand more refined material than Mr. Benson has seen fit to purvey for this dozen.

My main difficulty in appreciating Mr. LAURENCE Hous-MAN's delicate and often most attractive art is the obscurity of its inspiration. The fifteen stories which he republishes as All Fellows, and The Cloak of Friendship (CAPE), are all pitched in a semi-mystical key and are all susceptible of ulterior meaning; but very few command a plain interpretation, and the common effect of the series is a bewildering sense of spiritual incoherence. "The King's Evil" tells how a king, dethroned for leprosy, is found to retain his anointed power of healing, and draws near him, by means of his leper's bell, the crowd he intends to repulse. In "Little St. Michael" a child puts out the unholy fire given by the Devil to its foster-parents and, dying of cold itself, takes in its bosom to Paradise the homeless fiend whose native element it has destroyed. In "The House of Rimmon" an idol and an apostate priest prepare the way for the return of a whole people to Christianity; and in "Inside-Out"—the best thing in the book—an Indian gaol-"Inside-Out"—the best thing in the book—an Indian gaol- | "Honerable and Vulgar Madam, Please buy breads of me. I am bird discovers that his unfettered thoughts have still the a first-class English loafer."

freedom of the whole world. Fantasy, folk-lore and strands of a peculiarly bizarre theology are the main stuff of these stories. Their diction is exquisite, if sometimes too exquisite, and their seven illustrations have a delightful air of Goblin Market and the Rossettis of the Moxon Tennyson.

There is one outstanding character in Worlds Apart (HUTCHINSON), which is the title of Mrs. M. P. WILLCOCKS' new book. Not a very happy title perhaps, nor can I discover much significance in the picture that adorns the jacket -but I gather that authors are not invariably consulted on this second point. The story revolves round Lydia Wyatt, as she calls herself, though really she is the wife of Dane Wyatt Heritage, poet and philosopher, a delicate and refined egotist whose habit of urbane indifference to every claim that threatened his personal comfort began to irritate



STUDY OF CONSCIENTIOUS GENTLEMAN WHO SAID HE WOULD EAT HIS HAT IF ÉPINARD DIDN'T WIN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

was born she decided that he should not be brought up under such an influence, and the pair parted, meeting afterwards (when they did meet) on the best of terms, for the poet still preserved his urbanity. On Lydia, who was an incessant fighter, with a sense of humour and an overpowering desire to control the destinies of all her immediate circle, Mrs. WILLCOCKS lavishes all her talent, which is considerable, and provides her with a host of cleverly drawn companions. It seems to me that her canvas is too crowded for comfort; one has to make acquaintance with so many people, described, I admit, with many admirable and acute touches, that the most

patient reader begins to feel slightly muddled. I have seldom come across a novel containing so much good material that was yet so difficult to read. And, clever as the author is, she has not always succeeded in making her characters live.

I should give my vote more certainly in favour of The House of Lyes (Blackwood) if I understood why the younger Lye (familiarly called The Fib) left his wife in Australia and never communicated with her for several years. Mr. C. W. WHITAKER does, it is true, give reasons for this unhusbandly behaviour, but they fail to convince me that it is consistent with The Fib's character. For the rest the story is good enough reading, and the scenes both in South Africa during the Boer War and in Australia are vividly presented; but Mr. WHITAKER has not yet mastered the art of constructing a novel, a defect which—perhaps unreasonably—I am surprised to find in an author whose Almanack is so admirably arranged.

Letter received from a Cingalese baker:—

CHARIVARIA.

"I MUST acquaint myself with the political situation before I say anything about it," said Lord BIRKENHEAD on his return from America. The novelty of this procedure is worthy of consideration by politicians.

Rat Week is reported to have been a great success. Other sporting events of the month include the sale of Papyrus and a further meeting of the Betting Committee.

There is a persistent rumour that Parliament has reassembled.

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has declared that he is not a clever man. A definite pronouncement from him on this important point has been eagerly awaited.

A crisis in the building trade has arisen over the question of the length of the operatives' dinner-time. Our feeling is that the bricklayer ought to be allowed a reasonable interval to stretch his limbs.

Two Mansfield men last week celebrated their jubilee as church bell-ringers. Do we understand that they glory in that sort of thing?

Aresident of Kimberley, Idaho, U.S.A., who was once very bald, has grown a luxuriant head of hair since being frightened by a puma. In the absence of a sufficiently wild puma, bald-headed men should pay a London taxidriver the bare fare.

"Is Club Life Dangerous?" asks a Daily Mail headline. A new member of a certain very exclusive club who said to an old member "Good evening insists that it is very risky.

We read that, after the French Parliament assembles on November 13, M. Poincaré will not make any more Sunday speeches. This is regarded as the first step in a Brighter Sunday Campaign in France.

A British schooner has been captured off Pablo Beach by Federal agents, who seized sixty-five thousand pounds' worth of liquor found on board. It is pathetic to see a Prohibition country making a rush for the stuff like this.

The Westminster Gazette points out that Lord Younger is anxious to postpone the General Election to a later date in the New Year. It is felt that an earlier Election would not give the other pantomimes a chance.

A Central News report states that Denmark has declined to sell Greenland to Great Britain. The great difficulty appears to be the question of delivery.

A chronic angler who has recently purchased his first motor-car is now telling people that he ran into a fine specimen of a pedestrian, but, although he played it very tactfully, it eventually got away.

CAFÉ IMPERIAL WESTMINSTER MENU.~ IS NOV: 1923
FISH:
Canned Salmon
SWEETS:
Fruit Juces & Honey
DESSERT:
Raw Apples.
TOBACCO:
a la Bruyere.

Chef Baldwin. "Pity we can't have some meat to go with this sauce."

The Times has published an account | if you happen to have a house to put of the discovery of dinosaurs' eggs, ten million years old, in Central Asia. We have never fancied these foreign eggs.

"The Scot," says Dr. J. M. Bulloch, "sees life in terms of black and white." There are, of course, other brands.

A musical authority has expressed the opinion that solo-singing by young girls is a severe strain on the nervous system. We have found it so.

Attention is drawn to the large number of visitors in London just now. It had struck us that there were a good many people in Town whose faces were my trouble. Can you help me? unfamiliar.

A flock of wild geese has been ob-

served flying southward over Oxford Street. It is well known that these birds have an instinctive objection to spending the winter on the wrong side of the Park.

An orchestra of thirty-six bagpipes has been started in Glasgow. We can only hope that it will get no further.

 $America's \ greatest \ rag-time \ composer$ is reported to be retiring shortly. There is some talk, we understand, of arranging a farewell banana.

"Since the Armistice there have been whole packs of careering hounds of lust, vanity, fear and temper let loose upon Europe," recently declared Mr. RAMSAY MACDON-ALD. It looks as if he had been attending a bargain sale.

AN EMBARRASSING TRIUMPH.

DEAR MR. Punch,—I was particularly interested in the story which I read in Punch of the gentleman who, as the result of continuously competing in vain for prizes offered by commercial firms to those who buy their wares, has accumulated a miscellaneous collection of goods; because I also, after entering for almost every possible competition, find myself in a distressing position, though of a different kind. I have at last won a prize.

When I first heard of this my good fortune (or may I say this reward of my intelligence?) I was transported with delight. Alas! my joy was soon to receive a bitter shock when I learned that the prize I had won was no less than "a fitted bathroom," a very desirable prize, but only

it in. Alas! we have no house. My wife and I have been looking for one for many months, and are still looking. Meanwhile we continue to live in an hotel, and any day the fitted bathroom may arrive. I hardly dare to go in and out of the hotel for fear of finding it on the pavement, or in the hall, or completely blocking the passage outside our room.

What am I to do? There are already fifty-four fitted bathrooms in the hotel. and I am perfectly certain the proprietor will not be prepared to give me a price for mine. To you, Sir, with your large humanity and keen sagacity, I turn in

Yours distractedly, WASHINGTON TUBBS.

[No.— Ep.]

O. S.

"THE INTELLIGENT ELECTOR."

[Thoughts of an average man in an average street on being asked to determine, for the purposes of a General Election, the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection, systems on which the opinions of professional economists are sharply divided.]

As one who works to win his bread
And never had the skill or chance
To get the hang inside his head
Either of high or low finance,
It is to me an awful thought,
Though tempered by a touch of comic,
That my opinion should be sought
On notions purely economic.

I ask—and nobody explains—
Why these conundrums which involve
The need of most enormous brains
I should be called upon to solve;
Why, when the doctors disagree—
Great men, and some of them with titles—
They should expect the patient (me)
To choose a treatment for his vitals.

"PROTECT YOUR INDUSTRIES," says one;
Another, "No, you must ignore
This mad advice, or you'll be done,
Because YOUR FOOD WILL COST YOU MORE";
Like a confirmed abstainer who
Is asked to judge of vintage clarets,
I am invited to review
The claims of these competing parrots.

How can I tell which bird is right?
Party, they know, will guide my choice;
If I'm a Liberal, then, at sight,
Asquith and Free Trade get my voice;
If I'm a Tory, then I lean
To Stanley B., the Great Protector;
That must, I think, be what they mean
By an "Intelligent Elector."

THE FILM DOG.

In Filmland no happy home is complete without the film dog. One of the principal functions of the film dog is to illustrate the happiness of the home. When we see the film dog registering beatific satisfaction in response to the exuberant caresses of the film child, whilst the film mother trips about the room preparing supper in readiness for the film father's home-coming, we know that all is bliss.

film father's home-coming, we know that all is bliss.

Unfortunately for the film dog, who is struggling heroically to suppress his sordid interest in the supper, domestic bliss in Filmland is rarely of long duration. We can tell by the way in which the film father enters the room that the inevitable misunderstanding is about to take place, and that before long either he or the film mother will go out into the cold heartless night. Then the film dog resigns himself to getting precious little supper and prepares to register sad silent sympathy for several long weary months.

At length the film child says to its remaining and remorseful parent, "Do not worry, Daddy (or Mummy); I will go and find Mummy (or Daddy)!" The remaining remorseful parent shakes his, or her, head in that slow, wistful, doubting manner we know so well, whilst the film dog wags his tail with a polite enthusiasm which he is far from feeling. For he knows from bitter experience that the film child has but one standard method of finding anybody, and that is to go and lose itself.

Like Mr. Folair, who was "always coupled with that infernal phenomenon," the film dog makes the best of a bad

job and sticks to the film child for a couple of strenuous reels. In the meantime the remaining remorseful parent has started out to find the film child. This handicaps the film dog, who would be perfectly capable of rounding up the entire family if only they would stay where they are. As it is he has to work himself to death for another three or four reels before he can bring them all together once more. And then, when the family have kissed and stroked and forgiven one another for a few hundred feet, the film dog has to wedge himself into a "close-up" and register triumphant jubilation before they dream of giving him so much as a biscuit.

Even when he is not burdened with the responsibility of looking after the film child, the film dog has not much time to spare for recreation. He cannot settle down anywhere in the garden without the heroine coming and crying on his neck. If he wanders away in search of a quiet spot he finds the hero waiting to tell him all his troubles. He knows that if he tries the chimney-corner the stern old grandfather will reach for the photograph of some far-away offspring and show it to him with trembling hands; while in the study or the boudoir there will be a crushed husband or a heart-broken wife who thinks a dog has nothing better to do than keep licking them. It must be very, very difficult sometimes for the film dog to resist the temptation to go off and join a circus.

THE PERIL OF PROPINQUITY.

["Writers who do their work at home are at every meal. What could be more difficult for the sweetest-tempered wife to endure with equanimity?"—A Woman Writer.]

Phyllis, at last I realise how you,
Whose temper gains in sweetness under stress,
Have loyally contrived, when feeling blue,
Emotional eruptions to suppress!
When I washed in serenely for each meal
With punctual and unremitting zeal,
I failed to fathom all that you might feel.

When, summoned from my labours by the gong,
I sallied forth and set about the lunch.
I always fancied you were going strong,
Full to the brim of wifely pep and punch;
I little thought, when toying with a wedge
Of mutton (cold) or slightly warmed-up veg.,
Your nerves were frayed and more or less on edge.

But now my eyes are opened, dearest; now I see the trial in its proper light; No longer will your doting James allow His homely presence to afflict your sight At every meal (O deadly duologue!)—In future he will masticate his prog Secreted in the kennel with the dog!

From an account of the Separatist outbreak in the Rhineland:—

"The police now saw they were in a dangerous position, opposed by an armed force and forbidden by the occupation authorities to shoo."

Manchester Paper.

We think they might, like the golfer in the story, have been allowed one gentle "Boo!"

In supporting a resolution of the Cambridgeshire County Council against the filming of Cambridge "rags," the VICE-CHANCELLOR is reported to have expressed his belief "that if there were no films of rags there would be no rags to film." On the other hand, the Great War cannot have been solely arranged for the benefit of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.



UNGLE SAM. "COULD I SPEAK TO MADAME LA FRANCE?" M. Poincare. "THAT DEPENDS UPON WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY TO HER." UNCLE SAM. "AH! I DON'T REMEMBER ANY SUCH RESERVATION SIX YEARS AGO. IT WAS LIBERTY HALL THEN."



Actress (who has asked nervous friend to tea in her crowded dressing-room after First Act of matinee). "Do find a seat. Who WILL YOU SIT ON?

A GLORY DEPARTED.

IT was force of circumstances which compelled me this year to take my holidays at the end of October; it was force of habit which took me to Sandsmouth. Experience has shown me that Sandsmouth was a mistake, and I write these lines more in sorrow than in anger, as a warning to others.

The station had a deserted look when I arrived, and the staff of the "Sunnyside Hotel" seemed to be vaguely surprised and not a little disturbed when I routed them out and told them that I had come to stay. They had the look of persons suddenly roused from refreshing sleep. I realise now that they were hibernating.

But I was at Sandsmouth, dear old sunny salubrious Sandsmouth! and memories of previous visits painted rosy pictures in my mind as I set out for that first speculative or reminiscent stroll which is so delightful a part of a holiday. Yet somehow it was not the Sandsmouth I knew. The rows of boarding-house steps were there, but no one was sitting on them. They weren't even decorated with the usual highly-coloured cushions. The promenade was there, but it wasn't populous

with the usual highly-coloured youths and maidens. There wasn't anybody on it at all. Nobody told me in seductive tones that it was a fine day for a sail in the bay, and there wasn't even anyone to suggest that I should contribute to the funds of the lifeboat.

After a few turns up and down the deserted promenade I fetched up in the lee of the bandstand and looked round for an anchorage. (It is surprising how quickly one's vocabulary becomes nautical at Sandsmouth. Other people There have noticed the same thing.) were a great many deck-chairs round the bandstand, but they were all arranged in neat piles. I could see no sense in it; it is a very difficult thing to sit in a deck-chair when it is arranged in a pile, however neat.

I took a chair from the nearest neat pile and opened it out. I spare you the details of the operation because you wouldn't believe them anyway, and you would only think that I was being humorous without being original. But you try to open a deck-chair on an English promenade on an English October afternoon and you'll see. I repeat that I opened it, and I sat down to think things over.

minutes when I heard a voice at my elbow.

"Twopence," it said.

I started and looked round, and my heart glowed with pleasure. Suddenly I was in a normal world again. In whatever other directions Sandsmouth might fall short, here was at least one municipal official who was determined that the honour of an English seaside resort should not be tarnished. No one should sit in its deck-chairs for nothing.

"What for?" I asked.

"Chair," he said, fumbling for his stock of tickets. They were blue and curled up in a tight roll. I knew they would be.

Still I temporised. "Tell me," I said, "when will the band play?"

"Next year," he answered.

There was no emotion about him. I had asked him a straightforward question and he gave me a straightforward answer.

"Two-thirty and seven," he added, fingering his little roll of tickets.

I rose with, I hope, dignity.

"I shall not pay twopence," I said. "In the first place I cannot wait until I had been seated for perhaps two next year at two-thirty. And in the second place I do not consider that the sum you mention would be a fair economic rent for this chair for that period. Never shall it be said of me that I took an advantage so mean of an offer so generous."

And I turned and left him.

It was not until the afternoon that I found her. I was doing the pier for the third time, hoping against hope that I should at least find a penny-in-the-slot machine with something left in it. They were all empty.

And then suddenly I came upon a door which opened. Rapidly pulling myself together I glanced at the name above it. "Madame Nostalgia, the World-renowned Palmist," I read. "Admission One Shilling.'

Here was something to do. Here was excitement, joyous, rollicking dissipation. On a sudden that mad holiday abandon had me in its grip, and without a second's hesitation I entered the home of mystery.

Madame Nostalgia was there in person, and she received me gravely.

"You wish me to read your hand?" she said.

I was in a mood to fling caution to the winds. "I do," I said firmly.

"Ah," said Madame, "I suspected as much. The left hand, please."

I held it out to her eagerly.

"You have a well-marked hand," she said. "For the most part your success will depend upon the way in which you handle critical situations. Your life will be influenced by a dark woman."

"Ah!" I said.

"Beware of a fair man—with blue eyes," she added, to make identification easier, I suppose. "You will inherit," she continued, "a considerable sum of money at the age of"-(here she glanced at me sharply) "-er-fifty."
"Thank you," I said humbly, not al-

together for the money.

But as her voice went on the excitement oozed out of me. This was no better than the penny-in-the-slot machines. There was nothing in this either.

"Is that all?" I asked as she paused

for breath or inspiration.

I thought of the rows of cushionless steps, the flapperless promenade, the bandless bandstand, the boatless babyless beach. Was I to return to these with no solace to support me?

"I think so," she sighed, glancing at my hand again. "Oh-er-you will shortly go a journey which should be to

your advantage.'

"You interest me strangely," I said as I rose to go.



"SITHEE, MAN, AA COOM FRA OWDHAM. SPEAK ENGLISH?"
"VER LEETLE. AND YOU?"

Three hours later, as I sat in my comfortable rooms in London, I realized that my shilling had been well spent.

From a Queen's Hall programme:-"INTERVAL OF TEN MINUETS."

But isn't this giving the audience rather too much for their money?

"May I ask you to be so good as to obtain for us information as to whether the Government of India has yet replied to our Council's letter dated December 13th, 1923?"

Letter in Indian Paper. Having regard to the notoriously dilatory habits of Governments, we hazard She was right about the journey. the suggestion that it has not.

Commercial Candour.

"— Hotel has first-class accommodation. Moderate sanitation. — Advt. in Weekly Paper.

"DISILLUSION OF PARTNERSHIP." Notice in Welsh paper.

Alas! 'tis too often so.

"DISTINGUISHED WORK BY — During the past week Mr. Thomas valuable cow, his property, had with milk fever and given up to die. Mr. John was sent for and at once came and attended to the cow and after his attention and abilities the cow, to their great surprise, was all right." Irish Paper.

We are not clear as to whether it was the vet. or the cow that shared the owner's astonishment.

TALLY-HO!

I am glad to find myself (as usual) in agreement with Lord BIRKENHEAD. For weeks I have been toying with the idea of a Great Heretic Hunt. Now, after Lord BIRKENHEAD'S wonderful speech at Glasgow University, the moment seems particularly opportune. Rat Week is over; but there is no reason why we should not set apart another week for the extermination of an equally hateful type of pest. I refer too far if I said that the whole stream to Idealists.

I am not in favour of putting poison in their food. Nor, on the other hand, though the scheme has certain attractions, do I lean towards the holding of a public auto-da-fé. The preliminary procession in white sheets would be a pleasing feature, and a good deal of money might be collected for wounded ex-service men while it moved round the principal streets. Every member of it might have a board hung round his neck with the words-

I AM A VERMINOUS ALTRUIST, or better still, perhaps-

I AM A SLOPPY SENTIMENTALIST

printed upon it. And he might be seated on an ass with his face to the tail. But in my opinion there would be too many chances of appealing to the mob with poisonous propaganda during such a procession, and even afterwards during the process of actual combustion at the stake. Pamphlets might be printed by the League of Nations Union or some such body, and so distributed amongst the populace as to cause a misguided revulsion of feeling. I give my vote, therefore, for the heartier and more British method of smearing Idealists with aniseed and hunting them with hounds, to the tune of such cries as "Harkaway!" "Yoihoi!" "Yare!" and so forth, through the suburbs of London and out into the open country, where they could be broken up in the fields. Hounds might be whipped off any Idealist who recants his belief in any nebulous tomfoolery about the betterment of mankind, peace, goodwill, unselfishness, international understanding, or any other nonsensical and nauseating idea.

The advantage of this programme

would be :-

(1) Healthy exercise. (2) The stimulus of sport.

from congested areas.

(4) Personal service under political leaders, who would act as Masters of the Hunt.

Clubs and other necessary weapons would be provided by the United Kingdom Dictators' League, and there is

little doubt that the excitement engendered by this diverting game would remove the attention of the public from such difficult problems as Unemployment, Tariffs and the Depression | Pledged his health in stoups of nectar of Agriculture.

It is scarcely, necessary I suppose, after Lord BIRKENHEAD's great speech, to point out once again what a malign influence Idealism is exercising to-day, and has always exercised in the history of the world. I should not be going of European, nay, the whole stream of Western civilisation has already been irremediably tainted by the idealism of — and —. In particular by the idealism of —. Had it not been for the idealism of —— one may safely assert that many of the most distressing problems which confront us to-day would scarcely have existed at all. Had that idealism been allowed to spread further it is doubtful whether many of our noblest institutions, nay, whether even litigation itself, would have survived. And if litigation had not survived, the very existence of ex-Lord Chancellors would have been imperilled.

But for the sake of those who may have missed the account of Lord BIRKENHEAD's epoch-making oration to the members of Glasgow University I have attempted to commemorate the occasion in a little fragment of verse,

like this:-

All the thinkers of the olden Half-forgotten days, whose dreams Filled the world with visions golden,

Covered paper reams on reams, Looked for peace in this or that form Ere they joined the mighty dead, Came like shadows round the platform, Came to hear Lord BIRKENHEAD-

Heard him state that they were sloppy Sentimental-minded muffs Vhile the students strove to copy

Every phrase down on their cuffs); Who, he queried, could be dafter Than these sawny saints of myth? Inextinguishable laughter

Followed this remark by Smith.

He, the Rector, looking hearty From his Transatlantic trip, Pledged not yet to either Party The allegiance of his lip, But assailed the League of Nations, Which he stigmatised as bosh;

Could such imbecile creations Help the peoples? No, by gosh.

(3) The automatic removal of corpses | Man was merely made for combat, Nothing could affect that now; Man was not a sheep or wombat, Not a coney nor a cow;

Howso'er the pedants prattled, Said the EX-LORD CHANCELLOR, Europe still remained embattled, War would still be bloody war.

Then the dreamers, then the sages, Quite convinced by what they heard, Knew the hopes of all the ages Had been patently absurd,

And declared that BIRKENHEAD When the time came should be Rector Of the everlasting dead.

That gives you the gist of it. As soon as arrangements have been made I hope to announce the date for the opening meet. Everybody who can produce reasonable evidence that he has never in his life had any truck with Idealism will be eligible to join in the Great Heretic Hunt. There is

MORE WORK FOR NEMESIS.

THE Voice of the People is calling A truce to the autocrat's reign; Proud kingdoms and empires are falling; But what of the tsars that remain?

How long must we bear the top-sawyers Who hold us in vilest duress, The teachers and preachers and lawyers, The pontiffs that prate in the Press?

Tis time that our masters were fewer; Who'll cry to the critic, "Enough!" Review (and revile) the reviewer And edit the editor's stuff?

Who'll look to the don's education, Prescribe when the doctor gets worse, Dictate the dictator's dictation And parry the parodist's verse?

Twere hard for a hero or wise man To cope with each case as it comes, To take and excise the exciseman, To audit the auditor's sums:

To smother the scruples of pity And summon with withers unwrung A competent hanging committee To see that the Censor is swung.

Come, Nemesis, keenest of hunters, And check the increase of the I; Come swift for the stunting of stunters And lower the brow that is high.

I grant you have managed to frighten Bad rulers (a trivial feat!), But what are you doing to brighten The lot of the Man in the Street?

It's easy as dropping one's aitches To tackle your kaisers and kings; But who is to muzzle our Stracheys And who to inhibit our Inges?

"'Common' originally meant 'ordinary' (e.g., the Court of Common Fleas)." Canadian Paper.

We prefer the performing kind.

"The greatest movement of the play When I say movemennt I must correct myself."—Daily Paper. You must, indeed!



When I am on my own-



I CAN CROSS THE STREET-



AS EASY AS BITE THE POSTMAN.



BUT WHEN-



I TAKE OUT THE MISSIS-



I REQUIRE ALL-



MY PREEDING-



TO ENABLE ME-



TO PRESERVE MY DIGNITY.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

VI.—THE CANDIDATE.

THE Man in the Moon is determined to stand for Parliament at the forthcoming and all subsequent Elections. In his opinion, of all our human occupations (with the possible exception of golf) it is the one game which with so great an expenditure of energy does so little positive harm, can be played by children of all ages and brings out is rude. character like benzine or bunkers.

It is a very simple affair. Three of the Great Parties agreed to pay his expenses, and everything rested with the Local Cauci. Having nobbled a Local Caucus you have only to notify the corresponding Central Caucus in London, adopt their programme, adhere to their platform, stick in a new plank or two and nail your flag to the mast. Our only difficulty was to find a Local Caucus which would adopt the Candidate.

Naturally the Man in the Moon has had no time to study our political history, and his knowledge is limited to what he can cull from current political speeches reported in the Press. He has also a book called For and Against, which sets forth the pros and cons of every political controversy, ancient and modern. For example, it contains forty-five arguments in favour of Imperial Preference. The first of which is-

" (1) Imperial Preferencetends to promote the solidarity of an Empire."

On the opposite page there are forty-seven arguments against Imperial Preference, the first of which is-

Preference"(1) Imperial would not promote the solidarity of our Empire."

Armed with this two-edged sword no politician, however plain, should ever be taken at a loss.

But when wooing the Local Caucus of Macton-in-the-Mould (North) my friend kept this work in his pocket, having decided to take as his model a speech delivered the previous day by one of the Simple School of statesmen. The Sky-blue Party Caucus, which included two ladies, received us in an ante-room of the Sky-blue Club, presided over by Mr. Nibbs, an ironmonger of formidable aspect.

The Man in the Moon was asked to state his political views.

The Man in the Moon fixed his honest

show that he was not lying. Mr. Nibbs steadily returned his gaze, to show that he was not to be deceived; and in this position their eyes remained throughout the entire proceedings. This is an old literary tradition; but in real life you may take it from me that if a man looks you very straight in the eyes there is something fishy about him, and, if you are a woman, he is staring, which For I am not one of your intellectuals.

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

BINYON OF BLOOMSBURY.

Man in the Moon; "I am an ordinary simple man. I am a very stupid man, like you fellows. I am innocent of the simplest political tactics. I should not understand them. Elections are Greek to me. I could never take part in an electoral manœuvre. Nobody would be able to explain it to me in time. I am quite extraordinarily stupid, just one of yourselves."

"Isn't he sweet?" whispered one of the ladies; and I could see that the Candidate was making a strong impression.

"I have always been like this," the

blue eyes on the eyes of Mr. Nibbs, to I never went to a Public School. I was educated at Bang's Grammar School. I was in the lowest class. I was bottom of it. After that I served for fourteen years in the jute trade. I began as an office-boy. I continued as an office-boy. Myrugged imbecility won all hearts. After that I had some practical experience of the indigo trade. I could not understand it. It baffled me. I just go doddering on. And people feel "I am not a clever man," said the that here at least is a man they can

trust to take charge of their affairs. I am not one of your talkers. It is as much as I can do to put two sentences together. But I am the man to present your case in Parliament.

"Don't you have anything to do with brains, my boys. Honesty is the best policy. I hope you will adopt me as your Candidate in the forthcoming contest. And, if I am elected, so far as my feeble brain can grasp the details of the various questions which will come up for decision in Parliament, I promise to be the loyal servant of Mactonin-the-Mould (North)."

"What exactly is your attitude on the Fiscal Question?" said Mr. Nibbs. "In Macton, you know, we are chiefly razorstrops."

"I am not a clever man," said the Man in the Moon. "and that is not a question which ought to be put to me.

To tell you the truth, I have never given much thought to the Fiscal Question, but I have always felt that it would be a good thing."

"I am afraid, Sir," said Mr. Nibbs, "that we cannot conscientiously recommend your candidature to our Association. Good day, Sir."

"Overdid it, old boy," I said. "Let's try the other fellows.

We crossed the High Street and called at the Ultramarine Party Caucus in the next Parliamentary Division. The Ultramarine Party Caucus was presided over by a Mr. Boodle. "We should be glad if you would state your political views," said Mr. Boodle.

The Man in the Moon leaned over

the table and fixed him with a glassy

but obsequious stare.

"I am a very clever man," said the Man in the Moon, shifting suddenly to "I have always been like this," the an entirely different political school of Candidate continued, with a radiant thought. "I have always been clever. smile. "I am not a University man. At Oxford I took a First Class in Greats.



Navvy (to belated reveller). "YER A BIT TOO LATE FOR BREAKFAST, GUV'NOR. COULDN'T YER MAKE IT DAYJURNAY?"

I won the Gaisford Prize for Greek Verse. I am a brilliant fellow. And, believe me, brains are the thing. Don't be seduced by the superficial glamour of stupidity. Here we are, in the most complex muddle which ever confronted the human race; and it is no good telling me that fifth-rate intellects will get us out of it-

At this point I observed an expression of intense loathing and contempt on the faces of the Caucus.

"Damn your honesty!" continued the Man in the Moon sweetly. "Faced by an adversary who combines the ferocity of a tiger with the cunning of a serpent, your righteous simpleton will make but a poor show. Gentlemen, I place my brains at the disposal of Macton-in-the-Mould (West). With me as your representative Macton-inthe-Mould (West) shall never look back. Razor-strops shall have a bumper year;

At this point they threw us out.

"Overdid it, old boy," I said. "Now try something new.'

"We passed on to the Purple Party Caucus of Macton-in-the-Mould (South). "Please explain your views," said

Mr. Mumble.

"I am for the stimulation of our agriculture," said the Man in the Moon, scowling thunderously. "Not so much

to get the people out of the towns and create a happy rural population. And

I don't care how it is done."
"Excuse me," said Mr. Mumble, "but this will not suit Macton-in-the-Mould (South); Our Food Will Cost Us More."

"WHY NOT?" said the Man in the Moon.

The Caucus lay back, gasping.
"As a matter of fact," he went on brusquely, taking from his pocket the book For and Against, "there is an answer to that. The answer is—ah, yes, Number 5—the answer is, 'Our Food Will Not Cost Us More.' But frankly, gentlemen, I'm ready to risk that. It may cost more for a time, but it will be worth it. And I tell you what," he continued with extraordinary offensiveness, "I care very little whether this or that suits Macton-in-the-Mould or not. You beastly, selfish, narrow-minded, pump-souled citizens, if you think I'm going to Parliament to fight for the miserable interests of a tiny borough in a tin-pot town, you grossly deceive yourselves. Worms, misers, reptiles, I shall go to Parliament to represent this island, and if Macton-inthe-Mould (South) chooses to regard itself as part of the island then I shall represent it conscientiously as such. If not, Macton-in-the-Mould

The Caucus rose and, as one man, flung themselves upon him, laughing, cheering, crying and finally, in some cases, embracing him. The Man in the Moon, a little bewildered, was unanimously adopted as their Parliamentary Candidate.

"You see," I explained, "it was something new. This has never been done before."

"You amaze me," he said, tapping his head in a significant manner. "Something to do with the Moon, I suppose?" A. P. H.

Christmas is Coming.

"A West-End Stores Requires a Cashier with good complexion and beautiful white hair."—Advt. in Daily Paper. And a team of reindeer?

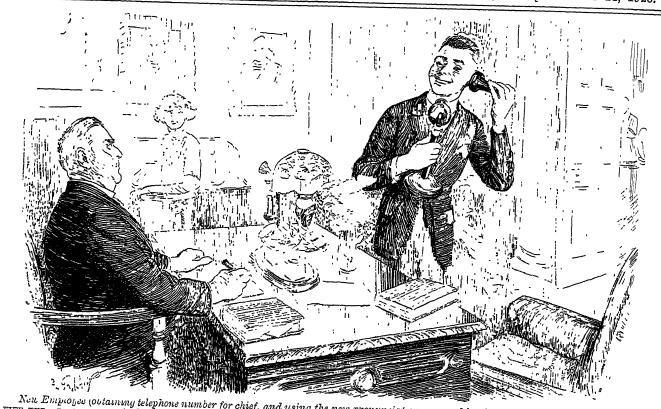
"THE BRIDE ARRIVES. The Chapel Royal organist, Mr. E. S. Roper, played the organ as the wedding guests assembled. All were

Continued on Page Two." Evening Paper.

In our democratic Press, not even Royal guests at a wedding can be sure of getting a front-page pew.

"The Sofia Government's ultimatum to Bulgaria was a faithful mirror of the tutor's methods, and shows once more the importance in an impressionable Europe of being Mussolini."—Daily Paper.

to grow corn in the country but to (South) may sink under the sea for all It now only remains for Belgrade to grow men and women in the country, I care. Do you get me, gentlemen?" despatch an ultimatum to Yugo-Slavia.



New Employee (outaining telephone number for chief, and using the new pronunciation required by the new official instructions). "CITY FIFE THR-R-R-EE OH FOER. HA, HA! I SAY, SIR, DON'T YOU FEEL A MOST PRICELESS SILLY ASS TALKING LIKE THAT?"

LOW FINANCE,

"Hullo," I said in a tone from which I strove to keep any trace of appreciation (lest I should be financially accessory after the fact); "have I seen that hat before?"

It was an attractive affair of brown velvet and the tail of a pheasant. An 'occasion" hat. I was quite sure I had not seen it before.

"I don't think so," admitted Mollie pensively. "I bought it only this morning. To go to the Bank in."

"The Bank!" I echoed. "Why was it necessary to—?"
"Because," explained Mollie patiently,

"they asked me.

"Asked you to buy a new hat?"

"Asked me to call—'when convenient.' And of course directly I'd bought the hat it was convenient."

"I—I see. And—er—what did the Bank want to see you about?"

In my day—and it is not yet over-I also have received letters from the Bank, but I do not recollect a single occasion when it has been convenient for me to call in answer thereto. Possibly because I could never afford to buy a new hat for the purpose. The fact is that there is ever a deadly sameness about the letters which the Bank writes to me. 'DEAR SIR-You may not be aware that your account is over-

not this type of letter Mollie had received? Oh, surely not! I had always regarded her credit balance as a set-off (this, I believe, is the banking expression, although it sounds like an incitement to a dog-fight), I mean a sort of guarantee that in the fulness of time equilibrium would be restored to my own lack of balance.

"Well," said Mollie, running her finger and thumb down the whole length of the pheasant's tail, "the Bank said, awfully nicely, that I might not be aware that my account was overdrawn in (why 'in,' I wonder) the sum of seven pounds. And perhaps I'd call when convenient. Of course I wasn't aware. So I called."

Mollie's hat had suddenly lost its charm. All at once it had acquired a sinister aspect. The pheasant's tail now signified the end of graver matters

than that of a mere pheasant.
"Well?" I grunted.
"Well," she said brightly "that's all. I just drew a cheque for ten pounds

-and paid it in."

I gazed at her in amazement. Mollie has but one banking account—with the local branch of Bboyds-the account which was overdrawn seven pounds; and by drawing a cheque for ten pounds on this same account and paying it in, she imagined she had put the account in credit! Now I did not wish to be

creatures who live with us (I am, of course, addressing married men exclusively) have no heads for finance. Debit and credit, no doubt, are interchangeable terms with them. I suspect they even think they rhyme. Therefore with extreme gentleness I said :-

"My dear, you do not seem to realise that this transaction of yours leaves your banking account in precisely the same overdrawn condition as it was in before . . . before you bought that new hat."

She shook her head and laughed.

"Oh, no," she insisted. "The cashier (the nice clean-shaven one) said it put the account in order, and the manager, who came out of his cubby-hole and stood beside me at the counter while I wrote the cheque—he laughed like anything when my pheasant's tail accidentally stroked his cheek as I turned to speak to him-said it was quite all right. I'm three pounds in credit now, and that 'll just pay for the hat.'

I may have gnashed my teeth; I may have stamped a little; but I kept my temper. Some husbands would not.

Possibly I am an exceptional husband. "See here," I said clearly and incisively; "let me explain. Supposing I lend you a penny ..."

"All right. Supposing you do. Where is it?"

drawn . . ." But surely, surely it was hard on Mollie. I know that the little found it, I haven't got one. Well, let's

say sixpence. Here's a sixpence. I lend it to you, mind."

Mollie took it with a small chuckle of pleasure. "Do go on," she urged.
"Very well, then. I've lent you a

sixpence. Now, supposing I ask you to pay it back."

Mollie's chuckle became a laugh-

rather a mocking one.

"And," I went on loudly, "in order to repay it you borrow a shilling from me and promptly hand me back the shilling. You'd still owe me sixpence, wouldn't you? Well, that's exactly what you've done at Bboyds."

"Darling," said Mollie in just the tone one uses in addressing little children—"darling, you don't understand. You're not a business man and you don't understand. It wasn't a bit the same. Supposing, when you asked me to pay you back the sixpence, I borrowed a shilling from George and gave you that shilling. Then you'd owe me sixpence, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, yes; but—— Oh, how can I make you grasp it? You drew a cheque

on Bbovds-

"Oh, no!" cried Mollie earnestly, "I didn't. I drew it on Henn's."

I fell back in my chair. "Henn's?"

I gasped. "On Henn's Bank?"
"Yes. Don't you remember when you were doing your country's work, when the Hun was at the gate and none was for the Party and all were for the State, and when bacon was so dear, and you wore gaiters and sat in a little office in Boulogne with a motorcar waiting outside with a girl with bobbed hair at the wheel, and you got the M.B.E.—don't you remember you were obliged to keep an account with Henn's because your pay went there? And don't you remember that I as your legal wife had a power of-of-attaboy, was it?"

"Attorney," I groaned.

"Yes. Well, I found an old Henn's cheque-book in your drawer and-

"But," I hooted, "that account has been closed years ago, and-

"Re-opened to-day," smiled Mollie. "You'll feel quite important having two banking accounts, won't you?"

And what annoys me even more than my enforced and expensive journey up to Town and subsequent elaborate explanations at about fifteen departments of Henn's is that Mollie still owes me that sixpence.

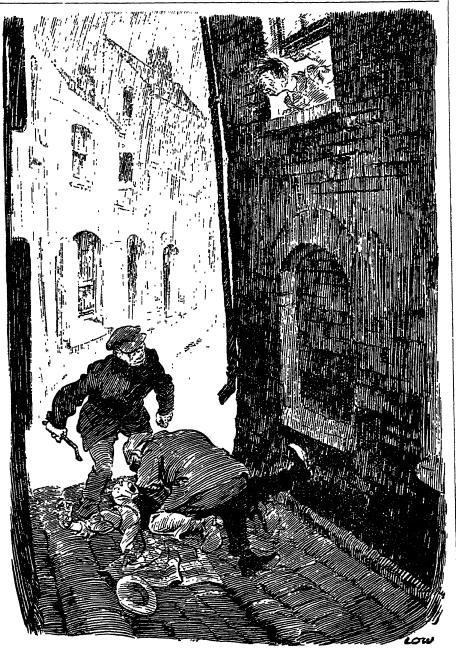
Low Finance, I call it.

At the Dairy Show :-

"Some of the Red Polls wore brass protectors on the tips of their sharp horns."

Evening Paper.

We fear the polling must have been very perfunctory.



Householder. "Would you mind taking your victim a little further along? YOU 'LL WAKE THE BABY."

OUR NUMBER UP!

["Our correspondent suggests a tax on all houses bearing names."—Daily Paper.]

How very typical, indeed, Of these plebeian times! They threaten Ypres and Sunnymead, Bellaggio and The Limes;

They 've taxed our tykes and motorbikes:

There's little left besides, Only our cats, our Symond's Yats, Our Nooks and Inglesides.

No numeral, unromantic, crude, Our garden gate displays; For us The Croft or Holyrood, The Cedars or The Maze;

'Tis vulgar when for simple 10 The butcher-boy must search; Let Lullaby arrest his eye, The Knoll or Silver Birch.

Shall common Number 23 Our note-paper defile When we can live at Wavertree, Montrose or Rest-a-whyle? This latest blow at Ivanhoe We will like men resist, And live serene in Hollow Dene, Sans Souci or The Tryst.

"Lady, specialist in backward children, is at liberty for some time each day."

Advt. in Manchester Paper. We congratulate her.



Small Model (posing as a dancer). "Do buck up and finish, Sheila. I feel so stagnant."

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A COMEDIAN.

O PICTURED Face!—O Countenance!—O Mug!—
Before whose starry turn in days gone by
Ecstatic audiences were wont to hug
Themselves in rapture—Lord alone knows why—
Due, I suppose,

To something funny in a crimson nose-

It's a long time since you illumed the scene From London's hoardings; such a thing is fame That, to be really honest, I had clean

Forgotten both your aspect and your name; Yet here you are,

Stuck up once more, the same old comic star.

Yes, it's the same old mug one knew so well,

The very portrait we so often saw

In those past ages when your shattering yell
Thrilled the old "Halls" and was, no doubt, a draw;
Outside at least

Miraculously still the same "arteest."

Well, I'm in no way jealous, that 's a fact;
Only it 's odd that universal change
Should stretch so wide a paw and leave intact
You of all things, which makes it doubly strange;
Fate has her plan,

No doubt, but what of you, my Peter Pan?

It may be that behind that public phiz
There have been traces of a decent brow
Not lacking in the lovelier qualities,
Long unfamiliar and unguessed at now
And ever doomed

To loathe the age-less shape it had assumed.

Possibly that wild nose has painted out
A modest soul unrecked of by the throng,
That, willing to have sung, was forced to shout,
And found too late a simple taste for song
Reduced to nil

By that world-stretching ballad, "Boozing Bill."

And by degrees that fresh young self was drowned In its own creature, and identified

Therewith, and swallowed up thereby, and bound Into this lasting self, this monstrous Hyde (I grow abstruse,

I grant it, but this theme's the very deuce).

And when the Stygian brink is gained, the last Grim passport handed over, this will be The only portrait that will get you past;

Charon will know no other; goodness me! So you'll go on,

Red nose and all, even in Acheron.

Dum-Dum.

Pot and Kettle.

A propos of the celebrations at Tewkesbury Abbey:—
"The journalistic axiom that any one ecclesiological term is equal to any other is exemplified by a leading journal which gives a large picture of the nave of Tewkesbury, and entitles it 'the central transept.'"—Church Paper.

"Nature has endowed Mr. —— with a voice that penetrated without strain or apparent effort to the remotest corners of the cathedral (sic)."

Same Paper, on the same occasion.

"Would like to meet refined, intellectual, tall, slight, religious, fair-haired Lady, with means, and possessing the maternal instinct."

Advt. in Tasmanian Paper.

We don't doubt it for a moment.



THE MARINER'S RETURN.

Mr. Asquith. "AND HAVE YOU TAUGHT YOUR PARROT TO SAY——"
PARROT (chipping in). "DOWN WITH PROTECTION! YOUR FOOD WILL COST YOU MORE!
GOOD OLD ASQUITH!"

Mr. Asquith. "A MOST ADMIRABLE BIRD."

VARIETY TURNS.

A MOVEMENT TOWARDS BRIGHTER JOURNALISM.

RECENT complaints in a London newspaper office, to the effect that there was not enough style in the crime reports and too little melodrama in the political news, led to an interesting experiment.

The diplomatic correspondent and the crime expert changed duties for a

day. It was a failure, but, the resulting documents having fallen into my hands, I wish to hand them down to posterity for the sake of the light they throw upon modern journalistic methods.

The diplomatic correspondent was sent to report a crime in Russell Square. His account reads:-

"In authoritative Russell Square circles last night it was definitely stated that, the proceedings at the corner house having become of such a nature as to overstep the bounds of toleration prescribed, recourse should be had to some form of intervention of an official nature Later in the evening it is understood the police were formally seized of the matter and, their jurisdiction being clearly recognised de jure as well as de facto, an entrance into the house was effected.

"I am able to affirm on the highest authority that a discovery of the most significant and far-reaching nature was made, and, though it may be taken for granted that no precipitate action will be undertaken without the most careful consideration by the Government department involved, it may at the same time be assumed that full inquiry into the antecedents of the deceased will be carried out as soon as the outstanding questions of procedure have been disposed of.

"In the absence of any more definite information, I gathered from an unimpeachable source late last night that there is a strong feeling in favour of submitting the whole incident, with all its implications, to the Magisterial Court, now fortunately in session. It is contended that this institution has expressed its willingness to deal with any contingencies of a like nature which may arise, and there can be no question of its competence to handle the matter."

This was headed, apparently in despair:-

THE MYSTERY OF RUSSELL SQUARE WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT FOUND DYING IN AN EMPTY HOUSE.

The crime expert was sent to Whitehall to make diplomatic inquiries. He

"Accosted by a Press Representa-



"Mummy, what was the Vicar asking when he read out those names?" "OH, YOU MEAN THE BANNS OF MARRIAGE!"

"Well, why was he so cross about it? He said, 'This is the second time I've asked you.'"

of Westminster yesterday morning, a well-dressed man, GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON (Marquis), 64, married, of 1, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., describing himself as a Foreign Secretary, was invited to state exactly what Mr. Baldwin said to M. Poincaré at a recent interview in Paris. On being addressed, the alleged Foreign Secretary grasped his umbrella firmly in his right hand and, quickening his pace, disappeared into the Ministry of Health offices.

"Owing to the preoccupation of officials during the pressure of the

no new facts, but sensational developments are hourly expected.

"The Big Four have the affair well in hand, and are confident of clearing up the mystery. An important clue is believed to be in their possession, the secret of which for the moment is being closely guarded."

The experiment, as I have said, was a failure, but another attempt is to be made next week, when the dramatic critic will change places with the Divorce Court reporter.

The prospects of this arrangement tive while proceeding in the direction | luncheon hour, a further search elicited | are thought to be more promising.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Uncle Roland, home from the East, was on his first visit to his married sister since the boys were mere mites, and he made himself very popular. When it was discovered that his birthday was on November 2 the boys clubbed their pocket-money to give him a present worth having, as a mark of their very great esteem. They gave him five shillings'-worth of fireworks.

II.—THE BAD INFLUENCE.

I was calling, the other day, on a friend-one of the gentlest of men, gracious, considerate, unselfish-and suddenly his telephone bell rang. I asked, as I always do, if his money in his car, and one of the notes blew away all I should leave him alone while he answered it, but he unknown to its owner. said No, and I remained.

I wish I hadn't, for I received the shock of my life when he suddenly exploded into a fury and attacked some other unfortunate telephoner who was talking across him.

"Get off the line!" he screamed, his face purpling with rage. When he had put back the receiver he apologised.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "It's a most distressing thing, but the telephone has that effect on me. I can't restrain myself. I am normally placed and easy-going, tolerant of other people's irritating ways. But on the tele-phone I can't keep my I chafe at temper. delay, I fume at wrong numbers, and you heard me just now abusing that quite innocent offender. It's very serious; it's shortening my life, souring my nature. 1 am perfectly convinced that the telephone is a

mischievous institution, and in the interest of sweetness and light it ought to be abolished. How does it affect you?"

"Just like that," I said.

III.—THE CANDIDATE.

An Indian youth, wishing to convince an Education Scheme Committee that he was worthy of a post, but having to explain how it was that he had won no scholarship, craved permission "to relate the most sombre and saddest of all the episodes in the critical and almost ultra-critical part of my life." Thus:-

"My father, who was the magnetic needle of my family, died most untimely in the middle of my I.A. Session and upsetting the whole structure and jeopardised the very foundation of peace of our family. At this unexpected melancholy affair my heart was totally rent asunder and could not restore the former piquant temperament of my mind after that sudden shock."

Next:-

"All the Gogs and Magogs of hell conspired as if to work out my complete downfall and bring my life to an absolute deadlock by putting an end to the life of my only younger brother; but this was not all. Just as I had finished my English Examination I fell a prey to a bad type of disease which compelled me to submit almost a blank paper in one of the twos in Logic.

More disaster was to come:-

glimmering hope deserted me in a vast ccean of sorrow. The heaven's vaults cracked and the thunder of Jove fell upon me and goaded me down in the fathomless depth of the darkest dungeon of despondence. Discords fell on the music of my mother. I was staggered once more and could not bring forth the requisite resolution to buck myself up."

None the less he managed to take his B.A. degree. This is the final supplication:-

"My future now is at your mercy which I hope by its balmy and cozy influence will prove the last stroke of Destiny as the Parthian shot and not as the guttered rocks and congregated sands of ensteeped bomb shells which she might have treasured up in her ammunition to enclog my journey in my next undertakings.

IV.—LIFE.

Once upon a time, on a gusty day, a man was counting

It lodged unseen in the wet grass at the side of the road, until by-and-by two wayfarers came along. One of them was a millionaire returning from the neighbouring golf links; the other was a wretched old woman faint from hunger. It was the millionaire who, preceding her by a few yards, found the note.

V.—The Two Wives. ce upon a time $\mathsf{th}\epsilon$ were two girls wŀ parried on the same day, and several years afterwards they met again.

"Is your husband kind?" asked one.

"He's the kindest thing you ever heard of," said the other. "There's nothing he won't do for me. He is always buying me presents; he thinks of my comfort continually; he is unfailingly fond.

"Then you are appy?" asked the happy?"



"Tell me about yours," she said.
"My husband isn't like that," said the other; "he is all extremes. He lost his money, and we are not rich, like you, but very poor. And he can be so violent. Sometimes he treats me cruelly; sometimes he doesn't speak for days; often he is drunk. I never know what to expect. But then, when he is not beside himself, no one can be so loving. His love is wonderful."
"I envy you," said the rich woman.

E. V. L.

One of the Immortals.

From a centenary memoir of Lord Erskine:-

"He became comparatively poor, and so died.

To a man differently constituted that might have been fatal indeed. But a natural vivacity added to ineffaceable pride enabled Erskine to emerge with fair content."—Daily Paper.

Arrangements for the Confirmation Classes are approaching completion. The Vicar's afternoon glass is already well filled, and he is endeavouring to hold another one later in the evening."—Parish Magazine. Good health to his reverence! But what will the Bishop say?

"The Prince was received at the station [Paddington] by the station superintendent, and walked up the platform as any ordinary passenger would do."-Welsh Paper.

Though we are sure he would have liked to jump on to one "But, Sir, I was the Fate's one of the choicest victim. The last of those jolly little motor-trucks that the porters use.



A. to B B (simultaneously). { "Bif warmer to-day, isn't it?" B. to A. } (simultaneously). { "Bif colder to-day, isn't it?" Both. "YES, ISN'T IT?"

FIL-FIL.

HE was only a nameless yellow-dog. At least, when one says "nameless, one does not take into account the multitudinous uncomplimentary epithets which were constantly being hurled at him.

Whence he had come no one really knew. That somewhere about three generations back an ancestor had been pure jackal was obvious, but it were best to pass over the subsequent complicated ramifications of the family tree and to take him as one found himjust a yellow-dog.

All the cunning of the Orient was in his Palestinian blood. When rabies was rife, for example, he had seen uniformed men come along throwing out inviting-looking sausage in his path, but he never touched pig. His less scrupulous infidel fellows met swift retribution from the strychnine therein, | place to a beatific acceptance of his new and did not live, as he did, to tell a tale existence. No one threw stones at him of caution.

And so, by dint of wisdom and hard scavenging upon the scrap-heaps, he

ears been cut short to make him brave, in accordance with ancient Arab tradition? But, when a little Arab boy came one day with guileless countenance to pat his head and speak to him in a softly attractive voice, suspicion was for once not instantly aroused; instead he suffered a leather collar to be strapped round his neck, and himself to be led away on the string, waving his voluminous tail in joyful acknowledgment of such unheard-of kindness. To a little whitewashed house he was taken, and, the collar removed, he was invited to lie down upon the fresh clean straw, and, after the fatigues of his day, to drift — comfortably — fearlessly — and ever so gently—off—to—sleep.

When he awoke he found that hunger no longer gnawed nor camel-flies tormented. His ears had miraculously grown again, and the distrustful look in his slanting close-set eyes had given now, and there were hundreds and thousands of new friends, one of whom pointed out to him his allotted cubicle, lived to a ripe old age, barking boldly with its little white card, upon which,

his new-found name, "Fil-Fil," which, being freely translated, is the Arabic for "Hotstuff."

And he was very happy as he walked the Dogs' Elysian Fields.

And so, in spite of all we read of the failure of the Balfour Declaration, some good is evidently coming from the British mandate in this unholy land of ours, where we are now to have a lethal chamber for the extermination of stray pariah-dogs. .

Jaffa.

WOMAN.

I wish that Adam, when he slept, His hand upon his ribs had kept: For from his borrowed lateral bone Sprang all the trouble man has known. I wish the Serpent, blushing brown When he saw Eve's new evening gown, Had never whispered in her ear: "You are the best-dressed woman here."

"The dinner, by the way, was broadcasted . . ."—Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in "The Sunday Times."

We doubt it. A correspondent writes to say that, although he was listening-in. from a safe distance; for had not his in letters of purest gold, was printed his receiver failed to disgorge a morsel.



Lady (scared by superior bearing of jobbing gardener). "Oh, John, we can't offer him money. Perhaps he wouldn't mind SO NUCH IF YOU GAVE HIM A CHEQUE.'

LEAVES ON THE LINKS.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the sadness of the fallen leaf so conspicuous as on the golf course. And on no golf course, perhaps, so much as on ours. For we have many many trees. I have noticed to-day, more than ever before, what a lot of trees we have.

It does not seem like to-day that we started off, Grant and I, for a round of golf; it seems like yesterday. It does not seem as if we had played only eleven holes; it seems as if we had played rounds and rounds. As a matter of fact it does not seem as if we had been playing golf at all; it seems as if we had been playing Hunt the Needle in the Haystack. It is because of the it was not like this. My ball, on its leaves. There is nothing like leaves for concealing a golf-ball; there is nothing like leaves for taking the joy out of a glorious autumn day.

It has been a glorious autumn day. Everyone has been saying so. Grant I suspect it will remain until winter and I said so all the way down in the comes along and clears away the leaves. car, and again as we stood on the first We gave it up and went on, surtee after our early lunch. And sitting rounded by several couples whom we

dishonest if we did not still say that it had been a glorious autumn day. But we are not saying it. Actually we are not saying anything; we are just sitting here, with the sun shining on our shrinking whiskies-and-sodas. is, you see, nothing to say. Nobody won; nobody went round in eighty anything; nobody went round at all.

Our troubles began as early as the second hole. Grant hit a fizzing drive here, with a touch of slice on it; and I hit one of my quick hooks. In the ordinary way a quick hook at the second lands you in the ditch, and you pick out with the loss of a stroke, drop two club lengths away and poke your third shot out into safety. But to-day way into the ditch, got held up by the fallen leaves and stopped short. At least that's what we think it did, because it wasn't in the ditch; but wherever it was, there it is, and there

here in the Club-house all these hours later, with the sinking sun shining on our whiskies-and-sodas, we should be and there is no doubt we should have trate on the game. Somebody played

got off the third tee without losing our place had not Grant's ball been lost in the leaves. As it turned out, all the couples who were looking for their balls while we were looking for Grant's found theirs before we gave up looking for

Grant's, so we had to let them go on.
At the third we had a long wait while four lots of people drove off and got their balls mixed up in the leaves; but eventually we got well away with capital drives right down the middle of the course, where there were only casual leaves, and it looked as if we should make up the ground we had lost at the second by going through all these people; but by the time we came up to our drives the front couple had found their ball and gone on. And while they were holing out the next couple found theirs and went on; and this gave the other two couples plenty of time to give up looking for theirs and go on to the next tee. In ordinary circumstances they would never have committed this offence; but there is nothing like leaves for destroying the etiquette of golf.

Grant's ball by mistake, despite our warning cries, and sliced it into the leaves on the right, where it was lost and we had a long discussion as to what ought to happen, but it was rendered hopelessly unsatisfactory and one-sided by the fact that the man who had played Grant's ball turned out to be stone deaf and never got a proper grip of the situation. This put Grant clean off his game, and at the fifth he twice went into some leaves that don't really belong to the hole at all.

Hours later we arrived at the eleventh. Here it was that the head of my mashieniblick flew up into a tree and was lost in the leaves beneath it. Here it was that Grant's last ball plunged into a leaf-drift waist high. And here it was that we abandoned the round.

Poets have remarked the sadness of fallen leaves. But you don't need a poetic eye for that. A golfing eye, on a course like ours, does just as well.

THE NEW GAME.

Though from bridge I am barred
By a kink in my brain,
Since the look of a card
I can never retain,
Still I cherish a hope
That my skill in Ping-pong
May find fuller scope
In the game of Mah-Jongg.

So I give up all cards
To the flappers and knuts,
To the Georgian bards,
And the Jeffs and the Mutts,
For I feel in my soul—
Though I'm possibly wrong—
That my ultimate goal
Is the land of Mah-Jongg.

For the title alone
Has a magical twang,
Like a melody blown
From the shores of Pahang;
And the lure of the luminous nose of the Dong
Is revealed to the view
As you study Mah-Jongg.

For we turn from our therms
And the cinema play,
And from thinking of germs
To the lore of Cathay,
With the Four Winds for seats,
So fresh and so strong
That nobody cheats
At the game of Mah-Jongg.

The pieces arouse
All the glamour that clings
To the age of the Chows
And the Shangs and the Mings;
Strange monsters draw near,
And the clash of the gong
Is loud in our ear
As we play at Mah-Jongg.



Ex-Orderly-room Clerk (temporary 1914-1919, meeting his o'd C.O.). "So you haven't been able to get our yet, Sir?"

The price of a set
Is decidedly steep,
Since a strict etiquette
Says it must not be cheap,
And dainty carved jade
Never goes for a song,
As I found when I paid
For my set of Mah-Jongg.

Shall I master its code?—
I'm unable to say;
But the mentors of Mode
Think it's coming to stay;
So I've laid in a stock
Of the choicest souchong
And have written to Grock
For the rules of Mah-Jongg.

"Gentlewoman Wanted. Light Housework and Part Charge of baby 5 months. Other staff, lady cook and her uncle."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

The cook's uncle, we suppose, helps to amuse the baby.

"Cook-General, age about 30135, for small family."—Advt. in Liverpool Paper.
Mr. Shaw, with his Back to Methuselah, has a lot to answer for.

"The Government were strongly urged to take steps to put a stop to the growing evil of methylated spirit drinking by the Liverpool justices at their quarterly meeting."

Daily Paper.

"Alcohol is a great help to conviviality and good fellowship. The judicial use of it helps most individuals to forget their worries."

Letter in Daily Paper.
But we hardly think this justifies the eccentric behaviour attributed to the Liverpool Justices.

"Mr. Mark All, the ninety-five-year-old pedestrian, is rapidly drawing to the close of his 350,000,000 mile walk, a distance equivalent to fourteen journeys round the world."

Provincial Paper.

We make it rather more; but what do a few noughts matter where a MARK is concerned?



Sister (an heiress). "Oh, top-hole! Had proposals from three Italian Counts." Brother. "THAT'S NOTHING. AT THE PRESENT BATE OF EXCHANGE IT'S ABOUT EQUIVALENT TO ONE BRITISH COMMONER."

THE COLLABORATOR.

AT one time, not so very long ago, I used to meet Mallam frequently at the Club. He had struck me at first sight as a pleasant fellow enough. We used to chat together on literary topics, and he chanced to let drop one day the remark that he had read and admired my latest book. In those days such a statement meant a good deal to me. I admit that I was pleased with the man, and confirmed in my estimate of his talents. I think it possible now that he had merely read a review of it, for I recall that he displayed a little uneasiness when I happened to refer casually to one or two of the more outstanding incidents in the story. However, at the moment no such fancy entered my mind. My temper is naturally unsuspicious; and when, one day, Mallam suggested that we might collaborate in a work of fiction I assented readily.

The idea of collaboration rather appealed to me. It should be Mallam's part to supply the raw material, thus sparing me much of the preliminary labour of construction, to which I have

down to a month or more of solitary thinking (and I hate solitary thinking more than I can say) I saw myself talking things over amicably with Mallam, striking out, so to speak, mutual sparks.

Of the two I was considerably the more experienced writer. I will do Mallam the justice to allow that he saw this as soon as I pointed it out to him. He was engagingly humble, and I confess I was pleased at the way in which he spoke about the honour of being associated with me. I have said that I was younger then. And certainly the man had a facility for inventing unusual incidents. It may not be a great talent, but it has its use. The week we spent together discussing our plot (generally in the Silent Room at the Club) was enjoyable, even at times hilarious. For Mallam's extraordinary shifts had their comical side.

Just then he was particularly great at devising new and unpleasant forms of death for the less sympathetic characters, and I had some difficulty in persuading him to keep any of them alive. Mallam liked his villains to be

some preposterous suggestion of his (as when his baronet poured oil of vitriol into his bath, thinking it was Somebody's Ammonia), we still had the sensation of being at work on something definite. I dislike feeling that I am wasting my time.

I remember well the day we actually started work writing the new book. Up to that time I had always rather shrunk from beginning a full-blown novel. The length of the thing depresses me, and I have been apt to fancy that I am not at my best working on so big a canvas. My reputation had been won by the more delicate style—short sketches, in which humour and pathos are subtly mingled. But with a collaborator these doubts disappeared. We arranged (and this was my ownidea) to write alternate chapters. I find I can write a single chapter with any man; it is the deadening thought of having to go on and on indefinitely that paralyses me sometimes when working alone.

It was settled, then, that Mallam should send his initial chapter on to villains, and to die accordingly. At the me as soon as he could get it done, and a rooted antipathy. Instead of sitting same time, even while laughing over that I should reply, as you might say,

with number two. It bade fair to be as easy a game as writing letters. By this method we ought to be able to manage two chapters a week at least without feeling it; and I saw the whole book completed in something less than four months.

I will concede, if you will, that I took my part of the work easily. After all, my collaborator was the younger man, and I had always given him a certain latitude in the matter of invention. Personally I am not and do not pretend to be a mere provider of incident. My friends tell me I have a talent for digression. I saw an opportunity here to brighten Mallam's rather heavy style of narrative with alternate chapters of a more discursive nature. Of course I utilised his characters. Possibly I may have breathed a little life into their somewhat wooden limbs, for Mallam had little subtlety of vision.

As time went on I got quite interested in the story, but I noticed that Mallam became more and more reserved in his manner towards me. I see now that this was the result of an uneasy conscience. He was even then meditating the dastardly action that has dissolved our friendship. At the time I attributed his gloom to a faulty digestion.

The work progressed, but the end did not come quite so readily as might have been expected. The fact is, I left it very much to Mallam to develop his own climax. It seemed only fair, and I enjoyed my own part of the writing too well to feel in any hurry about bringing it to a conclusion. Also it rather amused me to watch Mallam's strenuous effort to bring on his closing scene. Perhaps in consequence of this the book ran eventually to some length a matter of a hundred and fifty thousand words or more. Still, the public are said to like good value for their money. I had no great anxiety on this score.

We finished at last, and Mallam took the type-script away for a final revision. I remember thinking at the time that his manner was strangely nervous and ill-at-ease. I had suggested Horrocks as a publisher; he had done one or two of my things and had not gone bankrupt for the last three years. Mallam, thought, had received the suggestion rather coldly.

That was just before my summer holiday. I wrote from abroad occasionally to him, offering suggestions and asking for news, but received no definite reply. The man had not the courage to tell me what he was doing.

On my return a parcel was awaiting me, addressed in his handwriting.



Stoker (to perfect stranger with a four-and-sixpenny Havana). "I 'OPE YOU DON'T MIND ME IGNITIN' THIS FAG OFF THAT BROWN-PAPER FUSE O' YOURN."

my own chapters and a short letter. Some friend, said Mallam, had advised him that the novel as it stood was really two books—a story and a collection of essays founded upon the story. A publisher had offered him a certain opened it, half expecting to find the sum for the story part, and he had contained, instead, the typescript of like to do the same with my essays?

Mallam's novel has not yet appeared, but I have some hope that I may get it for review.

From a review of a natural-history book :-

closed with the offer; perhaps I might inside as this author does."—Weekly Paper. "No one knows the wild animal from the What about Jonan?

AT THE PLAY.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" (KINGSWAY).

When we are promised a revival of a Shakespeare play we naturally take the well-known author a little for granted and begin to wonder whether it is to be an actor's or a producer's show. It is no discredit to Mr. DONALD CALTHROP-perhaps rather the contrary—that his revival of Twelfth Night will be best remembered for the admirable playing of the parts of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Malvolio. From Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER'S brilliant Savoy production in 1912 I remember, if not the detail, yet very vividly the impression of the fine playing of the late ARTHUR WHITBY as Sir Toby, and Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE as Sir Andrew, especially in the night carousal in that tiny inset tapestried scene, lighted to the mellow richness of an old Dutch Master. But I cannot recall so lively a feeling of the delightful rightness, the adroit characterisation, the superb comedy and the perpetual modernity of this glorious scene as was inspired by the masterly quality of Mr. Frank Cellier's naughty cadging old toper and the foolish, foppish gallant and gull of Mr. Nicholas Hannen. BALIOL HOLLOWAY'S Malvolio too was excellent. The man had character, dignity, a point of view, a place in his world. The extravagances were restrained to the point of credibility. Here was something more than a mere sour coxcomb. One could be sorry for him and feel with Fabian that the cruel joke had gone too far.

Miss Dorothy Cheston's Viola was spirited, though perhaps a little lacking in sweetness. But the right blend is difficult, and no doubt spirit should predominate. Miss VIOLA TREE's graceful carriage and rich sleepy voice made the love-stricken Olivia very attractive. Shakespearean clowns, even the best of them, seem to be an over-rated commodity; at any rate their wit was largely of a topical and transitory quality. Mr. HENRY CAINE was sprightly both with his intelligible and unintelligible quips, and sang judiciously withal. I thought Duke Orsino's opening was a little too much in the over-solemn tradition. But Mr. RALPH TRUMAN rallied and touched in the part, that begins so bravely and ends so casually, in a sound workmanlike manner. Was it the austere and rather too-seeming-Victorian black dress of Maria which thrust a little out of the picture clever Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER? Maria should be something coarser, carry more sail.

Mr. Donald Calthrop and Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON, his designer, have imposed upon us no obtrusive novel- | pence lay on the table before me.

ties of interpretation or distracting eccentricities of setting. The formal grouping (by M. LEONIDE MASSINE) of his delight. the black-robed ladies of Olivia's Court was in itself charming, if a little isolated from the general mood; and there was a most attractive final scene. I cannot but think the salmon-coloured marble bench which howled against the green of the very solid hedges an error of judgment. The dresses were effective, especially those of Olivia and her ladies, of Orsino, Antonio and the two knights. I remember the designer's green doublet and breeches, with surcoat of white brocade, for the Viola and Sebastian of 1912, and they told better than his present pale pink. Perhaps it was Mr. Calthrop who voted for young imaginable."—Preface to "The Rape of the persons in pink!

Let no one go to this Twelfth Night in the mood of a conscientious patron of the deserving cause of Shakespearean revival. That isn't necessary. Here is what the most ardent devotee of musical comedy, revue and emasculated French farce might sincerely term a thundering good show. An excellent beginning of a likely venture.

THE MATCHBOX TRICK.

In case you do not know the matchbox trick, let me describe it. You take a matchbox from one pocket and a sixpence from another, and since you need two sixpences for the trick you ask your victim to lend you one.

One sixpence you insert between the bottom of the box and the cover, at one end; the other sixpence you insert similarly at the other end, making it perfectly clear that the box contains in all one shilling. It helps if you are precise about details, being especially careful that one sixpence shall have the head upwards and the other the tail, and that neither shall overlap the edge of the box, and so forth.

Then you ask your victim whether he will be prepared to offer you eightpence for the box as it stands, with matches, two sixpences and all.

Strange to relate, a smooth-tongued scoundrel is sometimes able to persuade a normally sane individual to jump at the offer, and in effect to give eightpence for the sixpence which did not come at the outset from his own pocket. Robinson, for instance, worked it on me.

Looking round for my revenge, I selected Plaskin as a likely subject. I got him into a corner of the smoke-room. produced my matchbox, inserted two sixpences, talked glibly, made the offer, and he jumped at it. Before 1 knew what had happened the whole box of tricks was deep in his pocket and eight-

"But where's the trick?" asked Plaskin, bewilderment struggling with

I laughed aloud. "Why," I exclaimed, "don't you see? You ve given me eightpence for-for-'

No, there was no trick. By an oversight I had supplied both of the sixpences myself.

THE PRIZE SYLPH.

["Various methods of imparting a 'permanent wave' to otherwise straight hair are displayed. It can be done by electricity, by steam or by wireless."—Report of the Hairdressing Exhibition.

"The gnomes, or demons of the earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation Lock."]

THE air is full of hurry In these advancing days; Small creatures rush and scurry About their urgent ways; Though mortal eyesight blunders And may not see them go, The air is full of wonders That riot to and fro.

In charge of various "features," And oh! so swift of flight, These "best conditioned creatures" Go racing through the night; Some bring to Whig and Tory A famous statesman's views; Some bear a "bed-time story," And some the latest news.

Some talk about the weather And warn of storms that brew. And some unite together To play a concert through; But here, when mortals beckon, There flies to any spot The one which I should reckon The smartest of the lot.

I cannot lift the curtain On how he works, this elf (In fact, I'm far from certain That Julia knows herself); I only know beneath her Express command (or prayer) He scampers through the ether To wave my lady's hair.

"UPHILL SCHOOL, TOTTERDOWN HALL." Advt. in Birmingham Paper. Just the place for Jack and Jill.

"Scotch Cook-General; good plain cook; energetic worker, early riser, willing, conscientious. Can be seen."—Local Paper. Really? We feared she was a dream.

From a football report:— "There was little to enthuse over in the display of either side, though perhaps this could be excused considering that the game was played in a gate."—Sporting Paper. Perhaps it was not a very good gate.



Dear Old Lady. "I want five shillings'-worth of penny-halfpenny stamps, please. Let me see—that will be seven-and-sixpence, won't it?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A BRILLIANT account of the Dogger Bank action, a chapter or two on the initial defeat of the U-boats and the provenance of Tanks and Smoke, and the rest of Mr. Winston Churchill's 1915 volume of The World Crisis (Butter-WORTH) is given over to Gallipoli. His main endeavour (he says) is to recapture not only the facts but the outlook of the time, and to present both for the judgment of posterity. That being so, no one outside the nursery is called upon to do more than estimate the success of the first object. As to this, I personally think that Mr. Churchill and his interesting German evidence stand a good chance of imposing the earlier half of his Gallipoli vision on the imagination of his contemporaries. He claims (and undeniably) that the turning of a flank promises a speedier end to modern warfare than front-to-front fighting; and there being in France no flanks to turn, the piercing of the Belt or the Dardanelles offered a plausible approach to this humane manœuvre. The factors which governed the choice of the Dardanelles, and the steps which transformed the experimental reduction of Turkish forts by a few old ships into a belated military campaign, are described with lucidity and candour. A quotation from Mr. Masefield attributes their tragic issue to "the gods;" but Mr. Churchill's own disclosures should go far to rehabilitate the character of Olympus.

In The Parson's Progress (Cassell) Mark Lidderdale, who was ordained deacon at the end of The Altar Steps,

embarks on a curacy in a drab Hampshire town and is left, after various pastoral adventures in Chelsea, Pimlico and Kensington, safely inducted into a small Cornish living. Written with Mr. Compton Mackenzie's usual robustness of presentment, and with several grateful flickers of his old romantic fire, it is difficult to see why the cumulative effect of the book is so undoubtedly trivial and dispiriting. Perhaps it is the character and preponderance of the ecclesiastical interest. Not one of Mr. Mackenzie's parsons and curates has anything of the air of a Christian Ganymede caught up in the claws of Divine Revelation. Each is so utterly in earnest in arranging his own little life that such an intrusion is unthinkable. Yet it is what a creed makes of a man, not what a man makes of a creed, that is actually and dramatically important. In proof of which, while the ecclesiastics rather hang fire, two widely dissimilar layfolk Beeton the murderer, whose confession Mark hears in his Pimlico days, and the revived and exalted Pauline, who refuses to share his first living—carry off most of the honours, spiritual and artistic, of the present story. Its successor, Mr. Mackenzie tells me, is to be called The Heavenly Ladder, and this will bring Mark Lidderdale's trilogy to an end.

I should not like to say in cold blood that its title was the best thing about Gods of Modern Grub Street (Sampson Low), but you will agree that it has a pleasantly arresting ring. The book contains short descriptive and critical accounts of thirty-one more or less authentic divinities belonging to the literary world, and of one—Mr. Donn

BYRNE—for whom we cheerfully take the author's word that he possesses all the necessary attributes and is on a fair way to be deified almost before we have finished reviewing the book. Mr. A. St. John Addock supplies the letterpress; Mr. E. O. Hoppe the photographs; and the two names stand together on the cover as joint authors. In their respective lines they are, as most of us know, eminently capable. Mr. Addock has been writing "appreciations" of his brother-craftsmen for so many years that his method of handling them has become almost stereotyped; we know pretty well before starting what he is likely to say about Mr. John Galsworthy or Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, and the manner in which it will be phrased. His little sketches (they are all cut exactly to the same length—eight pages) are pleasant enough. And I like most of Mr. Hoppe's

looks swollen with fatness beyond all measure. On the whole, a respectable piece of book-making, slightly marred by careless revision. Halfway through the book I became tired of noting down the misspellings of proper names. And for some inscrutable reason the authors permit no accents to appear at all.

In The Soul of Kol Nikon (COLLINS) Miss ELEANOR FAR-JEON tells a quaint and a pathetic fairy story, which incidentally suggests some queer reflections upon the nature of mankind. The author positively asserts that the little Kol Nikon was magically exchanged in his cradle for an elf of the underworld, whither was carried the real Kol Nikon, who naturally took his own little soul with him, leaving his changeling brother to do without one; the fairies, it seems, having no power over the soul. Kol Nikon, the changeling, discovering by de-

grees that his mother hated Highway, and I fear he has been him because he had taken the place of her own son, thought travelling in the wrong direction. I beg him to retrace to win her affection by getting to himself a soul. It was a his steps and to prevent his undoubted talent from being desperate enterprise, desperately achieved, only to fail tragically of its purpose. But did it? Towards the end of the story the author undoubtedly implies one of two things: either that Kol Nikon, by a last act of self-sacrifice, obtained his desire and went to heaven instead of back to fairyland | that it had been aptly named. -and to this interpretation I incline; or, alternatively, that the whole business was an illusion, and that Kol Nikon, not being a real changeling, had a soul all the time without knowing it. I submit that in justice to the kingdom of fairyland (province of Scandinavia) this matter should have been made clear. Miss Farjeon's readers too—I hope she will have many—may not unreasonably ask if there is any real danger of their not being able to call their souls their own.

Frankly I don't see in Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS'S The Trail of the Hawk (CAPE) the promise of Babbit that his publisher tactfully suggests. It is in a very different key, but a thoroughly entertaining and workmanlike book, and parti-

business adventure and restless assertive ambition. Carl Ericson, American-born son of a carpenter who began life as an Ericsen in Norway, gets some sort of a higher education (earning his living by doing chores in his boardinghouse meanwhile) in a fifth-rate provincial university, from which he is sent down (it is called, I think, resigning) for standing by a Socialist professor who is being persecuted by the peculiarly unpleasant rest of the teaching staff; goes job-hunting and job-changing, with intervals of stark hunger in Chicago; by chance drops into flying and is soon known as Hawk Ericson, best of the star flying-men of the early American development. When his great friend is killed he declines upon motor salesmanship and marriage. The Hawk's romantic friendship and his later love-story are sensitively told. There is an amusing picture of the diffiportraits, but not that of Sir Arthur Conan Dovle, who culties, even in free America, of a new man who aspires

to marry into an old family. Mr. Lewis makes pretty play with barbed arrows.

The publishers (SAMPSON Low) of Sir John Dering tell me that everyone who has read two or three of Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL'S books is prepared for "patches and pistols, dominoes and duels." I, indeed, was prepared for these and even more; I was, for instance, ready to absorb a large quantity of "'S lifes," "'S deaths," and "'Od rabbit mes." But although I had, so to speak, put myself into training for the purpose of digesting Mr. FARNOL's dialogue, I was here given more of it than I could conveniently swallow. "''S life!' cried he, ''S death! Egad!...'Od rat me but this is infinite well, upon my soul it is!'"-I think it was this sentence, with its four oaths and four notes of exclamation, that made me conscious of a sense of surfeit. Mr. FARNOL hastravelled a long way since he wrote The Broad



INOPPORTUNE SNAPSHOTS. THE INVENTOR OF A PATENT FIRE-EXTINGUISHER BEING RESCUED BY THE FIRE BRIGADE.

entirely obscured by mannerisms and tricks of style. Confirmed Farnolians won't have a dull moment with Sir John Dering; but for myself, when I arrived at the last chapter with its title, "Which is, happily, the Last," I felt

So pleasant a writer is J. E. Buckrose in her unpretentious way that none but a most cantankerous critic could find harsh words to write about Susan in Charge (Jenkins). Young and lovely (as becomes a heroine), Susan had enough confidence in her own powers to believe that she could not only manage three small children, but also the affairs of some grown-ups, in the Yorkshire village where she was In fact she asked for trouble, and she found it. staying. By the end of the story she had learned considerable wisdom, and—need I tell you?—the value of True Love. Mrs. Buckrose has a certain sense of humour, but I do not think she was well-advised in trying to extract fun cularly interesting as an epitome of the American spirit of from such a poor creature as the dyspeptic Miss Binker.

CHARIVARIA.

IT has been announced that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has decided to be a Candidate for Parliament. It is now felt in certain quarters that the General Election is bound to be a success. *: .::

"Liberals must stand together," says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Some of them, however, may be able to find seats.

The Daily News is offering a money prize for a song to be sung at Election | a watch on him. meetings. It is a terrifying prospect for political speakers, but not quite ing obsolete eggs.

Writing in The Westminster Gazette"W.M.C." says that on November 10th he saw a dabchick on the Round Pond. We are sure that "W. M. C." means well, but he might have kept this matter to himself for the present and not sprung it on us just when a General proaching. General Election is ap-

With reference to the retirement of Mr. JUSTICE DARLING, a gossip writer remarks that it is not always an advantage to be in a public position and have a reputation for being funny. This is often acutely felt in the case of professional comedians.

There is some doubt at the moment whether Mr. Justice Darling intends to break up his collection of jokes, or whether he will present them in bulk to the Music Hall Comedians' Benevolent Society.

Another suggestion is that they should be purchased by the nation.

The skipper of a Grimsby trawler recently found a half-sovereign inside a codfish. The theory is that the fish was on its way to America with the gold.

The proposed substantial reduction of the United States Income Tax is said to have been made possible by British money. It is fine to feel that we have not waged the Peace in vain.

the wild life in our country lanes. We beer.' can remember the days when the pedestrian was quite tame.

During the recent frosts a plumber arrived at a client's house so completely out of breath that he had to send his mate back for it.

An American scientist claims to have discovered the existence of four moons. Prohibition agents have decided to keep

It is estimated that the average

so messy as the old custom of throw- country constable covers about eleven

OUR ROAD HOGS.

Driver. "HAVE YOU NOTICED PEOPLE ARE GETTING A BIT UGLY-TEMPERED LATELY?"

Passenger. "YES; THAT LAST CHAP WE KNOCKED OVER GAVE US A DIS-TINCTLY NASTY LOOK."

> under the impression that policemen's fect are becoming smaller.

An attempt is being made to broadcast a sermon to some explorers near the North Pole. This proves once for all that there is no safe spot where one can go in search of peace and quiet.

For some time astronomers have been making observations of a new sun-spot which is divided into two portions. The best explanation so far is that Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook have decided upon a fifty-fifty arrangement in connection with this phenom-

the Native High Court at Durban, admitted killing a man because he drank | have plenty of opportunity to put the out of his beer-pot. We still prefer the matter right.

A well-known naturalist has stated less rude and ostentatious method of that the motor-car is a great peril to saying, "Excuse me, Sir, that's my

> It was suggested at a London County Council meeting last week that the tramcars on the Waterloo and Greenwich route are used by mothers to rock their babies to sleep. It is only fair to the London County Council to say that no extra charge is made for this.

> "Christmas Day is on a Tuesday," says The Daily Mail. If that is the final decision of our contemporary, who are we to question it?

President Coolings regards the latest

Reparations plan of M. Poincaré as useless and futile. Otherwise the scheme is all right.

This has been a boom year for the ice-cream trade. Another proof of the spread of Fascism.

An evening paper has described the PRINCE of Wales as returning from hunting in his pink coat and cap. It may not be generally known that the pink hunting-cap is a prerogative of Royalty.

A photograph has been published of DEMPsex lying full-length on a Californian beach. The camera-man seems to have counted him out.

When the twenty-five miles every day. Yet some people are | dinosaur eggs discovered in Mongolia were unpacked in New York one of them was found to contain the skeleton of a baby dinosaur. There have been no complaints about the other two dozen.

> General Sir IAN HAMILTON, Writing in a Sunday paper, complains that schoolboys do not fight now. Still, they should do well as professional pugilists.

> Wearers of the O.B.E. complain that they are too much held up to ridicule by music-hall comedians and humorous writers. They have our sympathy. After all, the O.B.E. is no joke.

A woman in Los Angeles, arrested for attempted murder, informed the Chief Mrawa, recently charged before | Court that she had shot the wrong man. As she has now been released she will

A PROBLEM OF SIXPENCE.

A short time ago I had an article in Punch on the growing craze among manufacturers for organising gigantic competitions with the object of getting people to buy their goods. In it I facetiously announced a competition of my own and offered a prize, a medley of articles ranging from twenty-eight half-pound tins of cocoa to thirty-one pants, for the most accurate forecast (accompanied by a sixpenny postal order) of the number of people who would send me sixpenny postal orders before December 31st. The prize, you may have forgotten, was alleged to represent an accumulation of goods acquired in the course of my prolonged and unsuccessful attempts to win one of the manufacturers' competitions.

article, told me heartily that I was a silly ass. With these unusual compliments I thought the matter had ended.

But I was wrong. A few days later I received from Worcester the following letter, addressed to "The Author of 'The New Spirit of Competition,' c/o Mr. Punch ":-

DEAR SIR,—I wish to enter for your competition and enclose 6d. (sixpence). My forecast is 1 (one).

Yours faithfully, E. B. W-

Now where has this totally unexpected development landed me? I am almost certain that my correspondent's forecast will prove to be exactly correct, and he will therefore be entitled to the prize. And of course there is no prize. With the exception of one tin of cocoa, which I did actually purchase, all the Stonybrook? articles, dog-biscuits, vests, boot-polishes and the rest, are entirely fictitious, mere artistic embellishments, prosaic licence, what you will.

What am I to do?

I might say to myself, "This fellow is obviously pulling my leg. I will send proceeding which would, I feel, destroy my small reputation in Worcester as a to businesshumourist for ever.

I might dashingly spend the six-pence and say nothing more about it. Would that be honest? Could I ever look Worcester Sauce in the face | tirely at your service. You were saying?

again?

I might be rigidly conscientious, purchase all the specified articles and send | round your showrooms. them to the winner early in the New Year. There are two objections to this course. I could not find the money so soon after Christmas. I could never bring myself a lovely lot of things. How much did to buy things in such wholesale fashion. | they come to, John? I could not possibly walk into a shop and say in cold blood, "I want thirtyone pants, please."

I might attempt a compromise and write in this strain:—

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to inform you that you have won the prize in my Guessing Competition. I propose to send it to you in monthly instalments, and enclose herewith 2 (two) dog-biscuits and 1 (one) pant.

That however would be a harassing sort of solution, and I doubt if I should live to see my debt discharged.

I might, I suppose, write to myself:-

DEAR ME,—I wish to enter for your competition and enclose 6d. (sixpence). My forecast is 2 (two).

But this, you will agree, would be a mean and dastardly way of getting out | bank account is a little overdrawn.

I confess myself baffled. There is husband is a journalist. Three of my friends, after reading the | nothing for it but yet another compe-

Readers are invited to submit essays, of not more than two-hundred-and-fifty words, describing what they think the best method of extricating myself from this predicament without loss of dignity or self-respect.

No coupons or postal orders are required. The prize (if any) will be my eternal gratitude.

SHOPPING MADE EASY.

Scene—A comfortable private office in the Ideal Shop of the Future. At a well-spread tea-table a Nice Young Manager is acting as host to Mr. and Mrs. Stonybrook.

Nice Young Manager (coaxingly). One more of these cream buns, Mrs.

Mrs. Stonybrook. No, really, thanks. But if I might have just half a cup-(She passes her cup and glances across the table at Mr. Stonybrook.) John, don't you think perhaps we ought-

Coughs expressively. Mr.S. (rousing himself from a pleashim back his postal order." A tame ant post-crumpet lethargy). Yes—yes, my dear, of course. Er-to-er-come

N. Y. M. (as he hands her cup to Mrs. Stonybrook and passes a box of cigarettes). If you're quite sure you won't have any more-? Very well. Then I am en-

Mr. S. I was saying we—er—we've spent a very jolly afternoon looking

N. Y. M. Delighted to hear it. I trust you were able to make a selection. Mrs. S. Indeed we were. We chose

Mr. S. (referring to pocket-book). A hundred and seventy-eight pounds, if we decide to take the bath-mat.

N. Y. M. Take the bath-mat, my dear Sir, and decide after you have used it. We are only too glad to have been able to supply your requirements.

Mr. S. Thank you. But—er—the

N. Y. M. (with a deprecatory gesture). Trouble! We do not recognise that word, Mr. Stonybrook.

Mr. S. Don't you, by Jove? How awfully jolly of you! Well, the-er-

difficulty-

N. Y. M. Do not hesitate, Mr. Stonybrook. Look upon me as a father. What is your difficulty?

Mr. S. Oh, nothing to speak of. Simply that, owing to circumstances, owing entirely to circumstances, my

Mrs. S. (with a winning smile). My

N.Y.M. Quite-quite. No further explanation is necessary. But why worry?

Mr. S. Just what I said to them at the bank. Unfortunately their methods are more old-fashioned than yours. Still, I feared that something in the nature of a bank reference-

N. Y. M. My dear sir, perish the suggestion! What is a bank reference among friends? Doubtless you have

some proposal in mind.

Mrs. S. Some little time ago, when we were engaged, my husband was led to publish a small volume of poetry at his own expense. For some reason or other we still have a few thousand odd copies of the book lying about the house. We thought that if we handed these over to you, and in addition offered to pay three-and-sixpence (D.V.) per week. . . . But I can see from your gratified expression that this is agreeable to you.

N. Y. M. My dear Madam, it is more than agreeable. Had you known us better you would not have given yourselves a moment's uneasiness. The goods shall be delivered to you at your convenience, and I look forward to perusing your husband's poems.

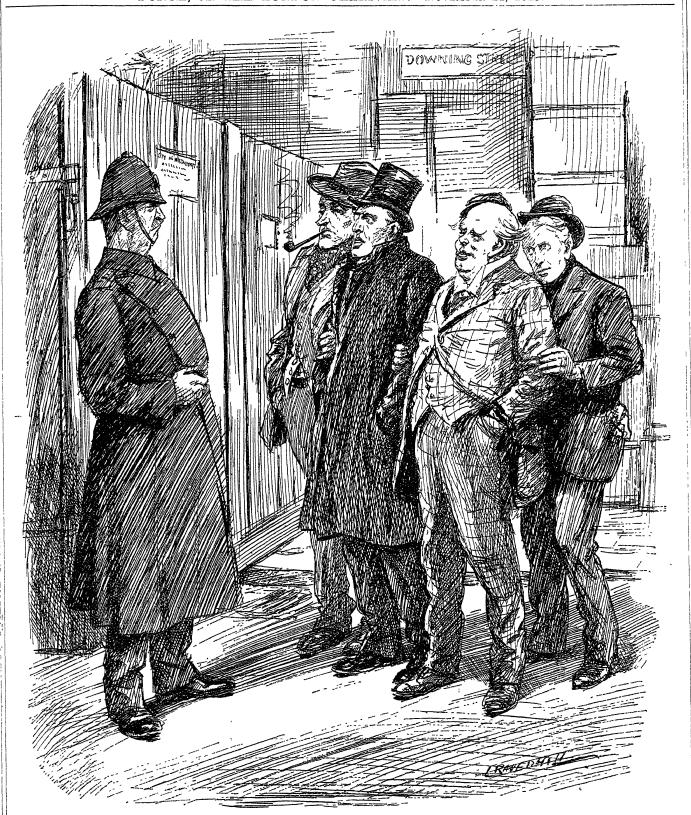
Mr. S. (rising). I do not believe my father would have done as much for me.

Mrs. S. (rising). I am sure he would not. In future whenever we are in difficulties we shall come here.

N. Y. M. I hope you will. A free Broadcasting Licence will be found attached to the bath-mat. Is there anything else I can do for you?

Mr. S. (taking him aside). If you could lend me five shillings till next-

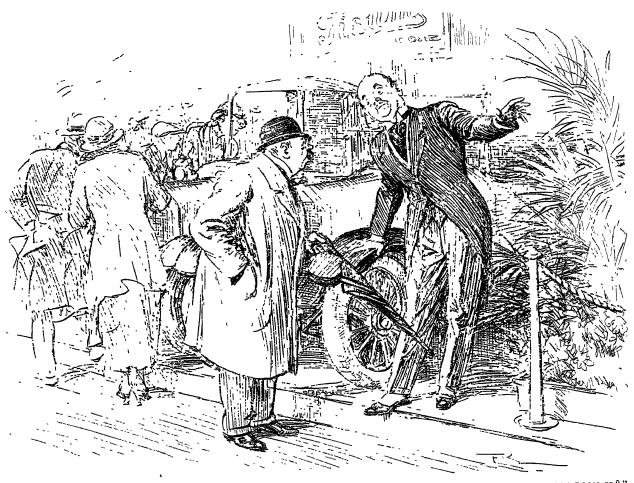
N. Y. M. (pressing a Treasury note into his hand). Our motto, Mr. Stonybrook, is that it is more blessed to give than to lend. This way, Madam. The commissionaire has instructions to call up one of our private cars for you. Good day!



THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

POLICEMAN AT DOWNING STREET. "NOW, THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Chorus of Unemployed (Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill and Sir Donald Maclean). "WE'VE COME TO THANK THE PRIME MINISTER FOR GIVING US THE CHANCE OF A JOB."



Visitor. "PARDON MY TAKING UP YOUR TIME. I DON'T WANT A CAR-BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE TEA-ROOM IS?" Salesman. "With the utmost pleasure, Sir. Yours is the first genuine inquiry I've had to-day."

TITLES FOR SERIALS.

"I LIKE your story, but the title won't do," said the fiction editor, pulling the manuscript out of a drawer that bulged with scores of them. For a man who spent the best part of his time in breaking people's hearts his face was strangely human.

"I thought 'The House with the White Gate' was rather a good title,' said the young man. He went warily, for he knew that great good fortune had come to him in the fiction editor's approval of his plot. He had been trying to write serials for several months. He needed money.

"Bad title for a serial," said the fiction editor, and reached behind him for a book that stood on his shelf. "This," he explained, "is a record of titles we have used. So that we don't use them again. It also suggests new titles and fresh combinations."

The young man realised that there was one more thing for him to learn. He had learned so much. He had learned that mental processes are not permitted to characters in serial fiction.

It had taken him some time to learn to write of people who thrilled and throbbed and pulsed and panted and never thought. Now he had to learn about titles.

The fiction editor had turned up "House," and was murmuring "House of Doom," "House of Dread," "House of Mystery." After a time he decided that he didn't like "House" much, any

"Of course," he said, turning the pages, "I know the words that make up great titles almost by heart. Love, murder, passion, memory, dream, kiss, fate. . . . Just look at our 'love' titles —all those pages. 'Love's Alibi' right on down to 'Love's Sacrifice,' 'Love's Thief' and 'Love's Vengeance.' You can do a lot with turning titles round. For instance, we've had 'Fate's Jest,' and we've had 'The Kiss of Chance, but we still have 'Fate's Kiss' and 'The Jest of Chance' to play with. Chance, Change, Crime—'Crime' is always a good one."

"There's no crime in my story," said the young man.

theme, sheer passion. No crime. Well, let's look at the other end of your own title. 'Gate.' Not bad. 'Gate of Fate'—sounds too much like poetry. 'Gate of Desire,' 'Gate of Romance, 'Gate of Passion.' Don't quite like any of 'em. We haven't a great many 'G's' by the way. What else begins with 'G'? . . . Got it! 'Gulf'!"

He was quite excited as he entered a new word in his book.

"Now for your title," he said, turning to the young man. "We have it at once. 'The Gulf of Passion.' Excellent."

He got up with an air of finality to speed his visitor.

"Go right ahead with the next instalment," he said.

"But the title. What-what does it mean?" asked the young man.

The fiction editor smiled upon him in a fatherly way.
"My dear boy," he said, "you can't

have everything. Good afternoon."

Commercial Candour.

"For Quick Sale, Piano. Rs. 500. No "No, that's true. Passion's your bargain."—Advt. in Burma Paper.

EMPIRE EXHIBITS.

According to a statement in an evening paper the washstand and "appurtenances" used by Lord NELSON on the Victory have been discovered at the homestead of Mr. C. A. LILLINGSTON, of Yulgilbar, New South Wales, and representations are being made to the owner with the view of his sending them to London for display in the Australian Court at the Empire Exhibition.

We are glad to learn that the stimulus excited by this momentous discovery has already resulted in the unearthing of a number of other interesting relics which it is to be hoped will also be placed on view in the Empire Exhibition.

Mr. Hector McLurkin, of Inchnadamph, while recently engaged in clearing out the lumber in one of the outhouses on his farm, came across several spider's webs in perfect preservation and with a label attached which establishes beyond the shadow of a doubt that they were the product of the heroic insect whose example heartened Bruce, the royal captive, when at the nadir of his fortunes. It is a matter for acute regret that the body of the architect has disappeared, but Mr. McLurkin has not given up all hope that it may

yet be discovered.

Few passages in the Rev. Charles PLUMMER'S Life of ALFRED THE GREAT, in the eleventh edition of the EncyclopædiaBritannica, have caused more pain than his reference to "the foolish legend of the cakes." A complete confirmation of this beautiful story is now forthcoming in the discovery, in a semi-fossilized condition, of these most famous specimens of Saxon architecture. They were found imbedded in a peaty subsoil within a short distance of the site of Alfred's fortress at Athelney, and presented so remarkable a resemblance in their texture to the buns commonly to be seen in railway restaurants that they might easily have evaded notice but for the fact that all showed unmistakable traces of burning, and bore the imprint A.R. (Aluredus Rex). The name of the farmer's wife who entrusted the baking operations to the royal fugitive has never been traced, but immortality is secured for Jacob Stuggins, the labourer who dug up these priceless relics, which will be duly and reverently installed in a place of honour in the Confectionery section of the Empire Exhibition.

None of the early efforts to solve the cheap housing problem in ancient Greece has attracted more interest than



PEOPLE WHO WILL SAY ANYTHING.

"That is the very hat for Modam, if Modam does not wish to look conspicuous."

come to light in the cellars of ALEX-ANDER'S palace at Ecbatana. ALEX-ANDER THE GREAT, it will be remembered, had a great opinion of the Cynic Philosopher, who presented him with his tub as a sign of reciprocal esteem. The measurements, as given by Dr. Amos Stoot, the American explorer, are 10 feet in length, with a diameter of 4 ft. 6 in. The tub is made of old chestnut-wood and appears to have been used by ALEXANDER as a receptacle for the choice wine of which he the tub of Diogenes, which for so many drank, alas! too well on the eve of his centuries has baffled the spade of the last illness. As there is a legend that excavator. But at long last it has ALEXANDER, after having conquered too impressive.

India, discovered Australia, representations have been made to Dr. Stoot with the view of his allowing this wonderful monument to be shown at the Empire Exhibition.

At a Christian Fellowship meeting:— "Taking his text from Luke xi. 6, 'A friend of mine has come from a journey, and I have nothing to set before him,' Mr. — built up an impressive sermon from this modest theme.

At six o'clock a public tea was held in the Assembly Hall, and nearly 100 guests sat down -, B.A:" to partake of the Rev. H. -South London Paper.

The sermon seems to have been almost

PETER AND THE ORDER TO VIEW.

I HAD covered the two miles, mainly uphill, which represented the "convenient distance from the station, the little friend. shops and the church," and I had reached the corner of the fence of the "charming old-world residence." There I halted and took out of my pocket the Order to View. From the other side of the fence came a child's voice, I would like to see his baby lions. saying huskily:-

"London calling! Stand by, please, for one minute for a song about a lady

There was a suitable pause and then a high-pitched voice sang to a highly original tune :-

> "A lady and a man, A lady and a man, A lady and a man, A lady and a ma-a-an."

I looked over the fence and encountered the upturned and quite unembarrassed gaze of a serene little fellow of some five or six years. He motioned me to silence as I was about to speak; then, after a short pause, he rose from the ground where he had been sitting among the bushes and said, "There's nothing else coming froo." I then noticed for the first time a broom-handle attached to an old chair a few feet away and a little bucket propped up on the chair and clearly doing duty as a loud speaker.
"Well," I said, "what's your name?"

"I'm Peter," he said, and then, very mysteriously, "Do you know what that

song was about?'

"It was about a lady and a man," I hazarded.

"But what were they doing?" said Peter.

"Oh, yes, what were they doing? Well, you see, Peter—er, the lady was wondrous fair and she wanted a home so, so badly, and the man was only a little man and not much to look at, but he was the bravest knight that ever climbed hills and waded rivers and rode hundreds and thousands of miles, and slew house-agents, I mean dragons-

"Would you like to see my white mice?" interrupted Peter.

"Love it!" I said.

Peter at once plunged into the thicket. I climbed over the fence and followed as well as I could. As we approached the woodshed, tiptoe being nice things you've shown me." indicated by Peter, I reflected that, although I had had a wide experience as a bearer permitted to view, I had not previously started my rounds with the woodshed.

"They are weally sleeping pwincesses," whispered Peter, as he reverently unare weally asleep," he added hastily as a please."

certain liveliness was observed. I was rather intrigued at the glance that one of the princesses gave me.

"What sall we see next?" asked my

I indicated that I placed myself unreservedly in Peter's hands. Peter tugged at the lining of his pocket and presented me with a piece of toffee A weary road to these which he unstuck. He then inquired if

"I should indeed," I said.

We made our way to the back of the woodshed and together moved a packing-case into the light, to discover a litter of most delectable week-old puppies curled up in the straw.

"Aren't they gweat?" said Peter. "They are levely baby lions," I said stoutly. "Can they roar yet?"

"Not for munfs and munfs. . . . I like you, please. Would you now like

to see my chickies?" We adjourned to the chicken-run.

"The bwown ones had a bwoody hen for a mother, but all the white ones had only an oil lamp for their mother. I go to school now in the mornings,' said Peter with another abrupt change of subject.

"I hope you are always a good boy at school," I said, rather heavily.

"Always—except sometimes. then I'm put in the naughty boy's chair.'

"Where you stop until you are good, I suppose?"

"Öh, no," said Peter with an expression of extreme satisfaction on his little face. "Only until another boy's naughty.'

I had so far seen Peter's improvised wireless set, his white mice, his puppies, the chickens and the woodshed, but nothing of the lounge hall, the two reception rooms, the bathroom, h. and c., and all the rest of the things which I had come many miles to see.

"I really have come to look over the house," I informed my young friend, coming at the same time in sight of the agent's board by the garden gate. It was freshly labelled "sold.

"You are a funny man," Peter said. "How can you look over a house? My Daddie's ever so much bigger than you and he couldn't look over a house.

"What I meant, Peter—— Anyhow, thank you very much, Peter, for all the

Peter shook hands with me and ran along to his "wireless" corner, whence I heard, as I began my return journey to the station, the shops, and the :hurch

"London calling! Stand by, please, for a song called 'A funny Man came covered the cage. "I mean when they to look over a House.' One moment,

EASTWARD HO!

I.—The Malabar Road.

Solomon's navies knew the road, The Ophir road of old-Gunwale-deep with a hard-won load Of orange Ophir gold; A long road, a cruel road, Swart sons of Tyre Who sailed for hire That Israel might increase.

Lean Arab craft, Malindi way, Struck into oceans wide, The blazing tropic sun by day, The stars by night their guide: The same stars, the friendly stars, The circling seasons bring As led the prows Of venturing dhows When PRESTER JOHN was king.

Then Vasco sailed his galleons four The long road round the Cape; In Calicut and Travancore His crews beheld, a-gape, The new land, the promised land, That called them from afar, Where wealth and fame Abode their claim— The magic Malabar.

And now great iron ships go down The green sea's rolling way To Calicut and Cochin Town, To Quilon and Mahe; Clyde ships and Mersey ships, And ships of Thames and Tyne, Following yet Where the lure is set, Hunt on the age-old line.

From many ports that line has led And much these ports have changed, But the road abides as the deep-sea bed, The road Tyre's galleys ranged-The old road, the gallant road Where Fortune held command: And still abides As the ocean tides, The same old promised land.

Still lie gold beaches, sunset-kissed, As Vasco saw them lie; And still the Ghat hills through the mist Lift timeless heads on high; A rare land, a rover's land, That years nor make nor mar . . . Then who will sail On the old sea-trail? Who sails for Malabar? H. B.

From the announcement of a stock-

"The sows are good grade Jerseys in fine condition. A pedigree Jersey gull is also to be sold with slight reserve."

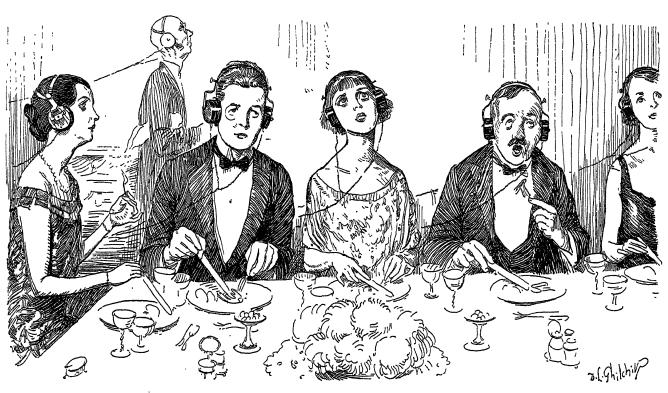
New Zealand Paper.

But it is only with considerable reserve that we accept the information.

A LOST ART.



THE DINNER-PARTIES OF OUR ANCESTORS WERE EMBELLISHED WITH SPARKLING CONVERSATION—



BUT NOWADAYS THE TALKING IS DONE "OFF."



MANNERS AND MODES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE GRANDCHILDREN DRESS UP.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THERE is no sadder contrast in life, I suppose, than that between the romantic and imaginative aspect of seaborne trade-

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,

That fearest not sea rising nor sky clouding, Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?"

"And saw the merry Grecian coaster come Freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine, Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack

Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,

With a cargo of Tyne coal, Road-rails, pig-lead, Firewood, iron-ware and cheap tin-trays;"

"And Spanish sailors with bearded lips And the beauty and mystery of the ships And the magic of the sea,"

and such pronouncements as the following:-

"If we cease to import a substantial quantity of foreign imports—say 40 million pounds worth—we cease to furnish a market for the same value of

home-made goods which went abroad to buy those imports which we are to dispense with, and therefore the stimulus given to one set of home producers by excluding their foreign competitors is given at the expense of those other workers whose exported goods paid for the goods we are no longer to buy.'

And yet it is this latter, this sordid attitude towards maritime commerce which the Government of Great Britain is forcing upon a reluctant people to-

The whole of the foregoing, by the way, from "there is no sadder contrast in life" down to "reluctant people to-day" is in reality one sentence. Rather charming, is it not? Quite like a published sermon or the first article in the Literary Supplement of The Times. But to continue.

It has been a great grief to me that the people of England should not have been consulted by Mr. Baldwin about some problem that really interested them, as for instance-

Should the French be asked politely to leave the Ruhr ?

or, if that was considered too delicately controversial-

Do blue-eyed girls make the best I took that. wives?

a question into which the whole Press could have entered with a hearty good will and a serene confidence that the electorate would be able to judge the relevant issues wisely and well within the few days available.

As things are, the greater part of the electorate is puzzled. I am even puzzled myself.

"This is awful; England will be ruined," a man said to me at the corner of the road the other day.
"Oh, yes," I said, swinging my

umbrella about.

"You have only got to consider raw materials," he went on. "Take raw hides."

I didn't want to take raw hides. I never do. I wanted to take Germany. "Or take cotton," he said, warming to it.

I shifted uneasily from one leg to the other. I did not wish to take cotton either. I was carrying a despatch-case and two newspapers already.

"Or take a manufactured article," he said. "Take tinned salmon."

I looked wildly up and down the road. Tinned salmon meant absolutely nothing to me. A taxi-cab came along.

All over England, in trains, in trams,

and in buses, people are telling other people to take things that they have never taken before. Mild men, who have never taken anything except a tonic after influenza, are being invited to take jute, to take hemp, to take specific industries. And they cannot do it. They have not the training nor the time.

The fact is that political economy is a special and intricate study, like philosophy or trigonometry. How relieved we all were when the Einstein trouble blew over and it was no longer necessary to go about wondering whether there was a kink in space or time! I knew a man who tried to expound the Einstein theory to me in the train. Apparently the theory had something or other to do with trains. If this man had not been obliged to get out at Three Bridges every evening I believe I should eventually have got the hang of the thing. He is dead now.

But political economy is very nearly as bad. It is quite easy up to the part where I stopped. You take a man living with his family on a desert island and supported by the labour of his hands. After a time he begins going down to the beach, where he finds a man catching fish and living on fish. He exchanges some of his potatoes for the other man's fish. The two become rather matey. All this is exceedingly jolly. But as you skip a little and turn over the pages, you see chapterheadings like:—

MONEY A SYMBOL OF EXCHANGE

or

BILLS OF CREDIT

THE MEANING OF WEALTH

and you naturally turn to take up a lighter work with a more human and personal interest. It would have been well if some simple patriotic balladsinger, whose heart beat with the nation's heart, had long ago seized the stubborn matter of economical argument and moulded it into song. Thus:

Montezuma
Met a consumer
Eating foreign rye,
Said Montezuma
To the consumer,
"Domand creates supply."

But nothing of the kind, so far as I can make out, has been written. The result is that nobody except a few university professors and Mr. J. L. Garvin know anything whatsoever about political economy, and the ordinary consumer has not even time to consume Mr. J. L. Garvin.

Happily it is only during the short interval which now occurs between the notice of a General Election and the actual polling that the British public



New Manager of Cinema Theatre (complacently surveying his own notice). "That's the stuff! Shows 'em we mean to keep the tone of the place 'ich from the start."

is expected to take hemp, hides, jute, cotton, steel, wool and other raw materials and deal with them on the Underground or during the luncheon interval, so that passenger traffic does not remain congested for very long. The ordinary elector who has found himself, with a mixture of pride and alarm, in the unusual position of comparing the works of ADAM SMITH with the works of later economists, will discover with relief one fine morning that the burden has been rolled away. The only placards that confront him will be one stating

THE LIBERALS MEAN TO KEEP YOU LING'S farewell speech :—
UNEMPLOYED
"'I cannot pretend that or

and another saying-

THE TORIES ARE GOING TO TAX YOUR FOOD.

actual polling that the British public | This is called removing this discussion | Daniel!

from an academic plane into the arena of practical politics. And the fact that there are a good many Conservative Free Traders and a certain number of Liberals who believe in Tariff Reform will not seriously detract from the amenities of the poll.

EVOE.

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"Don't forget that your 'best girl' is not the only one who likes Diamond Rings. Your wife and your mother still love them."

Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

From a report of Mr. Justice Dar-LING's farewell speech:—

"'I cannot pretend that one does not leave the precincts of this cheerful den without casting one long lingering look behind.'" Evening Paper.

A Daniel gone from judgment! Yea, a Daniel!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

VII.—The Fun of the Fair.

"COME," I said, "and I will show you how we moderns really enjoy ourselves."

So saying, I splashed relentlessly through fourteen puddles, for it was raining, dodged under two tractionengines, fearlessly skirted a horse, and entered the small area of waste mud between Acacia Avenue and Lilac Road, W. 23. In the middle was a great noise, a vast braying and roaring and jangling,

like a brass band seventy times magnified and worked by an organ-grinder. The noise emerged from a huge and brilliantlylighted structure of pure gold, bedecked with Cupids, goddesses and ordinary angels in gilt and flesh-colour. Round the goddesses a number of motor-cars dashed perilously up and down a switchback way, labelled (to complete the atmosphere of romance) WA 1234, QB 4587 and so forth. In the motor-cars sat three small children and seven grown-ups, whirling round and round the goddesses, half-mad with the noise and yelling, as they whirled, with every appearance of horror, abandon and desperate happiness, the words "Hey!" "Oo!" "I—ee!" and "Oy!" Some seventy citizens stood round and watched them, silent and motionless. The rain fell ceaselessly.

"This is called a Fair!" I shouted; "one of our most ancient entertainments. Ben Josson wrote a play about a fair. It is much the same now as it was then. Only now it is worked by traction-engines."

"Is there no quieter part of the fair?" said the Man in the Moon, stopping his ears. "We have

nothing like this in the Moon."
"Yes," I replied. "There are the side-shows. They are more fun still."

We waded back through seas of mud to the nearest tent. Outside it was the picture of a furry creature crouching on the bough of a tree, and a negro below it who shouted at intervals with extraordinary melancholy, "All the Fun of the Fair, O!—'Arf-Lidy, 'Arf-Lep-perd! -Only genuine-No decepshern !-All the Fun of the Fair, O!"

Trembling, the Man in the Moon follewed me into the tent, which was empty but for a screen, a platform and a lady wearing a black rug, presumably the proprietress.

"IT will be showing in a minute,"

waited in silence, enjoying the comparative quiet.

Seven or eight people filtered in and stood still and furtive, avoiding their

neighbours' eyes.

After three or four minutes the lady said, "Ir will be shown now," and we looked expectant at the screen. Nothing

Then the same lady flung the black rug from her with a daring gesture, revealing a striped rug below it. She then stooped down and traversed the tiny done by a machine to a rag-time tune, platform on all fours, mewing like a cat.



Small General Shopkeeper. "Why, the War'as altered every blooming thing. Take this line, for instance— IT USED TO BE HALF PROFIT, AN' NOW IT'S SO MUCH PER CENT. !

"Is she IT?" whispered the Man in the Moon.

"IT is," I replied.

"You will observe," IT remarked in passionless tones, "that I move on all fours. But this is not my only mode of progression. I can walk," she continued brightly, leaping to her feet, "or stand erect. But this is awkward and even painful to me;" and she sank to the ground with a sigh of relief.

"You will observe," she went on proudly, "that there is no tibia or fibula. This peculiarity is found in the Asiatic leopard. In other respects I am not behind other ladies. I do excellent needlework, and in my spare time talk to 'op. The fleas is fed on the 'uman French and German fluently. I am of arm. I will now show you——'' a very happy disposition, though I find

this individual observed kindly, and we the climate trying. I was born in Bombay, and am very interested in people. I love a good story. My mother was just the same. But my own formations are even more remarkable. You will observe—

I turned. The Man in the Moon had gone. I found him outside. "Terrible," he murmured. "Take me to something cheerful."

We entered the Fat Lady's tent.

She stood on a platform with her sister, only less immense. citizens gaped below.

"Poor creature," said the Man in

the Moon.

"On the contrary. Listen." "I am of an unusually happy disposition," the fat lady was saying, "and enjoy life as much as any of you here, I dessay. I can truly say that I should be very sorry to be any thinner than what I am. I am fond of music and crochet-work, but what I like above all is exchanging an anecdote, however. I will now give you the measurements, as certified correct by Dr. Higby of Leeds.

"The forearm," she continued, extending that limb, "measures 18 inches circumference — my sister's 163." And she threw such a glance of tender pride and superiority at the other lady as would have driven your ordinary thin-skin out of the business

"The chest is 67 inches—my sister's 62. The thigh 40 inches

-my sister's 37½. The neck-"
"You are right," said the Man
in the Moon. "She is happy
enough. But I am not," and the petulant fellow slipped out of the tent.

"Will nothing satisfy you?" I cried, and led him into the next tent.

Here a knot of citizens were gazing fascinated at a little old man with gold spectacles who was arranging a tray under a brilliant light.

"I now show the Performing Fleas," this gentleman remarked. "The fleas are perfectly 'appy and contented, and their training is performed entirely by kindness and scientific methods. Now it is not the nature of the flea to walk," he proceeded didactically. "It is the nature of the flea to 'op. The flea before you (which is secured by a 'uman 'air) 'as been trained to walk by 'umane and natural methods. You will observe that the flea makes no attempt

Just then we were distracted by a



English Clergyman. "You say you have ten to twelve score sheep in your charge?" Shepherd (rather short-sighted). "AY, FORBYE THE LAMBS." English Clergyman. "Well, I have a much larger flock than yours in my country." Shepherd. "Is that so? What kind o' a lambin' season did ye have the year?"

great din outside. Leaving the tent we observed a crowd of citizens jostling and shouting round the negro in front of the Half-Leopard-Half-Lady's tent. "'Lep-perd'!" muttered a large man

thickly, who seemed to be leading the debate. "She's no more a leopard than wot I am. An' you're a dirty dog, that's wot you are Give us our money back, that's wot I say!"

A yell of anger and hatred from the crowd supported him.

"It seems she's an ordinary woman, after all," I whispered.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried my friend impulsively. "But aren't they glad?" "They are not."

"Poor creature," said the Man in the Moon; "I was so sorry for her."

Just then the object of his compassion appeared at the door of the tent; and in the light of the flares I saw that she was almost weeping at the suggestion that she was not a leopard. She held a paper in her trembling hand.

"Read it out, Bill," she said. "The

And Bill read out a certificate by Dr. Jorrocks, of Bath, that the lady was as near a leopard as it is possible for a lady to be—the fibula . . . the tibia . . . the femur... and so forth.

An extraordinary change came over the scene. The angry man, melted entirely, took off his hat and mumbled chivalrously, "Beg yer pardon, lidy. I knew you was all right, reelly" (which seemed a strange way of putting it). The crowd murmured appreciatively, and the little lady beamed, kissed her hand skittishly and was gone.

So was the Man in the Moon.

I chased through the puddles and found him on the pavement, standing with two small boys before a wizened little man in a muffler, heedless of the

"This is the best of all," whispered the Man in the Moon. "Just listen."

"They are not going to tax prawns," said the little man fiercely, "but are they going to tax nuts? And, if nuts, why not dough-nuts? What is a raw material? Tell me that, ladies and gentlemen! Tin is a raw material at Leicester. But what about tin-tacks? Are they going to tax tacks? Then what will Sheffield say? And, if not, do they intend to tin tins? What has become of the Manchester Pledge? Canned salmon is one thing, but potted shrimp is another. And I SAY, Ladies and Gentlemen, that canned salmon is | that his Lordship would never get away only the thin end of the pledge-wedge. | from No. 1.

What about the children's bulls'-eves? And, if bulls'-eyes, why not bulls? Are they going to tax cloves? Nutmegs? Bathing-drawers? Balloons? Gentlemen, these proposals are mere tin-tacks -taxtins-tactics. Gentlemen," the little man waved his arms in a sort of frenzy and concluded, "the principles of Free Trade are irrefrag—are irrefrag -are irrefragable." And with these words he put on his hat and went

"A delicious turn!" said my friend. "Something to do with the Moon, 1 suppose?" A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

From a Dutch bulb catalogue:—

"Now is the time to order your Hardy Perennials. We have 2,000,000 clumps for the U.S.A. which are not allowed to be imported there and which we therefore offer direct to the British gardens far beyond cost of culti-

In matters of commerce the Dutch (or some of them) do not appear to have altered much since CANNING's time.

"LORD BIRKENHEAD AT NO. 10." Newspaper Placard. It was feared, after his rectorial address,



Customer. "Do you know, I think one of my feet must be larger than the other." Tactful Assistant. "OH, NO, MADAM-SMALLER, IF ANYTHING."

RUGGER.

I AM radiant, my friends, as the sun in a midsummer sky, I am glad as a wasp in a bounty of strawberry jam, For on Saturday next I shall soar like a bird, I shall fly-As a matter of fact I shall go by South-Eastern or tram— In a mood of most excellent cheer To a suburb conveniently near,

Where I hope to take part in my first game of Rugger this vear.

It is not, be it said—be it candidly owned, it is not— In the rôle of an active performer; time was when I shone (To a certain extent) and was rather (I think) on the spot; But, for reasons sufficiently obvious, now I look on.

I shall sit in the stand and look wise, While emitting encouraging cries Or censorious comment, perhaps, as occasion may rise.

Oh, 'tis joy to engage in the hunt of that noblest of eggs, In the air, on the ground, in the hand, at the toe or the heel.

When the half or three-quarter's brought down with a crash by the legs

Or evasively dodges and slithers about like an eel, And the forwards, all passion and fire, Tear each other to shreds and perspire, Or subside, like a handful of worms, in the neighbourly mire.

And the things that go wrong—oh, the dire disproportionate

Of the halves that hold on, of the centres' neglect of the wings;

The transgression, the tragic and lonely remorse of the back.

They are dreadful; and yet in a way, By assuming a mien of dismay,

We can hint that we rose above that sort of thing in our day. But reaction succeeds and the crimes of the present recall

Ev'ry act, ev'ry moment of old when we also were weak; When we suffered, perhaps, from the infamous shape of the ball,

With a menacing pack roaring up like a wave in a creek; Unforgettable lapses, alas!

When a man with a stomach of brass

Would be conscious of nothing but looking a blithering ass.

So the game rushes on with a decent and amiable heat Till the whistle rings peace from a weary but whole referee,

And I rise, feeling stiff in the knees, from a beast of a seat And depart from the field with the pleasant intention of

> And the noble ambition in view Of embarking on Rugger anew

When my next incarnation has come—and to try for my blue. Dum-Dum.

A Thought from the Hop County.

"Of course the great difficulty that always appears when a fiscal policy appears is to make the town and rural districts blind."—Kent Parer. The offences of kick and of collar; the sins of the pack, | Especially with beer at its present price and quality.



A DOUBTFUL ALLY.

Mr. Asquith. "THAT'S AN UGLY-LOOKING WEAPON YOU'VE GOT THERE. WHAT'S IT FOR?"

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. "IT'S FOR BOTH OF YOU."



Mother. "Which do you think he's most like, Mrs. Smith?"-Mrs. Smith (meaning kindly). "Well, to tell yer the truth, I think 'e 's just escaped bein' like either of yer."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 13th.—Considering that the evening papers were flaunting "Dissolution of Parliament-Official" on their contents-bills it was a remarkably cheerful mob of Members that crowded into the House of Commons. The fifty Questions on the Order-Paper had been there since August and were consequently lacking in freshness, but Mr. TREVELYAN THOMSON, who was first called (vice Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, temporarily out of action), made a gallant attempt to adapt a "Supplementary" to the present situation, and his example was followed by others.

The House was, however, more interested in men than measures. The PRIME MINISTER'S entry evoked a thunderous welcome from the Ministerialists, who evidently bore him no ill-will for cutting short their Parliamentary lives, and disdained Mr. WILL THORNE'S suggestion that they should save their cheers till December 6th. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN received a similar though less pro-

came when Mr. Asquith entered from behind the Speaker's Chair, and almost simultaneously Mr. LLOYD GEORGE from the main door. The applause that greeted them from both sections of the Party could hardly have been greater if they had come in arm-in-arm. That the longsought reunion had been achieved at last was further shown by the spectacle of Mr. PRINGLE and Mr. Hogge sitting side by side once more.

Admirable in their several styles were the tributes paid to the memory of Mr. Bonar Law by the various partyleaders. Between them they conveyed a clear impression of what the PRIME MINISTER called "a most lovable, elusive and wistful personality." Perhaps the most notable testimony was that of.Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who knew Mr. Law only as an opponent, and described how as Leader of the House "ho prevailed over us, unarmed save by his reasonableness, his patience and his candour, and the greatest of all these was his candour.

Candour was the outstanding quality of the Prime Minister's business state-

plained how he had come to the conclusion that he could not go on fighting unemployment without using the tariff weapon now barred to him by his predecessor's pledge. He had been urged to avoid that pledge, but "I have little skill in finding ways round." It soon became evident that a General Election was the only way of release, and if so the sooner the better. Friday therefore was the appointed day of Dissolution, but before that he hoped the House would pass the Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Placated by this sop, the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION agreed to postpone his attack on the Government till Thursday.

Mr. Pringle was not so complaisant, and stridently denounced the Labour Leader for making the House "assent to its own suicide." (Can one, by the way, commitsuicide without assenting?) Jarred by his voice or his opinionspossibly both—Mr. Macdonald's supporters freely interrupted him. Mr. JACK JONES, sarcastically observing, "I am not a lawyer, therefore I cannot tell the truth," thanked the PRIME longed ovation. The turn of the Liberals ment. In a very few words he ex- MINISTER for living up to his pledge,



A PICKWICKIAN REUNION.

DR. MACNAMARA AND Mr. IAN MACPHERSON MR. ASQUITH AND AND MR. G. R. THORNE. MR. LLOYD GEORGE. SIR JOHN SIMON. MR. PRINGLE AND MR. HCGGE.

CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN AND SIR ALFRED MOND.

and drew unwonted Tory cheers by the handsome admission that "if he wins he deserves to do so.'

Mr. Asquirm came to the rescue of his henchman, and was rallied by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN for objecting to the Government's going to the country. Sir Alfred Mond, anxious no doubt to show that his support of the Safeguarding of Industries Act was only a passing flirtation and that Free Trade is still his only true love, started off in fine style to knock the Protectionists' heads together. He had just produced a telling phrase about "canned lobsters and currants" when he too fell foul of the Labour Party, and under its interruptions was reduced to silence. In the ensuing division the Liberals, for almost the first time in this Parliament, marched as one man into the "No" Lobby, but, as the Labour Party abstained, the Government had a comfortable majority of 189.

This may have lulled their supporters into a false confidence, for when the Workmen's Compensation Bill came on the Government had several narrow

squeaks, and in one division only saved their bacon by 11 votes.

The Lords sat for five minutes (Lord CAVE again on the Woolsack after his long illness) and heard with noble stoicism Lord Curzon's announcement of the Dissolution.

Wednesday November 14th. - The Lords received into their ranks with the customary ritual the Bishops of BRAD-FORD and St. ALBANS, and Lord BLANES-BURGH (formerly Sir Robert Younger). Then they spent a lugubrious hour while Lord STRACHIE called attention to the numerous outbreaks of foot-andmouth disease, and Lord Ancaster detailed the steps taken by the Ministry of Agriculture to stamp it out. These included the slaughter of twenty thousand animals. A quarter of the money expended in this way would, one would suppose, if spent on research, have produced an effective system of inoculation.

Some time ago the Government set aside three million pounds to help the distressed people of this country to settle overseas. Lieut.-Colonel Buckley

than two hundred thousand pounds had been spent. The majority of the population still seems to hold that there's no place like Home, even if Home only means a slum and a pittance.

The Workmen's Compensation Bill was read a third time. Mr. T. Shaw was not too grateful for the numerous concessions made by the Home Office, and declared that it was still a most unsatisfactory measure. Mr. Bridge-MAN advised the Labour Party that their little way of preaching hatred of employers, here, there and everywhere, was hardly the best way of securing better terms from them.

Thursday, November 15th.—Was it an eleventh-hour rush for self-advertisement that caused a hundred-and-fifty Questions to appear on the Order-Paper? The SPEAKER, I suspect, thought so, for he had disallowed some fifty moremuch to the indignation of Mr. PRINGLE, who "most respectfully" protested. Among other things we learned that France, which had neither paid nor indicated any intention of paying the admitted this afternoon that little more | six hundred millions she owes us, was about to lend sixty millions to the Little Entente.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald described his three-headed Vote of Censure as being, like the Prime Minister, "very simple, very straightforward and with no guile or crookedness in it." On unemployment the Government had shown no foresight; the millions spent in relief were a waste of money that could have been more intelligently spent. In foreign affairs they had displayed no courage; what was wanted was "a great moral gesture" (a form of pressure to which M. Poincaré is notoriously susceptible). As for their Tariff policy it was "a pig in a poke," and in the opinion of real Protectionists hardly a pig at all.

The PRIME MINISTER'S reply to this varied indictment was mild to the verge of meekness. It was true that we had made very little progress with France; still, you don't promote peace by starting a new enmity. As for the tariff, he amplified his promise of "no taxes on wheat and meat." Wheat would include flour, and meat meant not only beef and mutton, but bacon, cheese, butter and eggs. The Ministerialists cheered him dutifully throughout, and enthusiastically when he flung back the charge of "political profiteering" at the head of those who were holding out a Capital Levy as a short cut to the Millennium. But as a fighting speech it was not inspiring.

One felt how differently Mr. LLOVD GEORGE would have used his opportunity when that right hon, gentleman, now restored to the bosom of Liberalism, rose and proceeded to lay about him as in the good old Limehouse days. To put a duty on preserved crabs! It was a tinker's policy, and the Government was going to the country with tin cans at their heels. Of its kind his speech was so good as to confirm the opinion of those who consider that its author is much more valuable to his country in Opposition than in Office.

THE GAMEKEEPERS.

We be the jolly rangers,
The keepers of the game,
We bars the woods to strangers
A-warning of the same;
And aught that looks owdacicus
We nails 'im up on door;
And why, good lads? By gracious,
Our dads did so before.

If pheasants in Great Wood be And partridge be on farm, Well, bain't it as it should be? Most else is mischief's harm; But partridge nicely driven, Or pheasant over tree, Is what the good Lord's given To please the Quality.



Artist (to Rate-Collector—"Final Application"). "I SAY, COULD YOU LEND ME A COUPLE OF POUNDS? MY GAS BILL'S RATHER URGENT,"

So us should ask no others;
From nesting-time along
We fathers 'em and mothers
And guards of 'em from wrong;
In cover, corn or clover
We guards of 'em, and then
We ups and puts 'em over
To lords and gentlemen.

'Tis then, as we've a-wrought it,
We see our labour's crown,
For which the kestrel caught it,
The owl was hadden down;
When slow our smocked line paces
'Tis tidy like to know
That guns be in their places,
That we've the stuff to show.

Then, if good fortune's in it
And if we've loved'em well,
Full fifty shots a minute
The praise of us shall tell;
And when the sunset reddens
And frost's on loam and lane,
We'll count the rows o'dead'uns
And love what's left again.
So stamp the gypsy's fire out
And pay the farmer court,
And you shall take the Squire out

And you shall take the Squire out
And show his guests good sport;
For partridge, brood and clutch, like
As pheasant, lads, it's thus—
If we looks after such like
The same looks after us.



Admining Friend. "I suppose most people know you by sight?" Genius. "Yes; and if they don't they inquire."

TWO FINANCIERS.

"IT is in no spirit of boasting," he began, "no trafficking with what is known as swank, but solely in order to pave the way to the incident to be related, that I say that the other day I gave a beggar half-a-crown."

At this very impressive opening we all sat up prepared to listen closely.

Half-a-crown is a great sum.

"It was an absurd experience," he said, "and I daresay there were better ways out of it than I took. Perhaps you will tell me."

We made noises intimating that most of our lives were spent in telling people about better ways than they have taken.

At least, I did.

"It was like this," he said. "I had come up to Town for the day, my first place of call being at Islington. Now Islington is an unknown country to me. Beyond the fact that bailiffs have daughters there, I knew nothing. So I took a cab at Liverpool Street and gave the driver the address—an office. Well, the miracle of London traffic again occurred and we got there all I gave it to him."

right; but while I was having the usual struggle with the window—this taxi having no inside door-handle and the driver being as firmly nailed to his seat as I wish Lord Rothermer's hat was to his head—a man hurried forward and opened it for me.

"At the same time he proffered a box of matches and forced me to look at him. Now, I don't set up for being one of the soft-hearted generous sort——"

Cries of "Oh!"

"No, I don't. But this fellow really touched me. He was down and out. He was very shabby, very thin and haggard. Had been gassed, I should think, and was still periodically a victim. But the worst thing was his eyes. His eyes settled it. They had a depth of pleading in them such as—well, such as in a well-organized world one man should never see in another's. It was awful.

"Of course I had to give him something, so I put my hand in my pocket, took out the only coin there and presented him with it—half-a-crown. I admit to being rather shocked myself when I realised what the coin was; but I gave it to him."

Murmurs of approbation.

"But if I was shocked the man was stunned. Expecting only a penny, he was overcome with joy and retired swiftly to a neighbouring doorway to collect his feelings and debate upon the best way to employ his fortune.

"Meanwhile I took out my pocketbook to find something for the cab-fare, which was two shillings; and, behold, I had left it at home. I hadn't any money at all. I had given away my total capital. Now what would you fellowshave done? That is the problem. What would you have done?"

"I," I said, "should have entered the premises that I had come to visit and have borrowed the fare."

"I tried to," he said, "but the place was locked. No one there."

"I," said another man, "should have given the cabman my card and promised to send him not only the fare but a little more."

"I hadn't got a card," he said. "My cards and my Treasury notes dwell normally in the same pocket-book: the cards for a long while, the notes only on the briefest visits."

"It's quite simple," said another man. "You should have pawned your watch."_

"No, I couldn't do that. My watch

is too sacred."

"Then," said I, "why not have got back into the cab and told him to drive to the nearest place where you were knownand could borrow money? Money you had to have sooner or later, any-

way."

"I know. I suggested it, but the driver wouldn't do it. You know how independent they are. Either his home was near by, or one of those uncontrollable desires to eat an irregular meal, to which cabmen are so liable, came upon him. Anyway he refused. Also, he had contrived at last to un-nail himself from the box and was beginning to look ugly; and I hate that. I would do almost anything rather than have a row with a cabman in a crowded street. So what do you think I had to do?"

"You don't mean to say," said someone in awe-struck tones, "that you asked the beggar to give you the half-

crown back?

We all leant forward and held our breath.

"Yes," he said, "I did. It was the only course left. He was still in the doorway arranging the wonderful day that would begin when 'they opened,' and I went up to him. I never felt so ashamed in my life; and I believe it's the first money I've borrowed for half a century."

Sounds of astonishment and even

incredulity.

"It's true. Somehow I've managed not to have to. I'm not boasting; I'm merely keeping to the point. Well, I faltered up to him, and I said, 'I'm most awfully sorry, but I've got to ask you to give me that half-crown back."

I shall never forget the expression on his face. Something like terror as

well as pained surprise.

"I explained the situation, and the ghost of a smile crossed his lips. 'Of course,' he said, 'it's a pleasure to help anyone in distress. I know what no money means;' and he handed me the coin.'

"Good man!" we said. "And then?"

"Oh, well, then I found another cab whose driver was unaware of my financial status and I drove to my bank as fast as he could go."

"And the beggar?" I asked.

"Didn't I say? Oh, he went with me, of course."

A Castle in the Air.

"Celestial Villa for Sale, freehold; splendid position, glorious views."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.



Customer. "I—AII—WANT—A—AH—TON OF COALS." Clerk. "YES, SIR. WHAT SORT?"

Customer. "Well—ah—if it makes no difference I should like a ton that weighs 2,240 lbs."

LYRE AND LUCRE.

As one ponders on the fates
Of the bards of earlier dates,
And the luck of WILLIE YEATS, the
Nobel prize-man,

One's fancy backward turns
To the case of ROBERT BURNS,
That improvident though lyrical exciseman.

"Romantic Ireland's dead,"
Or is standing on her head,
And cannot yet be said to be an Eden;
Still it's comforting to see
That the Bard of Innisfree,
And its glade-disturbing bee, is hailed
by Sweden.

"Ruler, with small capital, seeks Situation."—Advt. in Evening Paper.
Can this be the EX-KAISER?

From a feuilleton:

"' Gatacre, clad in faultless evening clothes, stretched his long legs.' (Continued on page 19)."

Continued on page 19)."
Sunday Paper.

We hope it did not spoil the crease in his faultless trousers.

"Lord Curzon received the Spanish Ambassador yesterday afternoon.

The Marquess Curzon of Kedleston received the Spanish Ambassador yesterday afternoon at the Foreign Office."—Daily Paper.

We find the second version more respectful.

AT THE PLAY.

"OUR OSTRICHES" (COURT).

I mad always been given to understand that the ostrich has a stupid habit of hiding his head in the sand under the impression that he's putting himself out of sight of his pursuers, an action which naturally facilitates his capture. But Dr. MARIE STOPES does not seem to hold that view, otherwise she would never have applied the term "ostrich" to all who differ from her as to the desirability of spreading the knowledge of "birth-control." If they had imitated the self-blinded folly of this futile hird they would long ago herself the trouble of pursuing

them with stage propaganda. For this is not a play, but just a tract. Apart from the spectacle of a woman in the pangs of labour, we were shown practically no action; and the story was little more than a clothes-line on which to peg Dr. Stopes's arguments.

A young girl-and of course her youth is a piquant element in the author's scheme, providing an obvious foil for her stuffy opponents—goes to visit an old nurse in the slums, and there sees and hears things that make her indignant with a system by which children who are unwanted or predisposed to disease are allowed to be brought into the world. From now onwards, with intervals for the views of the other side. she attacks an alleged conspiracy of silence which opposes the correction of this evil.

Endowed with an amazing and inexhaustible fund of rhetoric, she argues anywhere and with anyone; now with a doctor or a priest in the slums; now before a Commission of Enquiry; finally in the face of the young stage lord to whom she had become engaged (for no known reason—certainly not compatibility of temperament) in the First Act. His refusal to accept in advance a personal application of her argument is the swift end of him, and he is at once replaced in her affections (largely spiritual, we gather) by a doctor whom she has converted to her way of thinking.

dull as would appear from this description. The Second Act—the séance of the Commission—was full of excellent humour and irony, admirably interpreted by all the actors, and in particular by Mr. Kinsey Peile as the Bishop of

character-sketch. Here the heroine, Evadue Carillon, clashed not only with whether, in these days of post-war emantheimmutability of clerical traditions, as cipation, when reticence has disapin the case of the Anglican Bishop, but with a totally different type of nature. Her philanthropy envisaged a great flapper-I ask myself whether it is scheme for the salvation of the race; his conceivable that such knowledge could was all for the immediate little claims be withheld, however many conspired upon his heart. It was significant (and to withhold it, from any class of society. I hope the author meant it so) that, while Evadne showed herself deeply with the courage of herconvictions. She concerned for the future prevention of has here, of course, sacrificed art for the the birth of diseased children, she did sake of propaganda. I'm not sure not seem to be attracted to the actual that in the process she has not also living children of the slums, nor they sacrificed the chance of converting her to her; whereas Brother Peter, who audience to her views. I think she have fallen easy captives of her bow declined to limit the kingdom of heaven would have done better if she had inand spear, and she might have spared by any checking of the birth-rate, was troduced her theories incidentally in a



LONDON SPARROWS AND AN OSTRICIL. Brother Peter Mr. Roy Byload.

always greeted by these children with no balance, and little team sense, to clamorous adoration.

The play was well acted, or at least well spoken, throughout. As Evadne Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore said her words with great sincerity, and was as natural as the conditions allowed. Miss MINNIE RAYNER, as the mother of six slum children (to whom a seventh, born dead, was added in the course of the proceedings) had some acting to do, and did it with a fearless realism.

The play was cleanly written, and Dr. MARIE STOPES (possibly with the Censor in mind) had taken pains not But the entertainment was not so to embarrass too much the frailer memone of them) my complaint is rather essential point. We may believe, or

Peter (Mr. Roy Byford) was a good others to prevent the spread of the Malthusian doctrine; but I ask myself peared and nothing that has to do with sex is hidden even from the veriest

Dr. Marie Stopes must be credited

play on some altogether diffcrent subject, and so taken us unawares. As it was, she labelled her purpose too loudly from the very start. In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird (including ostriches).

However, I dare say that she was really preaching to people already converted. Certainly the audience on the second night seemed to me to have the air of hardened Malthus-O. S.

"A MIDSOMMER NIGHT'S DREAME" (KINGSWAY).

It must, I am afraid, be confessed that Mr. CALTHROP's Midsommer Night's Dreame is something of a disappointment. Perhaps the producer felt himself compelled to keep faith with the public as to date; but certainly there was evidence of insufficient rehearsal. There seemed no unity of conception,

achieve all which is the producer's function. In particular the lighting needs radically reforming. The most carefully designed costumes, grouping, cut-cloths and backcloths are of little value if you are to play crude pranks upon them with the switchboard.

And there are other troubles. The noise made by the quarrelling of Helena and Hermia would have waked us from any dreame. One couldn't hear the sense for the sound. And in general there was a tendency for the serious characters to be so emphatic, so "natural," that the beauty and rhythm bers of her audience. For myself (as of many lovely lines were lost to us. You can kill a beautiful line in the that she left me unconvinced on a very | poetic drama (or make a fantastic line merely absurd, a faintly bombastic line not, in a conspiracy of silence on the intolerable) by the naturalistic empart of the Churches, the medical pro- phasis of homely dialogue as easily as Chelmgate, in the Chair. And Brother fession, the Ministry of Health and you can kill a beautiful melody by excess



Boy (to golfer who has hit his ball out of bounds). "Was it a 'Flier'?"

Golfer (who has been playing with a "Screamer," but hates losing a ball). "Yes, that's it." Boy. "Well, I'll 'AVE A LOOK FOR IT. I'VE JUST FOUND A 'SCREAMER.'"

of "expression." Two of the cast alone | blood-stained garment in order that seemed to have attempted to let their lines "speak themselves," Miss Athene SEYLER (Titania) with something like complete, Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN (Oberon) with considerable, success. Their method may have been dictated by the producer's desire to differentiate the fairies from the mortals; but it would surely be wise to choose some other way of differentiation, and leave the mortals free to speak their verses beautifully.

Peter Quince's little repertory company certainly got a great deal of fun out of their enterprise. Mr. FRANK Cellier's Quince was admirable, and I liked the Snout of Mr. CECIL CALVERT, who has the secret of getting an effect without restless action. Of this there was a great deal too much among those rough clowns, who moved with all the energy of cultured neurasthenics. I thought Mr. BALIOL HOL-LOWAY made the already over-assertive Bottom just a little too insistent, and too sophisticated when in his right mind—if one may take it that his more sophisticated utterances, such as those to Peas-blossom and Mustard-seed, are the effects of enchantment. And wasn't it a little over-elaborate to make Moon-

there might be much business a-looking for it? And shouldn't such gags be discouraged as that "Ping!" of Puck's to emphasise "Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow"?

I feel sure that this production will shape to something much nearer the ideal that Mr. Calthrop must have had in mind. It wouldn't be candid to pretend that nothing much is amiss with it as it stands.

A Tobacco to Stick to.

"The British Australian Tobacco Company is purchasing 100 tons of glue-cured tobacco, valued at £20,000, grown in North-Eastern Victoria, says a Reuter Melbourne message.

Evening Paper.

"Mr. Lloyd George, smiling acknowledgments, was shot through the narrow gateway from the platform to his motor-car like a bow released from an arrow."—Evening Paper.

How these descriptive writers bring the scene home to one!

Advertised as a striking novelty, a "Native Caucasian Orchestra" is now playing nightly in the Café Anglais of one of the great London hotels. This seems to furnish an authoritative answer to Truthful James's inquiry, "And is shine leap down and retrieve Thisbe's the Caucasian played out?

THE A.B.C. OF APATHY. (BY A JAUNDICED JINGLER.)

In earlier, happier days I had The outlook of a cheerful lad, But now it is not only sad But alphabetically bad.

I stumble in Arithmetic; I seldom fail to "drop a Brick"; My neck is crippled by a Crick; I've quarrelled with my Uncle Dick; Fun lends no fillip and no Flick; I smile no more at Giggleswick, Forget the genitive of Hic, The situation of the Icknield Street, and Ickworth and

Jay Wick. I cannot jump or run or Kick; I have no longer strength to Lick My stamps, or wits to tell a Mick From Mac—a noodle from Old Nick; No winners do I ever Pick; My gait no more is brisk and Quick; My joints continually I Rick; I cannot slog or swipe or Snick; At cards I never win a Trick; I 've ceased to patronize the "Vic;" My lamp of life has lost its Wick, I never sing the chorus "Yie Yac Yow," but, turned Xerophagic, Have smashed to pieces with a stick My priceless cups by Peter Zick.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch asks leave to appeal to his readers on behalf of an Association that undertakes the care of an afflicted class which has never received its fair share of sympathy from the public—the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb. Fifty-four years ago Queen Alexandra was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of their Headquarters on a site in Oxford Street that had been generously granted free of rent. Here the good work of training deatmutes for duties from which they might else have been hopelessly barred went on till a little while ago, when the Trustees of the present owner of the estate decided that they could not renew the lease except on terms which were prohibitive for the charity. The buildings have been pulled down and the Association is now in need of new Headquarters. Compensation for the surrender of the few remaining years of the lease has been agreed at £15,000, but a further sum of £15,000 is required for the erection of new buildings and to endow a fund for the payment of trained workers. It would be a shameful thing if an Association that has brought hope and happiness into the lives of so many lonely sufferers—there are 4,000 deaf-mutes in London to-day—should have to discontinue, or even circumscribe, its noble work. Mr. Punch begs very earnestly that contributions may be sent to Lady MAXWELL-LYTE, 61, Warwick Square, S.W., or to the Secretary of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 361, Oxford St., W.

WILD HORSES.

"HEARKEN ye, hearken ye, wolves of my pack, From gorse and heather my spies creep back, Scavenger jackal and slinking dhole, With word of a mare and a new-born foal; Scatter ye, scatter ye up the wind-Woe to the laggard who lies behind!— And round me this herd aright. Chevy them mute till they pack as one; Stallion and herd will the foal outrup, But the mare will stay where the foal drops done— And both shall be ours to-night.'

There's spatter o' surf on the moonlit sand From end to end of a sealess strand; There's swirl and topple and break and roar From end to end of a tideless shore; With the ripple and beat of a rolling drum On velvety feet they come, they come, And dapple the wan moonlight. The stallion trumpets his warning wide; The herd swings quickening into its stride, And the foal hangs close to its mother's side, For the wolves are out to-night.

"Leap as I leap, my bonny wee foal; 'Ware the hillock and 'ware the hole; Wolves grow fat on a stumble or blunder; Follow the herd if we swerve asunder-Follow the herd that your father leads Through gorse and heather, through rushes and reeds, Follow their thunder flight. Jumper and galloper born is he, Loin and shoulder, cannon and knee; Leap as he leaps, for you must be Your father's son to-night.

"Up with 'ee! Up with 'ee, bonny wee foal! There's nought to fear in a water-hole; We're over the swamp and no wolf can gain On the pace of the herd as it wins the plain;

Up with 'ee! up and away, brown eyes! Follow the dust of them over the rise, Follow by sound or sight, Ears to their thunder, sight to their track— The foal leapt out, but the mare held back And faced the brazier eyes of the pack Under the wan moonlight.

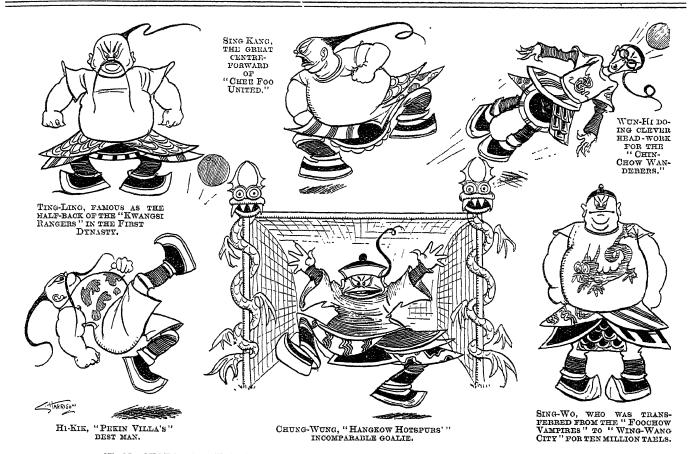
BRIGHTER AGRICULTURE.

Women, I notice, are not being allowed to have it quite all their own way in this post-war world. They have gained a good deal on the swings lately, but there are signs that they are beginning to drop a little here and there on the round-abouts. They have votes, they may become M.P.'s, J.P.'s, barristers et tout cela; but they have lost their monopoly of beauty competitions. A gentleman with an address in Essex has just been given a prize (awarded, of course, by women judges) for being the "most handsome farmer" at

a Brightlingsea ploughing match.
And quite right too. I should like to have been there when the winner was selected. Farmers are a fine body of men, and I'll wager that this handsome representative of them was well worth looking at. Had I been the editor of a picture paper I should have sent down straightaway for his photograph. Indeed, I could almost find it in me to hope that there will be more of these competitions. Agriculture is in a bad way nowadays and those who practise it get little enough encouragement from a hard world and a villainous climate. It might put new heart into the British farmer if he knew that his portrait had a chance of appearing some day on the same page as those of Messrs. RUDOLPH VALENTINO, GEORGES CARPENTIER OF OWEN NARES. The farmer is perpetually showing off his stock for people to pore over admiringly in pens at agricultural shows; always supposing that he is worth it, why shouldn't he show himself off for a change? I don't suggest that connoisseurs should be allowed to poke him with a walking-stick, or that he should be led round a bull-ring with a pole at the end of his nose; but a platform and a properly appointed beauty competition would put new life into an atmosphere of maugold-wurzels.

And if this kind of thing could be arranged for the farmer I don't see why the representatives of one or two other depressed trades and professions should not be given a new interest in life. Naturally, the conditions of our calling do not give all of us the same chance of achieving absolute beauty that the farmer, with his open-air life, enjoys. Nevertheless several trades have their distinctive personal features, and these, when brought to perfection, might be recognised and rewarded. Women have often enough had competitions for the best head of hair; why shouldn't journalists have one for the worst? I should like to press very strongly this suggestion of a competition to discover the baldest journalist.

But to return to our farmer. On second and more mature thoughts I become not at all sure that the Brightlingsea example should be copied. The incident does not stand alone. There was that recent complaint that prize pigs were being artificially whitened before making their appearance at agricultural shows. Powder puffs for pigs and beauty prizes for farmers! Can it be that a wave of effeminacy is spreading over British agriculture? Will the next development be manicure sets for cocks and hens and a "permanent wave" imparted to the mane of our old friend, Dobbin? Will the beet-root blush the redder for an application of rouge? These be grave possibilities. In the real interests of man's oldest industry it might, after all, be better to let the women remain in undisputed possession of their beauty shows.



IT IS STATED THAT FOOTBALL (LIKE MAH-JONGG) WAS FIRST PLAYED IN CHINA.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is a question who will get most pleasure out of The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen (CASSELL)—those who followed every move of the great adventure in the Press and come to the official narrative to fill up their gaps and amplify their knowledge; or those who bring an almost unlimited capacity for amazement to one of the most wonderful explorers' tales ever told. At any rate both these enviable classes owe no common gratitude to the compilers of this, the first of a promised two volumes. Mr. HOWARD CARTER, with the aid of Mr. A. C. MACE, tells the actual story. He sums up the little that is known of Tut-Ankh-Amen and his queen; gives two vivid chapters on the Valley of the Tombs and the earliest of its plunderers and explorers; summarizes the six disheartening seasons during which the late Lord CARNARVON and he drudged in vain among the debris of past excavations, and recounts every stage and process of the triumph itself, from the first cut step found under a workman's hut last November to the re-closing of the King's Tomb to await this winter's work. Mr. HARRY Burton's photographs are a hundred-and-four masterpieces; a crowded subterranean chamber presents him with no more difficulties than a single treasure in the open. And Lady Burghclere's sisterly little life of Lord Car-NARVON is an admirable introduction to the record of its crowning achievement.

In Told by an Idiot (Collins) Miss Rose Macaulay is

life of a clever, well-bred and popular English family and provide them with a running comment. On the surface nothing could be easier to establish than her main contention; and my quarrel with Miss MACAULAY lies not so much in her obvious determination to stick to the surface at all costs as in the inartistic and unworthy device she uses to eliminate depth and height. Papa, the predominant parent of the six young Gardens, is introduced to us in 1879 as having just "lost his faith"; and he continues to lose it and find it (the specific faith differing in nearly every instance) at intervals throughout the book. Having thus adroitly identified the supernatural with the only farcical character in an otherwise temperate satire, Miss MACAULAY feels herself free to serve up this world and its activities on their own merits. But, although Vicky, Maurice, Rome, Stanley, Irving and Una, their husbands, their wives, their children and the England of their chequered days, are not a whit less animated than Miss Macaulay's opinion of them, I cannot feel that Told by an Idiot is a philosophic advance on her mellow and even-handed Mystery at Geneva.

When Commodus descended into the arena as a gladiator there must have been many (of the older school) who maintained secretly that the profession was going to the dogs. What our novelists think, now that the Editor of The Morning Post has followed the Headmaster of Eton in joining their already crowded ranks, I don't pretend to conjecture; but at such a spectacle many a reviewer must be quietly whetting his knife and humming a song of triumph under his breath. Mr. H. A. GWYNNE, however, does not out to prove that all history—personal, domestic, national afford much opportunity for the really ferocious critic in and cosmic—is as meaningless as a madman's prattle; and The Will and the Bill (FISHER UNWIN). He is not attempther method of doing so is to reconstruct forty years of the ling anything great, either in the way of moral uplift or of

violent sensation; he is merely trying (as I read him) to unburden his soul of that contempt for politics which the editor of an important daily paper must sometimes of necessity conceal. Hence this political extravaganza, wherein Professor Stanton, holder of the Chair of Psychology in the Metropolitan University, enters into a scheme for persuading the Cabinet, by the exercise of his superior will-power, to adopt a Bill for the Abolition of Lies. Up to a certain point he actually succeeds, and there is some good fooling in the way the conspirators plot to secure the support of the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor and the various heads of the Labour Party. Mr. GWYNNE has written it all with gusto, especially when he comes to the Labour those politicians who can afford the time for fiction will no mysteries. But here I fancy that the solution ought to be doubt read it with a fearful joy.

I am afraid that some people who order Miss L. M. Mont-GOMERY'S latest book from the library under the impression that it is a novel in the ordinary acceptation of the term may be a little disappointed when they find that it is not. Therefore I would make a point at once of telling them that the heroine of Emily of New Moon (Hodder AND STOUGHTON) is a little little girl when Miss Montgomery begins to tell her story, and not a very big little girl when she stops telling it, and leaves me, for one, expecting and wishing for a sequel. Emily is a delightful young creature, original and racy. Though the principal incidents of her story include nothing more thrilling than her adoption, on her father's death, by stern Aunt Elizabeth of New Moon, a visit to a notable great-aunt and an attack of measles, in the delirium of which she solves the mystery of the disappearance of the doctor's wife, I found them quite sufficiently absorb-

ing. Unlike many American stories it is sweet without | that gives a clear picture of the conditions of rural life as being sugary. Looking back, I feel that Miss Montgomery | they were some years ago. I shall keep an interested eye would have been well advised to tell a more moving tale; on Mr. Hougham's future work. but while I was reading it the incidents by the way were much too good to leave me conscious that I was not being taken anywhere in particular.

In Yvette in Venice (Clarendon Press) Sir Nevile Wilkinson continues the gentle adventures of Yvette and all the pretty make-believe that he has built up round his charming miniature Titania's palace. Yvette, Marietta, Inez, a little dollar princess, and "the Painter" glide off to Venice from Pisa in the Grey Fairy and combine a lively interest in the stones and stories of the city of canals with concern for good works and their less fortunate fellows; in particular for Teresa the cripple. "The scene is laid in and out of fairyland." The book is accordingly, like its predecessors, not for stodgy disillusioned grown-ups, but for unspoilt children, and children not too horribly modern; and is none the worse for having the excellent motive of helping forward certain concrete works of mercy and en-

listing young people in a fellowship to that end. The illustrations in monochrome collotype and in colour are admirable, both the photographs of Venice and those of the details of *Titania*'s palace. It is curious to note that it is the doll's-house clumsiness of the curtains alone which betrays the fact that the palace is a miniature. This discounts a little the elaborate accuracy of scale so cleverly achieved in the furniture and the fabric.

In The Red Redmaynes (Hutchinson) Mr. Eden Phill-POTTS has given us a thrilling story of crime and mystery. The Grey Room, his previous effort in this branch of fiction, was an intriguing tale, but I thought its climax a little chiefs. His novel may not have a tremendous sale, but fantastic, and could not blame myself for not guessing its

guessed, though I frankly acknowledge that I was still wandering in darkness and doubt when Mr. Phillpotts kindly put an end to my vague conjectures. To those who still are for a tale of mystery in which murder is rampant 1 recommend this one with no qualifications. It is written with fairness and skill; the characters are excellently drawn, and the dialogue is for the most part appropriate.

Gabriel Quelford (ARNOLD) is. I believe, Mr. ARTHUR HOUGH-AM's first novel. Although it fails short of complete success it reveals a considerable sense of beauty and a nice gift of language—a combination which makes the descriptive writing a real pleasure to read. His story deals with the development of an illiterate ploughboy into a man of education and importance. Inherent difficulties lurk in such a theme, and not all of them have been avoided. Still it is an able study of a complex problem. It has too its exciting incidents, framed in a setting

Australian Paper.



INOPPORTUNE SNAPSHOTS.

THE INVENTOR OF AN UNFAILING CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

Under the title Scattered Scarlet (Constable) Mr. Will H. OGILVIE has made a further collection of his hunting verses from Punch and elsewhere, illustrated in colour, like his earlier book, Galloping Shoes, by Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS. Of the author's work, familiar to our readers over the initials W. H. O., one could not ask for a better interpretation than is here given in the artist's delightful pictures. A most happy combination of gifts brought together in a volume beautifully produced, whose appeal should go far beyond the limits of the hunting field.

The Southey East.

"Flood waters from our narrow creeks have not the slow and sinister upward creeping of the Murray waters; they come down splashing and dashing, leaping and sweeping, churning and turning, and whatever else the waters did as they came down from Lahore."

CHARIVARIA.

"I MAKE no claim that my proposals are a universal panacea," said Mr. Baldwin in his Queen's Hall speech. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE can do better than that.

It is pointed out that the General Election will take place in the middle of the Fat Cattle Show season. The idea is, of course, that those who are easiest to work on. But it is not such Borneo for Christmas. Being a humani-

interested in live stock might, while they are about it, have a look at the Parliamentary Candidates.

The youngest Candidate for Parliament is just twenty-one years of age. So long as he is prepared to take the risk of being elected there should be no objection on the point of age.

Correspondents of The Daily Mail have protested against the continuance of the mother-inlaw joke. We feel confident that, under the powerful influence of our contemporary, this protest will take a prominent place among the issues now before the electorate.

The loser of the recent walking race between two M.P.'s has challenged his opponent to a return match. It is reassuring to feel that the interests of their respective constituents are in good feet.

It is denied that The Yorkshire Post group of newspapers is negotiating for the purchase of The Morning Post. The purchase would, of course, have included all the dramatic rights in Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"December," we are told, "bids fair to be an exceedingly unlucky month." However

mas are advised to carry on with the stand on in the Tube. month just as if nothing had been said.

Eight divorced husbands of Mrs. MARY KECK, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, are to be invited to a dinner-party shortly. The idea of holding a mass meeting of one's divorced husbands is of course no novelty in Los Angeles.

An American lawyer complains that a number of Americans go to Paris when they want a divorce. The American Bar naturally thinks they should support home industries.

on the Leviathan for New York, took with her forty boxes and trunks containing hats and dresses. The idea, we fancy, was to throw the reporters off the scent by giving them the impression that she was merely going away | Yes, but what peace? for the week-end.

VITAL ISSUES FOR VOTERS.

"YER DON'T CATCH ME A-VOTIN' FOR MR. BALDWIN AN" 'IS PIPE WHEN I'VE GOT ELEVEN YOUNGSTERS COLLECTIN' CIGARETTE-CARDS."

those who do not want to miss Christ- | a comfortable foot for other people to | Breaking."—Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

An American author has named his latest book, Bunk. We hesitate to go quite as far as that until we have had an opportunity of reading it.

According to a weekly paper, wireless enthusiasts in Norway have heard the bagpipes broadcast from Aberdeen. It should be pointed out that the proper quarter in which to prefer this complaint is the League of Nations.

As evidence of the fact that American | laurels.

Mile. Mistinguett, the famous French politicians are becoming flabby and sencabaret artiste, who, last week, embarked | timental, we notice that the other day one Chicago Senator simply called a colleague "two-faced."

> A man summoned at Willesden Police Court was bound over to keep the peace.

The Bishop of SARAWAK has ordered The short plump foot, we read, is the a large haggis to be sent to him in

tarian Bishop he intends to release it on Christmas morning and let it take to the hills.

It is claimed for a Gloucester boy that he has never been late for school, or missed an attendance for eleven years. consensus of opinion amongst normal schoolboys is that this little fellow isn't human.

We are informed that Mr. Ford is a non-smoker and a teetotaler. This is all very laudable, but we cannot forget that he is addicted to making those

Speaking at King's College last week, Mr. KELLAWAY described Senator Marconi as the greatest man in the world. It is expected that Mr. LLOYD George will write the ex-Post-MASTER-GENERAL a pretty sharp letter about this.

 Λ census of the motor-cars in Switzerland shows an increase of over four thousand since last year. The High Alps, however, are still comparatively safe for pedestrians.

"£88 for a Dog Bite," says a morning paper headline. We have decided to wait until they become cheaper.

"WANTED .- Strong Girls for Egg The eggs themselves seem to be fairly powerful.

"FARMS FOR SALE.

Soil very fertile, best for tobacco, cereals, deciduous and lugubrious crops."

Advt. in South African Paper. What are these last? Weeping willows?

"A £1,500,000 contract for the extension of Valparaiso harbour breakwater has been secured by the British firm of ______, Ltd. The extension will run for 700 miles in a south-easterly direction."—Daily Paper.

Southend Pier must now look to its

THE CREAT RESTORATION.

[It is stated that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S portrait has been retrieved from the basement of the National Liberal Club (to which it was relegated at the time of the regrettable division in the Party), and returned to its place in the dining-room.]

Go, fetch it from the nether dungeon-keep, Where with the lumber it has lain perdu These many days in dull oblivion's sleep, And hang it where it strikes the general view; And let the lunchers feed in great contentment Upon their loved one's counterfeit presentment.

This is "the face that launched" the Limehouse barge, Nor are its virtues yet upon the wane; Whiter the lip-fringe; o'er the collar's marge More of the ageing lion in its mane; But there 's the old lip and the gift, when downed, Of bobbing up resilient on the bound.

How came his portrait in the downstairs gloom Along with Winston's, done in best oil paint? Don't ask me; only think that from its tomb It now resurges like a chastened saint, Purged by the limbo where so long he lay low And fitted with a lovely out-size halo.

But, ere we set that visage in the light Where members, locked in close embrace, may go And kiss it hanging on its ancient site, First let the dust collected down below. The dust of all those dark estranging years, Be washed away with Asquith's happy tears. O. S.

THE CALL OF THE EAST.

(Phases in the career of a Politician.)

FROM what I have read of his youth, spent in a struggle against the obscurity of his mountain home, I cannot but feel that it must have been early in life that he first heard the call of the East. Something in his boyish outbursts, his restless intolerance of many circumstances of our Western civilisation, his picturesque eloquence which welled up even in his teens, proclaimed his affinity with the East, the lurid, unrestrained, elemental East.

That, however, is largely conjecture. But as to his later years we have recorded evidence that the call of the East came to him irresistibly. The fact that he attained to high office did not still the alluring voice or dim the fascinating visions conjured up in his agile imagination. England will not soon forget how the statesman—no longer among his mountain solitudes, but active in the very seat of government-at last threw all discretion to the winds and openly journeyed East, becoming for a time one of its children, as it were, accepting their point of view, speaking their language with an abandon which clearly revealed that he found himself in his temperamental home.

Though his absence was brief, it made a difference in the way in which the man was henceforth regarded. The East had placed its mark upon him. Soon, however, national emergency required his concentration on absorbing tasks of great moment, and in the urgency of these, be it said to his credit, he contrived generally to resist the blandishments of the East that would have diverted him from that Western restraint and dignity which best accorded with his solemn

In due time the main crisis passed; the resistance was relaxed. And he heard again that voice calling, calling.

He did the heroic thing. He travelled due West, far into its free and well-nigh illimitable spaces. He associated with the noble red man of those territories, and a shortage of the other fruit.

seemed to derive something of his calm dignity of bearing. The spell appeared to be broken.

Then he returned, bringing bitter disappointment to those who had learned to hope for the best. Hardly had he set foot on these shores when this man of great gifts and high achievement, whose locks had grown white in the service of his country, yielded completely, unreservedly. That restraint, that dignity of utterance, according with the best traditions of Western civilisation, were sacrificed to the influence of the Orient.

With head lifted high and unashamed, with a sparkle in his eyes, with his face wreathed in happy smiles, he turned Eastwards again. He went back—back to Limehouse.

THE REJECTED AUTHOR'S REVENCE.

THE early life of George Grampound resembled that of many other men of letters. After a penurious youth and a protracted fight for education he came to London, resolved to win fame. Living in an attic, denying himself all but the barest necessities, he strove to achieve his purpose. It was up-hill work. Article after article was returned by Editors. The Times returned his "Pros and Cons of Deflation," remarking that uninvited contributions could rarely be utilised. His "Need for more Bishops" was declined with thanks by The Church Times. The National Review thanked him, but rejected "The Fungus of Socialism." The Sporting Times regretted they were unable to accept his "Bookmaker or Totaliser?" No space could be found in The Labour Monthly for his "Homage to Trotsky." And so on with countless other periodicals. Even Little Folks had no use for "Popsy's Birthday Treat."

But each rejection only strengthened Grampound's determination to succeed. He set his teeth and muttered, "A day will come when you shall beg for articles and be thankful

to print whatever I write above my signature."
And at last the day did come. "The Struggle of Silas Slocombe," the novel at which he had been steadily working, was an instantaneous success. At the end of a week it had reached its fourteenth edition. He was snowed under with letters from editors, begging him for signed articles. "Choose your own subject, name your own price," they

The greater number of these communications George Grampound tossed in the waste-paper basket. To such as were accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for reply he returned a polite refusal. He complied with the request of those applicants only who had the foresight to send a blank cheque—as soon, that is to say, as the substantial amounts for which he filled them in had been credited in his pass-book. Then with a grim smile he despatched his rejected manuscripts to the various Editors.

You can picture the thoughtful interest aroused in betting circles by the appearance of "Need of More Bishops" in The Sporting Times, and in country vicarages when The Church Times produced "Bookmaker or Totaliser?" Even greater was the sensation created in the political world by the appearance in The Labour Monthly of "The Fungus of Socialism," and of "Homage to Trotsky" in The National Review. It was difficult to say which the Clubs and Nurseries appreciated most, "The Pros and Cons of Defla: tion" in Little Folks, or "Popsy's Birthday Treat" in The Times.

"BANANAS IN SYRUP.

"Heat in an enamel-lined saucepan some red currant jelly and raspberry jam dissolved in water, making a pint in all. When all boils, drop into it a dozen peeled tomatoes."—Weekly Paper. This seems to confirm the prevalent rumour that there is



THE GIRL OF THEIR ELECTION.

THE THREE TOUCHSTONES (together). "A POOR VIRGIN . . . BUT MINE OWN."



TRAINING BLACK CATS TO APPEAR ON ELECTIONEERING PLATFORMS AT OPPORTUNE MOMENTS.

THE HERO.

Characters:

Charlie. Jimmy. A Young Lady. Her Partner.

Scene 1.—An alley. On the curb-stone, under a lamp-post, Charlie is sitting, holding a tattered novelette in his hand. He is a puny, undersized, underfed guttersnipe of about thirteen. Jimmy, about a year his junior, is sitting near him, listening open-mouthed to what he is saying.

Time: Evening.

Charlie (finishing a story). And then Sir Jarsper Murgatroyd puts 'is arms round Lady Gwendolen and tries to kiss 'er. At that moment, Dick, the boot-boy, wot's loved 'er faithful and long, rushes out, crying, "You villain, you darstard dog, you! 'Arm one 'air of 'er blessed 'ead and you die, if I 'ave to kill you with these 'ands." And then there 's an awful fight, and Sir Jarsper is worsted and Dick downs 'im and sits on 'im. But in the struggle 'is coat 'as come off and 'is shirt 'as got torn, and on 'is right shoulder and cries out, "Why, you must be the long-lost heir then I knows. to the Devverooks estates.' And 'el

marries 'er and they live 'appily ever after.

Jimmy (impressed). Coo!

That's the way it 'appens, always.

J. To you or me, d'you mean?

C. I ain't saying nothing about you.

J. To you, d'you mean?

C. Ah.

J. Coo.

C. One of these days it will 'appen, so it will, and then you'll remember what I told you.

J. 'Ave you got a mole on yer right

shoulder?

C. (with profound contempt). 'Ave I? Look.

[He slips off his coat, displaying a ragged shirt with a large tear over the right shoulder. Jimmy inspects it.

J. Coo.

C. They'll see that and then they'll know.

J. 'Ow—'ow d'you come to find this out, Charlie?

C. One day, when we was bathin' in the canal, Billie Stiggins says, "What's that you got on your shoulder, Charlie?" the Lady Gwendolen sees the mole And then I noticed it, and that set me thinkin', and then I dreams on it, and

J. 'Ow d'you mean, dreams on it?

C. Dreams on it 'appenin', just as I told you. I almost always dreams on it now, when I dreams at all.

J. And you'll marry the Lady Gwendolen?

C. Ah.

J. Tell us, Charlie, what's she like?

C. Sometimes she 'as golden 'air and eyes the colour of forget-me-nots, and sometimes she 'as raven tresses and eyes like stars.

J. It's funny like; you never was

one for the girls.

C. No, I'm one for the girl. I'm willin' to wait.

J. Whereabouts are the Devverooks estates, Charlie?

C. Well, I'm not sure exactly; but when they sees my shoulder they'll know. And I'm never goin' to 'ave that tear mended in my shirt, case someone shouldn't see.

J. (after a pause). Well, I must be movin', Charlie. Dad'll be wantin' me.

S'long.
C. S'long, Jimmy. [Jimmy goes. Charlie, left alone, huddles himself together under the lamp-post and prepares to read. Voices are heard. A Young Lady and her Partner in evening dress appear.

Young Lady. Where on earth are you

taking me?

Partner. It's all right. I told you it was a queer sort of place. His studio's at the other end of this alley.

Y. L. I can't say I like the neighbour-

P. It is a bit fearsome, isn't it? But he's got a jolly place, and there's a ripping band.

Y. L. Right-o. Lead on.

P. (as he disappears into the obscurity). Mind the step just here, Gwen.

They disappear. At the mention of the girl's name Charlie sits up, stares after them, rises, looks in the direction in which they have gone and then returns to his seat and his book. Presently his head fulls forward and he is asleep.

Scene 2.—A room with a sofa, lights, etc. At the back a French-window, behind which Charlie is crouching. This scene is his dream. The Young Lady and her Partner come in. Both talk in stilled melodramatic accents.

P. Shall we sit here?

Y. L. Yes, it's cool here, away from the noise.

P. Away from the crowd. (Lighting a cigarette) I want to talk to you.

Y. L. (innocently). Yes?
P. (sitting beside her on the sofa). Gwendolen, I love you. Will you be my wife?

Y. L. (turning aside). Ali no, that can

never be.

P. Why not? I'm rich—I'm the tenth baronet. I have a house in Town and a place in the country. I have a yacht, horses, cars. I want you to share them. I want to see you wearing the ancestral Murgatroyd diamonds. You shall have all you can desire, houses, servants, tiaras-

Y. L. Please, please! What do you think these things are to me? What money, what a tiara?

P. What is it, then?

Y. L. Believe me, Sir Jarsper, I am not insensible of the honour you do me, only—P. Only what?

Y. L. Only I do not love you. I can never be yours.

P. Is there someone else?

Y. L. (hiding her face in her hands). Oh, cruel, cruel!

P. (fiercely). Gwendolen, I love you, I tell you. I love you. You're beautiful, my God, beautiful! I must possess you. I will possess you!

[He puts his arms round her and she screams. Charlie dashes in through the window.

Charlie. You villain, you darstard dog, you! 'Arm one 'air of 'er blessed |



Labourer. "You got the face of a Bolshevise, you 'Ave." Sailor. "Well, yours ain't exactly a Peace Conference."

'ead and you die, if I 'ave to kill you with these ands.

[They close and wrestle together. The man is worsted and Charlie pins him to the ground and sits astride him. In the struggle his coat has come off.

Y. L. Oh, how can I thank you for what you have done for me? You have rescued me from the clutches of an unscrupulous villain. Youbreaks off, staring at his shoulder.) You you have a mole on your right shoulder! Why, then you must be the long-lost heir to the Devverooks estates!

[She holds out her arms and they embrace.

Scene 3.—The street again. It is several hours later. Charlie is still asleep. The couple are returning and Charlie awakes at the sound of their voices. P. Not a bad show, was it?

Y. L. Not bad. And you behaved yourself beautifully. She stops.

P. What is it?

Y. L. I want to be kissed.

[She puts up her face and he obliges. Y.L. Now the other side—it's jealous. Now one in the middle for luck. There's a good boy! (Suddenly taking him by the ears) Oh, did the naughty vanip woman make him all shy, then? Too bad. Perhaps you'll feel better when we've found a taxi.

> [They go off. Charlie is sitting up staring in horror.

A shrill woman's voice off. Charlee! Charlee! Where the hell's that brat? Gawd, but I won't 'arf give it 'im when 'e comes 'ome! Charlee!

> Charlie looks round wildly as if for escape, then rises and, with a little sob, stumbles off, clutching his coat tightly round him.

> > CURTAIN.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

THE day before our annual Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Colonel Cursit's spaniel found me in the High Street and brought me—by the trouser leg to the Colonel, who was just then emerging from the chemist's shop preceded

by a whiff of brandy (medicinal).
"Goo'dog," said the Colonel. "Splendid retriever. Wonderful instinct. You're just the feller I want to see."

"Instruct him to release me," I implored. "Tell him I'm a golf-ball."

"Dead!" shouted his master, and the spaniel reluctantly relinquished his find. "Now, look here," went on the Colonel—"about this confounded Exhibition. You needn't worry yourself. I've got one."

"Got one?" I repeated nervously.

"One what?"

"An opener. The necessary figurehead, y'know. The high-born old frump with pots of money who 'll declare the

buyin' and doin'."

"You—you don't mean to say ...?" I faltered. Colonel Cursit nodded repeatedly and smiled. I knew he was smiling by the slight parting in the cascade of his moustache—the sort of

by even the tanks.
"Yes," announced the Colonel, "I've got her. A top-hole opener. The Hon-

ourable Mrs. Crabbe.

I strove to speak, but for a few moments my tongue refused its office. The dreadful situation brought about by the Colonel's mistaken zeal had renderedme speechless. He and I (perhaps I should explain to those of you who are so out of the forward movement in Arts and Crafts as to be unaware of our annual Exhibition) are joint secretaries of the show. And—and I—I had also secured a high-born opener!

—it's impossible.'

"Oh, come," protested the Colonel, "she's not so bad as all that. Nothin' the matter with Crabbe, takin' her for

all in all.'

"No, no," I urged, shocked by the familiar way in which he had referred to the Honourable (for whom I have the highest respect); "I—I mean that I have already secured a lady to open home. Something (I have hinted that the Exhibition.'

"The dooce you have! Who?"
"Lady Wrackenham." (The correct pronunciation, which, of course, I used, is, as I said before, "Ram."

Colonel Cursit tugged at his moustache. The name Wrackenham had shops), I could not quite rid my mind made an impression on him-as well of what was happening at the Arts it might.

convincingly.

"Oh, well," he said, "you'll have to put her off, that's all."

"A Wrackenham is never put off," I said simply. "Have you forgotten the splendidly arrogant motto of the Family—'Butt me no Butts'?'

"If it comes to that," retorted the Colonel peevishly, "what about the slogan of the Crabbes—'Ineverlet go'?"

almost hysterically. "They can't both raffia hats, well-framed pictures, too-

open the Exhibition."

"True," agreed the Colonel, his blue red-rimmed eyes blazing with sudden fury. "Therefore the Wrackenham must |

be put off."

I left him. I saw he was about to lose his temper, so I left him. And the next morning I took the train to Town. It was crystal-clear to me that the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe must be induced, by fair means or-or means that were not quite so fair, to let go. My Exhibition open and then waddle round intuition told me (perhaps I am rather psychic) that, if Lady Wrackenham and the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe confronted one another at 2.30 that afternoon on the platform of the parish hall, both intent upon opening the Exhibition, dreadful things (I speak socially) would moustache which used to be called happen. It would be like an irresis-"cavalry," but which is now not worn tible force meeting an immovable body. Aries and Cancer (speaking astrologically, if this isn't a bit above your heads) would be in square. In other words (for I want you to understand me) it wouldn't do. Therefore I took the 10.20 to Town, and, in a certain post-office in Mayfair, despatched (with many apologies for troubling the young lady) a telegram. It was addressed to the Honourable. It read: "Come at once. Uncle ill."

I suppose that it was about twelve o'clock when, strolling down Bond Street, I met the Colonel. His spaniel did not accompany him. There is very "B—but," I stammered at last, "it little to retrieve in Bond Street.

"What the dooce are you doing here?" he asked with no sign of friendliness in his tone.

"If it comes to that," I countered, what are you?"

"Me? Oh, I've just sent off a wire to the Wrackenham: 'Come at once. Aunt ill."

I admit that I did not hurry back I am psychic) seemed to warn me to delay my departure. But, although I plunged pretty deeply into the distractions of the modern Babylon (visiting no fewer than two kinemas, the Albert Memorial and a couple of tea-Presently, however, he and Crafts—and what would happen | Quite time she took another.

shrugged his shoulders and laughed un- | later on when the two aristocratic ladies found that their respective uncle and aunt were enjoying rude health. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive—particularly in duplicate!

It was four o'clock when I reached home. Mollie had just returned from the Exhibition. She opened the door to me. The hall was full of hand-woven lengths of tweed, embroideries, tooled-"She must let go this time, 'I insisted | leather articles, "artistic" jewellery, useful baskets, breakable pottery, wild wooden animals and other things.

I leaned against the doorpost. Great beads (natural ones) sprang out upon

my forehead.
"Where ever have you been?" asked Mollie. "I've had such fun. Neither Lady Wrackenham nor the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe turned up, and so they asked me to open the Exhibition. I did my best-for your sake."

"Thank you," I murmured; and then for the first time in my life I fainted.

THE DINOSAUR.

Like some great bird with lifted beak The gaunt old dragon stands; His empty eye-holes seem to seek Prey for his empty hands;

Something there is in him Both humorous and grim.

Strange that beneath his hollow brows Were eyes that once beheld The warm pools and the dusky boughs Of vague unfathomed eld,

And saw the dawn dim-pearled Above a manless world.

He saw the forests hide the sun, The waters fume and shrink, And strange new creatures, one by one. Crawl to the oozy brink; He felt the fierce hot rain

That smote the fern-shagged plain. Now, peering o'er the little crowd That clusters at his feet,

He does not hear its wonder loud, Its laughter shrill and sweet, Nor heed the merry sound Of small boots clattering round.

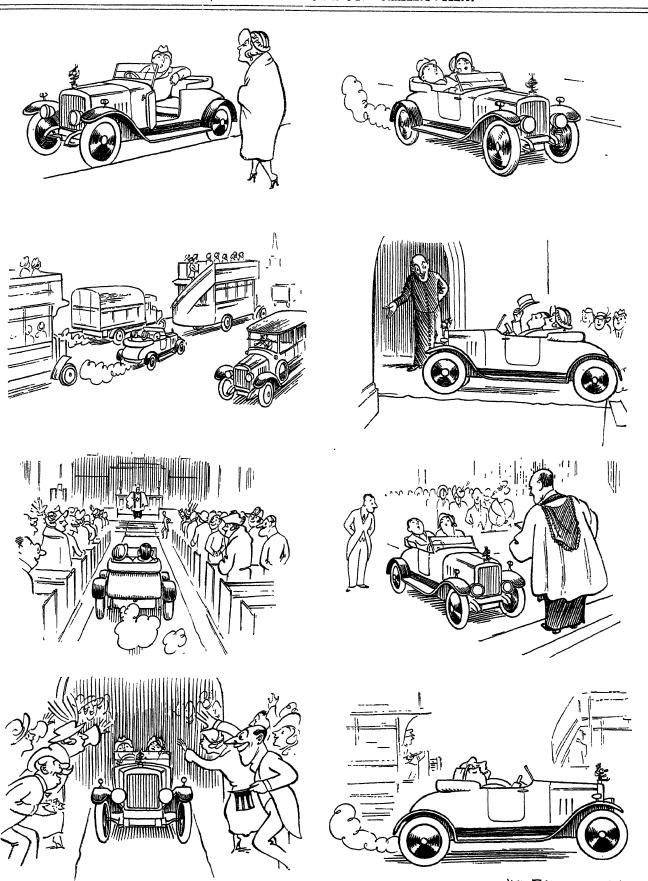
Above the wondering babes he towers, A beast remote and odd,

While they, like pink and golden flowers, About him sway and nod Before they patter past Half-gleeful, half-aghast.

D. M. S.

"Girl Wanted as Cook; some knowledge of cooking required."—Advt. in Local Paper. Some mistresses are so exacting.

"Mrs. Mary -- celebrates the 100th anniversary of her holiday on Wednesday next." Yorkshire Paper.



THE TWO-SEATER HABIT.

THE VALUE OF EMBROIDERY.

I had often wondered how the writers of such literature as A Tramp among the Peruvian Cordilleras or With Shanks's Pony in Asturia are always able to get imbued with the atmosphere of a country by merely passing through it; but now that I have read one of Sturgiss's series of articles in a Monthly purporttour which he and I undertook together in a Spanish-speaking part of the world,

First, let me say that during the tour Sturgiss spoke Spanish without a trace of self-consciousness and with very few verbs; while I, modestly remaining mute unless a perfectly turned sentence in Castilian came to my mind, said very little except, "Si, Señor, no tenemos ninguna banana hoy dia" (Yes, etc.), thereby earning for myself wherever we went the reputation for being by far the more simpatico of the two mad ingleses.

Although he was never out of my sight during our tramp, I have only been able to recognise one incident in all Sturgiss's articles. As confirmed by my diary, this is what actually

happened :-

One broiling afternoon we found ourselves utterly lost. At last, chancing upon a miserable hovel, Sturgiss asked a sinisterlooking brigand the way to X. The fellow seemed puzzled, as if he had not got Sturgiss's wavelength, and then motioned us in. The floor of the little room was strewn with confetti, flour and revellers. Clearly they were keeping Carnival.

Our host plied us with wine. It was rough red wine, served tepid in smeared tumblers of bottle-glass. His daughter sang to us.

She had a voice like a parrot—but a parrot usually sings with more feeling -and in the end I remained uncon-

good length for a ballad.

All this time—to adopt the style of Sturgiss's articles-moscas (flies) were falling into our vino (wine). Then a couple commenced a rowdy rustic dance. and at once the beating of their feet and | in with the unfailing courtesy of these the swishing of her skirt raised an impenetrable fog from the floor, so that confetti, flour and particles of dried mud formed a scum on the liquid in our vasos (glasses).

him in French, and the baffled cleric, drawing wrong conclusions from Sturgiss's accent, came at him afresh in German. Observing Newman's Apologia in English under the priest's arm, I diverted the conversation into our own path we ought to follow.

ing to be a description of the walking paused at the pass high above the hovel. The sounds of revelry still came to our ears—a noise remarkably like a dog's I have a very shrewd idea how it is done. home when there is a full moon.



Barbara (entertaining friends on a rainy day). HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE OUR WEATHER."

This is how Sturgiss represents the episode in his article:-

"That afternoon we decided to make a wide détour. After passing through vinced that twenty-three verses is a some magnificent woodland scenery we came suddenly upon a pueblo (village) nestling in the valley. Sounds of merrymaking issued from the first adobe (brick) house, the dueño (owner) whereof, catching sight of us, warmly invited us simple people. 'La casa es suya' (The house is yours), he said, doffing his sombrero (hat).

"We entered. The room was gaily decorated. We remembered that it Outside we met a priest. Sturgiss was Shrove Tuesday—a dia de fiesta asked him the way to X. The priest (feast-day), of course. The convidados hissed at him with reflexive verbs in | (guests) were merrily sprinkling each

the subjunctive. Sturgiss then tried other with confetti. Glasses of vino tinto, the good red wine of the district, were quickly served to us. After we had ceremoniously drunk, Salud, a lovely dark-eyed girl, stepped forward and, to the accompaniment of a sweetlytwanging guitar, sang in a mellow contongue, and we found out at once the tralto one of those bitter-sweet canciones (songs) of these parts in a way After a heart-breaking climb we that could not fail to bring tears to the eyes:-

> . . Por qué tanto llorar? El cielo está extraviado y no nos convidan gozar!

> > (Why weep so? Heaven is out of reach and they do not invite us to participate.)

"The courtly Teófilo Suarez, our host, made our glasses his care and never ceased to be solicitous as to our welfare. [I forgot to mention in my version that Teófilo never rested until he had induced Sturgiss to push the boat out.] Hardly had the haunting refrain of the cancion died away than the guitar broke into a lively rhythm which set the feet itching and the pulses tingling. A young couple at once broke into the intricate steps of the jota. The dance revealed the rounded form and the exquisitely moulded limbs of the girl as she moved with the native grace of a young fawn, while ever her dark eyes, like slumbering fires, sought those of her novio (fiancė).

"Taking our leave at length amidst a chorus of 'Buen viage' (Bon voyage) and 'Dios vaya con ustedes' (God go with you) we climbed easily up to the quebrada (pass) before dusk. A yellow moon was slowly mastering the rosy glow of the setting sun, and as we paused we could hear the thrum of the guitar in the house below in the valley

and a girl's voice singing :-

"' Preguntá las estrellas Como de noche me ven llorar....' (Ask the stars how at night they see me weeping)."

With regard to the fragments of song which Sturgiss quotes, I was with him on our return when he picked up a little book of canciones in a fourpenny box in Charing Cross Road. As he has adhered strictly to my translations I think he owes me something.

Another Impending Apology.

From a kinema programme:-

"The Sensational Mannequin Parade, introducing the 150 Most Beautifully Shaped Ladies who set all London and New York aghast."—Daily Paper.



MAH-JONGG COMES TO MAYFAIR.

OXFORD'S SPECIAL ELECTION.

[On the 7th December, the day after the General Election, a successor to the late W. P. Ker, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, will be elected by Convocation. The candidates are Mr. John Balley and Mr. HEATHCOTE W. GARROD.]

Upon the fateful Thursday I may not cast a vote, For the chance in my division of a contest is remote; But I'm voting on the morrow, as the Powers that Be have willed

That the Oxford Chair of Poetry must on the 7th be filled. Two candidates are standing, and which will bear the bell None but a major prophet could venture to foretell; For both are strong in backers, though residential aid Upon the side of GARROD more richly is arrayed.

JOHN BAILEY long has pleased me, and never fed me up, With polished contributions to the weekly Times Litt. Supp.; He's a most accomplished critic and invariably sane, Whether writing of D'Annunzio or Milton or Verlaine.

He's neither academic nor yet iconoclast; He doesn't make a fetish—or Aunt Sally—of the past; He's not a metromaniac; he writes distinguished prose Quite free from any leaven of preciousness or pose.

But GARROD is a portent, for it is a simple fact That he's entirely auto- (as the Germans say) didakt; Yet the Craven and the Hertford and the Gaisford he

Then he served in the Munitions, when war was at our gates, And went with J. H. THOMAS on a Mission to the States; But to gauge his merits truly you should carefully peruse His articles on Metre in the Classical reviews.

He has scanned, surveyed and measured all Parnassian peaks and ridges;

He knows far more of prosody than even ROBERT BRIDGES; And with genuine lyric fervour never ceases to rehearse The charms of anapæstic or of logaædic verse.

He's a mine of erudition, as he cavalierly flits From Fortunatianus to great Wilamowitz; No dimeter or dochmiac his hardy soul affrights, And he revels in the company of fearsome epitrites.

Ionics and glyconics adorn the sparkling page Of this highly anacrustic and Archebulian sage, And, though his metric methods make me feel quite homicidal,

I can't forget his homage to the blameless Bard of Rydal. Nor can the staid observer, in a lax and formless time,

When fashion lays a boycott on scansion and on rhyme, Ignore the claims of one whose aims, if he should win next

Would doubtless be directed to improving verse technique. And yet though Heads of Houses are thicker on the list Of the backers and supporters of the brilliant prosodist, His older mellower rival seems fitter far to me And produced the works of Statius in a new emended text. To hold the Chair held by the rare and only "W. P."



Casual Sportsman from the City (to Hunt Secretary). "Look 'Ere, Young Man; You took two 'Fishers' off me for Cap; THERE'S THREE TO PAY FOR MY 'ORSE, NOT TO MENTION TRAVELLIN' EXES. I CAN WATCH 'EM DIGGIN' 'OLES IN THE STRAND OR PICCADILLY ANY DAY FOR NOTHIN'."

"NO CHANGE."

Sandy MacDandy seized a wet cloth and wiped the bar and his forehead. The great day had arrived. The village of Pitmuddy was about to vote. But this was not a mere parliamentary or municipal election. "The Black Bull' and "The Red Lion" were at stake. Sandy would not have minded if "The Red Lion" had perished alone, but its demise would mean that of "The Black Bull" as well, and Sandy had tended this animal faithfully for thirty years.

"Man, it's going to be a close thing," said Mr. McQumpha. "Ah'll hae a nip."
"Man, ye're richt," said Sandy, tak-

ing one himself.

"The Prohibectionists are a' here," shouted Mr. McWhaun as he entered. "There's Mr. Volplane, and Dr. Kitten-

feet, an' the meenister. Gie's a nip." "Man, d'ye say sae?" said Sandy, taking one himself.

"It'll be a sad day for you, Sandy, if the worrst comes to the worrst."
"Ah'm no mindin' for masel'," said

Sandy, "but, man, if Ah could juist dae something tae help."

Outside in the Market Square the rival advocates prepared their platforms for a final morning of perorational persuasion. Voting was to start at noon. to it.

The lads of the parish gathered round them open-mouthed and open-minded. Prejudiced opinion in Scotland melts away before effective oratory, except in very tough cases. No wise old election agent would have hazarded an opinion on the issue of the day.

The tough cases were obviously alarmed. Three years before they had seen a neighbouring township stricken with drought, and their hearts had been wrung at the sight of its inhabitants making a daily journey to Pitmuddy with their tongues hanging out. They trembled at these cross-roads of their existence, waiting for the dirty work to begin. For months past they had sought more frequently the inviolable shade of "The Red Lion," the wet-nurse of their unconquerable hope. For months they had clutched "The Black Bull" more closely lest he should rend them with the wrong horn of his dilemma. But balanced against these were their wives, and the remainderthe deciding element—had yet to be made decided.

The usual arguments had been worn bare by both sides. Some trump card must be played. The attackers produced it. After a few introductory remarks their chief spokesman went straight

"And what has been the result in U.S.A.?" he boomed. "Lemme tell you. We have sure licked creation on the putting-green. For slickness on the verdant the teetotal Amurrican has you all skinned. The guy that sinks the whale of a putt in God's own country is the two-fisted he-man that has sunk the hooteh for good. High-balls and high scores. That's how I figure it. An' here on my right is John K. Woofler, the open champion of Massachusky, a livin example of the double-decked golfin' man that has given the red-eye the go-by. Believe me, teetotalism redooces your total from the tee. Prohibition produces putt-perfection. Give up your whisky at night an' take one on the green." (A voice: "Man, that's where ye need it!") "If lil ole Scuttland is goin' to keep her dome up in the golf department, an' I tip my benny to her right now, she must put the kibosh on gin-hoisting an' lay a stymie to every saloon." (Loud applause.)

The first, second, third and fourth citizens murmured their concurrence with grave nods and nudges. A hush fell on the assembly. The town clock struck

the half-hour.

"Ah'll hae a nip," said McQumpha. "Whaur ye gaun, Sandy?"

From the soapbox of the Wets a few moments later a thin old voice floated over the silent square, and both armies

gazed on Sandy.

"Voters of Pitmuddy, listen to an auld man. Hearken ye not to boastful and vainglorious words. Facta non verba is what I hold. Let them produce their perfect putter. I am no orator as Brutus is, but yonder's the puttin'-course an' Ah'm here."

The first, second, third and fourth citizens shrieked with joy. The dry ranks scowled. But the crowd insisted. All eyes were turned on John K.

Wooffer.

At the first hole of the putting course John K. laid his ball almost on the lip of the hole. Sandy's old hand trembled and his ball went two inches.

"Hae a nip an' try again, Sandy," said an onlooker, and was immediately silenced by the crowd. There was no levity in the air now. Sandy played again and sank a twelve-foot putt for a half. The second he lost. At the third he holed out in one. And so it went on until the fifteenth, where Sandy was two down. At the sixteenth John put a thirty-foot putt a few inches from the hole. Sandy pondered long. The citizens from the first to the hundredand-first silently wished him luck. But the strain was too great. His ball trickled halfway and he failed to sink his second for dormy. The game was over and Sandy slunk back to "The Black Bull" as the clock struck the hour of noon.

"The auld man did his best. Ah ken what way Ah'm votin'," was the

general remark.

And so it happened that, in the evening, David McBride, proprietor of "The Black Bull," entered his premises and wrung Sandy's hand.

"Ye've done the trick, Sandy," he shouted. "A majority of ninety-five for No Change, an' ye can hae a nip whenever ye like for the rest of yer natural.

Sandy shook his head sadly. "Man, if Ah hadna had sae mony this while back Ah could hae beaten the Deevil."

He hung his head and scrubbed the bar again. At that Mr. John K. Woofler entered and approached the bar.

"If the folks in my lil home-burg could see me now," he said, "I guess I'd get the razz for fair. I haven't asked a man to put pison in his gizzard since Heck was a pup, but I 've a hunch that I'm goin' to do so right now in this lil hootch-parlour. Mr. MacDandy, what's

your booze?"
"Na, na," said Sandy; "Ah'm done



Maid (in reply to Canvasser who has sent in voting card to her mistress). "Missis SAYS SHE DON'T GIVE NO VOTES AT THE DOOR."

a high-class gogetter from Golftown, an' a better putter than John K., I reckon I want to raise my lid-

"Ye admit it?" interrupted Sandy.

"It was sure proved."
"Hoo that?"

"You did the third, tenth and twelfth in one," said Mr. Woofler, "while John K. pulled a punk three at each. At the sixteenth, where I was sayin' to me, proudly at his opponent.
'Well, by golly, John, you got to go "Mr. Woofler," he said, "the match 'Well, by golly, John, you got to go some to beat this dump, an' expectin' wi' the drink, thankin' ye kindly." | the rubes to bawl 'Attaboy' for Sandy, is null and void. Ah don't hold with "Well, my old mother'll be glad to your suspenders came unhitched or yer principles, but ye're a bonny hear that. But when I rub up against somethin', an' John held the aces; but, gowfer. Ah'll hae a nip."

Mr. MacDandy, at that same sixteenth you were leadin' in elegant style by one stroke, an' what with the excitement of all this spellbindin' an' flipflop spiel, it clean got away from John K. that this should have been a stroke contest. Mr. MacDandy, you won. Name your pison."

Sandy straightened himself and looked

was unfeenished. An unfeenished match



Spinster. "I have had the chance, Mary, but I have never married."

Maid. "Never mind, Miss; I expect you're happier as you are—both of you."

THE GREAT QUANDARY.

[The dilemma presented in the following lines and the resultant decision are not those of the writer. They are those (as nearly as can be ascertained) of an unhappily conscientious friend. It would be hard to say why they have been put into verse. It just happened so.] When voices come from Birmingham,

As voices do, you know,
"A good Protectionist I am,
Free Trade is all a hollow sham,
Free Trade has got to go!"

When Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN
From his peculiar window-pane
Perceives no hope unless we dam
The foreign imports' flow;—

And when Lord BIRKENHEAD agrees
And mentions how the swarm
Of motor-cars from overseas
Has driven him to his bended knees
To cry "Tariff Reform!"

And, though some difference has occurred

On who or what should be preferred, He shakes his banner to the breeze, He strides into the storm;—

And when I see, as see I do,
Our dear old friend, LLOYD GEORGE,
Come hurtling back across the blue,
Ingeminating loudly, "Coo!
The factory, the forge.

The factory, the forge,
The little industries will fade
If England should desert Free Trade!
The very notion sticks like glue
Inside a patriot's gorge;"—

And when I note, as note I must,
How sharply from the sheath
The sword of Winston comes to thrust,
How shines the morion on his crust,
How swifter than Macheath

He charges at the tariff wall
That threatens to surround us all,
And fills the lists with foam and dust
And hair and flying teeth,—

Then, when I coldly recollect
How few short years have sped
Since all these heroes I bedecked
With equal garlands of respect—

"The only four," I said,
"Who have the 90-h.p. brain
Are Winston Churchill, ChamBERLAIN,

And with them, leagued and co-elect, LLOYD GEORGE and BIRKENHEAD;"-

Ah, then I cannot deem that Time
So swiftly can release
Omniscience from skulls sublime;
I rather say, "If we must climb
Through Tariffs unto Peace,
Then also we are doomed to

Nor yet Free Fooders geese."

death
If we deny what Cobden saith;
Protection cannot be a crime,

I thank my stars I have no need My tiny vote to bear Against the gods who used to lead— On all their ways so well agreed— Britannia by the hair; I thank my stars I have two votes To act as mutual antidotes, And, when the day brings forth the deed,

By Jingo, they shall pair!

EVOE.

"Then the whole congregation joined in singing: 'Let us with a Gladstone Mind.',"

Midland Paper.

No doubt the well-known hymn, adapted for Election purposes.

"In a squash racquets match at Lord's yesterday Queen's Club defeated the M.C.C. by 3 goals to love."—Daily Paper.

They must have been putting well or else the losers' batting was weak.

"Gentleman organising Mammoth Party for Xmas on Sussex Coast has a few vacancies." Daily Paper.

We are glad to see that the American Scientific Expedition in Manchuria is not to have things all to itself this festive season.

From the report of a speech by Mr. Asquith:—

"The first thing I have to say to you is that this dissolution is the worst example that I have known in a long public life of political pusillanimity and cynicism."

Liverpool Paper.

The printer who left out the commas after "known" and "life" is presumably a Conservative.



THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

Hamlet (behind the curtain, to First Gravedigger). "NOW, DAVID, REMEMBER—THIS IS NOT A REVUE. DON'T OVERDO THE COMIC RELIEF."



Elderly Gentleman (engaging charlady). "I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH YOUR NAME." Charlady. "SIMPKINS, SIR." Elderly Gentleman (reminiscently). "AH, FAMILIAR NAME. DEAR OLD SIMPKINS—IN THE BOAT WITH ME IN '78!" Charlady (somewhat mystifled). "Beggin' yer pardon, Sir, I never done no boatin' with yer."

PROPAGANDA BY SMILES.

One does not have to be an old man in these times to be allowed to shake one's head and say, "Ah, do you remember the days when . . . ?" For changes have come about very rapidly during the last few years. Who does not remember the days when you could buy chocolates and tobacco in the evening; when you could play golf at weekends without having to wait for an hour in a queue; when favourites sometimes won big races; when the music-hall promenade was a cheery meeting-place; when traffic was not always dislocated by road-menders; when everyone was eithera Liberal or a Conservative; when it didn't matter about Palestine, and Mesopotamia sounded like an ancient myth; when the golden sovereign was worth twenty shillings; when there was a penny post; when there seemed to be houses for all, servants for all, jobs for

These things are now but tender memories; and it is sometimes hard to see what we have gained in their place.

But there are a few compensations; and above all there is the joviality of our Advertisers. They have filled the world with smiles. You will see their smiles everywhere you look-on the Underground, on the hoarding, in the magazine, in the morning paper. Smiles, smiles, smiles! There is the smile of the young old man who as a result of taking somebody's medicine is so braced with life that he leaps over his garden hedge instead of going carefully through the gate, as you would expect him to do so soon after breakfast; there is the smile of the children who, as a result of taking someone else's medicine, are sitting about like little angels, sharing their toys instead of pulling one another's hair and pushing one another into the fireplace, as we used to do; there is the smile of the man for the joy of his pipe, the fit of his collar, the taste of his whisky, the warmth of his underclothes, the sharpness of his razor; there is the smile of the beautiful woman for the fragrance of her soap, the cut of her corsets, the refreshment of her toothpaste, the fatness of her baby; there is for dear life while an evil spirit stabbed

the smile of the whole family for the sound of the gramophone, the arrival of the new car, the sight of the suetpudding.

These things you may see every day in your various papers; and these are the things that will cheer you up when you have crept into your train with a pipe that won't draw, a collar that squeaks, a vest that pricks, a chin that needs mopping, and the dismal thought that you would be wiser to cut out the "night-cap." These are the compensations for the distressing news that our Government is in league with Germany for the overthrow of France, that there are fifty thousand more unememployed, that farming is doomed, that trade is doomed, that Europe is doomed, that British sport is doomed, that everything is doomed (except your newspapers).

What a blessing it is! And how suddenly the change has come about! It seems only the other day that our emotions were daily lacerated by the picture of some poor sufferer gasping him cruelly in the loins with a piece of fork-lightning—just because the poor wretch had never happened upon a bottle of Bungson's Balsam; of others who were being done to death by dyspepsia, tortured by toothacheor crippled by chilblains; of others, too, who had grown unsightly with pimples or obesity or double-chin or flatfoot—in each of whose cases there was the dual tragedy of a disfiguring affliction and the knowledge that had it but been treated in time it could have been averted simply and pleasantly and at a ridiculously trifling expense.

Who does not remember those days when, save for our rare friend, Sunny Jim, the only glimpse of happiness we were allowed was side by side with labour-saviours," continued Elizabeth, think that the invention of the electric ghastly misery; on the left the poor unruffled.

creature as seen during many years of brave suffering — exhausted, hunted, bent, haggard; on the right the same man with an expression of grim satisfaction which one could not help suspecting was due as much to his brandnew suit and tidied hair as to his merciful deliverance from his torment?

Who does not remember these days? And who will deny that our thanks are due to our Advertisers for the sunshine they have brought into our lives? Arethey not an example to our groaning taxpayers, to our grumbling Pressmen and our squabbling

politicians? Do they not shine forth like us then pay tribute to our Advertisers.

But why not go further than this? where there is jealousy and malice, anger and disagreement; everywhere these no one has been able to solve. Govern- pretty soon. And perseverin'! expert Commissions have failed, the Press has failed. Why not call in the all day." Advertisers to run for us a campaign of Smiles—Asquith, for instance, beaming on F. E.; Poincaré on Ebert; even Lord Rothermere smilingly taking off his hat to Lord CURZON?

Wouldn't that make for a brighter England and a jollier world?

"The late Duke . . . married . . . Thyra, daughter of the Qing of Denmark." Manchester Paper.

Presumably also of the Kueen.

ELIZABETH'S STRATEGY.

"PLEASE, 'm, there's a gentleman wants to speak to you very pertickler at the side door.'

"Elizabeth," I said sternly, putting down my pencil, "haven't I told you repeatedly that I will not see anyone in my working hours?"

"But 'e won't take 'No' for an answer, 'm.''

"Then let him take something else as long as he goes away," I said with annoyance. From ten o'clock until lunch-time I am employed in writing humour, so that I am always rather him more rapture than to demonstrate gloomy and irritable in the mornings.



WHAT OUR ARTISTS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH. "OH, DO COME TO LUNCH ONE DAY NEXT WEEK, MR. CUBER, AND DO BRING SOME OF YOUR PICTURES."

"But you know you won't use a "good deed in a naughty world"? Let | labour-savers—at least not any of those I've bought for you."

"Yes, but this is a new sort. Life Why not call them to our aid? Every- isn't worth livin' without it, the young man ses. 'E knows how to rattle the story orf, 'm. Lor, if 'e earns 'is livin' things have bred grave problems that by talkin' 'e orter be able to retire ments have failed, diplomacy has failed, doesn't mean to budge until 'e sees you, 'm, not if 'e stands on that step

> I pushed aside my papers with resignation and went to the side-door. Elizabeth was right about the young man being voluble. At the end of five minutes he had talked me into a condition of passivity, had stepped inside and was giving a display on the hall mats with the electric vacuum-cleaner he intended me to buy.

"Well, now, isn't that wonderful?" "Do you mean to say it gets the dirt in a day or two.

out all by itself, with no brushin', no toilin' and moilin'?"

The young man said it would clean an entire room, and the only effort necessary was that required to direct the machine. There was no need to do any work.

"I've been lookin' for somethink like that all my life," murmured Elizabeth. "But I'd like to see wot it could do in the dining-room with that 'eavy furniture and thick carpet.'

The young man said he would gladly set it to work in the dining-room. Nothing on earth, it seemed, could give with the machine. It was a delight to "'E's come to sell one o' these 'ere use it. To hear him talk made you vacuum-cleaner had solved the problem

of all life's baffling disappointments, haddone away with toil and tribulation, and ensured the joy that cometh in the morning.

Still talking, he began a demonstration on the dining-room carpet. Certainly he was the most energetic young man I have ever met. He went over every inch until, as he assured us, there wasn't a particle of dust left in the place.

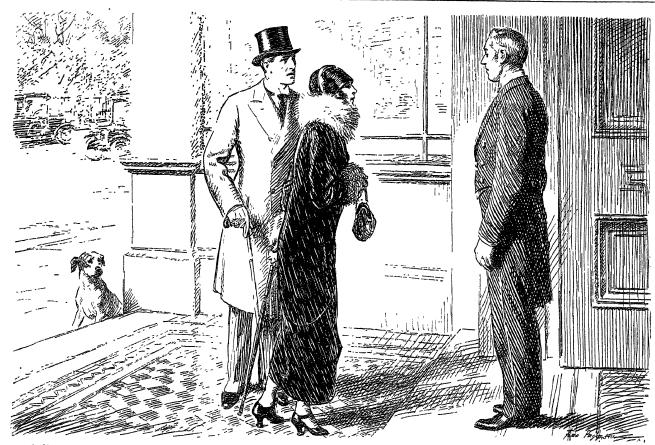
"That's a bit of all right; but wot about the furniture and suchlike?" said Elizabeth distrustfully.

The young man now produced an array of adjustments, which he

fixed in turn to the machine. There was an adjustment for cleaning the walls and ceilings, one for the curtains, another for the furniture and still another for the bookshelves. In what seemed like a frenzy of energy he demonstrated them all, and, seeing Elizabeth's evident interest, I began to grow enthusiastic. The cleaner was expensive, but, after all, it appeared to do away with much drudgery, and was I not bound to consider my handmaid? Why should she crawl and kneel on the floor in horrid subjection to Labour? Man was created to walk upright, and so, I believe, was Elizabeth.

"Lor, isn'tit just wonderful?" shemurmured. "If only we could 'ave somethink like that to do the work by itself!"

"I shall certainly consider it," I said graciously; and, asking the now enchanted young man to leave pamphlets said Elizabeth with unaffected awe. and particulars, I told him to call again



Caller at Ducal mansion (to footman). "ARE THEIR GRACES AT HOME?"

New Footman. "His is-Hers isn't."

"Now, 'm, w'y did you tell 'im to come back?" asked Elizabeth in an aggrieved tone when he had at last departed; "there'll be no gettin' 'im orf the doorstep a second time."

"But he must call again if I decide to buy one of the vacuum-cleaners."

"Indeed, 'm, I 'ope you'll do nothink of the kind. I wouldn't use one o' them things to be paid, with the whirrin' noise it makes fair gettin' on your nerves, and all them things to screw on and orf."

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" I asked, bewildered. "Why did you pretend to be so interested—so eager?"

"Well, you see, 'm, it's the day for turnin' out the dining-room to-morrow, and, as that young man seemed to 'ave so much time to talk and was so set on gettin' dust out o' everythink, I thort'e might just as well do it as me. And, to give'im'is doo, 'e did it well. I shan't 'ave to turn that dining-room out, not thorough, for at least a month."

And as she looked at me I had a curious illusion concerning her left eyelid. I am sure it must have been an illusion. Lacking as she is in respect and any sense of class distinction, I hope Elizabeth would not so far forget herself as to give me a wink.

THE FIND.

I HEARD the South wind sob;
I smelt dead leaf and rain;
I saw two velvet caps a-bob
And scarlet in the lane;
And then, mine eyes confronting
And fit as fighting-cocks,
I saw the hounds go hunting—
The hounds go out a-hunting,
A-hunting, a-hunting
A-hunting of the fox.

Said I, "Twould be a sin
To fail to see them draw
And find the fox of Foxglove Whin,
The biggest e'er man saw."
So where the thorn did house him
The huntsman's cheer was wine:
"Go rouse him, lads, go rouse him,
Oh, rouse him, rouse him, rouse him,
Yoi, wind him and rouse him,
Yoi, wind him, sons o' mine!"

The pied pack sprang and spread;
Far was the sweet cry borne;
Unkennelled was the thief in red,
Unkennelled to the morn;
Quoth I, "The rogue, they 'll tan him,
Such fox-catchers are they!"
Then tunefully they ran him,
So tunefully they ran him,
They ran him and ran him
A-down the wind away.

The finish of the fun
I saw it not to say;
Mayhap the robber lives to run
Upon another day;
Or, haply, for the last time
He's widowed turkey-cocks;
I only say, "Where's pastime,
Where's sport or aught or pastime,
Where's joy, ploy or pastime
Like hunting of a fox?"

"£1 REWARD —Lost, an Octagonal Lady's Gold Wristlet Watch."—Wigan Paper.
Wigan is to be congratulated on its possession of so many-sided a citizen.

"Respecting Japan, she was a faithful ally, and had carried out her unwritten contract with us to the letter."—New Zealand Paper.

No one could reasonably ask her to do more than that.

A lady resident in Egypt was so displeased with the unsatisfactory way in which the washing was returned that she sent word to the laundryman that she would send it elsewhere in future. She received from him the following note: "Dear Madam,—I regret you have removed your washing from me, dear madam I am damned distressful you are so dirty I will wash you better next time."

HIGH NOON.

It's rummy the way things come back to you. Down by

I'd stopped at a junk store, all rusty old hinges and locks, Old shoes and false teeth, and odd chessmen and broken-up innards of clocks;

And, chucked in a heap with a lot of such litter, there lay A badly-stuffed flying-fish, dingy and dusty and grey That had gleamed like a rainbow long since as it flitted through sunshine and spray.

And, Lord! how it brought it all back to me, clear as

High noon once again in the Tropics, the ship running free, And the blue old Pacific a-shining as far as a fellow could

The sway of the masts and the slow dip and lift of the rail, The mate with his eye cocked aloft at the set of a sail, And the bosun, the ugly old image, his mouth opened wide in a hail;

Old Sails with his palm and his needle, cross-legged on the hatch,

A-stitching away on a bolt-rope or putting a patch

In a fair-weather top-sail, and spinning his endless old yarns with the watch;

Old Slush at the door of his galley, and Chips with his

The barefooted man at the wheel in his trousers and vest, The flash of the rings in his ears and the sea-snake tattooed on his breast;

High noon in the Tropics—the white and the gold and the blue,

The glitter of flying-fish scattering spray as they flew, The songs that we sung and the tales that we told and the shipmates we knew.

Then it passed like a dream; I was back here in Poplar again, With my collar turned up to my ears in the cold and the rain,

And the ships as they groped through the river-mist wailing like creatures in pain. C. F. S.

A FAMILY MATCH.

to his marriage vows and insisted on his playing round with her alone. But our new brother-in-law was so insistent on sharing his treasure, declaring brightly that a family match was the most delightful form of golf he knew, that we compromised, weakly and with considerable forebodings, on a four-ball, Clarence and James against Isobel and self. I distinctly remember an understanding that if Isobel, as I generously expressed it, got "too tired," she should discontinue striking and walk round with us. But this, like many another understanding in our family, did not get down on the minutes.

I still think that, had Isobel started as contemptibly as we knew she could, she would have honoured the pact and all might have been well. But at the very first hole, which is a shortish one, she used the ladies' tee with such advantage as actually to leap the bunker on the third bounce. Her second scuffled up to somewhere near the green, and her third hurtled against the pin to run up and down it into the hole, which she thus won outright.

progressively deteriorated, still harboured the delusion that she had done the lion's share. She had fallen into a species of trance, well-known to her intimates, and trod air. Frequently she struck it. When, as a variant, the ball flew from the heel of her club into the rough, she entirely omitted to mark its flight. Suggestions that she should pick up were useless, for Clarence (good fellow), still obsessed with the memory of that first hole, kept urging her on with misdirected enthusiasm. His unfortunate near-sightedness threw the main brunt of retrieving her solitary ball on to James and myself, who thus began to lose our grip of the

My sister's sleep-walking turns have their amusing side at other times, but now, as couple after couple passed us by and the minutes dragged on and a little plain-speaking might have done so much to retrieve the situation, it became impossible not to wish Clarence safely out of ear-shot.

From the tenth onwards, after Clarence had quashed a renewed suggestion that we should split up into singles, golfing ceremonial went by the board. After the tee-shots Clarence established touch with his wife, whilst James and I walked forward under their barrage. If their subsequent actions indicated, as nearly always, a lost ball or balls, James and I holed out and then fell back to mop up. After this process all four moved forward together to the next tee. We thus reduced the average number of minutes taken per hole to about fifteen. Nevertheless at the sixteenth tee, at which point Isobel and I stood two up, it became a question whether Isobel, Clarence and the gathering darkness between them would not force a stalemate and prevent me from winning my green-fee off James. The situation called for prompt action, and I determined to counter Isobel's Fabian tactics by methods of my own.

We drove, and, leaving James this time to go forward alone, I debouched to the ladies' tee, where Isobel was gazing vaguely in the direction of some heather on the right of the fairway, Clarence meanwhile being in difficulties away to square-leg. I strode past her, and in the gathering darkness dropped an old ball of my own unobtrusively in the shorter heather. I indicated its position. She struck fiercely thrice. I picked up the ball and said with all the

finality which my voice could command:—
"Don't bother to go on. I'm just short of the green in one."

-'' she began. "But-

I hastened across to Clarence, dropped another oldish one at his toes and nursed him up to the green in five more My brother James and I were the real mugs. We who precious minutes. Arrived there I succeeded in administerknew Isobel's golf of old ought to have held Clarence sternly | ing the coup-de-grace to the patient James, just as night finally enveloped us.

In the club-house I used James's half-crown to order a

sedative for our jangled nerves.

I remember as a schoolboy being severely admonished because I could not illustrate the meaning of the word "complacency." But that was before I knew Isobel. As we raised our glasses to our lips we heard her voice on the verandah replying to an inquiry as to how our game had

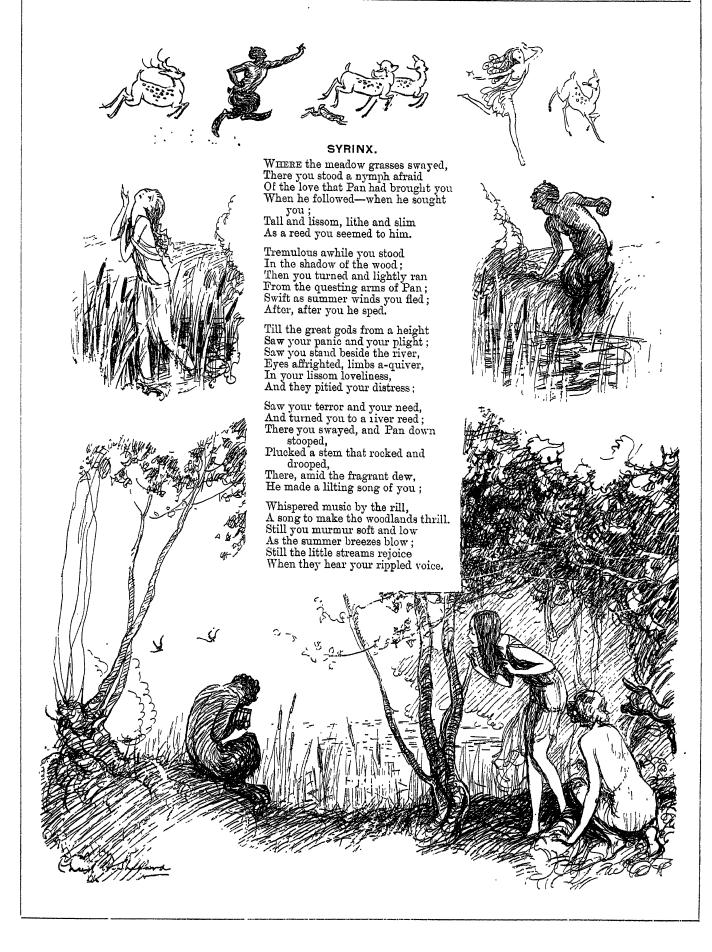
"Oh! pretty fair," she was saying. "Rather slow."

"Third Housemaid . . . all found; 12 indoor servants (four men in pantry)."-Advt. in Provincial Paper.

It was very clever to find them all, especially the four that hid in the pantry.

"The Marchioness of ——, in becoming brown, opened the annual bazaar yesterday."—Daily Paper.

We ourselves, when invited to open a bazaar, are invariably We halved the next four, so that Isobel, even as her game subject to one of these painful changes of colour.





Constable. "Is this where the window wass broke when they pelied the candidate last night, Mrs. MacTavish?" Mrs. MacTavish. "YES, INDEED. COME AWA IN AND SEE IT." Constable. "Goodness gracious me! Do we tell me if wass broke on the inside too?"

THE CHARITY SONG.

"I HAVE just been to a Hospital dinner," he said, "and I'm so sure that the machinery for the extraction of money from guests is not yet complete that I have been devising a new implement."

"What is it?" I asked. "Apick-axe?" "Not in so many words," he said, "but it corresponds. No, it's a song. An argument with music. I haven't

own experience of speakers at charity dinners," I said, "that they left few arguments undeveloped. We should give because the object is the most worthy that could possibly be imagined. Whatever else might be questionable, this Fund demands support. We should give not only because we are generous, but even more so because we are just. We should give because we are young and the hospital is for the young. We should give because we are old and the hospital is for the old. We should give because we are fat and they are lean. We should give because we are old and therefore shan't have many more chances to give. But you know it all."

"Yes," he said, "I know it all; but you don't. You have left out the real thing. You got near it when you said 'we should give because we are old,' but you missed the real point. You said that the old wouldn't have 'many more chances to give.' Now I am appealing to those in the audience who won't have any more chances to give."

"How do you mean?" I asked. "I'll read you the verses," he replied. "The time for the song is imhad it set yet, but I've written the argument." mediately after the last speech on behalf of the cause; and you want a jolly unctuous kind of fellow with an appeal-

ing voice. He might make a living going from dinner to dinner singing it. It begins:-

In the state of London traffic.

But I ought first to say that the opening line can be adapted for the provinces too. In Birmingham, or Manchester, or any of the places that have three syllables, you would say-

In to-day's congested traffic,

In our city's awful traffic;

but in the ordinary two-syllabled places you would simply substitute another name for London. Thus:—

In the state of Bradford traffic,

for example. In Bath you would say:— In poor Bath's congested traffic,

or 'old Bath,' if you preferred it Forgive me for being so minute, but I am anxious that this song should be at home wherever people's pockets are being shot at.

"Now I'll begin again:-

In the state of London traffic Who dare plan an hour ahead, Since it is so extremely likely He will be extremely dead? In our whirling world of motors Who can call his life his own? Every crossing claims its victim: Hark! another dying groan!

But there is a silver lining, as we know, to every cloud:

To the wretch condemned to perish, mark the privilege allowed

Then the chorus, which says what the privilege is:-

> When a man 's to die to-morrow He must reckless be to-day; All may confidently borrow, None be empty turned away: When a man's to die to-morrow How responsive he should be To the sacred call of Sorrow, To the cause of Charity!

"By this time," he said, "they've got the general idea, and of course it's a sound one. It was stated long ago, with more authority than mine: 'Eat,

drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die.' I merely apply it: 'Eat, drink and be lavish as well as merry, for to-morrow you die.' How often I've heard men next to me at dinner at the Club say, 'If I were sure I was going to die to-morrow I'd have champagne this evening; but, as I shall probably live for ever and I'm very hard up, I'll have a whisky-and-soda.' That is the notion. Very well, then, now for the second, or ad hoc, verse:—

It is practically certain,
Later, in the careless street,
One of you, returning homewards,
With an accident will meet;
You, perhaps, or you, or you, Sir;
None can tell, but this we know:
This may be the last occasion

Your benevolence can flow.

As it is the last occasion let it flow with all its might!

Pens and paper lie before you, and remember as you write:—

When a man's to die to-morrow
He must reckless be to-day;
All may confidently borrow,
None be empty turned away;
When a man's to die to-morrow
How responsive he should be
To the sacred call of Sorrow,
To the cause of Charity!

"'Now then, Gentlemen,' the singer will say, 'all together':—

When a man's to die to-morrow He must reckless be to-day; All may confidently borrow, None be empty turned away; When a man's to die to-morrow How responsive he should be To the sacred call of Sorrow, To the cause of Charity!

"Loud applause, followed by the scratching of pens. What do you think of it?"

"I think it might be tried," I said.
"I think you should find a composer."
E. V. L.

"December 4th.—Lecture by Mr. Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. 'Nature at Work and Play' (slides)."—L.C.C. Gazette.

Now we know how the frivolous old dame spends her time.

"This is the cock that crows every morn, The herald of Labour's brighter dawn." Daily Herald.

We are sorry that the bird should encourage a Cockney rhyme.

"He [Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD] said that if the Labour Party were returned to power they would restore the dignity of the House of Commons."—Daily Paper.

We should like to know Mr. Kirk-wood's views about this.

"Louie —, the 106-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. —, has earned a handsome book as a special prize for an essay on 'Winter,' written in connection with the Children's Page."—Local Paper.

We foresee for her a successful career when she has experienced a few more winters.



Ghillie (to sportsman who has laughed nervously after missing his hind). "Ar, it's rideeculous, but it's no a thing to laugh at."

URSA MINOR.

I LEFT my cot one night, I ran
Along the Milky Way,
And never stopped until I found
The Pleiades at play;
We had a game of hide-and-seek
Round Cassiopeia's Chair,
And then I found the sweetest thing—
A little shining Bear.

He came and gambolled round my toes,
For he was very young;
I kissed his black boot-button nose,
I stroked his tiny tongue;

He had a furry, fubsy coat, It was so soft to touch;

I loved him more than all my toys, I loved him very much. But when I thought to take him home The Pleiades said, "No, The Mother Bear has only one, She could not let him go;

But any night you care to come Along the Milky Way You'll find him here with us, becar

You'll find him here with us, because He likes a game of play."

So now, when Nurse puts out the light, I run, for I know where He hides from me behind the stars, That little shining Bear.

"Why give your Discarded Husbands' Suits away when you can Sell them at a good price?"—Advt. in Welsh Paper.

It was careless of the discarded husbands to leave them behind.

THE DECIMAL SYSTEM OF RATIONS.

["With effect from 1st November, 1923, and until further notice, the commuted cash value of the articles of the fixed ration mentioned at (a) and (b) of para. 1 of A C.I. 469 of 1921, will be 3.1953 pence a man a day."

Extract from Army Council Instructions]

THE Deputy - Assistant Actuary (graded Class ZZ" and attached to the Blankshire Regiment to supervise the working of the above order) scratched his head with one of the two Government pens issued to him on part-repayment (2.0351 pence each), and gazed distractedly at the half-dozen sheets of foolscap (free issue) covered (on both sides, according to finance regulations) with calculations in every known form of arithmetic, algebra, geometrics and eurythmics. Then, snatching up his

papers, he strode to the Orderly Room.

The C.O., who feared no fee in shining armour or brass hat, always quailed before any financial functionary.

"What is it?" he asked nervously.

"Sir," began the D.A.A., taking a long breath for the delivery of his impressive and carefully prepared explanation, "I regret to have to inform you that, in checking the Second in Command's Imprest Account and the monthly messing book, I find that the total sum indented for in respect of the commuted cash value falls short of the amount authorised, with the result that the expenditure per man per

day works out at 3.1952, instead of 3.1953."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the C.O., "that means that ____ What does that mean exactly?'

"It means," said the D.A.A. with pardonable indignation, "either that there has been some mathematical miscalculation or that the daily variation in the numbers in mess has been inaccurately estimated."

"It means," put in the Adjutant, who had been doing sums on his blotting-paper, "that every man in the battalion has been short, every day in every way, of approximately .00007 penceworth of food. I am not sure if

the last figure is recurring or not."

"It is," said the D.A.A. sternly.

"Recurring!" cried the C.O. "Good gracious! How many times?"

"I think, Sir, you had better send for Major Tomlin," said the Adjutant.

cerning battalion training with which he had been occupied, "and the Quartermaster and the Sergeant-Major and the | bawled the Sergeant-Major. Sergeant-Cook."

Command appeared, hot and harassed.

"Major Tomlin," said the C.O., "I must ask you, as President of the Messing Committee, for an explanation of the irregularity in last month's mess-

"I suppose," said the Second in Command, "that you allude, Sir, to the dot double oh double oh seven deficiency in the commuted cash value. I have just come from a rather stormy | for your tea to-day?" meeting of the Messing Committee My office is more or less surrounded Green.

BACK FROM THE BASEMENT. A SCENE AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB, IMAGINED BY OUR ARTIST, WHO IS NOT A MEMBER.

by men demanding the minimum ration. The representatives of Other Ranks on the Committee have made a strong protest. I have Sergeant Withers and Private Green outside here.'

"Bring them in," said the C.O.

Sergeant Withers was perhaps a little less deferential than is customary, but the C.O. overlooked it in view of the abnormal circumstances.

"It's a scandal," said the Sergeant. The men have been defrauded in the fifth place of decimals for thirty-one days, and that figures out in manmonths to-

"What do you think about it?" asked the C.O., turning to Private Green.

"Private Green, 'tion! Get your 'ands back!" shouted the Sergeant-Major.

"Well, Sir," said Private Green deliberately, "I don't rightly understand This seems a little previous.

"Yes," said the C.O., pushing aside dec'mals meself, but from what I can the relatively unimportant papers consee of it, that 's right what the sergeant see of it, that 's right what the sergeant says."

"Private Green, stand a-a-at ee!"

"I cannot pass the messing account A few minutes later the Second in as it stands," said the D.A.A. decidedly. The C.O. had an idea.

> "About how much does it amount to in actual commodities?" he asked.

> A gruff voice emanated from the Sergeant-Cook in the corner.

> "Bout one kipper per battalion per month."

> "I'll stand them that out of my pocket," said the C.O. with alacrity. "Private Green, could you eat a kipper

"I don't mind if I do," said Private

"The mob round my office," put in the Second in Command," won't be satisfied because Private Green has a relish to his tea.'

"Very well," said the C.O., "then I will provide the kipper, and you, Major Tomlin, shall divide it amongst the men of the battalion. The Regimental Actuary will no doubt assist you to ensure that each portion is of equal financial value to several places of decimals. That settles it. Thank you, everybody."

When the rest had left the room, the Second in Commandand the D.A.A. remained behind.

"Look here," said the Second in Command, "have you got any tip

for working this business out in a simple way?"

"It's perfectly easy," said the D.A.A. "You can keep a graphic daily, or you

can work it by the binomial theorem."
The Second in Command, who was a soldier by nature, a caterer and accountant only by force of circumstances, and a mathematician by no stretch of imagination, gave him a withering look.

"I don't understand the binomial theorem," he said, "and I don't know what you mean about The Daily Graphic."

"There is another difficulty that I foresee," said the C.O. "The battalion goes to the Rhine next month. To how many places of decimals shall we have to work in German currency?"

"Miss ----'s Gold and Silver Wedding." Headline in Evening Paper.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Day's Journey (Butterworth) opens with a prologue, which is really an epilogue, describing Wilfred Heber and Carrington Bird and the quality of their friendship. Both men are depicted as in their respectively cantankerous and commonplace sixties. Heber is permanently bilious, and Bird's figure has acquired what facetious Italians call "a province." You are intimately introduced to the "province" and its woolly cummerbund when poor Bird is changing after golf. Plainly you are to have no illusions about Heber and Bird. Nor about their friendship. They quarrel on the first tee. Then Heber breaks (or rather is supposed to break) a blood-vessel, and Bird is inconsolable. To explain which Mr. W. B. MAXWELL goes back to the couple's boyhood and tells the whole story of their amity. This, it seems, is not so much due to a love of being together as to an inability to keep apart. It spreads like duck-weed over their lives, for the most part stagnant, occasionally troubled and broken but always closing up again. Women of course make the largest and most enduring gaps. Heber marries a moneyed Anglo-Indian who has no place on her visiting-list for Bird's jealous suburban Amy. But Amy dies and Clarice is allowed, though guilty herself, to divorce Heber, and the entente is re-cemented. It is an original subject, if occasionally a sordid one, and there can be no two opinions about the masterly handling of it.

Mr. Stephen Leacock is one of those fortunate humourists who have succeeded in winning praise in two hemispheres. In this country by now he can generally count on a "good press" for anything he writes. For the British critic is a

who have made him laugh in the past. I am like that myself. I have been taken hard in the midriff by Mr. LEACOCK so often in old days that I hate saying College Days (LANE) is not quite up to the mark of Frenzied Fiction or My Discovery of England. But it is not. It is thinner stuff. Perhaps there is too much college about it—too much of the comic instructor of youth—the gentleman in cap and gown whom Mr. John Hassall has drawn with such gusto on the wrapper. I gather from the preface that most of the "pieces" here brought together appeared originally in various University periodicals like the Toronto Varsity and the McGill Outlook. Excellent as they may have proved for undergraduate reading I cannot think that papers like "A Sermon on College Humour," "English as She is Taught at College," or "The Old College and the New University" were worth reprinting in book form. But I must say a word in appreciation of Mr. Leacock's verse. There is more verse than prose in this volume, and I am glad of it. though I never expected to write this of a Leacock book.

Mr. OLIVER ONIONS deserves not only his clients' but his country's gratitude for having voiced the cruellest and least clamorous of post-war grievances—the unemployment and often (to be honest) unemployability of young demobilized officers. Kenneth Chacey, D.S.O., is one of the thousands whom the end of hostilities left adrift. Of his twenty-six years the War engulfed the five when he should have been learning his job; and he himself carried over to the account of peace most of the happy-go-lucky vices which used to be. considered so pardonable an accompaniment to his brief spells of leave. Of course he tries to get work. He has already, when his story opens, travelled in cellular underclothing, fountain-pens and Algerian Moselle. But it is not soft-hearted fellow, with a sentimental kindness for friends until the last chapter that you find him pathetically secure

as the proprietor of "a really high-class Dancing Club." Around him, throughout the whole struggle, sink or swim respectful love for her and his friendship with McLean his luckless contemporaries; while Uncle Rex, of the Organi- prompt him finally—between Prestonpans and Culloden zation Office, preaches the sweets of industry from the to buy a sword to strike a blow for PRINCE CHARLIE, a vantage-point of middle-age, and Cousin Maurice, of the project in which he is fortunately baulked by no less School of Mines, re-echoes the lesson in the name of the a person than General OGLETHORPE. There's a sound New Youth. If this is Peace in Our Time (CHAPMAN AND HALL) Mr. Onions will have none of it. His book, a masterpiece of generous passion and just observation, has my warmest good wishes in its effort to bring about something better.

From sufficiently onerous affairs of state Lord Curzon turns for relief to compile a volume of Tales of Travel (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). While it must be admitted that the effort to break away is not entirely successful, his manner being curiously compounded of a Foreign Office solemnity and a rather laboriously affected lightsomeness, yet he has knocked about the world a great deal more than most Foreign Secretaries, and has come across things infinitely worth recording. The narrative moves from the I wonder—can do nothing but refuse to make up his mind.

eccentricities of his soidisant most loving friend, the late Amir ABDUR RAHMAN of Afghanistan, to the mystery of the singing sands of Sinai, and from Napoleon's billiard table at St. Helena to the wrestling-booths of Japan. It is perhaps least entertaining where several funny stories - nine, to be exact --- are given a chapter to themselves, and portentously produced, numbered and docketed one by one, instead of being allowed to leaven the lump of the main discourse; and it is certainly best where the writer has collected notes of the earth's most famous

waterfalls. All the stiffness and self-consciousness that are occasionally visible elsewhere give way in the roar of the waters to an admirably simple vividness of narrative. To say that Lord Curzon makes one ambitious to follow in his footsteps, if only to the Victoria Falls, is an insufficient tribute to his work. I look forward to that second volume of these Tales which I understand that we are to have if a sufficiently lively appreciation of the present one is shown by the public.

Mr. John Buchan's new story, Midwinter (Hodder and STOUGHTON), has three heroes: Midwinter himself, an inspired fiddler and leader of a sort of secret society of moor-men, the Spoonbills, whose general functions were not very clear to me save that they wore leather breeches and helped their leader's friends out of holes in the nick of time; Captain Alistair McLean, a very gallant Jacobite secret agent, and his friend, Samuel Johnson, a heavy, gauche and violently obstinate man of thirty-five or so. There were, the reader will remember (if he be unlike me, who didn't) two years

a fair and high-spirited lady with Jacobite leanings. His villain in the person of a Scotch laird, whose pleasant hobby is the rallying of propertied folk to the Stuart cause and the selling of them for a commission on their sequestrated estates. . . . Though Mr. Buchan seemed to find his Johnson rather a handful, and apt to get in the way of the other heroes' adventures, I thought him very interesting and plausible.

The design of Miss Pamela Hinkson in The End of all Dreams (Fisher Unwin) is apparently rather to illustrate the condition of Ireland just before the present Irish Government was set up than to construct a coherent story. The principal character, Denys Considine—has Miss Hink-SON ever read the spirited works of the late Charles Lever,

The Sinn Feiners in the story are delineated as misunderstood and chivalrous martyrs, and their opponents as invariably stupid, possibly honest but certainly deluded instruments of tyranny. Some people like good rich sentimentality, undiluted by any tincture of cold reason. It is a matter of taste. And yet it is the fact that a less sentimental people than the Irish never existed. As an example of a state of mind Miss Hinkson's "first novel" is instructive enough; but I hopethat in her second novel she may be persuaded to devote some little attention to the realities



The gentleman in the centre is Lord Borehead, who is secretly writing his reminiscences. The one on the right is Charles Clematis, WHO KNOWS ABOUT THE REMINISCENCES AND WANTS TO GIVE HIS LORDSHIP AN OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE, "I THOUGHT MY REPARTEE BATHER NEAT, AND I KNOW MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, CHARLES CLEMATIS, WAS DOUBLED UP WITH LAUGHTER."

of life and of human—even Irish—nature.

I learn from a note at the beginning of Happy Island (HURST AND BLACKETT) that some of the early adventures of its delightful hero, Uncle William, "appeared years ago." Anyhow they are well worth republishing and adding to, for in their simplicity and in the charm that comes from a fragrant, quietly humorous nature they are at once soothing and stimulating. They soothe because Uncle William, a fisherman by trade and a great friend, took life's ups and downs with superb tranquillity. They stimulate in a sense, because it is encouraging to read about a man whose plain goodness of heart won him the happiness which was the only prize that he valued. Miss JENNETTE LEE has created a character which made itself really dear to me. Let me add that, although the scenes of this quaintly original story are American, I was never confounded by words I did not understand nor by spelling I wished to alter.

We commend our faithful readers to the "Punch of Dr. Johnson's life of which Boswell could find no record and his hero chose to give no account. Mr. Buchan's idea for Marcus Ward. It contains a quotation from Mr. is partly to fill in this blank. He makes Johnson tutor to Punch's wise sayings for every day of the Happy New Year.

CHARIVARIA.

Most of us will be glad when the General Election is over; but it should not be forgotten that in thousands of homes this means the return of the heckler to the domestic hearth.

A photograph of Mr. STANLEY BALD-WIN, published in a picture paper, shows the PRIME MINISTER without his pipe. No political significance is attached to this phenomenon.

We note that a cinematographic record has been made by the "slowmotion" camera of the action of the tongue of a chameleon. His constituency is not stated.

Mr. CLARKSON, of Rockthorpe Hall, Driffield, has grown a turnip weighing twenty-five pounds. It is greatly to be regretted that in the excitement of the General Election the event has created comparatively little stir.

A speech by Mr. HENRY FORD, sent out by wireless from New York, was heard in London the other day. It appears from hints we have seen in the Press that Mr. Ford is connected in some way with the motorcar industry.

A member of the British Fascisti has written to a contemporary to say that their organisation is not like that of the Ku Klux Klan. There is an unconfirmed rumour that the

leader of the Ku Klux Klan insisted upon this explanation being made.

With reference to the wolf that escaped from the London Zoo the other day, several correspondents have written to say that it is not the one that they are still busy keeping from the door.

Camphor, so long believed to preserve clothes against attacks by moths, is now stated to have no effect. This is considered a great victory for the moths.

The three-hundred-and-fifty-year-old custom of throwing a haggis into the Tweed at Berwick was revived last week. The haggis was drowned.

the black jaguar of South America, | we are informed that the anti-revolu-

ground to a branch fifteen feet high. This is Nature's best attempt to produce a perfect pedestrian.

A tiny Yorkshire terrier weighing two pounds was recently exhibited at Birmingham. It is said to be so small that its owner has to use an amplifier for its bark.

According to a contemporary a Chicago taxi-driver was recently robbed by a woman who held him up with a pearl-handled revolver. Apparently she was not aware that pearl-handled revolvers are quite out of date for that purpose.



LIMITATIONS OF WIRELESS. Anguish of expert heckler on hearing vulnerable arguments IN ELECTIONEERING SPEECH.

"Wood is highly combustionable," announces a trade journal. This should be a timely warning to our hot-headed politicians.

On a recent Sunday, a newspaper correspondent counted 521 male visitors to the Zoological Gardens wearing silk hats. The habitual residents of the Gardens would be better pleased by this honorific touch of formality if their patrons appreciated more generally the serviceableness of this type of headgear for secreting buns and nuts.

"Why do so many poets earn their living in the heart of London?" asks a weekly journal. They don't.

An important Council Election is tak-The highest jumper in the world is | ing place in Mexico. As we go to press

which has been seen to leap from the | tionist is leading by twelve bullet holes to eight.

> In the Bloomsbury County Court, a counsel suggested that spats are evidence of means. It all depends if they are worn with socks.

According to an evening paper "France has discovered Germany's hiding-place." It is therefore up to her to say "Peep-bo!"

RAYMOND WIGHTMAN, a cinema star, who is only four years old, is said to radiate more sunshine and happiness than any other individual. There is some talk, we understand, of making him an honorary Thanet.

* * Three canvassing pamphlets issued by the local Candidates were found in a gas-meter at Hitchin. The question now arises, "Do therms vote?"

A business man living in Manchester was recently knocked down by his own car. It is thought that he was not recognised by his chauffeur. * * * *

A well-known naturalist has sailed for the tropics to search for a sea-cow. British dairymen, of course, are only acquainted with the fresh-water variety.

Films to illustrate British industries are to be taken. It would be interesting to see a cinema display of engineers at work in a Christmas-puddingfoundry,

drilling holes for the fruit.

At Boku, in Norway, English coins dating from the Viking period have been found. This supports the belief that there was once money in England.

An advertiser in a theatrical paper is anxious to engage a good comedian for pantomime. He will probably be expected to bring his own joke.

"In the five-sixths of 1923 we imported a monthly average of 112,000 tons of iron and steel of the average value of £106,000, and exported the monthly average of 357,000 tons of £623,000 average value. Thus, the iron and steel we imported was worth about £9 5s. per ton, and the steel we exported was worth about £17 4s: per ton."—Liberal Paper.

The most hidebound Protectionist must now admit the advantages of Free Trade—in arithmetic.

RIVAL DOCTORS AND A PATIENT,

Characters:

An Expert Free Trader. An Expert Protectionist. Myself.

Myself. As one who never professed even the elements of political economy I should be greatly obliged, gentlemen, if I might have the assistance of your expert knowledge. I wonder if you would mind conducting in my presence a little symposium, not too difficult for me, on the respective merits of Free Trade and Protection?

Expert Protectionist. Certainly.

Expert Free Trader. With all the pleasure in the world. Que Monsieur l'assassin commence!

Myself. Why "assassin"?

Free Trader. Because this is a rush Election. His party's idea is to take the country off its guard.

Protectionist. Isn't that what your ROTHERMERE said in

a Sunday picture-paper?

Free Trader. He's not my ROTHERMERE.

Protectionist. Well, whose ROTHERMERE is he?

Free Trader. If he's anybody's ROTHERMERE, he's yours.

I'm told he's in favour of Protection.

Protectionist. He may be. But I hear that he wants the country to have more time to be educated, and meanwhile advises it to stick to the policy of Free Trade.

Free Trader. For a multiple leader of thought he seems

to have a beautifully open mind.

Protectionist. When a man wants Protection, but also wants Baldwin to be downed, he has to have a beautifully open mind. But I too am all for education. The people have been brought up on Free Trade, and they need to be corrected. What surprises me is that you should want us to have more time for disturbing their old faith.

Free Trader. I want more time in order to confirm that

Protectionist. You want, in fact, to establish more securely the policy of No Change. If I may say so of a Liberal, you

seem very conservative.

Free Trader. I am proud to be conservative in the sense of supporting a policy which has served the country well for over seventy years. But I am not a mildewed reaction-

ary, like you.

Protectionist. No; you only go back seventy-seven years for your policy, while I go back seventy-eight. That makes all the difference. But the fact is, I am myself in favour of Free Trade—if it's not one-sided, like yours. You seem to reserve all the freedom of it for other countries. You are too altruistic.

Free Trader. That sounds rather like your BIRKENHEAD. Protectionist. I wish you wouldn't call him my BIRKEN-

Free Trader. Well, anyhow, all this talk of "having something to bargain with"—what does it mean? It means retaliation. It means that you will alienate other countries.

Protectionist. Oh, I hope not. I couldn't bear to think of Poincaré not loving us any more. By the way, you're not one of the Hats-off-to-France Brigade, are you?

Free Trader. Heavens, no! That old Syndicate stunt

won't win a single vote.

Protectionist. No; but I 'll tell you what will win votesand that is the spectacle of a Prime Minister with a comfortable majority risking everything for the sake of an honest opinion as to the best cure for unemployment.

Free Trader. I respect honesty in any man. And I respect it peculiarly in BALDWIN, whose honesty has proved the best policy—for my party. It has brought about our

Protectionist. Yes, and how lucky it was for you that he | ma han's in ma ain pockets.

sprang his proposals when he did. A little delay and he might—who knows?—have been anticipated by your LLOYD GEORGE, fresh from God's Own Country, that Paradise of Protection. I wonder what new visions he had to scrap when he came home and found that Baldwin had got in first.

Free Trader. You do a grave injustice to a great man, a man of fixed and immutable principles. All the time that he was promoting the Safeguarding of Industries Act his heart was true to Free Trade. Free Trade is the source of England's commercial greatness. It is Free Trade that has made us what we are.

Protectionist. Chorus of Unemployed: "Has made us

what we are.' Free Trader. Under Protection your food would cost you

Myself. I thought Mr. BALDWIN said that our meat and wheat wouldn't cost us any more, and that our tea and

sugar would cost us less.

Free Trader. The latter promise constitutes a flagrant bribe; the former is a proof that he hasn't the courage of his Die hards' opinions. But what of your currants and candied peel? If he has his way, the Christmas of 1924 will be a bitter one in many a blasted home. And what of the rise in the price of commodities that do not directly affect the stomach—boots, for instance, and mechanical toys and pokers and button-hooks?

Protectionist. No doubt they may cost more at first. But if I were you I shouldn't count too much on the public being scared by such a prospect. They might have been scared by it twenty years ago. But meantime there has been a war. They have grown accustomed to all sorts of fancy prices; and they may remember that, when prices

were highest, wages were highest too.

Free Trader. That was due to inflation. To-day we are

much less inflated.

Protectionist. Chorus of starving Out-of-works: "Yes, we are not very much inflated to-day." By the way, what do you propose to do for the unemployed if your party comes into power?

Free Trader. The restoration of British prosperity depends upon the re-establishment of financial equilibrium in Europe. We shall make it our first endeavour to promote

this desideratum.

Protectionist. With LLOYD GEORGE as Wizard for Foreign Affairs? I too am greatly interested in the Millennium. But meanwhile?

 $Free\ Trader.\$ Meanwhile we shall-

Myself. Meanwhile, gentlemen—and thanking you very heartily for the wise counsel which I have drawn from this most illuminating symposium—perhaps I ought to tell you that the Candidate for my residential constituency has been returned unopposed, and that I have already recorded my University vote through the medium of the

Protectionist and Free Trader (together). On the right side, I hope?

Myself. I hope so too.

O. S.

An Excessive Penalty.

"Any Person allowing their Dogs or Poultry to Stray on —— Farm after this date will be shot."—Yorkshire Paper.

"Scotsman.—Young countryman, reputed to have all the characteristics of the race, well educated, accustomed to administrative work, would welcome any opening with prospects.' Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Man, I'm just weary of ganging aboot the streets with



IN THE FISCAL FOG.

RAMSAY (the Link-Boy). "HOT STUFF THIS-FOR MY FINGERS!"



Mother. "Half-past three, dear. Time you got ready for your party at the Brownes'." Child. "OH, BOTHER! THIS 'LITTLE SEASON' IS GETTING AS MUCH OF A NUISANCE AS THE REAL THING."

ETHEL PREPARES TO VOTE.

"I DO so want to use my vote properly," said Ethel, looking up from her knitting. She stabbed a pin in her jumper book to remind her that she had just emerged from the process of knitting fifty-six stitches after casting off twenty-eight for the neck. "Everyone agrees," my wife continued, "that it is the women who count.'

"I know, dear; but I wish they wouldn't count out loud, especially when their poor husbands are trying

"Instead of being cross, darling, will you please tell me all about Free Trade and Protection?"

My ideas on these subjects are slight and sketchy. I had feared that one day Ethel would look up from her knitting, through those dreadful horn-rimmed spectacles, and demand to know all about it, and so I had mugged the subject up a little and carried about with me one or two bits out of The Times. The moment for collecting my ideas seemed to have arrived.

"You always put things so clearly," said Ethel.

I coughed slightly and began.

"We start with unemployment. The nightmare of unemployment is a malady of industrialism which-

"I know—it's fearful," interrupted Ethel earnestly.

Now there was a nice little bit to come about the policy of negation, for which Liberalism stood, and the visionary schemes of Socialism, but this wellmeant interruption caused me, as it were, to drop a few stitches.

"Yes, dear. Now take Imperial Preference."

"Oh, yes," said Ethel brightly, "I know—currants and things.'

"Well, now--'' I resumed.

"LLOYD GEORGE always says, 'Well, now,' doesn't he?" chirped Ethel.

"Oh, please, my dear, let me get along. As I was just going to explain, dried currants pay a duty at the rate of two shillings a hundredweight and enjoy a preference of one-sixth" (I had learned this bit from one of the cuttings).

"Didn't Sir John Simon say that buns were going up in price, or was it that they would have fewer currants? The Evening Standard says that he is making eighty thousand pounds a year. It seems most unfair to make all that to the rate of exchange-

money out of talking about currants and buns, while my poor old Henry-

"Yes, dear; but do let me explain about the currants. The Empire currant, along with the Empire raisin, and also the Imperial fig, if STANLEY BALD-WIN has his way, will come in duty-free with the Empire canned salmon and the Empire crayfish. We shall erect a tariff wall against which the Chinese fig, the German raisin and the-er-Russian crayfish will beat their wings in vain, while the Empire stuff comes in through the gateway. That is what is called Imperial Preference. I think we shall all agree to stand for 'Trade within the Empire'—I wish you could manage not to knit, dear, while I'm explaining.'

"I'm not knitting, dear—only my brows," she said, suiting the action to the word. "But how perfectly splendid!" she went on. "I shall vote for Trade within the Empire."

"Now," I said, warming up, "take any manufactured article-

"A table?" suggested Ethel brightly. "Yes. Now take tables. At the present time the foreigner is dumping all his tables on us at a price which, owing Ethel, to show that she took the point, interposed a chatty little anecdote about the purchase of a ten-million mark note in the Strand for twopence, by which she was grossly overcharged. "Well, we simply cannot compete," I resumed. "All our table-workers are thrown out of employment. Now, then, along comes Mr. BALDWIN. He taxes the foreigner, and-er-the tables are at once turned, so to speak. All the table-turners in this country come back to work. Tables and doors and stairbanisters find their way into every cottage and every slum; and "-in a burst of inspiration—"they keep the home fires burning."

"Oh, I'm all for that," said Ethel. "I shall vote for that. I saw a lovely afternoon-tea-table in Oxford Street to-day, and the price was shamefully

high."

"Ah, dear, I'm afraid that the price of tables will go up, not down. You see, if we protect home industry, the idea is that our manufacturers can make more tables and sell them at a bigger price and so employ more workmen."

"But won't people stop buying tables if the price of everything goes up?"

"Not everything," I said, finding myself on the defensive. "Just a few things like tables and canned salmon and crayfish. Oh, lime-juice, perhaps,

"But, darling, the poorest of the poor mainly live on canned salmon, and how dreadful if the price goes up! I shall not vote for that, if that is Protection."

"Wait, dear. It is true that the

price of articles will go up."

"Oh, will they pay you more for yours, darling?" asked Ethel with enthusiasm, clapping her needles.

"No, dear, not that sort of article,

I'm afraid."

"Well," she said with a sigh, "tell me about Free Trade. Who supports that?"

"Oh, the Liberals, with their policy of negation." (I was rather glad to get that bit in after all, though I hadn't the foggiest idea what it meant.)

"Ah, the Liberals!" burbled Ethel. "I was so touched by what Sir Alfred Mond said about the glad re-union of hearts. And wasn't it awfully sweet of dear Mr. Asquith to shake hands with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE—after the way that Mrs. Asquith has spoken about him?" she added a little inconsequently. . .

"I really don't know who to vote for," said Ethel after an interval in which she did something or other about a gusset. "I think that every citizen with a vote ought to record it. Don't you agree, dear?"
"I do," I said stoutly.

LRAVENITT

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

Candidate (arriving late for meeting). "Hullo, what's the Audience like?" Enthusiastic Supporter. "THEY'RE QUITE QUIET-NOW!"

She knit 48 purl round the sleeves while she further probed her mind.

"Who will you vote for, dear?" she asked at last.

"Oh, STANLEY BALDWIN, of course. A plain man like one of ourselves. No humbug.'

"Ah, then I shall vote for Mr. Asquith, because there are always two sides to a question," said Ethel judicially.

And she will too. She voted on this plan last time. There is no Labour Candidate in our constituency and we shall go down to the polling-station to do our duty proudly as citizens, with precisely the same result as if we were both to stay at home.

body will get his mandate from, but it who only Whitehall know?

is wonderful to reflect that through the mysterious agency of the ballot-box the will of the intelligent elector will somehow prevail, and that in the strength of it Somebody will go forward fearlessly, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

A Double Apology Impending.

"Kipling's recently delivered Rectorial address was not such an exquisite and immoral thing as that delivered by Barrie last year."

Canadian Paper.

"In the course of years the population and conditions of Whitehall have ceased to be in any way typical of . English Workers' conditions in a big town."

East-end Settlement Magazine.

I am a bit puzzled as to where Some- | What do they know of Whitechapel

TO AN ELM.

Your dome of green Has for long ages been A pleasurable feature of the scene.

Safe in your shade The numerous birds have laid Eggs from which chicks are subsequently made.

Here each young thing Has plied an early wing And, with a sire's tuition, learned to sing.

The cattle too Come from far round to you In search of peace and to admire the view,

Flicking, each one, A tasselled tail, to stun The vagrom flies—which isn't often done.

I too full oft Have come to you, and doffed My cares, and felt your influence, and coughed,

Lest I should weep, So tranquil and so deep A healing issued from you, and so cheap.

Here I have lain And gleaned my teeming brain Of its poor store of far from ripened grain;

Have even sat About without my hat, And made quite decent verses. Think of that.

Chings of the air And field may still repair To you in need or leisure; I don't care.

Not so for me. Ass as I well may be, We are no longer intimate, old tree,

Since that great bough You suddenly dropped just now Jolly near got me on my noble pow.

Dum-Dum.

AS YOU CAN;

OR, MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING.

A FEW weeks ago, my conscience, comfortably insensitive

till then, was profoundly stirred.

It began with the arrival of a letter addressed in a strange scholarly handwriting. I read through the first paragraph without realising its portent. It described the pitiable state of the London Hospital and went on to appeal for financial aid.

Now in these times such appeals are frequent, and one gets accustomed to laying them on one side with a pious wish that, at some future date, it may be possible to do something. But this latest appeal was not to be so easily ignored. To begin with it was apparently written by the Chairman himself. How many he had written like it one dreads to think; he is famous for his energy and importunity. But my conscience, stirred as it was by this personal appeal, became frenzied when I read a little sentence that ran as follows:-

"... So if you will help us, as you can, you will enable

us to carry on . . .

It will be seen that this phrase, "as you can," is ambiguous. Either it might mean "according to your means," and ous. Either it might mean "according to your means," and | "Mastiff, about 2 years, fine specimen, eat anything; fond of in this sense was not alarming; or else it might mean "as children."—Advt. in Weekly Paper.

I jolly well know you can;" and this, backed up with the personal tone of the letter, was extremely disconcerting.

There are many forms of begging which through their own futility are easily disposed of. Not so the appeal of an importunate nobleman who writes as one having access

to your very pass-book.

From the moment I received this letter my conscience pricked me day and night. I had been contemplating a new suit of plus fours, and Isabella, on our last visit to the neighbouring cathedral city, had set her heart on a set of garments, which need not be specified here, but certainly did look attractive in the glittering shop-window.

At first I tried to persuade myself that, after all, charity begins at home, and my first duty was to clothe myself and my family. But somehow or other this theory did not carry conviction. Barring a slight transparency of that portion of the knickerbockers which first fails a man of sedentary occupation, I was very comfortably clad, and Isabella has, I know, a sufficient collection of the unspecified garments in question.

For a time I was undecided whether I should have my new suit or subscribe its value to the London Hospital. I pointed out to Isabella that the same moral difficulty was attached to her projected purchase. Women are, I believe, on the whole happily free from the pangs of conscience. Anyhow, Isabella is, and on our next visit to the city she proved it.

The old story was re-enacted. The woman tempted me, and I was about to enter the tailor's and drown my conscience in a flood of tweeds when a boy passed with an evening paper. Happily for the hospital, I bought one.

A headline caught my eye:—

PHILANTHROPIST'S GENEROUS OFFER. £80,000 FOR LONDON HOSPITAL.

It went on to explain that someone had offered to double any donations given between that date and the New Year, setting the limit of his liability at £80,000. That settled it; I turned sadly away from the tailor's and joined Isabella at the cinema. Mathematically my obligation had become, as it were, $+4 \times 2$. I returned home with the very best intentions.

Arrived there, I found my pass-book awaiting me, and discovered that the nobleman was misinformed. Only the further indulgence of an already patient bank could enable me to answer his appeal. Fortunately the Directors do not know how nearly the generous philanthropist doubled my

overdraft.

But I gather that banks are run for other things than overdrafts. There are no doubt other pass-books, of which the perusal might prove more fruitful. For myself, I can only give my promise that, when the advent of the New Year makes me solvent, the London Hospital shall receive the value of my suit; and I hope very much that a promise comes within the philanthropist's scheme of duplication.

Meanwhile I shall remain minus fours. But on the first of January, when the nobleman's bags are filled and my tweed ones are worn through, I shall, after discharging my vow to him, go gaily to my tailor and with a clear conscience order a new suit. And it shall be called the "Knuts-

ford.'

If you publish this story, as you can, it will be an added balm for my conscience, for through it his appeal may fall upon more immediately fertile soil than ours.

A Dangerous Pet.





SCREEN CAPTION. "THIS DREADFUL SILENCE! WHAT WOULD I NOT GIVE FOR THE SOUND OF A HUMAN VOICE?"



Prospective Mistress (to sister applicants for posts of housenaid and cook). "If you came to me, I wonder if you would be willing to treat me as one of the family?"

TILLOTSON.

Before I knew Tillotson I used to have a very naif conception of political affairs. It seems strange to look back at those old unenlightened days. I used to imagine that our statesmen were persons of keen intelligence, actuated by the noblest of motives and desirous only of the public weal. If they had any failing, I imagined, it was ambition, by which sin (as you are aware) fell the angels.

Long ago Tillotson destroyed all these simple schoolboy ideas of mine. For Tillotson, politicians, the politicians I mean whose names have become household words, scarcely exist at all. The only men who exist for Tillotson are ment of this country at all. Permanent Officials, or, failing these, the Big Men Behind Things, the Big Business Men.

Some thrilling international crisis would occur on a difficult part of the map.

"Have you read," I used to say to Tillotson, "that speech by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs?"
"Oh, that!" he would snort con-

temptuously. "Snoop, of course."

"How do you meau—Snoop?" I would inquire. "Who is Snoop?"

"Snoop," he would say very solemnly, "is Foreign Affairs."

is Herzegovina.

And it would turn out just in the same way that Jenkinson was Education, and Blisworth was Agriculture, and Perks was War. Cabinet Ministers had practically no say in these matters at all. They muddled along as best they could until they were told to do something by Jenkinson, or Blisworth, forces at play. or Perks, or Snoop.

I don't think that Tillotson knew any of these people personally. He only knew that they were the Permanent Officials who made things hum. And Tillotson's presence that even a Prime Minister had any voice in the govern-

The Big Business Men Behind Things were even more mysterious still. Very often even Tillotson did not know their names. He only knew that they Sat Behind And Pulled The Strings. They usually Sat Behind a particular industry. They used to sit behind cotton, money you spend in the saloon the or behind steel. Or sometimes they would sit at the bottom of butter, or be very deep in oil, or in the middle of rubber, like those advertisements of tyres. And however uncomfortable the surprise. posture in which they sat they always

Or, even more portentously, "Snoop | of them very often, Tillotson and I, by the names of the particular industries which provided them with their seat.

"Cotton," we used to say, "will be indignant," or "Margarine will never allow that," or "Wool will get on its hind legs," or "Oil will foam at the mouth, if that goes through."

One had a vision of vast elemental

It was not only in England, of course, that the Big Men Behind did things. I remember that when Probibition was enforced throughout America I rather childishly suggested to Tillotson that after a time I did not dare to suggest in it was a strange revival of Puritan and grandmotherly legislation.

"Puritan be blowed!" he told me. "Don't you know what it all means? There are Big Interests at the back."

"Such as what?" I asked humbly.

"Well, the Cinema for one."

"Why the Cinema?"

" Well, the Big Men Behind Pictures naturally want Prohibition. The less more you spend at the movies. And then there is Leather. The Big Men Behind Boots.'

"Where do they come in?" I said in

"When people can't sit in saloons pulled the strings. We used to speak they naturally go out for walks," re-

plied Tillotson, "and that wears away boot-leather, don't you see? The whole thing is a Ramp."

I began to learn gradually that everything is a Ramp. The interesting point was to discover whose particular Ramp it was, and behind what exactly the Big Men Who Were Ramping sat.

The Ruhr trouble has been one of the

sorriest Ramps of all.

We have been inclined for some time past in this country to talk about M. Poincaré, in terms of extreme or of modified adulation, as a strong and masterful man. But Tillotson would have none of this.

"Poincaré! The veriest puppet!" he would declare. "I give that" (and he snapped his fingers) "for M. Poincaré. A mere figurehead of the Comité des Forges!"

It appeared then that these were the Big Men Who Sat Behind M. POINCARÉ

and pulled his strings.

I think it was rather a blow to Tillotson when Herr STINNES of Germany was discovered and exploited by the popular Press. Tillotson would have preferred to keep Herr STINNES as an unknown force sitting under the railway trains and lurking at the bottom of the coalmines and hiding with an enigmatic smile in the furnaces of the Ruhr. But I have not the slightest doubt as to what will happen very soon to Herr

"STINNES!" Tillotson will say, with the usual snort. "A mere nonentity! A mask! A man of straw! You want to get at the Big Men Behind him."

Shades of the Ramp are beginning to close about STINNES. The strings are being stretched. There must be Somebody Else who counts for more.

Naturally I went to Tillotson at once when the country was flung into the vortex, or maëlstrom, of this unexpected Election.

"What an extraordinary move!" I said to him. "How on earth do you account for it?"

"Tin," remarked Tillotson shortly.
(I think it was Tin.)

I thought about Tin for some time. I had momentarily forgotten the Tillotson phraseology. Then I pulled myself together.

"What is the attitude of Oil?" I in-

quired.

"Oil is fairly complacent," replied Tillotson. I believe he said that Oil was fairly complacent, but I am not quite sure. He may have said that | Lard?" Oil was bubbling, or else that the Big Men At The Bottom of Oil were bewildered.

Anyhow I passed rapidly on.

"Has Haberdashery spoken?" I asked.



Vicar (showing visitor his church). "The man who built that tower fought at BANNOCKBURN."

Visitor. "AH! A MILITARY MAN, NO DOUBT."

"Not with a certain voice. There is a great deal of cross-talk between Jute and Wool. The Men Behind Cotton are coming out into the open."

"And Rubber?"

"Rubber is delirious with joy."

"That is sinister," I said meekly. "Are there many undercurrents in

"A few," he replied. "Leather, of

course, has been pulling the strings."
"Not openly?" I cried in alarm.
"Of course not," he said with a sort of horror. "But it has Put on Pressure, underground and behind the scenes."

"Oh, underground!" I murmured with relief. "By the way, Tillotson, how do you intend to vote?

"The Parliamentary ballot," observed Tillotson in a didactic tone, "is, I have been given to understand, secret."

But I do not believe that Tillotson means to vote at all. I picture him as the Big Man Sitting Behind The Ballot Box lurking mysterious pulling the strings.

Our Cynical Journalists.

"Yesterday was the coldest day since the summer in London."—Daily Paper.

IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

DEAR MR. Punch,—Will you please allow me to trespass on your valuable space in order to lay before you the facts of a recent case of heredity which, I imagine, will be of considerable interest to your readers?

A friend of mine, a Mr. Windle, fell ill a few months ago and placed himself

bourhood.

The latter diagnosed the complaint as an inflammation of a certain internal organ, the name of which I have forgotten—the ampersand, let us say—and added that animmediate operation was essential.

Myfriend, withoutenthusiasm, bowed to the scientific judgment, and the operation was performed with complete success.

A month later, however, when the patient was ready to fare forth into the business world again, he was startled to learn from the surgeon that a further operation would be necessary. This time another internal organ close to the ampersand needed immediate attention.

It was a blow to my friend, but he could do nothing else but yield. The second operation was performed, and with such success that the surgeon congratulated both the patient and himself on the happy result of their collaboration.

Rejoicing in the know-ledge that his ampersand and his-was it the gnomon?-would no longer be a source of trouble, my friend recovered rapidly and was already in the solid food

stage when the surgeon broke it to him that another organ, the hypotenuse, in the vicinity of the two already adjusted, also required surgical treatment, and that he proposed to operate at once.

This time my friend began to be invaded by certain doubts and hesitations. Flattered as he felt at the success which he had achieved as a patient in the two previous operations, he felt no confidence that the third would have the same happy result.

Besides, he began to ask himself how long this state of affairs would continue. Was he to go on indefinitely from operation to operation?

The surgeon, to whom he confided these apprehensions, was absolutely

frank in his reply.
"Mr. Windle," said he, "not only do
I appreciate you as a man and a friend, but as a patient you are above praise. Your co-operation with me in our first two little affairs I recall with deep gratitude. Therefore, I will conceal nothing from you. My programme with in the hands of a highly qualified but | regard to you"- and here he consulted somewhat youthful surgeon of his neigh- | his note-book - "is to perform the not done," said he coldly.

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." VACHELL MAJOR OF THE HILL.

hypotenuse operation at once, so that you may have recovered in time to enjoy your Christmas festivities. Then about the fourth or fifth of January I propose to perform a deferred operation on the syrinx, which is really part of the hypotenuse, but for the moment must wait. That will complete the surgical quadrilogy, and you will then be restored to normal fitness."

My friend was now filled with a horrible suspicion. "Am I to understand," he asked, "that you have deliberately forgone the opportunity of performing all four operations at once, and chosen to carry them out at intervals?"

"Quite," said the other in his best bedside manner.

"Even though no extra risk would have been entailed?"

"Precisely."

"But on what grounds?" asked my friend in a tone of some surprise. "Why not have saved me all the bother and worry and expense of successive operations?"

The surgeon was unabashed. "It is

At this point the worm turned and sought my advice.

"Am I to take this lying down," said he, speaking in a figurative sense, "or ought I to charge this Dr. Octavius Mills with unprofessional conduct and have him struck off the Register?"

"Octavius Mills—Octavius Mills," I repeated. "I know that name. Let me see. Who was his father?'

"Oh, some sort of a City merchant—an alderman, he told me once."

Suddenly enlightenment came to me like a flash and the solution of the affair

lay before me. "Windle, old friend," said I feelingly, "you are the victim of the inexorable laws of nature. It is a case of heredity. The late Alderman Octavius Mills was throughout the greater part of his life a member, and for many years the Chairman, of the Highways Com-

I need say no more." "What's that got to do with it?" said Windle.

mittee of the City of London.

"Why, don't you remember the established policy of every Highways Committee? One month they tear up the roads for repairing

the sewers; two months later they open them up again for gas-piping manœuvres; some time after they operate for electric mains; and so on. For it is an unwritten law with them that no two street operations shall be carried on continuously."

How my friend proposes to deal with the matter I am not yet aware. I assume that he will write to The Times about it. Meanwhile, Mr. Punch, I give you the opportunity of anticipating his exposure of this terrible example of inherited instinct.

Your obedient Servant. JOHN- STANISLAUS TINNPOTT.



Small Boy (during "Nature Ramble" conducted by enthusiastic master). "I think a fellow that knows the difference belween a Great Titmouse and a Lesser Common What-d'ye-call-it ought to have the decency to keep it to himself."

In a Good Cause.

If Mr. Punch may be suffered to renew his importunacy after so short an interval, he would like to call his readers' attention to the splendid work of The National Library for the Blind. So quietly and unostentatiously has that work been carried on that the public knows far too little about it. It was founded in 1882 by a blind lady, Miss Arnold, in a little room at Hampstead, from which she supplied a few blind readers with such books as she and her friends were able to produce by hand. To-day the Library in Tufton Street has 10,000 readers and 92,000 volumes in Braille type, of which some 30,000 have been produced by voluntary labour. Daily it sends out 500 books to blind readers too poor to buy them, even if they had room in their small homes to accommodate more than a very few of these huge volumes.

The annual expenses of this great work come to £10,000; but no public appeal has been made till now, when the growth of the institution demands increased accommodation, which will cost £50,000. The Carnegie Trustees have recently voted £15,000 towards this necessary development, on condition that a like sum is received from the public before the extension is begun.

There are few afflictions that are borne with a nobler courage and a finer serenity than the affliction of blindness, and none—in part for that reason—that makes a more immediate appeal to our sympathies. But these sympathies must find active expression if new light is to be brought to those who sit in darkness; and Mr. Punch is confident that aid of this good cause.

Contributions should be sent to the Organising Secretary, Captain Lachlan Maclean, National Library for the Blind, 18, Tufton Street, S.W.1.

"Toc Ib." and "The Ibighway Clubs."

A ball will be held at Grosvenor House in support of the funds of these two Societies on Tuesday; December 11th. Tickets, £3 3s. each, may be obtained from the Marchioness of Salisbury, 21, Arlington Street, S.W.1. The Duke and Duchess of York will be present, and PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of ATHLONE, will receive the guests.

"The Highway Clubs," of which the Duke of York is Patron, and the Earl of Balfour President, are a group of six Clubs in High Street, Shadwell, and have a membership of about seven hundred working boys and girls, with a sports' ground in Essex, a camping-ground near Harrow, a playground in Shadwell and a cottage home in Sussex. The object of the Clubs, which can only be in part selfsupporting, is to provide recreation as well as education to

young people living in the heart of the East End.

The aims of "Toc H." are well known to readers of Punch. Our last of many references to it was made just a year ago, when the PRINCE OF WALES distributed Lamps of Maintenance to the representatives of selected Branches. Since then twelve more houses (or "Marks") have been opened and the membership doubled. One of its great needs is an increase of Memorial Rooms, like that which is dedicated to the memory of F. H. Townsend at Mark IV. his readers need only to be told or reminded of the needs of All information about the work of "Toc H." will be gladly the National Library for the Blind to give of their best in given by "The Johnaster," Headquarters, 123, St. George's Square, S.W.1.



"You know, Daphne dear, that it is very, very wrong to cheat at cards."
"But don't you
"Never."
"Then how do you ever win?"

"BUT DON'T YOU CHEAT, AUNT BETTY?"

A GREAT ARTISTE...

HURRYING to catch my usual 5.37 from Victoria I found the way blocked by a crowd outside the arrival platforms. Several photographers stood in the front row, and two cinema cameras towered over people's heads. Some important person arriving by the boat train? Foreign Prince, Prime Minister or Prize Fighter? I looked along the crowd for information. It was chiefly composed of young women, flappers or ex-flappers, some accompanied by what police reports call male companions, while others, slightly older, recent mothers, carried babies in their arms. All (except perhaps the babies) were tense with expectation, standing on tip-toe, straining their necks, dodging each other's heads to get a glimpse of the gate from which was shortly to emerge the Great Man.

"Who's expected?" I asked of a weedy youth beside me. He first regarded me with blank wonder, and then replied— "Buck Dollard." "Buck Dollard?"

"The cinema artiste," he continued, the wonder widening in his eyes.

Mr. C. Chaplin I had heard of,

Mr. C. CHAPLIN I had heard of, Mr. D. W. GRIFFITH, Miss PICKFORD, but Buck Dollard—no.

"I don't remember ever seeing him," I said.

"Well, I don't know as you would ever exactly see him," the young man said. "But you don't mean to say you never heard of him?"

. "Never," I replied. "What is he? What does he do?"

Contempt for my ignorance rapidly melted before the opportunity to instruct.

"You go to the cinema sometimes?" he asked.

I nodded.

"And you've often seen pictures of babies on the screen?"

"Often," I said, remembering the sugary "aoo" that invariably runs through the hall at their appearance.

"Well, you may have noticed that at some point they nearly always cry?"

"So they do," I assented.

"Has it ever struck you how they make them do it?"

It had not.

"I daresay you thought they ran a pin into them?"

"I've really never given it a thought," I said. "But I suppose in the cause of Art——"

"No, they don't," replied the young man, delighted at my mystification.

"Ah, I see. You mean Buck Dollard is a specially-gifted 'cry-baby,' earning large sums for his parents by his extreme sensibility.".

"Wrong again," rejoiced the young man. "No, almost any baby will do; but somebody has to make faces at them, and that's Buck Dollard's job. All the big studios employ him. He's a perfect wonder. There he is."

At the same moment the camera handles began to turn, and the crowd surged nearer the gate, through which I saw pass, surrounded by Pressmen and prominent representatives of the British Screen industry, a typical young



MR. BALDWIN. "I'VE NO OBJECTION TO YOUR LOOKING OVER THE HOUSE, THOUGH I MAY BE STAYING ON HERE MYSELF. BUT I THINK IT ONLY RIGHT TO WARN YOU THAT—THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!"



"After I've been a parson to please mother, and a judge to please father, I'm going to America to be a boot-legger."

American of the films, with those vast ham-like cheeks that make it so difficult to distinguish between the hero and the villain in Transatlantic photoplays. He bowed and smiled as he edged through the crowd, while his admirers craned their necks to catch a glimpse of him. A young mother near me held up her baby to look. The great man was just abreast. He halted, turned his face towards us. In a flash his features faded out before our eyes and instantly took on the very presentment of Old Nick. The baby caught its breath, and then suddenly there rang out above the hubbub a shrill yell, immediately drowned by the laughter and applause that rose to the roof of

As the famous artiste resumed his triumphant progress, his escort elbowing a wayfor him to the suite of sumptuous cars that awaited them, the mother, proud as though her offspring had been noticed by a queen, clasped it ecstatically to her breast, while half-a-score of young women fought to kiss the babe that had been distinguished by the gratuitous grimace of Buck Dollard.

EASTWARD HO!

II.—LANDMARKS.

(Outward after Leave.)
A HILL through the haze,
A cliff through the spray,
Late blossoms ablaze,
Green acres and grey,
A smoke on the foreshore,
Bells on the wind,
And it's good-bye to Blighty,
Falling behind,
Falling and fading behind.

Milestone and mark
In their stations arise,
A flash in the dark,
Dim coasts in the skies,
The cauldron of Biscay,
The long walls of Spain,
The heave off the Burlings—
We're outward again,
Outward and Eastward again.

Each at his post
Swings up and is gone;
The Barbary coast,
The Rock and Cape Bon,
The spires of Galita,
Old Carthage's bay,

The lurking Fratellis

Keep tryst by the way,

Tally and tryst by the way.

To comfort and guide,
To cheer and befriend,
The landmarks abide
And their message extend—
"It's a long road to wander,
A far cry to fare;

But take it in stages
You'll find yourself there,
Suddenly find yourself there."

Skerries awash,
Headland and hill,
Beacon and flash
Signal us still—
"If your loves lie behind you
There's life yet afore;
And what's any parting
But meetings in store—
Meetings, ay, meetings in
store?"
H. I

"In Mr. Asquith's constituency, Mr. Paisley, of the Labour party has split it into two camps, giving the aged ex-Prime Minister three opponents."—Daily Paper.
Mr. Asquith is doubtless much obliged to Mr. Paisley.

A BIRTHDAY BOX.

"I AM, forsooth, the father of a lady," said I to my brother James as we converged in the entrance of the

Without this accidental converging I might have remained blissfully unconscious of the very existence of James for weeks more.

Now, when a man meets his own brother for the first time for some months, and that in a public street, it behoves him to put up at any rate some appearance of common politeness. That sentiment, perhaps a foolish one, is what prompted my remark.

in my mind at the moment. Without giving it a second's thought I had led with it.

Anyone knowing me less well than James knew me might be excused for thinking it a lead to the heart. Be that as it may, he parried it without any difficulty and returned with his right to the head.

Here, to revert to the boxing metaphor, I stepped in with one to the point. It was high time, and I felt I

right to the head.
"I guessed," said he, "that something of the sort must have occurred to account for your more than usually idiotic expression of countenance."

I ignored this typically Jacobean offensive as beneath my notice, and after a pause he continued, "Why you

gift of God. And behold the stranger that is within our gates is a wonderfully small and entertaining guest."

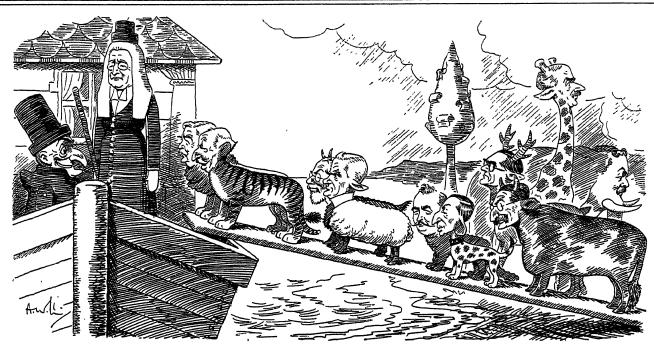
"For goodness' sake don't maudle," said James. "By the way, you have not mentioned in passing how Beatrice is."

should have no better opening.

"She is splendid, thanks," I replied, "and indeed has been wondering whether you would make a conscientious

godfather.'

He measured his length before me and took the count. For full ten Il should seem so surprised about it I seconds he stared at me with parted



THE EARLY GANGWAY: SOME OF THE GREAT UNOPPOSED.

Mr. WHITLEY.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR. SIR F. BANBURY.

Mr. G. R. THORNE. SIR HENRY CRAIK.

MR. HARTSHORN. SIR PHILIP SASSOON. MR. IAN MACPHERSON. COLONEL GRETTON.

Mr. G. Lambert. Sir W. Davison.

had nothing particular, or indeed of any sort, which I desired to communicate to or to discuss with James. Least of all should I have mentioned to him a private affair. In all the years we had lived together before I got married such an offence had not been committed by either of us towards the other; I think perhaps it was the only one that had not. Doubtless this was why he evinced simultaneous signs of suspicion and animosity.

It was not altogether my fault. As I have indicated, I had nothing of any sort to say to James, but suddenly found him beside me in circumstances, as I maintain, which compelled one of us to say something. The casus belli, if not the field of battle, could anyway be of my choosing—if I were quick

cannot imagine. kind was liable to occur sooner or later, in my judgment, seeing that you have been married for the past two years or

"I have not, however," said I, "desired this thing. Everybody knows that I cannot afford to support strangers."

"You cannot seriously maintain," said James, "that your marriage was calculated to foster that impression in other people's minds, or likely to be regarded as consistent with such an attitude in your own. Moreover, I look in vain for any traces of disappointment or dejection in your present appear-

"I am," I replied, "more dejected perhaps than I look, beneath the air which your obtuse vision cannot peneenough. One matter was uppermost | trate. But one may not cavil at the | greatly fear the name will stick.

Something of the lips, in utter amazement, before he smiled and offered me a drink.

> The subject was not broached again, but some days later a parcel was de-livered at our flat, and inside it was a noble silver goblet bearing the legend :-

> > To THEODOSIA, From HER GODFATHER, James Carslake. 24th November, 1923.

"It is very nice," said Beatrice.
"But what right has James to choose my baby's name?"

"None," said J. "But I fear it is my fault, my dear. Unwittingly I suggested it to him the other day.

Nobody but James would have got one in below the belt like that. And I

THE EIGHTS.

Letters from strangers in America are not always the most nutritious things, but the other day I received one which gave me both pleasure and pride, although not unmixed with embarrassment. Briefly, it stated that the students of the Senior High School in Trenton, N.J., had divided themselves into groups of eight (young men and young women, all being trained for business), and each group had chosen a "noted man or woman, whose life has made an especial appeal to them, as a sort of guardian." And one group, the letter went on to say, had selected me. The writer, the Principal, continued by asking me to send these young people " a few words of kindly greeting.'

Now what (with the possible exception of the phrase "a sort of") could be nicer than that? If I had been they, I could not help thinking, more or less in the words of VOLTAIRE, I might not have chosen me; but that is irrelevant. The fact to be faced was that they had chosen me, and I must now play the game and assert my guardianship. I therefore sat down, with a distended cranium, to compose my message.

How to begin? "Dear young friends?" Perhaps too formal for the New World. "Fellers?" Yes, for men only, but the presence of young women forbade it. Or, in the words of the Broad-casters, "Good evening, all?" But they might get the letter in the morning. "Ladies and gentlemen?"—too cold.
"Dear girls and boys?" But perhaps they think themselves older and maturer than that. I returned to "Dear young friends," but made it warmer by pre-facing a "My."

"My dear young friends, I am greatly honoured by your selection." Rather obvious; rather too like the opening of all chairmen's speeches. "My dear young friends, since you have made the mistake of selecting me." No, false humility is always a bore.

"My dear young friends, I am not a business man, but am as dependent as the rest of the world upon the business habits of others, and therefore I welcome this opportunity of saying a word or two to anyone on the threshold of a business career. Of course I don't know what you are going to be; but if you embrace the new national industry I trust that the liquor you put across will be sound and not woodalcohol; just as, if it is boot-making rather than legging, I hope that the leather will be of the best. If you beyou to push—not aside, but forward. I pretty and days when they are very in the waste-paper basket? E. V. L.



"Well, Mrs. O'Brien, you've got your Christmas decorations this year?"

"OCH, YER RIVERINCE, I KEEP MANIN' TO TAKE THIM THINGS DOWN. 'TIS LEFT UP THEY ARE FROM LAST YEAR."

coal-merchants, do not let your steps deviate towards the slate-quarry. If you take to haberdashery, put on gloves when you are selling collars. Above all, although it is true that in this country large commercial fortunes have been built up in spite of broken promises to customers, I implore you, when you undertake to send an article home by 12.30 on Thursday, to see that at 12.30 N.J., asking him to become a guardian on Thursday it is there.'

At that point I stopped, put the notes away to be carefully transcribed, and went out to lunch. It was one of those days on which you con-

need not name him. If you become | much the reverse. On this day I had encounter after encounter with men far below me in mental quality, even though they might be in Who's Who, and the odd thing that I noticed about them was that all of them were wearing a self-satisfied smirk; and I wondered what could have happened, until each in turn produced from his pocket-book a letter from the Principal of Trenton, of eight young persons. "A sort of guardian," it is true; but it was the identical letter.

What did I do? Well, when what you take as a delicate discriminating sistently meet people of inferior intellect | compliment turns out to be nothing but come booksellers, there is, at any rate, to yourself. There are such days, just a piece of wholesale clumsy routine, one author whose works I should like as there are days when every girl is what is there to do but put one's notes

THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE AGAIN.

ation as the ordinary man does the Privy Council or the Football Association.

Since he purchased a small car, however, he has changed his mind.

Now, unkind people used to say that the best thing about that car was the ease with which it might have been packed in a parcel and sent home by post when it broke down, which it did frequently.

Of course it was not really so small as all that, because two people could sit in it, providing they were not too well-fed, and that they took all the things out of their pockets, and that they arranged to breathe alternately-one in, and the other out.

It was a "light" car of the latest | just once have been able to drive up | diminutive proportions, and it had a nominal horse-power of five, but they at all like the one which said "Ha, ha"

made up for its weakness in power by an important noise, and you could get more smell of petrol out of it than you could get from fifty limousines.

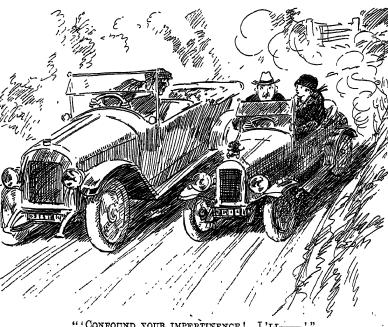
Wilfridwas very proud of that car. He used to point it out to his friends as it stood by the kerb (apparently afraid that they might overlook it, or mistake it for one of those toy ones sold by the gutter hawkers) and show them the dent in the radiator he made when he brought down a wasp on the wing. Then he used to ask them what

him Wilfrid usually lost another life-

Wilfrid was frightfully jealous of all

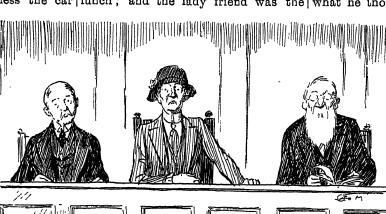
uously, his blood used to boil, and he the balmy atmosphere, but Wilfrid AT one time Wilfrid cherished the though it was a fellow-strap-hanger's his car had been on rails. opinion that women ought to be allowed equal facilities with men in every sphere of life, and he regarded the Women's Freedom League with as much vener-more expensive hat, and if he could a great big car."

"Oughtn't you to get out of the way?" said the girl, who had been looking behind. "It's a man in such more expensive hat, and if he could a great big car."



"'Confound your impertinence! I'll-

behind one on a steep hill and hoot it about it at first. He pretended to be out of his way he would probably have surprised that he had been in anybody's were apparently nice gentle horses, not exploded with pride and died happy.



"AND THERE . . . HE SAW, SEATED IN THE CENTRE OF THE BENCH, THE MASCULINE LADY."

they thought of it, and when they told nicest of all. They were pop-popping | bit and disappeared. exuberantly along a road just wide enough to accommodate two vehicles when he heard behind him the raucous other cars, especially big ones. When hoot of a supercilious electric horn. one of those plutocratic automobiles of The noise stiffened his jaw, but he nay—luckily in a market town. It was fifty horse-power used to gather up its made no other sign. Several times the while Wilfrid, uncertain of the car's will-

would stamp on the accelerator as stuck to the top of the road as though

"Oh, is it?" said Wilfrid through his clenched teeth. "He'll want wings to get past me."

Whereupon he slowed down and kept that car fuming behind him for five miles. Eventually they came to a part where the road widened a little. and after they had met a farm waggon the driver of the rear car managed to come alongside Wilfrid before he could get position again. He was dressed in a tweed cap with a stand-up collar and a stock and looked like a peppery old Master of Hounds. His thin wrinkled face was purple with rage, and he spluttered out in a hoarse voice, "Confound your impertinence! I'll-

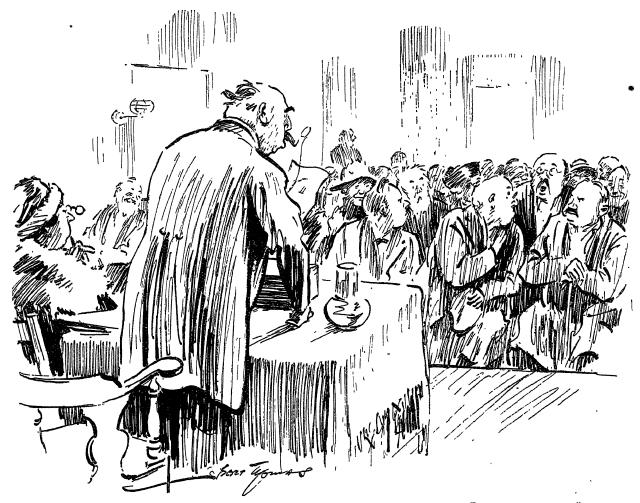
Wilfrid was quite sweet-tempered way, until the infuriated gentleman One day he was taking a lady friend called Wilfrid's car a "beastly little to the trumpets. These horses seemed out for a joy ride in rural Essex. It toy made in Germany." That annoyed was a nice day; it had been a nice Wilfrid, and he proceeded to tell him don to-day." Nevertheless the car lunch; and the lady friend was the what he thought of him and his car.

He had still a lot more to say when the other driver suddenly ran in front, stopped by a cross-road, and got out to take Wilfrid's name and number.

Then Wilfrid realised that the lower half of his antagonist was clothed in a tweed skirt. It was a lady—that is, providing you could manage to overlook the language she had used towards Wilfrid.

However, Wilfriddidn't wait. It was a problem that wanted thinking out in peace and quietness; so he scuttled round the corner like a startled rab-

Apparently it was his unlucky day. Five miles farther on his car began to develop noises like a syncopated dance band, and eventually it stinted and said skirts and swish past him contempt- horn obtruded its aggressive note upon ingness to get them home that night,



Candidate. "If the gentleman who is so facetious will kindly stand up I will answer him." Heckler. "WOTCHER MEAN? I AM STANDIN' UP."

was putting the nice girl in a train that he first came into conflict with the law.

How much he had offended he did not know until he saw the summons. His crimes were (1) Leaving his car unattended with the engine running. (As he said, he simply had to. If he'd switched it off, it would never have started again, and they simply wouldn't hear of his taking it on the platform with him.) (2) Obstructing a passageway. (Here again, as Wilfrid said, the offence was merely technical, because he himself saw several people step over it without any trouble.)

But his misdemeanours did not end here.

Finally, when driving off, he was charged with travelling at eighty miles per hour in a crowded street. (Wilfrid said that this was true—the only true thing in fact that the policeman saidand he wants some day to get him to sign a sworn statement to that effect, for use when he disposes of the car, although the distance travelled at that pace was only about ten yards, and siders it a mistake to let her occupy down a one in three incline.)

An indictment like this was not to be disposed of by a polite letter enclosing a ten-shilling note as a fine. Moreover, he learned that the Chairman of the bench of magistrates was a perfect terror when it came to dealing with motoring offences. The only thing to do would be to go to the Court, apologise all that was possible, and try to work on the Chairman's feelings on the plea of youth and effect in question is really not at all inexperience.

So Wilfrid went.

And there, as he entered the Court, he saw, seated in the centre of the Bench, the masculine lady who had driven the big car which he had held up so long that fatal day.

guess why Wilfrid is no longer a supporter of the Women's Freedom League. He says that woman's sense of justice | He ought to have called it The Twelfth is C3, and her sense of humour he consigns to the same contemptible category.

And until she shows a marked improvement in these qualities he conany public office.

FROM THE REVUE POINT.

A DRAMATIC critic has recommended revue managers to visit the Kingsway Theatre, where Twelfth Night is being given, in order to study one of the scenic effects.

Those who have acted on this advice have agreed, we understand, that the bad. As to the rest of the production, however, they hold the opinion that, like all Shakespeare's works, it falls far short of revue standard. The omission of comic business with beetroots in the garden-scene is not the only mistake. The real weakness lies in the Perhaps you can now make a shrewd | title. In calling it Twelfth Night the author missed a great chance of building up a really snappy entertainment. Nightie.

> -, in a special interview "The Duke of with our representative, envisaged a ying twofiseater which could be used either in the air or on the road."—Evening Paper.

> We fear his Grace's lunch must have disagreed with him.



"AH, MR. BLINKS, I BELIEVE YOU WERE TRYING TO CUT ME." "No, no, really—it's only my short sight. I assure you I often pass people whom I really want to see."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE intelligent interest which modern musicians take in poetry is constantly receiving fresh and welcome illustration. Perhaps the most signal and remarkable instance of this admirable enlightenment is to be found in the following entry on p. 339 of the November | Associated Newspapers, Limited? issue of The Monthly Musical Record :-"OBITUARY.

BROWNING, OSCAR. The famous Poet, whose many lyrics have been set to music. In Rome; aged 86."

Nothing is more remarkable in the annals of English letters than the way in which poets, after achieving considerable success in their youth as writers of lyrics or even metrical works delongue haleine, have turned aside to other callings and pursued them with even greater success to an advanced age. The notion that poets are a short-lived race is the result of a rash generalisation from a few exceptional instances, such as CHAT-TERTON, KEATS, SHELLEY and BYRON.

It is true that we have to deplore the loss of "the famous poet, OSCAR BROWN-ING," but he at least attained to a ripe | the Winter Sports "bookings" by the | the recent concert of the Balalaika

a few illuminated souls like the Editor of The Monthly Musical Record, are aware that the famous Elizabethan dramatist, Thomas Marlowe, born in the year 1564, is still, at the age of 359, one of the most active members of the journalistic profession, the Editor of The Daily Mail and Chairman of

The re-emergence of NEWMAN in the billiard world, and of MACAULAY and CHAPMAN in that of cricket, are too familiar to call for notice. But we trust The Monthly Musical Record will continue its patriotic efforts to recognise the merits of eminent men who by the adoption of another Christian name or another calling convey the erroneous impression that they have ceased to exist, when they are in reality still in the full flood tide of their beneficent activities. There is a persistent rumour that the illustrious Italian composer, Corelli, is still alive, though he has given up writing music and attained considerable popularity as a novelist.

The remarkable effect produced on

"Alpine" Symphony has not escaped the attention of our railway companies and other organisations for the providing of facilities for excursionists. We have received the scenario of the "Cornish Riviera," a symphonic poem, the result of a commission given to Sir Edgar Quantock, and the headings promise a rich acoustic treat to all who wish to revive memories of the Delectable Duchy or to explore its beauties. They are as follows: Westward Ho! Departure from Paddington; Deepthroated puffs from the great engine, "Pretty Polly Perkins"; View of Windsor Castle; Five-course Lunch at sixty miles an hour; Brunel and the Broad Gauge; Corridor Soap; China or Indian Tea; A Somerset Folk-song; Devonshire Cream; Cornwall at last; Tin Mines, Tintagel and Trelawny; Cornish Methodism v. Casinos; Plus Fours at Poldhu; L'Art nouveau at Newlyn; By Charabanc to Coverack; Pilchards and Prawns at Penzance: their Superiority to the Mediterranean Sardine; The Lizard and the Dinosaur.

The favourable notice bestowed on old age. But how many people, except | successful first performance of STRAUSS'S | Orchestra can hardly fail to lead to fruitful imitation. The method is comparable to that which has long prevailed in the sphere of the Fine Arts, in which we are familiar with the oneman show. Here, it is true, there is not one man but many, but they all play the same instrument or type of instrument. The result of a judicious reduplication cannot be overlooked, though a certain amount of prejudice has been created by Rossinr's unfortunate remark that there was only one thing worse than a flute solo and that was a duet for two flutes.

But such a criticism, coming from a composer who conceived the function of music to be confined to a gentle titillation, is no longer worthy of serious regard. It is the noble aim of modern music not to lull us into lethargy, but to stimulate our cerebral activity to the maximum extent. And to achieve that end no means are more efficacious than an orchestra exclusively composed of the more stertorously sonorous instruments.

Something like consternation has been caused amongst instrumentalists, concert agents, manufacturers of gramophone records, and the lessees of concert halls by a recent pronouncement of Mr. NEWMAN—not the billiard player, but the eminent musical critic—on the imperative obligation incumbent on all who aspire to musicianship to acquire —if they do not already possess it the faculty of "auralizing" music from the score. "Any man," he observes, "who cannot read with perfect underderstanding the score of any song, any pianoforte piece, any violin piece, any quartette, any madrigal or part song, or the vocal score of any opera, is a poor musician.'

As no self-respecting lover of music can endure to incur the continued disparagement of an expert of such pontifical authority, the consequent spread of the habit of hearing with the eye must inevitably reduce the number of performances to a minimum. In vain has The Musical Times invoked the testimony of the illustrious Hans von Bürow, who declared that, "if anyone pretends that he can realise a score by reading it silently, then he is simply talking nonsense. I personally cannot do it." It is painful to think that Bülow, who was quite a remarkable conductor, should have been guilty of the prospective blasphemy of applying the word "nonsense" to the opinions of Mr. NEWMAN. This posthumous method will not do; otherwise we shall have critics quoting Longinus to the disparagement of Mr. Aldous Huxley, or Thucydides against Mr. Wells, or Chatham against Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.



Keen Politician (taking what he thinks to be the arm of the friend he has momentarily lost in the fog). "I don't agree with you, old chap, so let's drop politics and get a bit of lunch."

Our Amphibious Agriculturists.

"None of these suggestions are of the slightest value to the farmer who is trying to keep his head above water, on the land."

Letter in Daily Paper.

From an Election-address:-

"Mr. Baldwin announces, and I am glad to see it, that he has no intention of proposing a duty on the stable articles of food, and mentions wheat, flour, oats, meat, ham, bacon, cheese, butter and eggs in his manifesto."

With the exception of oats, there is

With the exception of oats, there is little demand for these things in our stable.

From the report of a "dangerous driving" case:—

"Defendant ran on for over 60 years."

West Country Paper.

This beats The Beggar's Opera.

"Mr. — ridiculed the elementary education given to the children—Scripture, for instance, merely meant a lot of the Kings of Israel and the ability to distinguish the mayor from the minor prophets."—Daily Paper.

But is not this rather necessary? Our own Mayor, for example, always reminds us of HABAKKUK.

A TACTICAL VICTORY AT THE POLLS.

Sir Algernon Blurge, the Imperative Candidate for West Bilgeshire, worn out by the day's arduous electioneering, flung himself into an armchair. Moodily he reviewed the events of the past week and strove in vain to gather from them some augury of ultimate success. Undoubtedly the star of the Infinitive party was in the ascendant. An old Election campaigner, Sir Algernon read in minor events a deep meaning which might have escaped the discernment of one less experienced.

A week before, for example, they had thrown chrysanthemums at him in

had thrown nothing at him in Bankham Beeches; this morning they had thrown a flatiron. Instinctively he felt that he was losing ground.

While his mind was occupied in such gloomy foreboding, his daughter Flavia entered the room.

"Father," she said, "are we going to win?"
"Chk!" replied her

father, but without conviction.

"Father," she went on, "if you win, will you consent to my engagement to Hilderic?"

Sir Algernon had long stood out against the suggestion of a matrimonial alliance between

his daughter and young Hilderic Podger, his private secretary, but he was Flavia's tearful reproaches. Besides, he could not afford to alienate any possible support, and even Hilderic might in some unforeseen way prove useful.

"If I win," he answered simply, "I will consent to anything."

from the room.

On the next night the Infinitive Candidate concluded his speech amid the customary scenes of indescribable enthusiasm, and prepared with confidence to answer whatever questions his audience might ask.

The first two inquisitors were disposed of easily by the assurances—(1) that he regarded war as a social evil of the first magnitude; and (2) that he would consider seriously the advisability of establishing a decimal system.

of domestic pets?"

Had the Candidate been aware that the dark young man who spoke was Hilderic Podger, aspirant to the hand of Flavia Blurge, he might have observed more care in framing his reply. As it was he flung caution to the winds following terms:-

"If," he said, "it were proposed to levy such a tax, formulated in such a manner that, without impoverishing the individual, it would swell the revenue of the State; in such a manner that, without encroaching upon the liberty of the subject, it would offer a new It was not on personal grounds that security to the enjoyment of property; he objected to the dastardly suggestion. in such a manner that, without inflict- He himself was not likely to be em-Little Mumford; yesterday they had ing hardship upon dumb creatures, it barrassed seriously by the levy. But thrown nothing. Last Thursday they would afford them the advantage of a the burden would fall most heavily upon



Indignant Motorist (ten miles from anywhere). "It's perfectly scandalous. All this snow about and nearly two million unemployed."

recognised legal status; if, I say, it | were proposed to levy such a tax, so in no mood at that moment to invite regulated, then unhesitatingly—yes, I would support the project."

On the night following this declaration Sir Algernon Blurge made the speech which decided the issue.

It had been brought, he said, to his notice—to his amazed notice—that his With a happy laugh Flavia passed opponent, not content with the agglomeration of philosophical fallacy and plause.) He appealed to the mothers political fantasy embodied in the official programme of his party, had on the previous evening pledged himself solemnly to the support of a measure hitherto unheard of—a measure even more monstrous, oppressive and intolerable than any yet openly espoused by the Infinitive party headquarters.

His opponent proposed to place upon the shoulders of the taxpayer a new, astounding, insupportable burden. Realising that all the tried sources of revenue "Are you in favour of the taxation | combined would not suffice to furnish | even the ground floor of the Infinitive tortoise.

Utopia, he now advocated the imposition of a tax upon domestic pets. (Sensation.)

He asked the audience to consider, and to consider carefully, the full significance of this preposterous proposal. and rashly committed himself in the It was not a small matter, but one which affected every British home. Every cat, every parrot, (Cheers.) every hedgehog, every innocent white mouse, which at that moment served to gladden the lives of the people, must in future come within the brutal grip of this tax-levying monster.

It was not on personal grounds that

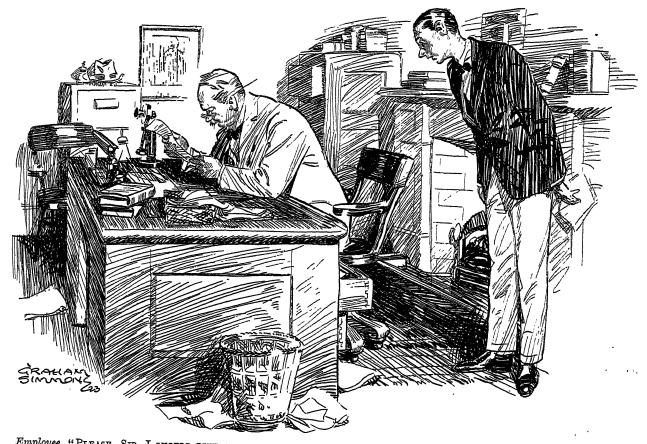
the poorest, upon the small pet-keeper. The man who had one guinea-pig or a few humble silkworms was to be the victim.

Not only was the proposal unjust, unconstitutional and fiscally unsound. There was another side to the question. He would show that the project, although disguised with a certain diabolical ingenuity, was designed to level a deadly blow at the very foundations of morality. (Cheers.) By no stretch of defi-

nition could a wife be included in the category of domestic pets. The operation, therefore, of this scheme, to

which his opponent was not ashamed to lend whole-hearted support, would be that the decent man with no wife and two rabbits would be doubly taxed, while the scoundrel with two wives and no rabbit would go scot free. (Cries of "Shame!" "Infamous!") No casuistry could avail to disguise the fact that the proposal amounted to a plain subsidy of bigamy. (Loud and prolonged appresent, etc.

The wedding between Flavia, daughter of Sir Algernon Blurge, M.P., and Hilderic Podger, was one of the social events of the little season. A unique and pleasing feature, as the newspapers described it, was the number of domestic pets received by the couple as bridal gifts, including three Danish wolfhounds, seven parrots, a hive of bees, sixteen cats, four bowls of goldfish, two dormice (male and female) and a



Employee. "Please, Sir, I should like to attend my mother-in-law's funeral."

Employer. "So SHOULD I."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"'Он yes! go in; he's quite good-humoured to-day," said my servitor at Edinburgh once to a girl-student of mine who inquired anxiously at the door of my retiringroom." To those approaching A Second Scrap Book (MAC-MILLAN) in the same spirit of eagerness and trepidation—a spirit which Professor Saintsbury delights to foster even in older and remoter disciples—I cannot do better than repeat the assurance so characteristically quoted at the opening of one of his more provocative "scraps." The predominant key of the second series of these is a generous enthusiasm for all that is best in life and letters; and if Professor Saintsbury rises to his serenest and sunniest on the subject of food and drink, and descends to his most tetchy and wayward where politics and religion are concerned—well, perhaps it is easier nowadays to vindicate sandwiches than "Ideal" WARD, and a discerning reader will remember the recipes and forget the jibes. The nine preliminary papers on "Oxford Sixty Years Since" are very pretty reading; and of the subsequent two-and-forty those on heroic literature and unambitious travel deserve the widest appreciation. For an opportune challenge adroitly sustained, commend me to "Hæresis Virgiliana"; and for a pleasant piece of "still-life" to the picture of the frontier book-stall, whose Belgian extremity flaunted the copies of Henri Rocheforr's Lanterne which it would have been treason to display at its French end.

I fancy Miss Marjorie Bowen takes her short stories more easily than her novels, and this is a mistake, for, all

its mediæval exponents calls it, uses up more calories of creative energy per page than its less laconic rival. However, though Seeing Life and Other Stories (Hurst and BLACKETT) is not quite up to the level of last year's Stinging Nettles, it has its own attractions, chief of which is the working out four or five times in four or five different ways of a very interesting formula. You take a hero of the Stevenson brand, either a youthful mixture of gallantry and canniness or a middle-aged blend of prudence and plaindealing, and you immerse him (sometimes bodily, sometimes by endowing him with second-sight) in a romantic drama already staged by the passions of others. This is the method of "Ann Mellor's Lover," "The Tarnished Mirror,"
"The Proud Pomfret," and "The Avenging of Ann Leete." It suits Miss Bowen admirably, and the best work in the book is the result of its employment. "Miss Moss" tells how an old dress-maker pays for a pathetic orgy of false sentiment; and "Seeing Life" shows the crown of an English clerk's effort to "do" Paris. These and the little piece of rusticity Miss Bowen calls "Windfalls" are perhaps the most successful examples of her dealings with the workaday world.

In case any of you, living quietly in the country, should not be aware (except vaguely) of the name of James Agare, it is possibly as well that the publisher should say straight out, on the cover of Fantasies and Impromptus (Collins), that he is "not only one of the greatest dramatic critics of the day, but also a writer of great personality and pungent wit." From the critic's point of view I am always a little embarrassed when I come across statements of this kind. Left to myself, I might possibly have used the self-same exthings being equal, the "conte, fait ou aventure," as one of pressions, but when I see them staring at me from the jacket

me to take my strongest magnifying-glass and look for faults delayed while we are given details of her earlier years, in the fabric. Yet I have always liked Mr. Agate and his which indicate a considerable mystery in the matter of her work. He is interested in so many things outside what birth. When that is cleared up and her forbears are, to may be called his legitimate province of the theatre; or let | put it politely, found to be disreputable people, we have us say that he extends his ring-fence to include anything to consider what is to be the fate of children with this taint that can reasonably be classed as a show—cricket, for in their blood? Miss Boyle faces the problem courageously example, and prize-fighting, and show-horses at Olympia, and even the works of Balzac. And he is just old enough to turn a wistful regard to the great figures of our salad days. He is charmingly distressed because he cannot find | I should add that a grim legend of the Brittany coast plays a in the pantomimes of to-day the "principal boy" of thirty years ago, and he writes with a proper touch of lyrical enthusiasm on Arthur Roberts and Vesta Tilley. The paper on Sarah Bernhardt is the best thing in this collection, but it is all most readable.

Mr. Stephen Graham has always something serious to country more perfectly, and her new book, Forty Good-night

say with a sufficiently engaging way of saying it. His Under-London (Macmillan), the story of a group of lowermiddle-class boys of more than average intelligence in a new North-east London suburb, is, I imagine, a protest against the circumscribed opportunities of those who are unable to command money or influence. "The boy who was meant to be an explorer became a commercial traveller. The boy who was by instinct a soldier fought his way in a bank . . . And so on. But life is a little like that for other than lower-middle-class boys. His youthful heroes have

plenty of mischief in them, but somehow they never seemed | bling ?—but that would mean marking the "Mouse with to me quite to come to life. Something also seems to have happened to Mr. Graham's style. "Biffbang, slish-slash, pok-pok, crangslang, all the shields resounded" is not the only sentence which suggests to me that tramping the Rockies with the admirable VACHELL LINDSAY may have its disadvantages. And I find sentences quite as unintelligible as this (written of his hero's father): "From silence he may jump to thunderous 'damns,' and from a paralysed family he may change to a door-slamming cyclone." As a matter of petty detail I doubt if "Good egg" was a pre-Boer war ejaculation. . . I ought to add that one thing is excellently done—his picture of the ardours and generosities, the disturbing jealousies and wounds, of schoolboy friendships.

My rather confused impression of Nor all Thy Tears (ALLEN AND UNWIN) was caused, I think, by the fact that Miss NINA BOYLE has overcrowded her stage. The opening scenes of the story are clear and effective enough. We can easily visualize the chief figure, a casual woman with artistic tastes and a great gift for telling tales, whose marriage with the narrow-minded Haye of Hiltern Hayes is a bad misfit. influence of drink, she returns to Brittany, where she had | that purpose may be.

of the book something of obstinacy in my character urges spent her childhood. The development of the story is enough, but has unfortunately encumbered Mrs. Haye with more children than the canvas will comfortably hold. They get in each other's way and there is too much jostling. considerable part in a story that is by no means without merit.

> The Fairy Queen is to be congratulated—but then, of course, it is exactly what one expects of Her Majesty's good taste—on having chosen Miss Rose FYLEMAN as her Ambassadress to Babyland. No one could represent her adopted

Tales (METHUEN), is only one more proof of this. They are very small stories, obviously meant for very small people, and full of the atmosphere of fairyland, even when they are concerned with such earthly people and affairs as Mr and Mrs. Twinkle and their adventures when they took Georgie, the tortoise, and Porgie, the marmoset, and Anastasia, the pink pig, in a perambulator with the baby to Hyde Park. I think myself that I like "Telegraph Pots" best -did you know that fairies cook in the insulators and that the humming noise you hear from a telegraphpole is their pots bub-



A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN BADLY BITTEN ENDEAVOURING TO OBTAIN A MEDICINAL HAIR.

Bobbed Whiskers" and "Cat's Trousers" as only second best, and that I could not do on any account.

So praiseworthy is the aim of Battling Barker (HUTCHINson) that it irks me to be unable to give the story my unqualified blessing. Here Mr. Andrew Soutar draws our attention to the evils attending certain forms of sport and more especially prize-fighting. "Clear away," he seems to say, "the pestilential people who are ruining sport, and we shall find that there is nothing wrong with sport itself." Whole-heartedly I agree with him; but also I am bound to say that his enthusiasm as a propagandist has interfered considerably with his chance as a novelist. He has made his villain a monster of iniquity, while his heroes, the fighting curate and his great friend, are presented as virtue incarnate. I admit that I enjoyed Mr. Soutar's description of some invigorating fights, in which it was easy to recognise the pen of the expert. But when I think of the pleasure that I got out of Hornet's Nest, in which Mr. Soutar provided not only plenty of incident but also excellent characterization, I find myself hoping that in his next book he After his death by drowning, due, I regret to say, to the will not thrust his purpose upon me, however admirable

CHARIVARIA.

"Do elephants sleep standing up or lying down?" is a problem which has been exercising the readers of a contemporary. As this matter was shirked by all parties during the General Election we trust it will form the subject of has been discovered in Ecuador. One an early question in Parliament.

It was pointed out by a speaker at Manchester that, if this country had Protection, eau-de-Cologne would be manufactured on the banks of the

how are Manchester people going to find their way home in the dark?

THERESA MAXWELL CONOVER, an American film artiste, is seeking a divorce in the New York Courts. It will be a quiet affair, only relatives being invited.

A baby girl born yesterday at Ormskirk, says a daily paper, can boast of two great-grandfathers and two great-grand-mothers being alive. It is very doubtful whether she really does.

* * The Scottish Early Closing Act is to be suspended for the Christmas season. The idea is, of course, to give intending shoppers a few hours longer with their bawbees.

**
Mr. Sidney Hencher complains that very few persons visit the London Art galleries and museums. It is possible that after some of the plays and revues in London nervous folk are afraid that the excitement of the museum would rush to their heads. * *

Mr. W. Rees Jeffreys, writing in The Westminster Gazette,

pedestrians to run.

An official at Somerset House has hit upon the jolly idea of sending out Income Tax demand notes just as Christmas is approaching. Our own view is that such Christmas greetings lose their sincerity when sent out in buff envelopes with enclosures hinting about money.

"Hot water sipped slowly will cure a red nose," announces a weekly journal. This is the sort of statement that sours the Brighter London Society.

Bombardier Wells is giving a correspondence course in boxing. This was bound to follow the growing custom among boxers of fighting their contests through the Press.

A new grape-fruit called stavanas famous American rag-time composer is said to have offered to buy next year's complete crop in order to rhyme it with bananas.

Irwell. But if they change the smell last Tuesday is said to have been caused rumour that he has received a message

Disgusted Lady. "Surely you are not leaving off WHEN ANOTHER HALF-HOUR WOULD COMPLETE THE JOB? NOBODY ELSE WOULD LEAVE ONE IN SUCH A POSITION OF SUSPENSE."

Paperhanger. "Ho! WOULDN'T THEY? WHAT ABAHT THESE 'ERE SERIAL STORY WRITERS?"

suggests that it is just as much an | by a flight of migratory hirds. In many offence for a motor-car to crawl as to parts of the country, flights of slaterace. We shall continue to recommend club secretaries cause a similar sort of

> A Welsh student has recently discovered a cheap substitute for coal. This must be different from the one that we've been using for years.

"Which is the more attractive of the two, blondes or brunettes?" asks a morning paper. Replies are eagerly awaited from those young ladies who have had experience in both capacities.

It is stated that a new leech, discovered in Northern Uganda, will hold were about to land them.

on to a human being for two hours and defy removal. Our heavy-weight boxers must look to their laurels.

The Bishop of CHELMSFORD has suggested that votes of thanks should be done away with. We propose a hearty vote of thanks to the Bishop for his sensible suggestion.

A man charged with stealing a number of hats is said to have admitted that hats have an irresistible fascination Semi-darkness which fell over Dover for him. We are asked to deny the

of sympathy from Mr. Winston CHURCHILL.

Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones has expressed the opinion that no one ought to go to bed after 11 P.M. But nowadays there is so little to do if you don't.

"Personally I dislike meek men," says Lord BIRKENHEAD. We have always admired the determination with which his lordship has fought against this failing in his own case.

An octogenarian lady is stated to have been composing Christmas-card verses for fifty-one years. This refutes the theory that composers of Christmascard verses invariably die young and suddenly.

A London magistrate has said that we are all criminals, and those who get found out are the unfortunate ones. His worship is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

An Election Sensation.

"STOKE-UPON-TRENT (BURSLEM). Andrew McLaren (Lab.) . . . 12,480 Andrew McLaren (Lob.) . . . 12,480

> Provincial Paper.

"In the last Parliament the Unionists held six seats in Somerset and the Liberals only one; now the Unionists hold only one seat.' Daily Paper.

There is an idea in Tory circles of re-naming the county "Double-back-Somerset."

"Scarborough now possesses a motor-car that is also a boat. One result is that angles can be conveyed straight from their doors to the fishing grounds."—New Zealand Paper.

We now await the invention of a car that will turn into a submarine to enable anglers to pursue the big fish that got off their lines just as they

THE CHILDREN'S ELECTION.

By an Uncle.

Now that your elders have ceased from raging, Ceased from their dreadful noise, Come where the shops look most engaging, Come, little girls and boys; For a spirit of peace is in the air And the woolly lamb at the Christmas Fair Is cuddled up with the Teddy-bear In the Kingdom of Lovely Toys. Hushed is the talk about Protection And the Free Trade cries are still; Now is the turn for your own election, The Voice of the Children's Will; Serious issues before you lie, But not the question of just how high The cost of commodities runs, for I Am the party that pays the bill. Here is no heckler who proposes To go for you tooth and nail; No hooligans here will bash your noses To make the Right prevail; The booths may be crowded rather tight, There may be a scrimmage, but only slight Compared with the scrap when Mothers fight Over a bargain sale.

For grown-up people who vote too often The law has its hard decrees Which nothing on earth can hope to soften, But don't be afraid of these; Children, of course, have a special grace, And you may go with a smiling face And make your choice in a different place As often as ever you please.

O.S.

THE FILM VILLAGE.

THERE is nothing of a modern upstart nature about the film village. It is generally situated by the sea, and it is old and quaint and picturesque. Guide-books would call it "a typical artist's paradise," an artist's idea of paradise being (according to the guide-book) a place where you spend most of your time bumping your head in the doorways and walking up cobbled streets constructed at angles varying

from forty-five to sixty degrees.

It is a splendidly bracing place, judging from the amount of wind there is about. The film wind is a pretty busy wind, but it manages to spare plenty of time for the film village. You see the village hero sitting on a rock with a far-away look in his eyes and his hair blowing about in the wind. A little way inland you see the village heroine leaning against a tree, nibbling an apple, and her hair is blowing about in the wind. The old village mother, waiting anxiously at the garden gate for the postman: the village blacksmith, strong, silent and sorrowful at the entrance to his smithy, and the village gossips, pushing on the plot at street corners-all appear to be standing in a terrific draught. As for the ancient postman, he is nearly blown off his antiquated bicycle. He would get about with more comfort on foot, but the film village postman knows he is expected to supply a bit of the comic element, and denies himself accordingly.

It is only fair to say, however, that the film wind does not overdo things. It does not interfere much with the film sea. When there is a storm you may see the film wind working at about a hundred miles per hour, hurling gallons of rain against the cottage windows, blowing down cow- | Does Capablanca know this?

sheds and maybe killing the villain with a special tree put there for the purpose; but the film sea is pretty much the same as in the preceding reel. "Have your storm by all means," says the film sea, "only don't bother me. I don't mind wetting the heroine when she collapses on the sand, and maybe I'll splash the lifeboat a bit, but I can't promise more than that." "That'll be all right," agrees the film wind. "Don't you put yourself out. I'll just hustle around and smash things up in the village. That'll be storm enough for them." Consequently the village population, huddled on the beach in the awful gale, and the panicstricken mariners throwing water over one another about fifty yards from the shore, get all the excitement of a shipwreck with hardly any of its inconveniences.

The film village hero is a handsome youth and he does not risk spoiling his beauty with too much manual labour. Sitting in wind-blown solitude on a rock, chatting with the heroine against a sky-line, kissing his old mother and confiding his troubles to the film dog or the film cart-horse, are about as much as he can manage in an average working day. Until one morning he finds his mother in tears (the film village mother has a sad wistful time of it) and learns about the mortgage on the old home. Then he straightens his manly figure, goes for a final blow with the heroine and starts out to make his fortune.

He has at least two sure ways of doing this. Either he rescues the daughter of a famous race-horse trainer and gets taken on as a jockey, or else he has a scrap with a

wayside pugilist and becomes a famous boxer. The physical characteristics of a film village hero are very adaptable. Either of these professions takes him into the whirlpool of high life, represented in Filmland by champagne suppers in vast glittering restaurants and a free entry to the

dressing-rooms of fashionable beauties. But a frequently

recurring dream-picture of the old village generally keeps him from being an altogether bad lad and enables him, despite the intrigues of vamps and dope experts, to win the Derby or pull off the All England Heavyweight Championship. Even should the regenerative powers of the old village fail, he need not give up hope. He has only to go to sea to be certain, after the customary tribulation, of being wrecked just off the home of his boyhood. Then all

will be forgiven.

The film village heroine in the meantime is having a perfectly rotten time of it at the hands of the Squire's goodfor-nothing son and the village gossips. She is generally unlucky enough to be the daughter of the village blacksmith and she is not at all the sort of girl that goes well with a blacksmith's cottage. She would look much more at home in the front row of a musical comedy chorus. Anyway she cannot work up any keen enthusiasm for horseshoes and old iron; and this makes her father very sad. One can scarcely blame him for believing almost anything of a daughter like that. It is sad too for her, being so misunderstood; she might just as well have been the bad girl of the family for all the appreciation she gets. But it is all right when the hero motors home, or is washed ashore, as the case may be, because then everything is explained. We see the bells ringing (close-up) and the clergyman waiting at the old church door. Everybody else is there too, including the wind.

You scarcely ever see a picture palace in the film village. It is a delightful old-world spot, and one wonders that there are not more visitors there. Perhaps it is too windy for them.

[&]quot;Mr. — said he was not out for wholesale retrenchment so as to cause unemployment, but there was such a thing, as they knew in playing chess, as improving the position by reshuffling the cards." South African Paper.



THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESENT.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS. "EXIT THE DEMON! THIS IS SIMPLY TOPPING;
NOW WE'VE A CHANCE TO DO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING."



Fair Chatterbox. "I do hope she sings something quieter for an encore. That last thing made me quite hoarse."

HOIST WITH HIS OWN RHETORIC.

Cunningham-Smith, the promising Liberal, was delighted when they nominated him for the constituency of Helford (South). The result of the last polling (1922) had been :-

Conservative National Lib. . . . 5,824 Asquithian Lib. . . 5,003 Labour

so that his prospects were indeed excellent, for, with the renewal of love as between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd GEORGE, the Liberal vote would not now be divided.

In November Cunningham-Smith went up to Helford for the first time to have an informal talk with the election agent, a new man of such push that it was said he would be capable of selling an outside brand of soap in Port Sunlight itself.

As the north-bound train moved off, Cunningham-Smith became a prey to the fear (which often besets very young politicians) that the matter for his speeches was dull, and so, above the rhythmic rattle of the train, which seemed to him to say incessantly, "Your food—will cost—you more," he began to

he whispered, addressing an imaginary crowd, "as I hastily don my armour, and as I lower my vizor before sallying forth to join battle, I am nerved by the knowledge that I am going into this fight to strike a blow in the sacred name of freedom and for the very existence of our great Liberal traditions.

"Not so dusty," said C.-S. approvingly to himself. "Now, how do I stand for humorous touches?"

A little gem at once came to his mind:

"I say that you cannot sail through uncharted seas, sunken rocks and among shifting sandbanks when you have men on the bridge who do not know how to box the compass."

Needless to say, the men typified in this figure were Conservative Cabinet Ministers. Suddenly an additional barb to the shaft occurred to C.-S. and he rapidly made a rough note of it on his cuff:-

> "Especially when you have a stowaway at the prow and a powder-monkey at the helm."

Hang it, he thought, the Chief himself could hardly improve on that (C.-S. always thought of the second-in-"As I take up mysword and buckler," I as the "Chief"), and he was still chuck- I til Cunningham-Smith's voice emerged

ling when the only other occupant of the carriage broke in :---

"What do you think of the political outlook, Sir?

"The well-being of every trade and industry is in danger of being jeopardised to gratify the passions and prejudices of politicians," replied C.-S. eloquently, but without making it clear to which party he belonged.

The stranger, apparently satisfied from this that he was in the presence of a kindred spirit, confidently turned upon C.-S. a strong jet of Liberal oratory. It seemed to C.-S. to be uninspired stuff, without the slightest promise of yielding new points for his own speeches, and, as (1) it seemed unlikely that he could silence the fellow, and (2) he did not relish the prospect of sitting in agreement with him for two solid hours, C.-S. decided that the only way to get entertainment out of the situation would be to argue with him. Accordingly he bore down suddenly upon the startled stranger from an extreme Protectionist standpoint.

There followed a ding-dong struggle. Only for a short time did they exchange arguments decorously. Soon they were speaking loudly and simultaneously, but command of the amalgamated Liberals | imperceptibly the stranger weakened unsolo, with the challenging remark, "Look at Kidderhampton."

"I know Kidderhampton. My old mother——" the stranger butted in vainly. He had uttered his last words in the discussion.

Cunningham-Smith quickly smothered him with details of the Kidderhampton braces-making industry and the causes of its decay. And as he spoke he took fire. In the assumed rôle of a Protectionist he managed to get into the skin of the part. Never had he been so persuasive. Sarcasm, satire, pathos and irrefutable logic flowed from his lips in sonorous periods. The stranger broke like a reed. All the time Cunningham-Smith, inwardly tickled, was using picked passages from his Liberal repertoire, but with a Conservative twist. Word for word C.-S. gave him "As I take up my sword and buckler," stopping short at "the sacred name of freedom." And he stung the fellow with his facetious sally, now so turned that "stowaway" and "powdermonkey" seemed to refer to two well-known Liberal ex-Premiers.

Withoutslackening in pace or abating in vigour he treated the stranger to a private rehearsal of two new high-flying passages beginning "We will erect a beacon of light as upon a headland," and "Let a voice go up in no uncertain tone from this land of sanity;" and at last, when the train was slowly steaming into Helford, he was declaiming (in the abridged version for overflow meetings) an old favourite about standing on a watch-tower.

An hour or two later, when Cunningham-Smith opened the door of his agent's office, a dramatic tableau met his eye. The stranger with whom he had argued in the train stood before a horror-stricken group, handing over to them his keys. Then, casting the orange rosette from his buttonhole into the

waste-paper basket, he dashed a tear from his eye and stumbled out of the room.

In a flash Cunningham-Smith realised what had happened. At the very outset of his Free Trade campaign he had converted his own election agent to the Protectionist cause.

The result of the polling at Helford (South) was:—

The result of the polling at Helford (South) was:—

In the wood beyond the lane

Sir James Hildebrand (Con.) . 9,864 Jack Marks (Lab.) . . . 6,963 A. Cunningham-Smith (Lib.) 827

Extract from a school-girl's letter:—
"The sixth form gave a play last Saturday, and did it very well. The play is called 'You Never Can Tell.' It is rather a feeble affair, but the girls carried it off all right."
Mr. Shaw must be told about this.



Urchin. "Please, Miss, will you send your dawg in after our 'oop?"

THE BOY WHO FOUND PUCK.

A Boy went looking for Puck one day
Through an enchanted door,
Over the fields and far away,
And he came back no more.

Puck he found and his pixie crew
In the wood beyond the lane,
And the wood and the fields and the
world he knew
Were never the same again.

They were spinning a dream which he who buys

Must pay what a dream will cost; They touched his ears and they touched his eyes

Lest ever that dream be lost.

They told him the words of elfin lore,
The little gay words with wings,
That tap at the heart—the children's

door-

And say incredible things.

Puck in the greenwood laughed and

spoke:—
"Kin to the wild is be,

Kin to the furred and the feathered folk And the whole of Faërie."

A boy ran out in the morning light, Bound on a brave intent;

A boy came back at the fall of night, But never the boy who went.

Commercial Candour.

"That Bad Tyre you want to replace, get it at ____'s."—Advt. in Motoring Paper.

be retained.

HASHISH.

IT was a pity, perhaps, to go to see Hassan again on the night of the declaration of the polls. My head was absolutely full of confused noises and conflicting arguments on the great economic question of the hour. I could not attend to the play properly. I could not get the atmosphere. 1 could not even appreciate the beauty of the language. That is why, I must suppose, the poem with which the play ends came to my disordered brain somewhat in this manner, as if it had been filtered through the mingled fog and excitement outside. Yes, it must have been that.

> Voices of Manufacturers. (Together.)

Away, for we have chosen and are content; Our business circulars will soon go forth; Lead on, O Master of the Government, Lead on, the Merchant Princes of the North.

A Muddled Elector.

Have we not Axminsters extremely fine, And English motor-cars and pots and pails, And arguments of intricate design, And Mr. AMERY and GEORGE of Wales?

· A Still more Muddled Elector. We have rose candy, excellent to eat, For which consumers will not pay the price, And such rare subsidies on English wheat As make all farmers seem in Paradise.

An Absolute Idiot.

And we have speeches in the Cobden style, And men like BIRKENHEAD with unsheathed swords, And some remain Free Traders out of guile, And some detest Protection, yet are Lords.

A Perfect Ass. But what does anybody stand to lose? $His\ Friend.$

We keep to parties, and we dare not stray. The Perfect Ass.

But who are these in patent-leather shoes, These orchid-bearers, blocking up the way?

The Orchid-Bearers.

We are the stout wholehoggers; we shall go Always a little further—it may be To taxing almost everything, like Joe, And causing men to think Imperially.

Clothed in an academic gown and hat There may be someone who can understand Economy; we did not wait for that; We took the People's Poll on Salmon Canned.

Voices.

We want Imperial Preference! Hooray! A Housewife.

O turn your eyes to where the children stand. Is not Free Trade the Beautiful? O stay!

. Returning Officers.
We took the People's Poll on Salmon Canned.

An Old Man.

Are there not foreigners across the foam Who dump imported goods from every land? This is a Drama, not the Hippodrome. Returning Officers.

We took the People's Poll on Salmon Canned.

Somebody or Other.

Sweet to ride forth at evening, when the bells Of Westminster resound along the Strand,

And think that chefs are saying in hotels, "We only have Imperial Salmon Canned."

Somebody Else.

We labour not for Tariffing alone; By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned; To bind the world with an Imperial zone We took the People's Poll on SALMON CANNED.

Master of the Government.
Way for the Polls, O Watchman of the Night! A Voice.

The votes are being counted. Those to hand Come from the dim-moon citadel of Bright.

Returning Officers. We took the People's Poll on Salmon Canned.

The Absolute Idiot.

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus. The minds of Ministers are strangely planned. A Woman.

They have their dreams and do not think of us. Returning Officers. We took the People's Poll on Salmon Canned. Evoe.

THEATRICAL JOTTINGS.

(With acknowledgments where due.)

THE popular comedian, Mr. William Griggs—known to all his friends as "Willy"—tells me that he has secured the sole provincial rights of the great pantomime gag, "I am not Widow Twankay; I'm Ma Jongg."

A novel and attractive feature at the opening of the new Bauble Theatre, which will be completed early next month, is to be the clear uninterrupted view of the stage from every seat. Should the public approve of this innovation it will

I have been asked to deny the rumour that, in the forthcoming revival of Peter Pan, certain alterations will be made to enable Mr. Darling to exclaim, "Yes, we have no Nanas."

The critics are far from surprised to hear that The Gushing Girl, the musical comedy that was produced last week, is to be withdrawn after only twelve performances. The general opinion on the first night was that it seemed a rash experiment to produce a musical show in which no fancy-dress ball was staged and in which none of the acts took place in the vestibule of an hotel.

If novelty appeals to theatre-goers, the new revue, What You Will, should be the season's biggest success. In addition to the fact that the whole of the lyrics have been written by one man, the inimitable comedian, Mr. George Croak, who again has the part of his life in this revue, will

not appear before the curtain in his dressing-gown. Spotlights.

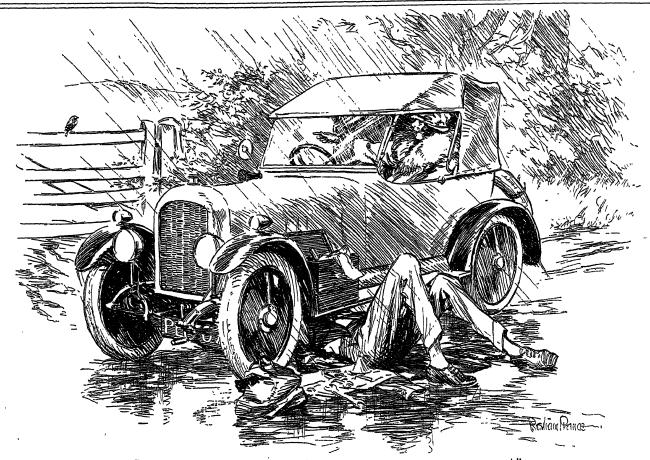
Miss Edith Goode has for the seventh time resumed her part in The Gilded Garden, and will probably remain in the cast for a few weeks.

Last Monday evening the clever revue, Sure, went into its second edition, a new song having been introduced.

"The gold in the 'Caja de Conversión' amounts to \$466.476,969·28 as compared with \$466,476,969·28 last week, \$466,476,969·28 for previous week and \$466,476,969·22 for corresponding week of last year." Argentine Paper.

It is pleasant to hear of one foreign country whose finances are really stable.





Darling Wife. "QUICK, ARCHIE! THE SWEETEST LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST!"

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT,

Now that the season of universal goodwill is once more upon us a touch of sentiment, of old-world poetry, is beginning to steal into our drab commercial world. Every year at this season it breaks out for a little while, and every year it is just as new as it was the year before. Just as new.

It is in the shop windows that you notice it first. The old-world touch it offers me is unmistakable. Its chief sign is a tendency to write "Ye" instead of "The." I don't know why. The idea is that there is something hearty about it. Calm and ordinarily unemotional citizens burst into glad carols and fling money to beggars at the mere sight of it. It conveys something of the old bluff honesty of Merrie England; it suggests wassail and boars' heads and snow-lots of real snow-and stage coaches and three-cornered hats and all sorts of jolly things. I don't know how a mere particle can do all this, but there it is. The Stores might be able to tell you.

Anyway, there is supposed to be something festive about it, and when it is combined with a free substitution of the letter "y" for "i" in our long-known a Professor of Comparative remember one's dumb friends at Christsuffering language the illusion is com- Philology grow cheerful, even animated, mas time? They are often more faith-

plete. English looks so awfully Anglo-Saxon spelt that way, and everyone knows what topping good chaps the Anglo-Saxons were. Think of HENGIST and Horsa.

As I say, it is in the shop windows that you catch sight of it first. Every day on my way to what I am obliged (for want of a better word) to refer to as my work I pass a pastry-cook's. For forty-nine weeks out of the year

CURRANT PUDDINGS, 2/- per 1b.

and the offer leaves me as cold as the puddings. But during the remaining three weeks the legend above the neat little pile of basins reads—

YE OLDE CHRISTMAS PUDDYNGE SHOPPE.

PUDDYNGES two shyllinges ye pounde.

And I respond like an icicle in the sunshine. \mathbf{I}^{T} don't mean to say that \mathbf{I} actually weep, but the blood of my Anglo-Saxon ancestors stirs within me, and I rush into ye shoppe and buy a couple of poundes for ye sake of olde tymes.

after looking at that sign for a few minutes.

But after all it is the spirit of Christmas that counts, that wonderful spirit of goodwill to all living creatures which we so rightly associate with the season. And the shopkeepers know that; they know that our hearts are kinder, that we are more sentimental at this season than at any other. I don't say that they take advantage of it, but they remind us with such gentle touches of those claims on our affection which we are sometimes apt to forget.

Even the very dogs are not forgotten. Only this morning I passed one of those ripping shops which have windows full of saddles and bridles and spurs and (if you are lucky) sometimes a stuffed horse. And there under a card which read-

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Remember Your Dumb Friends,

was a beautiful pattern made out of the jolliest plaited leather dog-whips. In the corner of the card was a dear little robin and a sprig of holly, so that there should be no mistake about the goodwill.

There was something very touching

ful than our human friends, and it is little enough we do to show our gratitude. I thought of Fido lying at home on his rug in front of the study fire, and I very nearly went inside and bought him a lovely whip for a Christmas present. How his eyes would have lighted up when he saw it on Christmas morning!

But of one thing I am convinced. We owe the shopkeepers a lot—I mean spiritually. If it were not for little reminders like this we might be in danger of forgetting all about this goodwill business one of these Christmasses.

THE PIEBALD HORSE,

YESTERDAY, coasting Ludgate Hill, I saw a vision; I see it still.

I'd boarded a seventy-something bus, Stiff with the City exodus,

And down we rolled with the roaring tide,

Clutches that howl and gears that gride, Till all at once, with a grunt and a shock, We wedged ourselves in a standing block;

And, while I watched with a vacant eye The drenched umbrellas go streaming

Between the bus and the nearside kerb Came that vision, serene, superb—
O valiant beauty, O gracious force!—
The form of a mighty piebald horse.
Thrice he tossed his front at the sky
And rattled his harness jauntily,
And curved the thews of his hog-maned neck,

Mouthing the bit with its lather-fleck, Puffing his nostrils in delicate scorn Of the petrol-fume and the tooting horn.

I watched him there, but my thoughts were gone

To the nags that prance on the Parthenon,

To the charger that Colleone sits,
To San Marco's team of brazen tits.
I heard the chariot-horses champ
And whicker across the Trojan camp;
I saw the great Twin Brethren mount
When they washed their coursers at

Vesta's fount;
And the barded destriers' galloping lines
Thunder at Poitiers through the vines;
And the roadsters jog on an April day
From the Tabard, Canterbury way;
And Duke and Dobbin that since the

nd Duke and Dobb Flood

Slogged at the collar in dust or mud, Tugging the waggon to barn or mill, Straining at plough on the windy hill. Glory! There's life in the old horse still.

Somebody says he's had his day? Swears that the engine has come to stay?



JH DOWD 23

Urchin (after short absence). "Where's that big o' bread I left on the seat? I bet that bloke's pinched it."

With his m.p.h. and his m.p.g.
Scorns the original 1 h.p.?
The world to an empty petrol-tin,
I'll back the historical Gee to win!
It's a long, long race, but never in doubt;

Wait till the fuel supplies give out.
When all the coal is grubbed from the mines

And the bores go dry on the oil-combines,

Then we shall see, in an age of gold,
On the leisurely, pleasurely roads of
old.

Wonderful times, if we're alive, With beautiful gees to ride and drive!

Mine, when the Fordian age is through, Is a piebald Clydesdale, 17.2.

Another Impending Apology.

"Pigs were well up to the average, and the Challenge Cup was awarded to the Visiting Committee of the —— Mental Hospital."

Daily Paper.

"The — Brush reaches the unreachable places."—Advt. in Daily Paper.
Frankly, we don't believe it.

From a Labour Candidate's Election Address:—

"The Capital Levy takes nothing from you unless your capital is more than £5,000. Even then it will give you back more than it takes by reducing your taxes and restoring your business."

In that case does it not seem rather a shame to restrict its advantages to the plutocrats?

MEN, WOMEN AND BUSINESS.

IT has been said that women have no business sense. As a matter of fact this is quite untrue. A lengthy process of acute observation and cunning deduction has shown me that they play the business game amongst themselves just as well as men do; and they play very rules are different.

I will try to explain what I mean.

Brown and Smith, both good and sound is in his mind all the time.

men of business. Brown wishes to sell Smith a horse. This is the sort of thing that happens:-

Smith (who knows the horse is for sale and is anxious to buy it). What about that old hunter of yours, Brown? Still going strong, eh?

Brown (who is just as anxious to scll). Better than ever! Wouldn't part with him for Best horse in the worlds. county.

S. (nonchalantly). Heard a rumour that you were thinking of selling him. Any truth in it?

B. (very confidentially). Well, I don't mind telling you, old man, that I did think of it at one time; expenses so heavy and all that, you know. But I simply couldn't make up my mind to part with him.

S. (airily). That so? I might have made you an offer.

B. (emphatically). Couldn't dream of it! Er-like to have a look at him?

They do so.

S. H'm! Bit weak in the spavin, isn't he?

B. Weak in the spavin? Why, his spavin's the strongest in the county.

S. And his hocks look a bit rocky to me. I doubt whether he'd be up to my weight.

B. My dear fellow, he'd carry two of you without looking round to see what was on his back.

S. Well, if you change your mind I'd give you fifty for him.

B. (instantly knowing that Smith wants the horse for eighty, but will pay ninety if pressed). Sorry, old man, but robbery on her part to ask any money he's worth a hundred-and-fifty of anybody's money.

S. (instantly knowing that Brown wants a hundred for the horse, but will let him go for ninety if pressed). Eighty, then. Can't manage a penny more, I'm

B. (reluctantly). Make it a hundred and you can have him.

S. Ninety.

B. Right-o!

It's all delightfully simple, you see. The seller is bound by the rules to pretend that he doesn't want to sell in the least, that the price offered is ridiculous and that the goods for sale are the best possible of their kind; the buyer, on the other hand, must make it appear that he doesn't really wish to buy at nearly the same sort of game. Only the | all, that the goods offered are worthless | this is the jumper I was telling you and the price demanded ridiculous. Then neither believes a single word that Let us first of all consider the case of | the other says, but knows exactly what |

Wife (studying Spanish history). "IT SAYS HERE, GEORGE, THAT THOSE SPANISH HIDALGOES USED TO THINK NOTHING OF GOING TWO THOUSAND MILES ON A GALLEON."

Husband. "Pooh! I never believe half I hear about THESE FOREIGN CARS.'

> With women, however, the rules, though no less rigid, are quite otherwise. They are, in fact, the exact opposite of those for men. The lady who wishes to sell something to a friend must make out that the article is utterly worthless, that it is nothing but barefaced for it at all instead of paying somebody to take it away, and that the price her friend offers is out of all proportion to the very problematical value of the article. The friend at the same time must praise the article extravagantly, and offer a sum for it that is a good deal more than she intends eventually

article finally changes hands at the price originally decided upon in the minds of both ladies, the following amenities (designed in the first place, I suppose, to soften something of the harshness of such a sordid matter as buying and selling) must first take place:-

Mrs. Brown (opening wardrobe). And about, dear; though I'm afraid you'll be horribly disappointed when you

see it.

She produces the jumper.

Mrs. Smith (ecstatically). Oh, my dear! Isn't it too perfectly heavenly? I never saw anything quite so sweet in my life.

Mrs. B. (deprecatingly). It's awfully shabby, I'm afraid; I've

worn it simply heaps.

Mrs. S. (still more ecstatically). Oh, no! It looks as if it had been hardly worn at all. I think it's absolutely lovely.

Mrs. B. (piling on the agony). And it's quite out of fashion by now. In fact I never liked it very much, really; Henry gave it me, you know, so I had to wear it now and then to please him. I can't imagine why I ever told you anything about it. It's not worth anything to sell, I'm sure.

Mrs. S. (lyrically). How can you say such a thing, dear? Why, just look at this lace. Real-real-er-quite real, isn't it? Why, it must be worth simply pounds and pounds. I should never be able to afford it.

Mrs. B. (despondently). You know, I feel a most awful pig to ask anything for it at all, but -well, I suppose it must have been worth something once, or Henry wouldn't have given it to me. And I'm so hard up this quarter.

Mrs. S. (sympathetically). But of course you want to sell it, dear; I quite understand. (Suddenly) About how much were you thinking of asking for it, I wonder?

Mrs. B. (with great diffidence). I don't know at all; it's so difficult, isn't it? Would you think five shillings was too much?

Mrs. S. (horrified). My dear! How absurd! Why, it must be worth at least two pounds!

Mrs. B. (very surprised). Do you really think so? Oh, I'm sure it can't be.

Mrs. S. (instantly knowing that Mrs. Brown wants a pound for the jumper, but hoping that she might let it go for less as she is thoroughly tired of it). The consequence is that before the But you're simply robbing yourself,



Customer. "Have you any birthday cards?"

Stationer. "I'm afraid not, Madam. It's rather late in the year for birthday cards."

dear. I couldn't possibly dream of letting you do such a thing. I don't see how I could pay you a penny less than a pound for it.

Mrs. B. (instantly knowing that Mrs. Smith had hoped to get it for ten shillings, had expected to have to pay fifteen, but will certainly not pay more). My dear, I couldn't dream of letting you give as much as that. I'm not a Shylock, you know. Well, if you're really quite certain it's worth it, how would fifteen shillings do? Though I feel most dreadfully grasping to take such a lot for it.

Mrs. S. (realising at once that Mrs. Brown is determined to have at least fifteen shillings for it and that it's no use beating about the bush any longer). Very well, dear, if you're quite sure you won't let me pay the whole pound for it. But I'm convinced it's worth much more. (Quickly) Here you are, dear—fifteen shillings. Yes, you might let me have just a little brown paper if you've got a bit handy.

Equally simple really, you see, and equally effective. The only thing that perplexes me is, what would happen if Mrs. Smith took Mrs. Brown one day at her first word?

WAYFARERS.

I.—THE HERBMONGER.

Here be herbs both sweet and strong,
Roman rose, Calabrian pansy,
Persian thyme, renowned in song
For fever brief or ague long;
Moor's balsam, fragrant on the tongue;
Golden buds of Joppa tansy,
Marjoram of Belmarye;
Come, good folk, come buy of me!

Here is powder to be sold,
Just a little. Try it, will ye?
It is but a pinch—behold!—
Yet the King would give much gold
For that pinch, if he were told

Tis the dust of that same lily Which upon her brow once set The dragon-quelling Margaret!

If you have a midriff-pain,
A tooth that pricks, a chin that
quivers,

This can make you whole again. Many noble knights, half-slain, Bevis, Roland and Gawain,

Though their blood ran out in rivers, By this powder's sovereign power Breathed and laughed within an hour.

When I came by Oxford-town
All the clerks and scholars sought me;

Out they came, in hood and gown, Some with grey pates, some with brown;

They had heard of my renown,
And good store of groats they brought
me,

For they knew, as wise men know, The worth of herbs culled long ago.

Long ago these rare herbs grew,
And the oldest are the rarest;
Plucked by moonlight, wet with dew,
They will cure your ills for you,
Yea, good dames, give beauty too,

And make fairer even the fairest.

If ye will not buy, they will

In the village o'er the hill. D. M. S.

Our Candid Candidates.

From an Election Address:—
"I have also been the means of getting many unsanitary streets completed."

From a forecast of the University Rugby match:—

"—probably gives the ball more often to his three-quarters, but he is liable to get crocked, and, if busted, more likely to be put off his game."—Evening Paper.

But isn't it wonderful, in the circumstances, that he should keep on it at all?



Joan (left in care of changfeur while Father votes). "Perkins, are you a Tariff Performer or a Free Tradesman?"

I WENT into the sitting-room with the manuscript in my hand. Mollie was lounging in front of the fire doing nothing, absolutely nothing. I want you to concentrate on that: Mollie was simply slacking when I entered the sitting room with the very elever letter which I had written to the local paper. in my hand.

"I thought you might care to hear this before I send it off," I remarked casually. We authors invariably refer to our creative work in this off-hand manner, although not for the fraction of a second would we tolerate anyone else treating it with anything but awe; that's what being an author's like.

"I've just dashed it off. It's about this Criminal Extension of the Main Drainage and Consequent Insupportable Increase in the Rates."

Mollie instantly was all alertness. I will say that about having an Irish wife-one can rely upon immediate sympathy, evanescent, perhaps, but of parti-coloured artificial silk and a is that?" and she began drumming

pushing back her chair a little (but not | For the second time I cleared my curtly, much) from the fire. "Of course I throat. "Sir..." I began. "Eigl pushing back her chair a little (but not

shall love to hear it. I'm sure it's splendid."

I shrugged my shoulders. Not that I too did not think it splendid, butwell, we authors constantly shrug when we feel anything but shruggish. We're queer clever fellows.

"It meets the case, I think," I admitted modestly. "It is calm but bitter -like a salted almond.

Mollie laughed like anything. couldn't blame her. The simile was undoubtedly apt.

"Now, then," I said, "I'll begin." I cleared my throat. "Sir . . ." I read.

Instantly Mollie jumped up.
"I'll just get my knitting," she said.
"It'd be a pity not to be occupied while you are reading. I can always listen so much better when I'm doing something."

"By all means," I said; but my voice

had no glad ring in it.
"Now, then," she observed brightly, reseating herself a few minutes later with the embryo of a jumper, a ball couple of blob-headed skewers in her certainly immediate. couple of blob-headed skewe 'How ripping!" breathed Molly, lap—"now, then, I'm ready.'

"Rather pretty, I think," suggested Mollie, holding up the infernal ball of silk to the light and putting her head on one side.

"Very," I agreed brusquely and flicked my manuscript with intention but without a trace of peevishness. A short pause; then, "Sir..." I read.

"Not too girlish," urged Mollie. "Sure you don't think it'll look too girlish for me?"

"Not a bit," I reassured her patiently. "Now then: 'Sir . . . '

"Sixes into a hundred-and-twenty?" murmured Mollie. "Will they go?"
"Go where?" I snarled (for there

are limits, you know). And I admit that I was at the moment fully competent to suggest a permanent desti-

nation for the sixes.
"Yes," cried Mollie, suddenly ecstatic, "they will. Twenty times!"

Doggedly I raised my manuscript. "Sir" I read.

"Four-and-six a hank," said Mollie.
"And it'll take four hanks. How much her fingers on her cheek in the throes of calculation. I told her the sum

"Eighteen shillings," she echoed; "and



A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

Mr. Punch (to Mr. Baldwin). "'TIS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS, BUT I CAN TRULY COMPLIMENT YOU, SIR, ON A CLEAN STRAIGHT FIGHT."



Cook. "What are we having to-night, M'm?" Mistress. "Why, I've just told you: Clear soup; fillet of sole; cutlets; cabinet pudding." Cook. "I MEANT ON THE WIRELESS, M'M."

it'd cost all of three guineas ready-made | sounded upon the sitting-room door, in a shop. Isn't that well?"

I inclined my head and suggestively

fingered my manuscript.
"Just one moment," pleaded Mollie,
her head bent low over the silken abomination. "Don't speak. I think I've dropped a stitch." A protracted pause during which I refrained from speaking. I merely poked the fire with justifiable violence. Then: "No, I haven't!" from

Mollie in triumph. "I knew I hadn't!"
"That being so," I remarked with precision, "I may as well read the letter which I have written to The Chubbi'-th'-Wold Chronicle on the absorbing subject of the Criminal Extension of the Main Drainage. That is to say, if you care to hear it.

Mollie turned upon me the bluest,

most injured eyes.

"Care?" she repeated; and I felt the meanest cad for having doubted her-"care? But, darling, that's what I've been waiting for all this time."

For the last time I cleared my throat.

followed after the briefest interval by a fourth, a more peremptory scratch.

"Oh, the poor lamb!" cried Mollie. Away went the jumper, the ball, the ing at it, crouching before it, rolling skewers. And away went Mollie to the door.

"Come in, then," she entreated. "Was he shut out? And did he want to listen to his Da's beautiful letter to the paper? Well, then, he shall."

As the dog-the stump-legged, broadbacked, silky-crested dog-came hurtling into the room with its strangely fascinating rocking-horse action I crumpled my letter to The Chubb-i'th'-Wold Chronicle into a ball and hurled it with not a little force into the fire. Or rather at the fire, for it struck a fire-iron and rebounded into the room. In another second the rocking-horse fragment. It ran as follows: "Sir . . .' had it.

"Well," gasped Mollie in admiration, "isn't that smart? Good boy! Good old boy!

I rose with dignity. With dignity also I moved to the door. There (I Three scratches in quick succession don't know what made me do it) I clothes upon temperament.

The "Good old boy" was paused. having tremendous larks with my clever letter, tossing it up and catching it, jerking it sideways and shaking it, pouncupon it and generally doing all he could to make it squeak.

My dignity left me. Mollie was already on her hands and knees growling and pretending to take it from him. I-I joined her. And when at last the "Good old boy" emerged from under the sofa there was but one fragment of splendid letter to the local paper that remained intact. Mollie retrieved this with a cry of triumph. Holding it at arm's-length, out of reach of the rocking-horse (who had abandoned frenzied leaping and was now trying the persuasive influence of mutely begging) she read aloud the

"At daylight I went to the room which had been assigned me and got into my dark crepe de chine sense of being a little more in control of the situation."—American Paper.

Another example of the influence of



THE CONTINENTAL DIRECTORY.

AMERICANS.—Americans are people who prefer the Continent to their own country, but refuse to learn its languages. It is to Paris that, as a reward, dead Americans go who were good in life; but one can also meet there Americans who must have arrived under false pretences.

Answers.—Continental answers are

very difficult to understand.

BILLIARDS on the Continent is less a form of religion than a game. Spectators at matches are allowed to talk. The balls are big and heavy and without any particular shape; the cues are like jumping poles; the tables are small, and there are no pockets. Often there are ninepins in the middle, and anyone may cut the cloth. There is no such nonsense as a penalty for a miss.

BIRDS.—Most of the birds on the Continent are in the oven.

Books.—Continental books used to be much less proper than ours; but we are catching up. They are not, however, so easy to read as ours. They usually need a dictionary, always need a paper-knife and are never bound in anything but paper. This means that the bookbinders have a good time. Continental another. We like you roasted, we like you spatchcocked, we don't in the least agree that 'a chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled;' we think that without assistance from you a risotto wouldn't be worth having. Many a time and oft, after a long day's tramp or a mountain ascent, or even a

novels are always in their five hundredth thousand.

Breakfast.—There is no breakfast on the Continent, but Englishmen order

wo eggs

CHICKEN.—The chicken—in all its manifestations, young, old, male, female and egg—is the Continent's best friend. In England it is still something of a state dish, and you will ask for it in vain at more inns than not; but on the Continent no auberge or trattoria is too small to produce either a poulet or a pollo, with an omelette to precede it. "O hen," I should say, were I a poet in the mood for an ode-"O hen, we don't much admire your silly face; we are ashamed of your greed; we are pained when you run away and refuse to be friendly; we hate the noise you make; we hate even more the noise that your husband makes; but we can't get on without you. You can always be relied upon to fill a gap, one way or another. We like you roasted, we like you grilled, we like you spatchcocked, we don't in the least agree that 'a chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled; we think that without assistance from you a risotto wouldn't be worth having. Many a time and oft, after a long day's

motor run, you have saved our lives. You come to the rescue when beef is tough and mutton underdone, and even more so when there is no meat in the house. For you have the priceless merit of adjacency. Other food has to be bespoken, but there you are!

"And, O hen, your fruit! What should we do without your eggs? It is an excitement to find them, it is a joy to eat them. We like them boiled (four minutes for mine), we like them fried, we like them poached; best of all we like them with bacon. But bacon is better at home, O hen, than on the Continent. In France they call it lard (the shame!) and are sparing with it; in Italy they call it lardo and are even more sparing of it. For eggs and bacon England is the only place; but for you, O chicken, in all your manifestations, the Continent!"

Thus, were I a poet, I should sing But I am no poet, and so you must either be left unsung or the service must be performed by Mr. Years (who won the Nobel Prize for less), or Mr. Bridges (who invented the Great Silence), by Mr. A. E. Housman or Mr. Kipling, by Mr. Binyon or Mr. De la Mare, by Mr. Squire or Sir ——ry Newbolt.

CHURCHES.—English travellers on

the Continent are liable to severe shocks of surprise on finding that the churches are open all day and every day. It is even possible here and there to enter the chancel of a cathedral without having to pay a fee.

CLARET.—This beverage on the Continent is served stone cold, unless you particularly ask that it should be

warmed.

COLLARS.—Noscientific man orphilosopher has ever yet been able to explain why the button-hole at the back of a Continental collar is horizontal, while that of an English collar is vertical. A man can become an F.R.S. and still have no theory as to this astonishing disparity.

COMIC PAPERS.—Continental comic papers have the same pictures every week, and, even if the words underneath them are changed, it is the same joke.

Concieres.—Whatever fluctuations may occur in the government of the countries of Europe—though Kings or Kaisers fall and anarchy reigns—the conciere will still be in control. Nothing can shake the power either of him or his wife. They sit at the door by day and move their bed to the door by night. They see all and hear all. They know who enters the house and who leaves it. They cannot be put off with falsehoods. If they don't like you they can make your life a burden; and if they don't dislike you they can do it too. Money can placate but it can never buy them.

CONSULS.—No one has ever seen one of these elusive creatures. The most he has seen is an underling who is sorry the Consul isn't in and can't say when he will return.

CORRIDOR.—This is the part of a Continental train reserved for those passengers to whom, as they stand conversing or looking at the scenery, it comes always as a shock, very reluctantly realised, that other persons should want to pass.

COURIERS.—A courier is a man whose profession it is to look out slower trains and engage worse rooms than anybody else.

CUSTOMS-HOUSE.—A Customs House is a place where otherwise scrupulously truthful men say they have nothing to declare. When the officer finds their cigars they say that a fool of a servant must have packed them against orders; but as they cannot speak the language the officer does not understand, and if he did he would not believe.

(To be continued.)

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"All the time-saving devices in the fire stations have been installed to save time."

Scots Paper.



Manager of Drapery Stores. "What do you mean by arguing with that lady? Let her have her own way. Remember, a customer is always right." Assistant. "But she said we were swindlers."

COMMERCIAL FAUNA. I.—The Mo.

Now, first of all, there is the Mo; I'll tell you all I really know

About this wretched creature; He lives on Caribbean plains And cackles loudly when it rains, Like icicles on frosty panes;

His noise is quite a feature.

His tongue is smooth, his coat is rough; For nutriment you find him stuff

His maw with tripe and trotters; He lives within a little den, And goes to bed at ten to ten, And memorises, now and then, "Time Flies," and similar motters.

His face is gaunt, his speech is mixed; In movement he is something twixt

A tortoise and a slow hare; They hunt him down with nets and glee, Or poison him with cowslip tea, And thus enable you and me

To lace our shoes with mo-hair.



Hunt Secretary. "I wanted to ask if you would subscribe to the Hedge-cutting and laying competition?"

Elderly Sportsman. "Certainly not. But if you get up a gate-hanging fund you can put me down for a fiver."

VINTAGE.

I have no palate for port, but it would have been most impolitic to tell my rich uncle so.

Accordingly I had a standing arrangement with the butler, an old friend. He would whisper the countersign as I straightened my tie. "Sixty-seven, Master Harry."

We lingered pleasantly after dinner, watching the candlelight imprisoned in the ruby glow of a very good glass of port.

"Now what do you think of that?" said the genial old man.

"Ah, now, that is a port. Don't find 'em everywhere nowadays. Sixty-seven, Sir? Am I right?"

"By Gad, Harry, it is a pleasure to dine a man who does know a wine," the old man roared. The decanter approached smoothly, enticingly. A decent little cheque rose comfortingly above the horizon.

That was months ago. But last week! "Eighty," whispered the faithful Perkins. I stepped confidently into the dining-room, to find my Aunt Mabel there—the most tyrannical of Uncle's sisters. Uncle scowled. He scowled even when the nuts came on and his fingers closed around the glass's slim stem.

"Ah, now, Sir, that is port," I sighed. "Eighty, I should fancy."

My accustomed ritual was cut short by an explosion as Uncle took his first sip. Perkins came hurrying to the table in response to a ring that might have galvanised the Seven Sleepers.

"Where the ["Oh, Uncle!"] did you get this?" the old man boomed. "What the ["Really, Uncle!"] do you mean by bringing me such ["Come, come, Uncle"] stuff?"

Aunt Mabel could not but hear, and came to the door.

"A little surprise for you, John," she explained. "Port is so bad for your gout, you know; so while Perkins was

downstairs I changed the decanters. This is Pinklebury's Medicated Wine, which the dear Doctor says will be so much better for you."

I have no rich uncle now; at least, none to speak to.

"WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE . . ."

[A weekly paper informs us that, owing to specialised breeding by fanciers, the bull-dog of to-day is neither strong nor a fighter, but "an absolute fraud."]

Believe me, Maud, I was not inconsistent
When, yestermorning early, burglars came,
And, having heard their movements faint and distant,
You woke me up and signified the same;
Though backward, certainly, you may have deemed me,
You err in thinking that you'd failed to read
My character aright when you esteemed me
One of the bull-dog breed.

Because I missed the chance that Fate provided Down in the dust my reputation's sunk; Would Drake, you ask, have ever done as I did? Did Clive or Cromwell ever play the funk? Nay, rather, they'd have risen up to grapple. With each robust marauder in a twink, Grasped him severely by the Adam's apple And cast him into clink.

Not mine the blame because I did not do so;
Your judgment, dear, had wandered far astray;
She is indeed in grievous error whoso
Interprets thus the modern bull-dog way;
When at your call I showed no signs of moving,
But deemed instead the time was fully ripe
To sink again to slumber, I was proving
Perfectly true to type.

CANUTE AT SOUTHEND.

AN UNRECORDED EPISODE.

"Egbert," said Canute to his favourite man-at-arms, "these courtiers are getting a bit beyond. No man appreciates a kind word more than I do these trying times, but everything has a limit. Really the sheer unadulterated flattery they are handing me out nowadays is getting past a joke. Only yesterday Edmund the Obsequious came out with the remark that I had but to say the word and the sun would stand still in the sky. Now I ask you, Egbert, does not that sort of remark almost amount to pulling the royal limb?"

"I have noticed a distinct tendency towards hyperbole, your Majesty," replied Egbert, "and, as you say, it is getting a bit thick. Couldn't you arrange to give them some sort of a lesson on the

subject?"

"A lesson?" queried the King.

"Well, a sort of object-lesson," answered Egbert. "When they come out with a remark like that, suppose you pretend to take them at their word?"

"I see," said the King; "that's rather a good scheme. But how am I to be certain that someone will make such a remark when the others are about?"

"I might make it myself," ventured Egbert. "I mightsay, for instance——" and his voice sank to a whisper.

"Good!" said the King. "And then I say, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no farther!' Let's try it again to make certain we've got it right. You start.... That's right. I think we've got it off pat now. Just take this down, will you?—

"'Orders for to-morrow. Courtiers will fall in at 3 P.M. 300 yards due S. of the H in SOUTHEND. Chain-mail will be worn and battle-axes carried at the trail. H.M. King Canute will review the parade at 3.15 P.M.'"

Promptly at 3 P.M. next day the courtiers were marshalled on the sands by the major-domo, and at a quarter-past Canute arrived, followed by Egbert carrying a deck-chair.

"Put it down as near the sea as possible," said the King. "Gather round,

Gentlemen, please."

The parade formed itself into a semicircle round the King, who sat down on the chair and gazed at the sea.

It was as calm as a millpond. The King and Egbert scanned the horizon anxiously. A tiny wavelet broke on the sands and rippled gently towards Capute's feet.

"O King!" started Egbert.

"Don't rush the business," whispered Canute.



P. T. Instructor. "The orders was to parade in Gym. costume and cardigan." Why ain't you got your cardigan on?"

Recruit. "I don't need no cardigan when you takes the parade, Sergeant."

Patiently they both waited for the wave that was to give Egbert his cue.

"O King!" began Egbert again.

"Not yet," said Canute. "Move my chair nearer the sea." Egbert moved the chair down as near the water as he could. The company, who were beginning to be bored by the proceedings, waited in respectful silence.

"O King!" began Egbert once more.
"Stop!" shouted Canute. "Fetch
me yon sailor-man; I would have speech
with him."

The mariner was fetched and made obeisance.

"What time is high-water to-day?" asked the monarch.

"Two hours agone, your Majesty," answered the sailor.

Canute rose from his deck-chair and

glared wrathfully at Egbert.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning to the courtiers, "we will all meet here again to-morrow, but at eleven in the morning, when I expect to have an important announcement to make. Dis-miss!"

"Witless one," he hissed at Egbert. "I told you that was an old Tide Table."

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"The Perfect Pen for a Politician!
A '____' Pen
_will write anything."

Advt. in Daily Paper.



Father of Family (at Museum). "This 'ERE IS THE HOSTRICH-NOW EXTINCT." Wife. "But, dear, surely the hostrich ain't extinct?" Father of Family (tenaciously). "Well, This one is."

REVOLUTIONARY SCIENCE.

BY A STUDENT OF THAUMATURGY. Professor Joffe's epoch-making discovery of a means whereby rock-salt can be treated so as to be transformed into a new metal of a strength infinitely transcending that of the most tempered steel, has already produced the widest repercussions in the world of scientific

invention. It may not be generally known that for years Professor Gaffe, of the University of Reykjavik, has been engaged on researches with the view of reviving the decayed whaling industry. His efforts have at last been crowned with complete success, and a recent number of The Cachalot, the official organ of the industry, contains a full account of the results of his experiments in treating the fat of whales and other cetaceans. From this gelatinous and sebaceous substance train-oil has in the past been extracted, but it has been reserved for Professor Gaffe to prove that an infinitely wider field of utility has been hitherto overlooked by those who have concentrated their attention on its value

with cultures of the bacillus Colocotronis and then subjecting it to injections of radium at a temperature of 500° Plantigrade, Professor Gaffe has produced a substance which foreshadows a complete revolution of most of the aspects of modern life, and in particular that of locomotion. It is enough to say that the blubber tyres which he has now fitted to his car are not merely unpuncturable but indestructible, that their resiliency is unparalleled in the annals of political elasticity, and that theoretically they are absolutely incapable of deflation.

It is only right to add that the reports of Professor Gaffe's discovery have been so far received with a certain amount of caution by the magnates of the rubber industry in this country. For example, Sir Joseph Blogg, who was interviewed by a Punch representative last week, said that it was impossible to form an opinion on the data at present available. He pointed out, however, that research along the lines indicated was already being conducted in this country by Mr. Amos Mimram. In one of his papers recently read before the Internal

how, by a method of tarantulating large quantities of red currant jelly with the antennæ of the anopheles mosquito, he had succeeded in producing ligneous filaments with a tensile strength of 10,000,000 lb. to the square inch. The trouble was, however, that this wonderful strength disappeared in a few hours, probably owing to a squambingular rearrangement of the molecules.

On the whole Sir Joseph Blogg was of opinion that for the moment the paramountcy of vegetable rubber was not seriously threatened by the results of Professor Gaffe's experiments. It was largely an economic question, and the cost of the production of blubber tyres was at present prohibitive.

Professor Didlington, the eminent psycho-physicist, took a somewhat similar view. He attached more importance, however, to the experiments which were being carried out at the Sherlock Laboratory by Messrs. Gulliver Hodge and Donnan Coyle with the view of manufacturing artificial diamonds out of ectoplasm, and the conversion of cucumbers, by a solidifying process, into batons or life-preservers as a lubricant. By inoculating blubber | Combustion Club Mr. Mimram tells | for the arming of the police force.

In this context one ought not to overlook the remarkable development of the sausage industry in East Anglia which has resulted from the investigations of Professor Bloomer, of Coventry. This is one of those curious examples of a commodity, produced for one specific purpose, turning out in the long run to be equally or even more useful for another. The sausage, originally manufactured as a portable and palatable article of diet, and then for a while as an indispensable adjunct to provide comic relief in the harlequinade of pantomimes, has now at last come into its own, in a condensed and solidified form, as a synthetic substitute for horse-hair, feathers and other substances used in the upholstery of domestic furniture and railway carriages.

But this brief catalogue by no means exhausts the possibilities opened up by the Professor's experiments. In his view the sausage, when properly treated, is capable of serving with the utmost potency as a missile, an explosive, an ornament or as building material. It will, he thinks, ultimately revolutionize the fabric of modern society and, just as we speak of the Stone, the Iron, and the Bronze Age, so in time to come the era of its full glory will be known as

the Saus-age.

Here again a note of caution is sounded by Sir William Spragg, the famous expert on condensation, extraction and refrigeration. Interviewed by our representative on Saturday, Sir William disclaimed any desire to speak disrespectfully of the sausage. "It is bound up," he remarked, "with my life-long memories of one of the most typical British institutions—the Sunday breakfast. But for that very reason I confess to a grave misgiving as to the consequences of this attempt to tamper with its nutritive functions. We scientists know how terribly dangerous it is to monkey with the atom. I cannot resist the conclusion that it may prove even more perilous to disintegrate the notoriously obscure and diversified ingredients of the sausage.

"Nor is it correct to regard Professor Bloomer as the pioneer in this movement. The idea of using condensed sausages as solid tyres occurred to the Italian engineer, Balmi, in pre-war days, but was soon abandoned. I would not prohibit all experiments on the sausage, but would confine them to those with a dietetic motive. Otherwise the results might lead to a social as well as a scientific revolution."

"Births.—To Mr. and Mrs. — \$25.00." Canadian Paper.

How they must have wished it had been triplets!



Visitor (to Bride). "MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU? OH-ER-IS THAT YOUR HUSBAND?"

Commercial Candour.

"Hullo Everybody! A half-bottle of good wine for less than 1s. sounds impossible. Write for list of - Ciders and prove it." Advt. in Daily Paper.

"I don't think it is a good thing that we clergy wear any kind of clothes," declared -, at a conference of the Church of Canon —, as a Canonic England Men's Society."

Lincolnshire Paper.

The weather is very bad for this scheme.

obtained a record just after 9 o'clock last night of a fairly strong earthquake shock, which appeared to come from 1,500 miles away. He was not able to fix the direction exactly, but the carthquake occurred either in Greenland or in the vicinity of Turkey or Greece." Daily Paper.

"Exactly" is good.

A Concert, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York, will be given in aid of the Inns of Court Mission, by the Past and Present Choristers of the Temple Church, on Tuesday, December 18th, at 8 o'clock, in the Inner Temple Hall. The programme will include Folk Songs and Carols. Tickets, 10/6 and 5/-, may be obtained from the Treasurer's Office in each of the Four Inns of Court, or from Lady Bankes, 45, Eaton Square, S.W.1.

"The town clerk is at present undergoing overhauling and cleaning. The north face will have a new centre of plate glass fitted." New Zealand Paper.

We shall now be able to see his nice clean soul.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

WHEN the General Election took place in 1963 there were only two political parties in the country and only one newspaper proprietor. This had been forescen many years earlier, but no one appears to have fully envisaged the remarkable political consequences.

The parties were the Realists and the Idealists. The newspaper proprietor

was Lord Bullhide.

Starting as the owner of a mere half. dozen dailies, Lord Bullhide, by sheer persistence and power of shoving, eventually secured the crest of his ambition and controlled every newspaper, London and provincial, daily and weekly, morning and evening, throughout the realm. Two months before the date of the General Election he had captured the last of the independent journals. Where his agents had failed, he, by a masterly stroke of financial audacity and an unparalleled exhibition of will-power, had personally bought outright the Chughampton & District Weekly Gazette and Sheep Breeders' Adviser. Walking casually one morning into the private room of the owner, he had coolly written a cheque for a million pounds, and the thing was done. Henceforward the Press spoke only with his voice.

His fortune was estimated at a hundred-and-four millions. His power and influence were rumoured to be incalculable. According to the popular idea, which his papers did nothing to dissipate, he was in effect the autocrat and sole arbiter of the politics and social life of practically the whole

United Kingdom.

Lord Bullhide was an ardent Realist, and the entire weight of the Press was enthusiastically thrown into the fight against Idealism. The Chimes thundered, The Flail shrieked, The Tidings squealed, and all the other papers up and down the country screamed, yelled, stormed and generally combined in one mighty symphony of noise, threats, argument and abuse hurled against the unfortunate Idealist party. It was undoubtedly the most amazing Press campaign the world had yet witnessed. Leader-writers, paragraphists, foreign correspondents, social, literary, dramatic and sporting specialists, all directed their most strenuous efforts towards the common object. Hundreds of tame cartoonists poured out thousands of laughable and biting cartoons, the ideas for the best of which usually emanated. it was said, from the fertile brain of Lord Bullhide himself.

Even the domestic journals joined lustily in the fray. Home Snips mixed tremendous indictments of Idealism | As the Vicarremarked, "That's torn it."

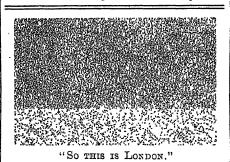
with recipes for jugged hare and hints on the care of the teeth. The Ladies' Indispensable gave away ten million paper-patterns of a camisole on which were printed twenty-four concise arguments which devastated and pulverised the Idealist case. The Infants' Playhour published a remarkable poem, beginning:-

> "Baby, make your Daddy vote; See that Mummy with him goes; Crush the fierce Idealists, Save the Empire from its foes."

On Election Day the morning papers surpassed themselves. If any man or woman in the country had any doubt on which side to vote it must have been due to total blindness and deafness.

The people methodically studied the papers over their breakfasts, as they had been doing for weeks past. They read nothing but political news and arguments, because on that morning nothing else had been provided for them to read. Eventually they finished their breakfasts and laid down their journals.

"Damn the Syndicate!" they said,



and went off briskly to the pollingstations.

When the final returns were made known the new House of Commons was found to be constituted thus:-

> Idealists 750 Realists 0 Idealist majority 750

The Press took the shock without wincing. With complete unanimity it called attention to the scandalous fact that, although out of the thirty-six million odd votes cast at the General Election no fewer than eleven thousand one hundred and nine had been given for the Realist Party, that Party was nevertheless unrepresented in the House of Commons. Simultaneously it inaugurated a slashing campaign in favour of a Fascist movement, which would place the government of the country in the hands of the intelligent minority.

"The organist and choir acquitted themselves well in the rending of the anthem." Parish Magazine.

DISILLUSION,

["If a mosquito is having a meal on your body, let it finish. It is more dangerous to brush off a mosquito than to let it have its fill. If you allow it to draw its proboscis out of the skin it has then probably sucked out again all the poison it has put into you. A Professor of Entomology.

IT seems we were sadly mistaken; The teaching we held to be sound Is now fundamentally shaken, Uprooted and hurled to the ground; A practice we deemed was essential To health in the Tropics is but A bagatelle inconsequential, A fetish effete and "gone phut."

From Tuticorin up to Quetta, Jalandhar to gay Bangalore, We 've waged an unceasing vendetta A whole generation or more; No quarter was ever suggested Towards the unspeakable foe, No respite until we had bested

Anopheles, Culex and Co.

Although 'twas not easy to trace him-So stealthy his movements and sly-We strained every nerve to efface him The moment we knew he was nigh; At times, when we managed to spot him, We ruthlessly put him to rout; At others we waited to "swat" him And thrilled as we flattened him out.

But now we are greatly astonished To learn we have harassed and curbed A foe that, if kindly admonished Or, better still, left undisturbed. Will, when he has playfully fought you, Proceed to put everything right, Repairing the wrong he has wrought you And silently steal out of sight.

In short, the elusive mosquito Preparing to puncture your skin Is harmless if only left free to Complete what he chose to begin; To view his incisive proboscis As vicious, malignant and curst, An error outrageously gross is,

Admitted, our early emotion Was mingled resentment and pain To think of the years of devotion To duty, all futile and vain;

A bubble conclusively burst.

But now we are eager to holla Our praise, and applaud to the skies The entomological "wallah"

Who opened our ignorant eyes.

At the meeting of a literary society:— "The members are displaying talents hitherto undreamt of and Mr. — gave Mary Antony's speech."—Scots Paper. From Julia Cæsar?

"In a cheque-book found at --'s was the London representative of a large Japanese firm."—Evening Paper. Resourceful little chap! Hid under the counterfoil, we suppose.



Nurse. "Miss Betty, you really must scrub your back well."

Belty (in difficulties). "I WISH I WAS ALL FRONT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE was once a superior critic who made the illuminating remark that Mr. Kipling's style was absolutely formless. What he really meant (if he meant anything) was that he could not see how it was done, and all unawares he paid the author a very high compliment. Scouts and Guides, to stories what it is to be a real craftsman. When a job looks as if it couldn't be done any other way, then it is rightly done. If they think that because it looks easy it is easy, they are mistaken. If they conclude that to achieve the best the utmost pains are worth while, they are right. Such are the lessons implicit in this volume of heroic tales, from "Winning the Victoria Cross" to "An English School," and in the cheery verses interspersed like "linnets singing in the pauses of the wind." I like best "An Unqualified Pilot," "The Bold 'Prentice," and that little masterpiece, "The Son of his Father;" probably because they are touched with the old irresistible Indian magic. Boys and girls of today cannot know, as their more fortunate elders knew, the thrill with which Victorian England was stirred by the beguiling voice of the young man from India with the strange name. Clerks in the City used to go without a dinner or two in order to buy Plain Tales and Barrack Room Ballads. To-day the children of that epoch, now well on in years, are still reading the works of Mr. Kipling; and the artist, not yet old—he will never be really old—is the friend and playmate, counsellor and poet, of their children.

How fast the Middle-West is replacing New England as the fictitious stronghold of sterling American character! In Jane—Our Stranger (Heinemann) Miss Mary Borden not only derives the heroine of her Parisian romance from Michigan, but actually sends her back there, a piece of humanity which you will thoroughly appreciate when you have read the story of Jane's life, as related by her brotherin-law, Blaise de Joigny. Blaise, a cripple and an intellectual. whom Mr. Commissioner Kipling's Land and Sea Tales is Jane's uneasy apologist to his family and his family's (Macmillan) are addressed, may learn from these delightful uneasy apologist to Jane. The first half of his narrative is told in his own words, the second half in Jane's—as remembered and set down by Blaise after his last visit to her American retreat. Blaise reconstructs from hearsay Jane's Puritan youth, gives an eye-witness's account of her iniquitously-contrived marriage with his brother Philibert, and describes the hopeless antagonism of Jane's ideals and those of the world in which her wealth has ranged her. His direct narrative leaves off at Philibert's open unfaithfulness; and Jane's story deals with her vain effort to disentangle her own life without losing control of her child's. It is a large canvas ambitiously covered with a curious intermixture of subtle work and crude. The best things in it are the portraits of Jane's belle-mère and Jane's little daughter. But I don't think Miss Borden realises, any more than Jane does, the transcendent appeal of "Jinny."

> To many biographers their task has no doubt been a labour of love, but to few of them has it been more completely enjoyable, one would think, than to Colonel C. H. Melville, writing The Life of General Sir Redvers Buller (Arnold). One feels that that famous soldier must have exer-

cised upon the author—whose personal acquaintance with him was of the slightest—something of his almost unique faculty for inspiring unsought admiration of himself in those who had never seen him; and indeed the present record goes so far to explain and justify enthusiasm that even a hardened reader of biographies must not count too surely on escaping a touch of it. If there is a fault to be found with Colonel Melville's work it is that he spends too much time on controverting criticism that has perhaps already died a natural death; but this minor failing is easily forgiven in an author who argues, when he does argue, with great force and conviction. In Canada, in the Sudan, in Ashanti, in Zululand Sir Redvers had a knack of getting into the hottest of the fight, and his record favours pictorial description. If in the second Boer War, with which, of course, his name is most generally associated, he knew He is punctual at the station. So is the train with Polly,

defeat as well as victory, his biographer at least is prepared to swear that no one else could have done better in the circumstances; while his less known work as founder of the Army Service Corps is claimed as great enough in itself to establish a permanent reputation. This is a book that contains all the elements of drama, handled by a writer who makes most admirable use of his material.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, in The Finger-Post (Collins), gives us the history of a family of master-thatchers. When we first meet her, Mrs. Durrant, already the mother of a son, was expecting an immediate addition to the family; and this addition she and her husband had decided was to be a girl. The new arrival turned out to be a boy "that could be squeezed into a quart pot," and when his father saw him he condemned him in one sentence. "He'll never be a thatcher," he said; and he was right. The elder boy grew up handsome and strong, a thatcher to his finger-tips.

The younger, Joseph, who was puny and ugly and could not climb a ladder without feeling sick, was a very irritating inmate in a household of master-thatchers. For many years he was an object of more or less good-natured scorn to his family, but eventually he showed that what he lacked in brawn he made up for in brains. His intellect unfortunately had a quite horrible kink in it, but it helped him to make money, whereas his father and brother became increasingly poor. Perhaps the most striking feature in an ably-written story is the revelation of the characters of James Durrant and his wife, their love for each other, their pride and their fecklessness—a revelation so clear and illuminating that our sympathies can follow them every step of the way as they travel down the hill.

day is Joe Bendrox's, whom I should judge to be a distinctly | The new organist would appear to be a heavyweight.

good fellow, with no morbid passion for work and with very sound judgments in the matter of food and wine. He wakes, disgustingly fit, on a peerless June morning to "a singing of little birds and an undertone of ten thousand insects. Do you, by the way, get that undertone in England before breakfast if you breakfast, as our hero did, at the normal hour? This was after a shave which went exceeding well and a swim; a ride, too, which was a delight, with his cob's lightly-thudding hooves ("Oh, Polly is coming, oh, Polly is coming, she really is coming to-day") reminding him that his wife of eight years' standing and seven months' absence is returning after lunch. Well, there 's all the morning to smoke and read and drift about and think of it. Lunch itself does not betray him; the cook is adequate, the guests intelligent (Bendrox himself is no fool).

and she's as lovely as he remembered her. And they ride together to the ideal little house which a legacy has enabled him to buy for her. And so forth. A chronicle of simple pleasures, written with such zest as to banish boredom and make us share something of Bendrox's appreciation of the cob and Spot and the old Madeira and Polly and his pipe and his disquisitions on life and livers.

Mr. Punch gives his fatherly blessing to Mr. ALAN P. HER-BERT'S The Man About Town (HEINEMANN), which is mainly: a collection of the series of articles with that general title that have recently appeared in these pages over the familiar initials "A.P.H." The volume also includes a smaller series, " Never Again; or, People I don't Play Golf with Twice" the film story, "Coral Island," from our last Summer Number, and sundry other articles, all, with the exception of two, reproduced from Punch.

Mr. Punch also welcomes the appearance of Sca Songs

and Ballads, 1917-22 (METHUEN), by Miss C. Fox Smith, which contains, in addition to some poems not before published in book form, selections from four previous volumes. For those who have followed the work of "C. F. S." in Punch no praise of her gifts is needed; and if you possess her Sailor Town Days, with its drawings by Mr. W. Phill SMITH, you will be glad to find in the present volume some further examples of the work of this clever artist.



COMING FROM CHURCH IN EARLY, OR BIRKENHEAD, TIMES. "How do you like our new officiating priest?"

"I ADMIT HE'S CLEVER, BUT HE SEEMED TO ME RATHER A SLOPPY SENTIMENTALIST. I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT HE WAS ONE OF THOSE SILLY IDEALISTS WHO WANT TO ABOLISH HUMAN SACRIFICES."

A Super-Centenarian.

"Mr. , although he had passed the seven score years and ten allotted by the Psalmist as the span of life, was as brisk and energetic as many men twenty years younger."—Welsh Paper.

Quite a good idea of Mr. Bohun Lynch's to set out to describe the jolly detail of A Perfect Day (Collins). The day is Joe Bandrog's whom I should be described by in Joe Bandrog's whom I should be described by in Joe Bandrog's whom I should be described by in Joe Bandrog's whom I should be described by in Joe Bandrog's whom I should be described by in Joe Bandrog's whom I should be described by the latter of the Parish Church, took up his described by the latter of the Parish Church, took up his described by the latter of the Parish Church, took up his described by the parish Church and t

CHARIVARIA.

THINGS appear to be settling down again. We haven't had a General Election for nearly a fortnight.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is reported to have said that his idea of heaven is a General Election every day. We can only hope—but doubtfully—that there is a Scotland Division in the upper regions of the Next World.

The first Mah-Jongg tournament has taken place in Kensington. It is still hoped however that the outbreak may be localised.

possible in the future by means of a pair of wings attached to the shoulders. The more optimistic among us are hoping for haloes too.

A weekly paper informs its readers that the Ancient Greeks played a game strongly resembling football. So do some of our professional football teams.

The lady plumber has arrived, says a weekly paper. This is very unusual in the profession.

A nephew of Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER has started work as an office boy. We understand that he whistles only the most expensive tunes.

Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL says there is been to the pictures and seen a custardpie burst on impact?

STANLEY BALDWIN, besides being interested in agriculture, is very musical. And we understand that he also dabbles in politics.

Seven hundred Paris policemen went on strike one night last week. Burglars on night duty decided to remain at work in sympathy with the police.

According to a gossip writer, Sir ROBERT HORNE intends to spend Christmas in Scotland. We hope this puts an end to the cruel libel that Scotsmen never spend anything.

The London "Safety First" Council | players who were admitted to hospital has arranged a competition for drivers | were found to have overblown themof road-vehicles. The statement that selves. a good head of pedestrians has been secured and excellent sport is anticipated lacks confirmation.

sent to prison for three years for demanding money with menaces. We don't believe that even a warning like this will make our tax-collector say "Please."

According to a Paris message, M. Poincaré will deliver a speech on New Year's Day which will be broadcast to Britain. It was feared that something A scientist asserts that flying will be of the sort might happen some day.

SURPLUS STOCK.

From left to right: Mr. Arthur Henderson, Sir Robert Sanders, Mr. NEWBOLD, SIR ALFRED MOND, SIR MONTAGUE BARLOW, MR. MCCURDY, ADMIRAL SIR R. HALL, MR. SAKLATVALA.

We hear of a new malady known as "dancing face." We had no idea that modern dancers went so far as to step on no humour in America. Has he never this portion of their partners' anatomy.

Another revolution has broken out in Mexico. It is generally felt that if According to a gossip writer Mr. this is merely a practice revolution the proceeds should be devoted to the local to act. A curtain-raiser, of course. charities.

> A new species of earwig, the Diphlora Netocolsa, which infests the hedge-rows of Hertfordshire, has been discovered by Mr. Hanson-Jeffries. We understand that it will not attack passers-by unless thoroughly annoyed.

So many people are listening-in nowadays that waits are said to be experiencing great difficulty in making themselves heard outside. We understand that only yesterday six cornet- He should do well at listening-in.

According to a science journal explosives may now be rendered harmless by the judicious spraying of a new compo-A man charged at the Old Bailey was sition named "Eucolophisin." Many husbands who annually receive cigars as a Christmas gift are said to have applied for a price list, with sample, of this humane preparation.

> The first Franco-German football match since 1914, played a few days ago, ended in the French winning 5 to 0. It is rumoured that the French intend to occupy the playing pitch until their opponents hand over six footballs and

eleven jerseys as indemnity.

Arathascarriedaway twelve Treasury notes, the savings of a Birmingham labourer, who had hidden them under a loose board in the floor. There is some talk, we understand, of making the rodent an honorary slate-club secretary.

Attention is drawn to the large number of new names in the latest edition of Who's Who. It is thought that it will eventually be found advisable to issue a handier volume under the title Who's Not Who.

By order of the Fascist Government a large ship is to cruise in South American waters with examples of Italian manufactures. The icecream department should be a revelation to Patagonia.

Mr. G. B. Shaw is said to have written a new play that will take three weeks

The authorship of a new book entitled The Romance of Excavation has been wrongly attributed to a dentist.

Why Oxford Won.

"The many friends of Mr. Charles Dalby, son of Major Dalby, of Castle Donington, played in the winning Oxford Fifteen, on Tuesday, in place of Mr. Macdonald, who was ill."—Provincial Paper.

"Young Man, 20 cars, is willing to accept any job offered."—Argentine Paper.

THE BALDWIN-ASQUITH SECRET MEETING.

Scene—The Billiard Room in the basement of the Athenaum Club. As the curtain rises Mr. Baldwin is discovered pacing up and down between the fireplace and Table No. 1. He has discarded his pipe and is smoking a club Borneo by way of disguise. There is nobody else in the room.

Mr. Baldwin. I am not feeling very happy. I do not like these clandestine assignations, which are not in keeping with my reputation for pellucid candour. I wish he

would come.

[Stealthy footsteps are heard approaching. Presently a furtive eye appears at the little window in the door. Mr. Baldwin advances cautiously and applies his own eye to the little window. Having satisfied himself as to the ownership of the first eye, he opens the door noiselessly. Enter Mr. Asquith, wiping his upper lip with a moistened handkerchief.

Mr. Baldwin (melodramatically). You have come, then? Mr. Asquith (careful not to commit himself). To the best

of my knowledge the answer is in the affirmative.

Mr. Baldwin. Where is your disguise?
Mr. Asquith. As I descended the stairs I was in the act of adjusting a small military moustache when it slipped to the ground and I inadvertently trod upon it. On its recovery it showed indications of considerable damage, the adhesive element being compromised beyond repair.

Mr. Baldwin. Take my pipe instead. You have never, I think, been photographed with a pipe. (Hands him the famous Baldwin briar.) Let us sit down here where we

can catch the sound of anyone coming.

[They place themselves on the raised seat for billiardspectators, close to the door, which is left ajar.

Mr. Baldwin. You have heard, no doubt, the results of the Election?

Mr. Asquith. I have. And I take this opportunity of offering you my profound condolences.

Mr. Baldwin. The same to you, and many of them. (A pause.) I trust you are not inconvenienced by the weather. Mr. Asquith. Thank you. I find it somewhat enervating

after the bracing climate of Paisley.

Mr. Baldwin (with affected casualness). It may interest you to know that I have just come from the Cabinet Meeting. I felt that you might like to hear of our decision.

Mr. Asquith. I greatly appreciate the courtesy that dictated that sentiment. You have, I presume, decided to

resign at once?

Mr. Baldwin. On the contrary, we have decided, in deference to the principle laid down by Mr. Gladstone (Mr. Asquith acknowledges the compliment to his great leader with a slight bow), to remain in office, at any rate till the meeting of Parliament.

Mr. Asquith (on a note of reserve). Ah!

Mr. Baldwin. Whether we carry on or not after that will depend upon circumstances over which-

Mr. Asquith (dexterously diverting the threatened trend of the conversation). Is Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD cognisant

of your decision?

Mr. Baldwin. Not yet, but I propose to tell him. I couldn't very well ask him to join us here, as he is not a member of the Club—at present. As a stranger he would not have been permitted to penetrate beyond the open hall, unless I asked him to dinner. In any case his appearance in the Club would have necessitated a disguise, and I understand that he was not prepared to sacrifice his moustache.

Mr. Asquith. Would it not have been simpler to communicate with me through the medium of the telephone?

Mr. Baldwin. There was a further matter on which I wanted to consult you very confidentially.

Mr. Asquith. Whatever may be the subject of your proposed confidence—and I can hazard no conjecture as to its nature—it seems to me that we might at any moment be interrupted by members of the Club intent on recre-

Mr. Baldwin. Listen! (He places his ear to the ground and confirms his suspicions of approaching footsteps.) Quick!

This way!

[Gliding swiftly down the room he conceals himself under the far billiard-table. Mr. Asquith follows him with marked reluctance. Enter Two Athenaum Sportsmen.

First Athenaum Sportsman. Care for a game?

Second Athenaum Sportsman. Pleasure.

First Athenaum Sportsman. Any choice of table? Second Athenaum Sportman. What about this one? It's warmer up at this end.

[They proceed down the room to unsheathe their cues. The cues hang on the wall by the far billiard-table. It is a tense moment for the refugees, but they remain unobserved. The game begins.

Mr. Baldwin (to himself). If only Curzon were here instead of me! I'd let him have my job, and welcome.

Mr. Asquith (to himself). I could wish that LLOYD GEORGE were in my place. I would willingly resign the leadership of the Party in his favour.

[The curtain is lowered and raised to indicate the lapse of one hour. The original game is still in progress.

Mr. Asquith (in a very low voice). What's the score? Mr. Baldwin (in a very low voice). I can't see from here. They ought to have a billiard-marker. I heard one of them say "60-55" a few minutes ago.

[The curtain is lowered and raised to indicate the lapse] of three-quarters of an hour. The original game is

still in progress.

Mr. Asquith (in a hoarse dry whisper). I want my tea. Mr. Baldwin (faintly). Bear up. They're 99 all. First Athenaum Sportsman. Rotten fluke. Sorry.

[The Two Sportsmen proceed down the room to sheathe their cues. There is another tense moment under the far table, but the peril passes. Execut the Two Sportsmen. After a short interval for safety Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Asquith emerge. They occupy some few minutes in relaxing their cramped limbs, Mr. Asquith taking a little more time than Mr. Baldwin over the process.

Mr. Baldwin. To recur to the matter which I was

about to-

Mr. Asquith. I think not. The moment does not appeal to me as adequately auspicious. I am not disposed to risk the advent of another pair of billiard-players.

Mr. Baldwin. Perhaps you are right. If we were discovered and it got to RAMSAY MACDONALD's ears-

Goes to the door and peeps out to see if the way is clear. Mr. Baldwin (courteously). After you. I will follow at a discreet interval. [Exit Mr. Asquith independently.

Mr. Baldwin. A nice situation this for an honest man! (Suddenly, while about to relight his cold Borneo) By the way, talking of honesty, he never gave me back my pipe! [Throws discretion to the winds and exit in rapid

pursuit. O. S.

A Marvel of Modern Surgery.

Letter from schoolboy's mother to the head-master: "He was suffering from his head, but I took him to hospital and got it well, he has had it off and on since he was about two years old."

. "At a lecture . . . the Rev. —— said he had seen a pair of bluetits destroy seventy-five caterpillars per hour."—*Evening Paper*. Unfortunately it's too late to do anything about this now.





THE PLAY'S THE THING."

 $Small\ Boy.$ "It's all jolly fine. I brought my people out to buy me presents. This is about the seventh shop we've been to, and I can't get 'em away from the shows!"

SOMETHING USEFUL IN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Pauline emptied the contents of the money-box out on the floor with a clash. After I had retrieved two halfpennies from under the bookcase we had a count, and the total was oneand-fourpence. A further search and a recount brought it up to one-andsixpence.

"Now," said Mummy, "you'd better think about what presents you are going to buy. What about Daddy?"

Pauline wrinkled her brow and heaved a portentous sigh. "Men are so difficult," she said at length. "They don't need anything 'cept suits-or an apple (this was my present last Christmas)—or—or pre-haps I'd better get him an ornymint, bettn't I?

I had once had an "ornymint" for my birthday—a most distressing lion, made of some transparent soapy sort of stone, designed to hold papers down. It fell on the floor a week later and burst asunder, and I thought I should never have heard the end of the donor's wailings.

rather a waste giving Daddy ornaments. He's such a smasher. Why not think of something really useful?"

Pauline turned on me at once. "What could I get useful?" she inquired.

I pondered deeply, but it was no good. "I tell you what," I said brightly, "I'm going to an auction sale this afternoon to buy a present for Mummy, so you can come with me and help, and perhaps there'll be something useful there for me."

So we went to the sale together. Pauline was entranced, and when I nearly lost my Waterford glass rummer to a dealer and then just got home by a neck (at an absurd figure) she was beside herself with excitement. When I suggested our going home she wouldn't hear of it.

"But there's only rubbish left now," I protested. "We'd much better go and look at the shops instead."

"I want to stay," said Pauline tensely. "You see, pre-haps I might be able to buy a useful thing for your present."

I glanced at the last page of the catalogue and was reassured. So we "I think," said Mummy, "that it's stayed. The auctioneer waded slowly

through iron combination bedsteads, lengths of garden-hose, ebonized whatnots, linoleums-as-laid and other squalid and dusty Penates, and I began to nod. Suddenly I felt small hot fingers clutching my wrist.

Pauline was gazing raptly at the sale table, whereon a grimy porter had just planted a battered doll's-house of incalculable age.

"Oh, Daddy, I would so like to have that lovely doll's-house!"

"But, Porgie," I said feebly, "it's

a most filthy old thing; besides——"
"I do want it so badly," she whispered.
"Lot 259," snapped the auctioneer; "and the last lot. A doll's-house, slightly worn."

There was some ribald laughter at this outrageous description, and in the general shuffling of feet and opening of doors I lost the remainder of the announcement.

"What may I say for this lot? No bid? Come along, I'll take anything. Half-a-crown? No? Well, two shillings? All right, Mrs. Cohen, one shilling. It's a scandal, that's what it is, but we must have a start."

Pauline clawed at my sleeve. "I've

got one-and-six in my money-box," she whispered. "Do you think I could win the doll's-house?"

I glanced at Mrs. Cohen and felt more than doubtful. "I don't know," I said, "but you can try. You wave your hand to the man in the box."

"One shilling I am bid," resumed the oracle wearily. "Lot 259. Any advance on one shilling? Going at one shilling —last time." The hammer rose, and with it Pauline's small hand shot up in mute appeal. The auctioneer started and then grinned broadly.

"Thank you, Miss," he said. "Oneshilling-and-sixpence I am bid. Mrs. Cohen, you're going to get a run for your money. At one-shilling-and-six-

pence—for the last time.".

I looked at Mrs. Cohen and she looked at her rival. Then her uncompromising features relaxed, and she made no sign. "At one-and-six—lot 259. Going-

going—gone!"

. % x'c .

Afterwards we went to collect our spoils, and I took the opportunity to pull my daughter's leg.

"I thought," I remarked sourly, "that you were going to buy me a

present.

Pauline looked rather abashed and drifted off to talk to the grimy individual who was handing over the goods. Presently she returned in a state of great excitement.

"There's other things what I've won besides the doll's-house," she announced. "There's lovely presents for Mummy and you too. I'spect you'll be ever so pleased."

"What on earth are they?" I inquired with considerable alarm.

"You must guess," said Pauline triumphantly, "'cos I won't tell you. It's to be a great surprise, and you'll have to choose."

She rushed off again to the grimy one, and I retrieved my catalogue from the floor and hunted up Lot 259. This is what I found:-

"Lot 259. A doll's house, an iron fender, a Dr. Macara's blood-circulator, two stair-carpet rails and a sparrowtrap."

WHAT THE ELECTION HAS PROVED.

I have been assiduously studying the Press to find out exactly what is the lesson of the recent General Election. The Election, I find, has proved many things.

It has demonstrated beyond the shadow of doubt that Protection is dead. On the other hand it has clearly indicated that the people of this country are in favour of true Tariff Reform, but are determined to have no half measures.



Reveller (who has put a penny in the slot). "Twelve-stone-five. Machine's our of order!"

It has proved that the one burning desire of the British people is to take their hats off to France. It has also proved that it is the grim and unshakable resolution of the British people to glue their hats firmly to their craniums.

It has proved that the Capital Levy is bound to come. It has proved finally and completely that the Capital Levy is dead and damned.

It has shown convincingly that the great heart of the British public is still sound at the core. It has revealed the saddening fact that Communism with its insidious propaganda has already seriously weakened their moral fibre and threatens, unless checked, to wreck our great Empire.

It is all very bewildering. For my- widows.

self, I honestly confess that, except on one particular point, I do not know what the Election has proved. But on that one point I am perfectly clear.

Before the Election I determined to make a lot of money out of one or more of the many competitions for the most accurate forecast of the strength of Parties in the new House of Commons. Well, the General Election has proved conclusively that I am a hopelessly bad prophet.

From a column headed "House-

wives Tell Each Other":—
"Widows cleaned with paraffin remain bright longer than those that are washed with water."—South African Paper.

Still we never like this perfume on our

ADVERTISING SHAKESPEARE.

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM, who recently told the old Playgoers' Club that SHAKESPEARE could easily be made popular if he were only advertised, and has suggested the use of the Shakespeare Memorial Fund for this purpose, has asked me to write a little article showing how the thing would be done. The plan which has commended itself to me as the most businesslike has been not to confine the advertisement to the plays of Shakespeare alone, but to invite the manufacturers of other articles to "come in," as the saying goes. He does not seem certain that the Shakespeare Memorial Fund by itself would be sufficient for a thoroughly extensive advertising campaign, and I should propose, therefore, to adopt the more economical method of killing as many birds as possible with one stone.

Thus:-

LET MR. SHAKESPEARE HOLD YOUR HEARTH.

SHAKESPEARE is the best-value-formoney poet in the whole world. Wherever discriminating men and women are gathered together, the word "Shakespeare" is sure to be on every lip. The exclusive critic, MATTHEW ARNOLD, said of SHAKESPEARE:

"Others abide our question, thou art free."

CULTURE PAYS

MILTON wrote:-

"Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native woodnotes wild."

NEXT SUNDAY WILL BE ROBIN SUNDAY AT PONDER'S END. TRAVEL BY UNDERGROUND

MILTON knew.

There are more beautiful passages and well-known quotations in SHAKE-SPEARE than in any other English book except the Bible. Think for a moment of the following:—

WHENEVER YOU ARE RUN OVER BY A MOTOR-CAR REMEMBER PERICLES OF TYRE

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

EXPERTS CANNOT TELL

BINGO PEARLS

From the Rarest Treasures of the Deep.

Or this—

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea Can wash the balm off from an anointed king."

USE . FIXIT POMATUM

As Supplied to the
Chowned Heads of Europe.

Or this-

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

USE MOSRAM LAMPS

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

HAVE YOU BEEN TO 'LONDON BAWLING'?

And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

READ SHAKESPEARE IN YOUR BATH

SHAKESPEARE had the broadest mind, the most humane outlook, the most sympathetic intelligence of all the poets who have ever lived. He makes an es-

BE BIG FALSTAFF WAS sential appeal to the ordinary man who has a natural taste for refinement in lit-

erature, whether he be statesman, student, stockbroker, managing director or clerk. SHAKESPEARE knew men. He understood their troubles and their cares.

WHY SUFFER MISERIES THROUGH

neurasthenia, morbid fears, grave disease, chronic gastritis, chronic gout, blushing, inability to eat, think, drink, sleep, get up in the morning or go to bed at night, when by a simple, gentle

YET THOROUGHLY RELIABLE SYSTEMATIC TREATMENT

as Hamlet said:-

"You can take arms against a sea of troubles.

And, by opposing, end them."?

A FEW LINES OF SHAKESPEARE AND A SPOONFUL OF GUSCHEM SALTS in your morning cup of tea make all the difference between Gloom and Joy.

NOW IS THE TIME TO READ SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE understood domestic life.

"Nay, this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red." HOUSEWIVES! HOUSEWIVES!!
HOUSEWIVES!!!

GET SWINK'S DYES

SHARESPEARE was a business man. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

IS' YOUR HOUSE INSURED YET?

And, liké this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind."

WHENEVER YOU GO TO A PUBLIC DINNER THINK OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

SHAKESPEARE shows the most exquisite sympathy with grief.

"I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha! What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman. I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee."

Hi! Hi! Stop the Band! A Lady Has Dropped Her Suspender! Use the Tatler Suspender with the Rhomboid Button

SHAKESPEARE was above all things a patriot.

"This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

HAVE YOU BOUGHT HER THAT 'RING YET?

Which serves it in the office of a wall Or as a moat defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happier lands, This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. . . .

15 MILLION SATISFIED USERS TESTIFY TO THE TONIC QUALITIES OF SHAKESPEARE ON THE MIND

England, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame.

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds."

THE
NONONO
PEN
NEVER
LEAKS!

SHAKESPEARE builds bonnie babies. Mothers, read SHAKESPEARE to your children. The best easy-furnishing brain plan in the world.

EVERYBODY IS READING SHAKESPEARE.

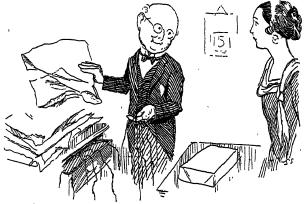
DON'T GET LEFT OUT!

EVOE.

A TRIUMPH OF ANTI-WASTE.



Paper and string, my dear-



SHOULD ALWAYS BE SAVED-



FOR SOONER OR LATER-



OCCASION WILL ARISE-



WHEN YOU WISH TO SEND OFF-



A PARCEL YOURSELF.

THE ELUSIVE GOLF PRO.

WEEN Nicholls made a remark early in last July about never having seen any of these tip-top pro.'s play golf, it was not nearly so much out of a spirit of arrogance or braggadocio as from a genuine desire to give great pleasure to one who was not only a charming fellow, but likely to become a useful client, that I replied, "Perhaps you'd like to run down and have a game with me at my Club one day? We've got Danvers there, you know. I could fix him up for a three-ball."

"Danvers!" he exclaimed. "How ripping to have Danvers for your pro.! I should simply love to come down.'

"Right," I said, "I'll fix it. We must make it a week-day because three-balls aren't allowed at week-ends.'

"Rather," he replied. "I'll take a day off any time for that. I say, it's awfully good of you."

"Not at all." I answered. "It's as easy as A, B, C. He just happens to be our pro., that's all."

And so it was agreed that I should book Danvers for next Wednesday.

But it turned out that on Wednesday Danvers was engaged for a professional meeting at Milton Heath.

" Doesn't matter a bit," said Nicholls. "What about next

week? Say Thursday?"
"Right," I said, and rang up Danvers to fix him for the next Thursday.

"Sorry, Sir," he replied, "but that's the day of the Croyford and District Alliance meeting at Wopple-ston."

I told Nicholls, and we agreed to make it a day in the follow-

ing week.
"Let's keep the whole week open," Nicholls suggested, "and let him choose the day.'

But unfortunately that was the week of The Dundee Herald meeting at Eaglesglen, and so it was no use. Incidentally Danvers won this competition with a wonderful score, and we raised a subscription of fifty pounds for him at the Club as a mark of our appreciation.

Nicholls dropped in at the office on

Monday.

"My hat," he said, "he must be a marvellous player! Have you played with him much yourself?"

an Exhibition Match at Burton Park a few months ago."

"I wish we could fix this game with him," said Nicholls.

"We will," I assured him, "at once." And I rang up the Club.

But I had quite forgotten that this was the week of The Sunday News Thousand Pounds Tournament at Charringdale; and it was a little disappointing to find that the next week was the Special Golf Exhibition at Sharridge's Stores, at which Danvers was engaged to give advice to purchasers of clubs and bags.

nothing should stop us bringing off the game before the month was out.

And it was just sheer rotten luck that we didn't. Danvers had lately returned from his Welsh tour and was due on the 23rd for the opening of the new course at Suddington. But the day broke in a thick fog and heavy frost, and I felt certain that the Sudington event would be abandoned. I telephoned Nicholls at his office first thing, and told him to stand by for developments. Then I got through to Danvers.

To my great joy he answered the

telephone himself.

"Yes, Sir," he said; "the match is off."

"Then you're free?" I shouted.

"Well, yes, Sir," he answered; "but I'm afraid there's no chance of golf to-day.

There's a dense fog and—"
"Never mind," I cried.
"Will you be at the Club if we come down?"

"Yes, Sir," he replied; "till

lunch-time, anyhow."
"Right," I called; "then stand by."

Nicholls laughed for joy. "What's one man's fog," he said, "is another man's sunshine;" and later, as our taxi was cannoning from the City to Waterloo, he remarked that, after all, "every fog had its silver lining." But, alas! hours later we left the train at Clapham Junction and returned to town; it was no use going on, because Danvers would have gone to lunch by the time we arrived.

So passed November.

And with December has come relief. The date for our game is fixed—at any rate provisionally, It is to be in the

first week in April, immediately upon Danvers' return from his three months' tour of the U.S.A. and Honolulu and the Argentine.

Meantime I have promised to take Nicholls down to-morrow for a day's golf by ourselves. I do hope it will be a fine day.



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." THE LAGOONER. This brought us to the summer holi-

days.

Towards the end of September Nicholls telephoned to me to ask whether there was a chance of fixing this game with Danvers soon.

"Why, of course," I said. "I'll get on to him at once.

But Danvers had gone off on his own holiday the day before, and would not be back for a fortnight. So I left a message for him to ring me up on his return.

But October is a busy month for professional golfers, and we had to postpone our game until November. We arranged to keep the whole of Novem-"No," I replied, "but I saw him in | ber open, and I promised Nicholls that

Commercial Candour.

"In this Garage more than 10,000 cars have been accommodated to the entire satisfaction of their owners, and at a cost that is more than reasonable."—Advt. in Motoring Paper.

"Unemployed man wanted to referce football matches at intervals."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

"At intervals" sounds most significant.



Margery (arriving at children's party, to small hostess). "I hope you don't mind-I've brought my mother with me."

DAISY MEADOWS.

In Scotland, when the day was low,
Before the fire's engaging glow
I read a list of pictures at a show
Up here in London,
And as I turned the pages o'er
My eye was caught by one that bore
The name of "Daisy Meadows"—nothing more—
But I was undone.

Just "Daisy Meadows." Then I lay
Back in my chair and passed away
To that vague shore where footless fancies play
At being real.

Who Daisy was, and how and where She had her life I didn't care; I knew that with a name so fresh and rare She was ideal.

Her eyes no doubt were greyish blue, Which always was my favourite hue; Her hair that perfect shade, to my own view, Brown, gold and sunny;

Her figure slim but very good;
No flapper, be it understood,
But fair and sweet and young; on that I would
Have offered money.

No smoke-enfolded town could claim
The fragrance of that dainty name;
My Daisy from the pleasant country came,
Like other flowers;
And yet no awkward bumpkin she,
But English, elegant and free—
The sort with whom one likes to have one's tea
Amid her bowers.

And with this dream my heart was stirred So that I couldn't hit a bird;
As for my golf it simply grew absurd,
I felt so hazy.

I longed to quit the kindly place
Where I was staying, and to race
To Town, to see the portrait face to face
Which imaged Daisy.

At last, by the convenient ruse
Of someone's end—no matter whose—
I fled to London, eager not to lose
Another minute;

And there a horror came to pass.
I sought that picture out. Alas!
The thing was nothing but a lot of grass
With daisies in it.

DUM-DUM.

Our Erudite Advertisers.

"Some genius added butter, milk and sugar—and as everlastingly beautiful as Venus springing from the head of Zeus behold! Shortbread."—Biscuit Advt.

It only remains for a soap-manufacturer to compare his product to Athene rising from the waves.

"Principles, Wood or Iron."—Advt. in Provincial Paper. On New Year's Eve ours will be cast-iron.

"Speculation is already busy, and if we could overhear Mr. Taper talking to Mr. Walpole, I think the purport of their conversation would be this—whether immediately or a day or two after the House meets, the Prime Minister of England will again be Mr. Asquith."

Manchester Paper.

On the other hand, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is said to be of the opinion that if we could hear Mr. Tadpole talking to Mr. Pitt the purport of their conversation would be of an entirely different character.

OURSELVES WHEN KIDS.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST.

(With apologies to Mr. A_{L*C} W**gH).

This book is going to be all about myself. It will be full of all those trivial things which exist in the lives of everyone, but which are of such absorbing interest when they are told about great

I live at 273, Punkah Park Gardens, the third house on the left past the pillar-box. It really would be quite convenient for posting letters, if only the last collection were not made at half-past nine. After I have had my evening bath, selected the right pair of silk socks and partaken of dinner, I go up into my study, where the purple walls with their dead-white dado and the vermilion carpet have friendly smiles for me; I sink into the big chintz armchair, contemplate the Augustus Johns, the Picassos, the two Guevaras, and the Paul Nash that hangs over my telephone with the glass sanitary mouthpiece, handle lovingly the covers of the limited autographed edition of Edith Sitwell, and review a couple of novels. After that it is too late to write more than a couple of letters before the post goes.

I remember dining at the Yugo-Slavian Restaurant on June 12th, 1921. I can fix the date quite easily, although 1 do not keep a diary, because, on my way down in the No. 355 bus, I remember seeing a placard, "Rutland all out for 472." That was a day to be remembered; Plumden had

missed a catch at longstop, and Hunter had taken 3 wickets for 248 by three o'clock. You will find the account on

page 317 of Wisden.

After dinner I took my aunt to see Wandering Women at the New Gallery Cinema, an excellent film, with a heartthrob in every close-up. As we went in I noticed a tall dark woman standing in the foyer, tapping her foot impatiently. The film was too engrossing It has. In my own case I find it diffifor me to worry about her then, but on cult now to review more than six novels the way home, as I walked up the a day, nor can I drink more than three avenue of yew-trees that leads to Pun-kah Park Gardens, past the little stucco fering for it. That is what the War cinema, where they were showing The has done for me.

Crimson Scandal, the woman's figure came back to my mind. For whom was she waiting? Half-a-dozen solutions came to my mind, and I began to plan a short story. She was waiting for her mother, just upfrom the country. The old lady had lost her way and was rushing helplessly along a maze of tiled tube passages, hunting for Piccadilly Circus. Or, again, she was waiting for her lover. . . .

(Here follow some ten pages of speculation.)

Golfer. "THERE I GO-IN THE ROUGH AGAIN!" Wife. "You don't concentrate, Alfred."

Golfer (bitter ly). "Concentrate! With you in that JAZZ JUMPER! EVEN WHEN I'M NOT LOOKING AT IT I KNOW IT'S THERE."

because there they give you jam with tions. But the good girl who marries your roast beef. That is a favourite dish of mine, really the outcome of my war experiences. I remember Derek Ricketts saying to me at the Oval, while putting on his pads, that day he made three against Wessex, "The War has made a lot of difference to chaps."

It has also greatly lessened my powers of flirtation. Before the War I could carry on as many as five flirtations at the same time.

And then I get bored so quickly nowadays. Going abroad bores me; after one has been to half a dozen cinemas, foreign capitals begin to pall. I always pity people who live abroad. In Copenhagen or Brussels, for instance, with their limited populations, where can you experience the joys that you can find in that unlimited world that

lies between Bloomsbury and West Kensington, Chelsea and Punkah Park? Where those thrilling little evenings such as I used to spend in studio, or the friendly little chats in the long bar of the Troc.? IV.

That afternoon in July last, when Flannel hit the ball to long-slip across the boundary, I had a copy of Poushkoff's Tales of Misery and Squalor in my pocket. Poushkoff is the greatest of all the Russians; he has a sense of values which drives him to disregard form, style, conventional reticence even. I remember one of our distinguished novelists saying to me one day, "Poushkoff writes the stories no one else would dare to write.

A girl I know considers them horrid. Girls should get accustomed to horridness. Either that, or they must face an eternity of marriage to bank-clerks and insurance agents, existences of milk-puddings and suburban dreariness. Marriage for the "nice" girl means the end of flirtation.

Flirtation is the preservative we use against the ravages of old age. A couple meet, they dance together and there is ecstasy in every detail of their intimacy, in the furtive touch-

ing of fingers in the press of a tube lift, I like the Yugo-Slavian Restaurant in the thrill of hurried secret assignayoung never knows these things or the joy of going to parties where you can discuss the Russian decadents with modern English novelists.

My favourite relaxations are going to the cinema, assisting at Bohemian parties, playing rugger and cricket. winter and summer, going to Lord's and making copy out of these harmless occupations. I also review quite a lot of novels. In the intervals of doing



Sportsman (whose latest auction purchase has fallen at three fences in succession). "Now I begin to understand that advertisement: 'Property of a gentleman whose doctor has forbidden him to hunt any more this season."

these things I occasionally write a book or two, stimulated by the good food and kind words supplied by my publishers, who are very fond of me, and are the best of good fellows.

VI

I am still quite a young man, and I shall write many more books like this. It will be fun, when I am old, to look back and remember how easy it was to make money by one's pen in 1923.

From a concert-advertisement:—
"MARS, VENUS AND JUPITER
From THE PLANETS
Gustav Holst.

(FIRST APPEARANCE IN OXFORD.)"
We suppose the Proctors had previously vetoed Venus.

"GIRDLES MADE AT HOME.

One of fashion's latest whims—delightful, it must be admitted—is the introduction of the girls. These decorative ornaments are absolutely essential to many of this season's frocks."—North-Country Paper.

We quite agree, but why drag in girdles?

"Nancy's eyes dropped for a moment; they were caught by the pattern in the cloth of her suit."—Christmas Number.

"Some of the younger eyes grew rather wistful and most of them gathered round the table."—Another Christmas Number.

Ah, well, this is the season for optical delusions.

THE PEOPLE'S FOOD.

A SONG OF VICTORY.

(For use in the Lobbies by one of the Great Parties during the coming Parliament.)

THE fight is won. Thrice happy be! They cannot put a tax on ME!

Look up, you hungry sheep!
You've nothing much to eat, but then

The People's Food is safe again, And, damme, things are cheap.

The Children's Food! Our hearts are high,

Since for a copper they can buy
The free, free currant-bun,
And, if they have no coppers, well,
They 've only got to sit and yell
Till someone gives them one.

The People's Food! The People's Food! The cud that Mr. Corden chewed In 1842

Still circulates in other jaws, Still wins, we find, the old applause, And still shall fatten you.

The world, as far as we can see, Is where it was in '43,
And, if you ask for more,
With quiet courage we refer
To what we said at Manchester
In 1844.

The things we said in '45
Should keep a normal man alive—
Confound their Tory tricks!
And why should Britons cry for bread
When they can read the things we said
In 1846?

Remarks we made in '47,
Dictated, as they were, from Heaven,
Retain their ancient weight,
And I have nothing much to add
To what I said (then quite a lad)
In 1848.

While we have strength to crawl about And wheeze the dear old doctrines out And lick your boots and lie,
The People's Food shall win the day.
The People perish? So they may;
The Party will not die. A.P.H.

Our Modest Clerics.

"The Advent Services were very poorly attended. The Vicar preached."

Parish Magazine.

"Burke was born of a Protestant father and a Catholic mother, just as he was to marry the Catholic daughter of a Presbyterian mother."—Weekly Paper.

In the nick of time, it appears.

"The refusal of the German Government to pay further reparations has led to a probable stoppage of horseradish supplies."

Trade Paper, Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!



FOOTBALL OF THE FUTURE.

PROFESSOR A. M. Low says that in five hundred years' time the power of thought-transference will have developed enormously, and we shall have no brutal games like boxing and football.

Professor's leg by telling him that boxing is a brutal-game, but it is easy enough to forecast what a football match in 2023 A.D. will be like—much easier than forecasting the usual ten results on one coupon.

The date and venue of the match will not need to be advertised. A trained corps of telepathic transmitters will sit and squirt "Saturday, 2.30, Fulham v. Chelsea" into our receptive brains until we shall be hypnotised into going whether we like it or not.

Arrived at the ground we shall find the players seated on camp-stoolsslim brainy men with bulging foreheads and piercing eyes. They haven't trained by skipping and punching bags of sand. They 've developed their psychology to perfection by antagonistic exercises like "Up Jenkins," poker and filling up income-tax forms. There is no noise, no movement to distract their attention, and all over the ground are large no-

tices, "Silence," just as though it were a chess tournament.

See—the centre forward of Fulham is about to kick off. The referee has just telepathed him a whistle. There is no ball. The forward just sits and thinks hard. He thinks that he'll tip I don't know who's been pulling the it to the inside right, but the inside left of Chelsea is too smart for him. He thinks that he will be quick enough to intercept it, and to swish it across to the other wing.

> Now the game—this battle of willsis in full swing. A pretty bit of combination by the collective thoughts of the Chelsea half-backs leaves the Fulhamforwards guessing; but the Fulham backs are too stolid and unimaginative to be passed. They simply sit, with one idea that nothing can pass them. In vain the Chelsea men attempt to divert their cerebration. The defence is superb. Both of these athletes were recruited at an enormous transfer fee

> from behind a post-office counter.
>
> Now the Fulham left wing thinks he's got the ball. He thinks he'll run it down the field. Great beads of perspiration break out on all the Chelsea team. He thinks he'll shoot—but the goalie with a convulsive effort divines

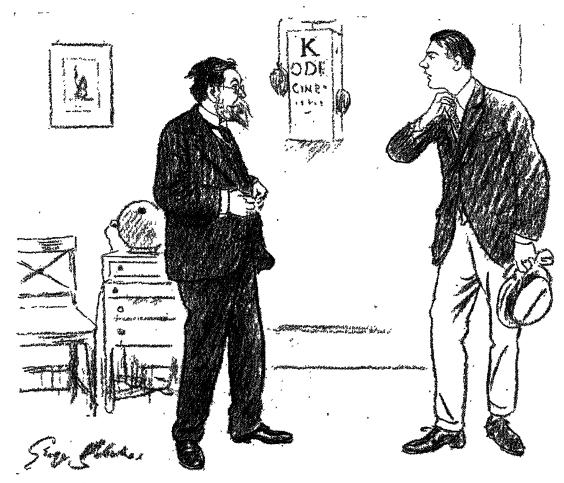
it had been a real one, and thinks he would have been able to stop it.

The disappointment has been too much for the winger. He breaks down and cries, and is assisted off the field, injured. (Next day, by the way, you see remarks in the Press to the effect that this brutal exhibition should be stopped, or else carried on by correspondence, like draughts.)

At half-time both teams are refreshed, not with lemons, but by copious draughts of Coué, and their trainers put them through a little auto-suggestive drill. On the command "One," they refuse to admit the idea of defeat. At "Two," they shoot out their thoughts briskly in a determination to win, and continue in their own time.

The second half brings no exciting incident until just before the end, when a machine-like piece of concerted brainwork leaves the Chelsea centre in possession. His nimble mind leaps here and there in a masterly dribble through the opposing psychology. His own fellows are left far behind, groping, guessing vainly on what part of the field he imagines he's got the ball. The defence can gather no impression. With wonderful intuition he senses an opening, just where the ball would have gone if and with a mental effort that nearly

THE WAIT-AND-SEESAW.



Eye Specialist (to candidate for a commission). "I AM SORRY TO HAVE TO REJECT YOU, BUT IT MAY CONSOLE YOU TO KNOW THAT I FIND COLOUR-BLIND PERSONS ARE USUALLY ABOVE THE AVERAGE IN INTELLIGENCE.' Candidate. "AH! THAT EXPLAINS WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS FELT ABOUT MYSELF."

bursts his medulla oblongata, he scores a goal. Not until then do the rest of the players gather any perception of the whereabouts of the ball.

But the referee thinks this game has lasted long enough. All is over. Fulham have lost.

Stay! The Chelsea centre, prostrated by this great mental effort, has swooned. Suspicion is aroused, and it is discovered that she is a woman in disguise. No wonder that the duller intellects of the thus encouraged, he went onmale players had been powerless to cope with her feminine intuition and guess what she was going to do next.

The introduction of women in a men's match is barred by the Hague Convention. Fulham registers a silent protest. The referee upholds it, and indicates by a spasm of thought-transference that the match is drawn.

Relativity.

There was a young lady named Bright Whose speed was far faster than light; She set out one day

In a relative way And returned on the previous night.

SOUP.

"Thick or clear soup, Sir?"

The waiter bent over the fiercelooking little man. He bristled.

"Soup? No, never take it. Fish." He glowered at the waiter, and then turned to me—a total stranger.

"You're surprised, Sir? Ha! There's a story attached to my dislike of soup. I made an interested noise, and,

"I hate soup, and I hate German waiters! Hope I'm not boring you?" "Not at all," I said, as the waiter

glided up with the fish. The fierce little man attacked it with a fork as Neptune might have speared an unruly

shark with his trident.

"Well, as I was saying," he rapped, with his mouth full, "I was going to Buenos Ayres on a German liner. Can't speak a word of their rotten gibberish, never could and don't want to. The very first night at dinner they handed me a menu about six feet long, with about fifty dishes on it."

He paused to bolt a forkful of fish.

"I was a young man then," he went on, "and didn't like to show my ignorance. Pah! I pointed to the first item with a knowing air. I expected it to be soup, and it was soup. Then I pointed to the next confounded dish."

He paused again and glared at me, and shook his fork under my nose.

"Soup again!" he snarled, and leaned back to watch the effect. I murmured sympathetically.

"You won't believe it," he went on, "the next lot was soup too, and so was the next!"

He was getting most unreasonably excited and bounced about on his chair.

"I swallowed about nine platefuls of infernal soup," he shouted. "Every colour and texture under the sun. The waiters thought I was mad. I began to long for something solid—inside felt like the hold of a hulk. In despair I jabbed my finger on the last item. An' what d'ye think?" he bellowed—so forcibly that I feared apoplexy. "What d'ye think the grinning idiot brought me? TOOTHPICKS!"

THE CONTINENTAL DIRECTORY.

 $E_{XPENSES}$.—These are always rather more than three times what you had

calculated they would be.

FOREIGNERS.—It is a great shock to many English people on the Continent to find that they are foreigners; but it rarely causes them to revise their opinion of those creatures on returning

 G_{UIDES} (DAY).—Day Guides are elderly men with appealing eyes and baggy umbrellas who know the year when RAPHAEL was born.

Guides (Night). - Night Guides

should be avoided.

ILLNESS.—It is very unwise to have an illness on the Continent. Nothing | tomed to oysters that are dead and dry | or crawling underneath and gradually

is so resented there as a sick foreigner.

INTERPRETERS.—Interpreters are known as such because the word "Interpreter" is on their caps; otherwise you might think of them as almost anything but linguists. They are useful as buffers between you and the rapacity of porters and cabmen; but in the end it costs you more.

LIQUEURS.—It is possible on the Continent to be given over-measure of old brandy or other liqueurs and not be charged for it. Nothing of the kind has ever happened in England.

 $L_{\it UGGAGE}$.—The med-

ley of bags, suitcases and baskets belonging to other people which fill every railway-carriage rack before you enter the train.

 $L_{UNCH.}$ —This is the best meal of the day. It can begin as early as eleven and last till three.

MIRACLES.—In the great cities miracles happen all the while-every time one gets safely across the road, in fact.

MUSIC - HALLS .- In England and America the music-hall is popular largely because the performance, having begun at the advertised hour, goes on without a break, or with one interval of very brief duration, till the end. In the Continental music-hall there is a considerable pause between every turn, and in the middle of the evening so long a pause that one wonders if the band or the scene-shifters have struck.

In Austria and Germany the musichall audience on the ground floor and in the boxes dine during the performance; the others drink beer.

is sometimes sung as often as three times in one evening by different singers, | land, Switzerland would be the leading which indicates how lightly the Italian | country of the world. showmen take their task. Such a lapse in England or America would turn a manager's shirt-front black.

listen and there is no applause, but a performer may now and then learn from the decreased volume of cat-calls and hisses that he has displeased the audience less than most.

OLD MASTERS.—Although London has the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection, English people look at Old Masters only when they are on the Continent.

Oysters.—English people, accus-



Ingrate Musician. "Can't you make it a bit more than a penny, Guv'nor? I 've bin an' blown meself into a ninepenny thirst."

and very dear, are surprised to find that Continental oysters are often cheap and are always served fresh and alive, in the deep shell, with their juice still with

PAVEMENTS.—Pavements on the Continent are used not only for people to walk on but as dining-rooms.

PEASANTS.—The Continent is famous for its peasants, who may be seen from every railway-carriage window. They are usually watching a cow.

PLATFORMS.—There are no railway platforms on the Continent, with the result that every passenger must also be a mountaineer.

PORTERS (HOTEL).—Hotel porters come from Switzerland and never go back. They are big and blond and speak English, and are so wealthy as to be superior to tips. They are always on duty, always smart, and they can occupant of a room and tell you what | Some legerdemain.

In Italian music-halls a popular song | hour a theatre begins, all at the same time. If they had remained in Switzer-

PORTERS (RAILWAY).—Continental porters, besides being dressed in blue, differ from ours also in their disdain In Italian music-halls few people of barrows. English porters rejoice to keep us waiting while they "fetch a barrow," and as at all our great stations, by some careful arrangement on the part of the general manager of the line, there is only one barrow to every ten porters, we are often kept waiting for a very long time. While an English porter is fetching a barrow, the Continental porter has produced a strap and is binding your luggage together preparatory either to lifting it to his shoulder

> rising more or less erect with it all over him, according to the weight. It is nothing for a Continental porter to carry, in this way, by one strap, one innovation trunk, three portmanteaux, two kit-bags, a dressing - case, a teabasket and a pair of skis.

Poste-Restante. This is the department in Continental postoffices where travellers' letters are kept from the traveller by casual clerks smoking cigarettes. All Continental post-offices are run mainly in the interests of the tobacco trade, but in no department is

there such steady smoking. It is possible to believe a hotel porter when he says there is no letter for you, but one never has any confidence in this statement when it comes from a Posterestante attendant.

Postmen. — An English postman never under any provocation advances beyond the front-door mat, but on the Continent a postman with a registered letter enters your bedroom and wakes you up and produces an ink-pot and pen in order to get your signature.

(To be concluded.) E.V.L.

"It is certainly an inspiring spectacle to see the sweated bureaucrat drinking his midnight oil over Homer and Horace."-Indian Paper. Castor or cod-liver?

From a feuilleton:—

"'If the money were from Mr. draft a telegram, look out a train, ex- explained, 'I would tear the notes into pieces change a five-pound note, ring up the before I touched them.' "—Daily Paper.

WAYFARERS,

II.—THE FOOTPAD.

HIDE your face, my Lady Moon, Good now, hide your face! Two horsemen will be riding soon Past this dismal place, Where the shuddering osiers O'er the track are bent,

Homeward bound with merchandise From Cordova and Ghent.

A laden pack-horse each one leads Whose burdens sway and creak, And bales they bear on their own steeds

Strapped to the saddle-peak;
They have buckled pouches
.Wherein bright ducats lie,
And scarlet cloth and supple hides
And Spanish spicery.

Clip-a-clop I hear them now
Slackening up the hill;
Lady Moon, O hide your brow
With your veil until
Jack and I o'ertake them,
Creeping in the shade,
And they are blindfold with their
hoods

Bide you near, my fellows ten,
Though haply they may prove
Wise and gentle merchant-men
And give us all their love;
But if they prove churlish,
Or if they valiant be,

And in the ditch are laid.

I will whistle through my thumbs And ye will run to me.

When Jack and I are safe away,
Then you, my merry band,
All clad in seemly brown and grey,
With oaken staff in hand,
Ye will come forth boldly,
As honest men should come;
Are ye not servants of a knight
And wending tardy home?

If in the ditch ye chance to find
Two merchants, without doubt
You will act as travellers kind
And help to pull them out;
Free their beards of chickweed,
Curse robbers high and low,
And tell them Jack and I are gone—
The way we did not go!

Never will those men again
In a tavern brag
That each one bears the gold of Spain
And Flanders in his bag.
I'll take the first two horses;
Take you the second, Jack,
And we will make them trot as if
The Fiend were on our track.

We will sell the spoils, we two,
In the nearest town;
My wife shall have a wimple new
And thine a brave new gown;



Husband. "Is the plumber coming soon, dear?"

Wife. "Oh, darling, I haven't been yet. I came to ask you, before going, if you think it looks all right for me to wear this hat and fur with an indoor frock."

And we will give our fellows

Each man his lawful share

When they have taken leave of them

Whom we left heels in air.

* * * * * * *
Look forth now, my Lady Moon,
Prithee now look forth!
We have won a goodly boon,
And fain would tell its worth.
By your gentle glimpses,
If we check our trot,
We may count the bales and hides

And taste the spices hot!

"Capital Punishment.

Judge —— in Favour of Temporary
Suspension."

Headlines in Provincial Paper.

Woman on the Bench.

"The Bench then retired, and on their return the Chairman said the case would go before a Judy at Quarter Sessions."

Provincial Paper.

"We saw two exceptionally good crews in the final of the coxswainless fours, and others in the Senior blinkers."—Evening Paper.
That 's the way to make them keep their eyes in the boat.

"Rush of Christmas Buying Begins.

By a Woman Reporter.

In High Street, Kensington, I began to think of the men folk. Had they needed shirts, I could have bought quite presentable ones for 6s. 11d., or artistic knitted silk ties for 1s. 11d."—Sunday Paper.

Headlines in Provincial Paper. We always wear our tie as an adjunct The murderer: Yes, but for how long? to our shirt, not as a substitute for it.

HUMPTIES.

This is going to be a very helpful story both for people who are furnishing lounges or drawing-rooms and for people who are buying Christmas pre- bales of the grave Tyrian trader, with sents (as I was). It also embodies a loops for lifting them about; there were piece of information which may be useful to compilers of dictionaries.

in that direction, I went to buy a to Cinderella they were all 'umpties. humpty—one of those stout, stumpy,

gaily-coloured things which some people manage to sit on and others only manage to fall over as they advance towards the fireplace. It was lunch time and the shop was quietness itself. "First on the left, upstairs," said a gentleman who emerged ultimately from a wilderness of tightly assembled bedroom suites.

Following his directions I found myself in one of the pleasantest apartments in the world. Some apartments are dignified by the name of sitting-room; this really was one.

Glowing radiators protected it admirably from the chill gloom of December which 1 had left in the street; gailyshaded lamps dispersed a soft glow over it. Around were all manner of luscious enfolding things to sit on; the place was a pleasant riot of easeful contours and fabrics of rich, seductive or startling hues. Admiring I stood and waited. I did not dare to sit down; I just waited. And then I gave a little cough—a very small and respectful one.

I was answered by the advent into the midst of this Lotus-land of Cinderella—Cinderella before the transformation scene. The slip of a girl who advanced towards me was in very unmodish black; the only thing about her which contrived to keep up with the splendour of her surroundings

no ordinary "saleswoman." I had found an enthusiast. I explained my business, and the eyes, bright before, positively sparkled.

"'Umpties?" said their owner. "O-o-o-h! we 've got some lovely ones."

She darted away to haul forth as many as possible—baronial humpties in velvet; dissipated, crazy-looking, Chelsea-ish humpties in violent stripes

humpties with their complexions obviously made-up, and demure humpties whose colouring was quiet and restful but none the less deeply considered. There were corded humpties like the humpties with four floppy and prehensible ears at the corners. But they had A preference having been expressed all one point in common. According

For, as she displayed them, she chat-

Customer. "I want something for a man, but I'm afraid I DON'T KNOW WHAT."

Shop Official (sympathetically). "QUITE, MADAM. WILL MADAM OBLIGE WITH BRIEF CHARACTER-SKETCH, SHADE OF COMPLEXION AND GENERAL APPEARANCE? WITH THESE INDICA-TIONS IN MIND T SHALL FEEL CONFIDENT OF OUR COMPETENCY TO TOUCH THE PROPER NOTE."

was the brightness of her eyes. But I | tered vigorously, and I learnt quite a soon perceived that I had run up against lot about 'umpties and other things. I learnt, for instance, that the "real young lady" was out at lunch and that Cinderella's own job was usually carried on in the background. This I had begun to guess; and I thought myself lucky that my visit had coincided with the "real young lady's" luncheon interval. Cinderella, I imagined, took her mid-day meal somewhere behind these splendours; indeed I am pretty sure I and splotches; humpties in brocade, had interrupted her in it, though you humpties in silk; flamboyant, brazen would never have suspected this from

the brightness of her welcome. I pictured to myself, perhaps unjustly, the "real young lady," slightly languishing, very cold and distant, and, oh, so certain that every single exhibit was a humpty! I felt that I much preferred Cinderella.

Nevertheless I was just the least little bit in the world embarrassed. Cinderella was so tremendously certain that they were 'umpties, and a reminder of this emerged pretty nearly every

time she opened her mouth. Unfortunately I also had to allude to the things by name, and it seemed to me that every time I gave my version it administered an implied rebuke to Cinderella. I didn't want to rebuke Cinderella. I liked her brighteves, her enthusiasm, her obvious and indomitable cheerfulness. I should have loved to put her into the prettiest frock she could choose and set her down on one of her own umpties in front of a warm fire. But such is the force of our absurd conventions that I could not play up to hér honest humanity and callit an'umpty, though "'umpty" is quite a nice word.

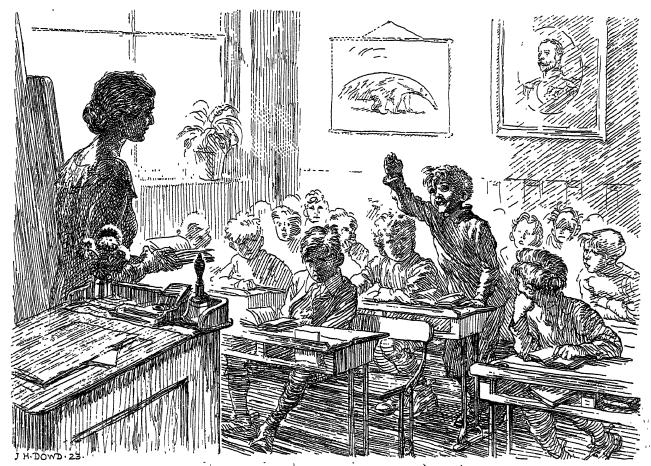
I don't think my inability worried Cinderella very much. But it worried me. I wished with great heartiness that we could find an alternative title, some common ground of consonants with never a pitfall in the way of aspirates. I thought of "buffet"; but the things which used to be buffets when I was a child were much smaller than 'umpties (I can permit myself to spell it like that), and Cinderella was probably too young to have met We might misunderstand each other altogether; better, far better, to lose an aspirate than to imperil an understanding

So, when I had made my admirably assisted choice and

Cinderella had importantly scribbled out a bill on the "real young lady's' pad of forms, I received and preserved this document with more interest than one usually does. After all these resolute, unyielding 'umpties, was it possible that an "h" could find its way to paper?

As I went down-stairs I unfolded the document and looked. And this is what I read:—

"1 Chin. Silk Pouffe = 31s. 6d. Recd. with thanks."



Teacher (after hearing class recite "The Village Blacksmith"). "What does 'Week in, week out' mean?" Boy. "Please, teacher, it means that he works a week, and then takes a week off."

EASTWARD HO! III.—HALF-WAY HOUSE. (Port Said).

South of the north and north of the south and neither east nor west,

'Twixt a sea of sand and a sunken land my Half-way House is dressed.

Last of the old and first of the new and worst no more than best.

Whose walketh the tawny earth or saileth the wine-dark sea

Soon or late in the narrow gate he layeth his head with me, With a world before and a world behind, of East and West made free.

Whose wandereth in his world and cometh to me at last And eats my salt at the half-way halt where the future meets the past,

Over that man for all his days my fatal net I cast.

For here there is neither law nor light nor certain right nor wrong,

But a twilit haze and a mystic maze and a spell that sweeps along

Like the desert sands that devil-dance to the scornful seawind's song.

I am the House, the Half-way House where the contradictions mate,

Where black is white and the poles unite and the slant becomes the straight;

I am the fulcrum and the force, the barrier and the gate.

Look well, look well, adventurers; ye stand on the shore of Styx,

Where the course is crossed and the laws are lost and the separates flow and mix,

And the home wind flutters behind your heels like a hen that herds her chicks.

For another wind blows through my House, a wind like a crimson flame

That softly sings to its muted strings music that lacks a name;

And whose hearkens and follows the lure, to him the East lays claim.

Long may he halt in the Half-way House, striving for counsel true,

But soon or late he follows his fate and the red wind lures him through,

A man that is wed to the older world but bound a slave to the new.

Yet he shall have magic and fairy folk to lighten his long duress;

Black magic—bitter, perhaps, but strong, as the man shall yet confess;

Dark fairies—dangerous, it may be, but fairies none the less. H. B.



Clarence (inspired by the P.O. instructions to telephone-subscribers to "speak slowly and distinctly, with the lips almost touching the mouthpiece"). "Two double O double O more kisses, please—exactly like the last."

CHANGES IN CLUBLAND.

ATTENTION has been so concentrated in the Press on the Crusaders and the Plantagenets that other new adventures and enterprises in Clubland of at least equal significance and importance have failed to attract the notice they so richly deserve. The policy and aims of the most striking of these contemplated additions to the fabric of social London may accordingly be briefly outlined for the benefit of our readers.

Priority of notice is perhaps due to a Club which bids fair to rival the most exclusive of existing institutions—the Canute or Knut Club, for which only the descendants of that illustrious monarch are eligible. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that unflinching support of the autocratic principle is also insisted upon in candidates for election. On the contrary the draft rules emphasise therebuke administered by the eponymous hero of the Club to his courtiers as especially worthy of emulation, and express the hope that members, while faithful to the finer qualities of the Viking spirit, will abstain from the homicidal excesses with which it was occasionally disfigured.

It is estimated by the Secretary that upwards of three thousand descendants of CANUTE are resident in the United Kingdom, of whom twelve hundred have already signified their intention of joining. A special feature of the Club will be the encouragement of poetry, of which CANUTE was notoriously fond, and it is hoped that it will form the nucleus of a neo-Danish School of Skalds, whose motto will be Non Gaga sed Saga. The site of the Club-house is not yet fixed, but it is hoped to secure a suitably palatial home in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, which derives its name from the ancient manor of Knutting Barnes.

A reversion to primitive simplicity of garb is the distinguishing feature of the Woad Club, to which only persons of authentic ancient British descent will be admitted. The woad plant, formerly cultivated in this country on account of the beautiful blue dye extracted from its pulped and fermented leaves, has of recent years been almost entirely superseded by indigo. But the introduction of the Blues has led to a revival of its use in the best dancing circles, where the practice of tincturing the hands and face after the manner of

the Ancient Britons has met with considerable acceptance, and Tennyson's line, "The man tattooed or woaded, winter-clad in skins," is being translated into fact with most gratifying results. The committee, however, with an admirable sense of compromise, disavow any intention of insisting on members woading themselves all over, provided they are able to afford irrefragable evidence of their pure blueblooded British descent. We understand that Sir Harry Brittain has accepted the post of President of the Club.

Of all the new Clubs, however, none is more likely to meet with general support than the Sanctuary, the prospectus of which has just reached us. The promoters lay stress on the paramount need of providing a refuge from the fever, fret, hustle, bustle, din and distraction of modern life. They set their faces like flint against the notion that a club should be a sort of superrestaurant, with lectures, concerts, dances and facilities for every sort of pastime thrown in.

revival of its use in the best dancing Rather, in their view, should it be a circles, where the practice of tincturing haven of rest and meditation. Tapes, the hands and face after the manner of telephones, gramophones and wireless

installations will all be conspicuous by their absence, and every sitting-room will be planned and furnished so as to secure the maximum amount of repose. General conversation will be deprecated and the sacred right of every member to snore or breathe stertorously will be rigorously upheld. Instead of the practice of providing free barley-water which prevails at many Clubs, innocuous sedatives, approved of by the Faculty, will be supplied gratis, and the cuisine will be regulated with the special object of combating insomnia and promoting a eupeptic and comatose calm.

It is pointed out with justice that the constitution and aims of the Club will appeal with equal force to the old and the young. The former will find an atmosphere conducive to the somnolence which is the privilege of advanced age, while the youthful votaries of Terpsichore, who spend all their nights in dancing, will be enabled to recuperate their flagging energies by free indulgence in daylight slumbers. It is also intended to retain the services of an expert psycho-analyst for the purpose of inducing deep hypnosis in obstinate cases of wakefulness.

Most of these new Clubs, it will be observed, take for their guiding precept the maxim Torniamo all' antico. But it is only right to add that some schemes are on foot of a decidedly modern, not to say mutinous, character. The most notable of these is that of the Zerubbabel Club. The name might seem to suggest a theological motive or an interest in post-exilic Jewish history, but we are assured that this is not so. It has been chosen solely for the reason that it is the only good rhyme for "un-clubbable"—a class for which, paradoxically as it may appear, the new institution is specially designed to provide harbourage. All persons, that is, whose manners, conduct or opinions render them suspect among the votaries of good form, orthodoxy or conventionality will be welcome.

It might be thought that the collecting together under one roof of a number of people of pronounced or eccentric individuality would lead to chaos and anarchy, but the promoters believe, on the contrary, that it will produce a general cancelling out—that angularities will be rubbed off by contact, and that the general result will be a fusion of irreconcilables, and a mollifying of those asperities which are only accentuated when their possessors are in a minority. Anyhow it is an interesting experiment, and, if it assists the transmigration of the Zerubbabels from the clubs to which they now belong to a new home, it will be greeted with unfeigned satisfaction by their present club-mates.



"'AVE A CIGAR?"

COMMERCIAL FAUNA.

II.—THE GOLDBEATER.
WITHIN his house at Barking Docks
This villain keeps a secret cell,
Fastened with triple bolts and locks;
The walls are windowless as well:

The walls are windowless as well; And there, with savageness untold, He flogs the unresisting gold.

The neighbours do not like his lock, And they inform the S.P.C.; The criminal is brought to book;

His guilt is plain as plain can be; Severity is in the wind And so they have the fellow skinned. If you should doubt my version, go
And walk along the busy street,
Turning your optics to and fro,
Until they ultimately meet

A wondrous sight which makes you stop

And pause before a certain shop—

A shop which bears a curious sign, Decanters twain of giant size, Filled with the green and ruby

That houris serve in Paradise; Open the door, go boldly in And ask for some goldbeater's skin.

THE PERFECT CANDIDATE.

[An eleventh-hour Candidate in the recent Election converted a Conservative majority of over 12,000 into a Liberal majority of over

So in vain were the "frequent ovations" Whenever they billed you to speak; In vain did you dish out orations

At the rate of some fifty per week; And I hear that you marvel in private, With the portents set fair for your

How on earth you contrived to arrive at The foot of the poll.

Well, James, to be perfectly candid, While I hold more or less by your views.

Though you merit, if ever a man did, A far better niche in the news; For a practical method to fight'em-Those fellows who gave you the

I 'd refer you, my boy, to the item Recorded above.

Next time you attempt the Division Don't rely on the tongue and the throat,

Though they prove in the best of condition,

To capture the popular vote; However exciting the crisis, If success is at last to befall, My humble and earnest advice is, "Say nothing at all."

THE BLOOD-CURDLERS.

STRANGE as it may seem to you, Montgomery Morpeth had arrived at the age of thirty without ever having read either The Daily Hail or The Daily Lightning. Immersed in the study of early Ethiopian head-gear, on which subject he was writing a monumental treatise, he learned of current events only through the medium of a sober weekly review. Sometimes he forgot to read even that. So that he knew naught of those sudden dangers against which The Daily Hail feels itself called upon to warn us with no uncertain voice, nor of those imminent crises which The Daily Lightning considers itself bound to anticipate in the largest "caps." This remarkable detachment, which gave to Montgomery an individuality which some found hopelessly lacking in life-force and others found charmingly restful, could not last. A day was bound to come. . .

It came. On the completion of his treatise he went down to the City by the Underground Railway to interview his publisher, and on the way a spirit, benign or malignant as you will, moved him to buy The Daily Hail.

He opened the paper with perfect

might be within ruffled for a moment that serene and gentle air. Then the headlines caught his eye. For a minute he read, his eyes starting, the veins of his forehead bulging. Then he closed the paper and sat with horror writ all over him; for he felt, he knew, that his blood was curdled!

He sat there for some time as in a trance. At last with a great effort he roused himself sufficiently to look about him. On the seat beside him lay a dishevelled newspaper, left there by some untidy passenger. The thought came to him that here might possibly be found some less pessimistic view of the terrible state of affairs revealed by The Daily Hail—some discovery which would calm his soul and uncurdle his blood again. He seized it. It was The Daily Lightning. No mention of The Daily Hail's revelations met his eye, but what was this in their place: "Our Special Correspondent . . . Our duty to the public . . . intention of the Government . . . instead of facing the facts . . . blind to the critical position . . . deaf to the warnings" . . .? Montgomery dropped the paper and fell back, his blood now positively congealed. At midnight they lifted his apparently lifeless form from the carriage.

Three specialists met in consultation over his case. Two of them took the gloomiest view. "If we cure him he may get hold of one of those papers again at any time," they said, "and he will never survive a relapse." But Sir Berkshire Tamworth thought otherwise, and he succeeded finally in persuading the others.

"Why are these cases so rare?" he asked. "How do you account for the calm demeanour even of those who are obliged to read of these things while poised precariously with one hand clinging to a strap and the other holding, besides the paper, a despatch-case and an umbrella? Because they are inoculated. From youth up—you see what I mean? I suggest a continual graduated course of The Daily Hail and The Daily Lightning. It is a desperate remedy, but I believe it will succeed."

I heard afterwards all about the treatment from the patient's general practitioner. It was most interesting. They would give him a copy of the paper on one of the less exciting mornings, and then snatch it away from him and try his blood. It was slow work at first, but gradually they progressed, through the more exciting mornings to the most exciting mornings, from thirty seconds of it to a minute-and-half, then at length to full time.

composure. No premonition of what | The last time I met him was on the conquered pride.

Underground Railway, and he was reading The Daily Hail. It was a particularly blood-curdling morning, but he did not turn a hair. He scanned the big headlines with a grim smile, and then turned to me with perfect sang-froid. "TOLLEY going to beat WETHERED, do you think?" he asked.

THE FOUR FALCONERS.

Four falconers they sat to dine, With wit and wisdom and the wine Silken beneath "The Rose's" sign—

The full red wine that's France's; Four falconers at bottle sat Till mellow grew they all thereat, And one said this and one said that, Indulging their sweet fancies.

Thus one of these companions cried, "The Goshawk, she's my may, my

My poppet, my peculiar pride, The cadge's meetest arming; She strikes her coney, ay, or hare With such a dash, with such a dare; She rides on fist like dame in chair, So haughty yet so charming.'

"The Goshawk," second doth reply, "A short-winged hawk! Oh fie, oh fie, There's but one empress of the sky,

Queen Peregrine for ever! Her pitch, her pitch is Heaven's wall, Like thunderbolt her stoop withal; Jove's levin ne'er, I wot, did fall With deadlier endeavour.'

Then third, "Attend ye, for the nonce. What hawks, I say, Sirs Thick o' Sconce, Were marrow to the Ger Falcons

Since earth was set a-spinning? Cold as the sea-tides which they scan, Stubborn and ramage, ill to man, Yet where's the wife held dearer than The maid that wanteth winning?"

Quo' fourth, "My masters, I aver They're gold, ay, frankincense and myrrh,

Goshawk and Peregrine and Ger, Their praise I'd ne'er be churl in: Yet she who gave our boyhood skill, Whom first we lifted off a kill, My sweetheart then, my sweetheart still,

Is she, my lady Merlin!" Cried all then that, though orthodox It was to love a main of cocks, Bait bull or Bruin, hunt the fox

Or angle on occasion, No joy like falconry might be; And thus they drank it three times three-

"To Falconry, to Falconry Our ancient occupation!"

"Under a beaver coat, Mrs. -black velvet hat."—Scots Paper.

Montgomery is now completely cured. It was probably raining, and economy



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A TALE so staunch and gallant that you would read it if it were writ in water, a style so just and flexible that you would enjoy it in the very teeth of tedium—these are the inseparable glories of Mr. Joseph Conrad's new novel, The Rover (FISHER UNWIN). Its theme is two adventurous years in the lives of half-a-dozen obscure men and womenlives raised to epic value by their connection with a couple of great historical episodes. The last agonies of the French Revolution precede the story, and the massacre of the ci-devants in Toulon lends a horrid colour to the joint housekeeping, in the remote coastal farmhouse, Escampobar, of Citizen Scévola Bron and the heiress of two of his murdered aristocrats. Nelson's blockade of Toulon is maintained throughout; and French efforts to raise it involve the mission of young Lieutenant Réal to Escampobar, and the embarkation of Bron's taciturn lodger, Peyrol, on an adventure of more than European significance. Peyrol is the crest of Mr. Conrad's achievement-Peyrol, who left the coast as a small stowaway and came back, after fifty years of dubiously-legitimate service to France, wearing a canvas waistcoat stiff with minted gold and set on finding peace within sight of the island of Paquerolles. The measure of his success is the measure of Mr. Conrad's. I cannot do better than leave you to discover both.

After a life filled with more varied experiences than fall to the lot of most men Lord Long of Wraxall tells us in his Memories (HUTCHINSON) that he has found the world a good place to live in. Some of his readers may regret that he has been so uniformly kind in his judgments of his contemporaries, and may think that amari aliquid would have added piquancy to his salad. He is not of those who hold

the recollections of one who is statesman and sportsman too are agreeably commingled. Probably his greatest achievement in the eyes of posterity will be the suppression of hydrophobia by his courageous persistence in keeping on the Muzzling Order, despite the yapping of dog-owners in all grades of society. To the present writer (who was in Ireland at the time) the restoration of the moral of the R.I.C. in the few short months of his Chief Secretaryship seems equally deserving of praise; while the military historian will not forget the services that he rendered during the most critical years of the War as Controller of Oil Supplies. But I rather gather that Lord Long himself regards as the crowning event of his career his election to the Presidency of the M.C.C. It is pleasant to see that he contemplates a sequel to these Memories. I hope the next batch will be furnished with an index.

If as a masculine visitor to a small Devonshire fishingvillage you found yourself up against a notice requesting gentlemen "not to overlook the ladies' bathing-place," how do you think you would take it? Strong, the holiday-maker who encounters this piece of ambiguity on the first page of The Long Path (HODDER AND STOUGHTON); ingenuously reads the interdict as an invitation; with no worse consequences, however, than his introduction, in the unenviable character of Peeping Tom, to the fully clad and justly contemptuous lady of his dreams. In the face of this initial simplicity I found it hard to believe that Strong was a barrister by profession, especially as he conducts his only recorded casethe wooing of the far from untowardly Edna-with unpardonable clumsiness. Nor was I really impressed, for reasons equally cogent, by Edna's potential career as a singer. But neither of these incredibilia made very much difference to my interest in the romance itself. This, except for its strangely deferred ending, is staged in Devonthat indiscretion is the better part of biography. Never- shire; and Miss F. E. MILLS Young has lavished most of theless he has produced a very readable volume, in which her dexterity on Strong's landlady, Mrs. Trim, who plays chorus-leader to its kindlier spectators; and Edna's Mrs. Mudge, who represents the village's more critical element. These two ladies work indefatigably and successfully to redeem the idyll from insipidity; but nothing in the book quite makes amends for the lack of the greater intimacy and zest of its writer's South African stories.

The pleasure of reading Mr. Maurice Baring's A Triangle (Heinemann) arises even more from the skilful handling of the material than from the intrinsic interest of the story and the characters. A rather shadowy Irish girl of a mysterious and unpaintable beauty is married to Dennis Poynet, an English country squire, not at all squireish but an ultrasensitive and a very fine musician. The complement of the triangle is David Aston, a neighbouring squire, more true to type and a Roman Catholic loyal to his faith in the abstract rather than in practice. His wife has been unfaithful to War: the musician is blinded; the other, trying hard to lose frightened deer-like expression in her eyes as they swayed

his life, loses an arm (at least he does on p. 160, though he seems to recover it in a correction to p. 90). Suddenly the musician dies; David Aston overcomes his ingrained religious scruples against divorce and his engagement to the widow is announced. But the marriage does Why? not take place. Has there been foul play? Well, yes, of an unexpected sort; and the author artfully sustains your eagerness to solve the problem. The characters and incidents are all seen obliquely through the medium of three most convenient note-books, kept by a solicitor (with the assistance of a painter), a doctor (not

a very clever one, I gather) and a Jesuit, which have fallen | having to plead guilty to a considerable amount of skipping. into the author's hand. The Jesuit's is a particularly lucky find, as a priest's case-book is usually his head. I don't believe in the note-books, but 1 am glad Mr. Baring found them.

I have always had a kindness for stories that begin with a thoroughly hard-up family, and go on to trace their progress towards comparative affluence. Several of the late WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S novels (Joseph Vance included) come in this category; and there is a touch of DE Morgan to be found in the work of Mr. Frank Swinnerton. He has the same leisurely and discursive manner, the same carelessness (if you will) about construction, and the same almost uncanny power of making his characters visible and audible to his readers. Individual members of the Hunter family may fail to appeal to everyone, but they are all unmistakably alive, and the most vital of them, who gives his name to Young Felix (Hutchinson), is drawn with immense care and, on the whole, with great success. Felix should make many friends—when once he gets to work in his advertising agency and begins to assist the family finances. The annoyance I felt at finding some half-dozen pages of this period missing in my copy is some measure of the interest | "Reparation" presses hard upon its heels.

he had already inspired. Perhaps we have a little too much of his childhood; it makes the book, as it stands, rather a lop-sided affair. But then we have not come nearly to the end of Felix yet. His history is cut off when he is only in his thirtieth year or thereabouts, and apparently on the brink of a second marriage that may make some amends for the failure of his first. Meanwhile I am quite ready to welcome a sequel to the best piece of work from Mr. Swinnerton's pen that I have yet seen.

I had great hopes, after reading its first pages, that All That Matters (CECIL PALMER) was going to prove treasure-trove, after the manner of the "Young Visiters." Miss PEARL WEYMOUTH'S first sentence, "There was knock at the (study) door and the butler entered," is quite in the Daisy Ashford tradition, and there is something rather attractive in the hero's description of the heroine as "one who had crept him but seeks a reconciliation. Both men serve in the into his heart and bombed it without permission." "The

to the rhythm of the music under the very nose of the man who seemed so impotent in his anger," and the clergyman's declaration that he had his "frock to protect," are two more gems; but as I progressed I found that my hopes were not realised. All That Matters has a very complicated and quite improbable plot, and some spirited, if unreal, accounts of country activities, such as foxhunting and the petty sessions. There is more kissing in it, l think, than in any novel I have ever read, which is saying a very great deal, and so much futile nastiness mixed with its naïveté that 1 am quite unashamed of



Early British Girl (to her little brother). "You'll catch it when Father comes home and finds you've been using his Sunday woad."

To The Imperturbable Duchess and Other Stories (Collins) Mr. J. D. Beresford has added a preface which he calls "Author's Advice." From this I understand that for some years he had been writing stories, amusing to himself, which "no self-respecting magazine would look at." Eventually he was driven to place business before pleasure, and to apply himself to the kind of story that magazine-editors, especially the American kind, do like. And he found the job far harder than he expected. Fortunately the stories collected here are not of the sort that magazine-readers demand. They must, however, belong to the period when Mr. Beres-FORD was beginning to think of business as well as pleasure, for some of them at least have appeared in magazines. Without wishing to be too obtrusive I should guess that, although he speaks of them rather disparagingly, he prefers these stories to those which have in a financial sense been more successful. For myself, I have always been greatly attracted by Mr. Beresford's literary style and mode of thought. Of the twelve tales in this volume the shortest, "The Successful Marriage," is the most neatly turned, and

CHARIVARIA.

A South Lincolnshire vicar advises all parishioners who have quarrelled to sing carols this Christmas to one another. We, on the contrary, always think it best to let bygones be bygones.

We gather from the market reports that Mince Pies Preferred are showing a downward tendency.

We are glad to state that up to the time of going to press not a single haggis has fallen a victim to the footcertain parts of the country.

In the opinion of Mrs. ARTHUR Webster a Labour Government will be the end of all things. Quite a number Daily Chronicle. One of the bull-dog to engage real footballers for Mr. Henry

of people are not even so optimistic as this.

**
General PRIMO DE RIVERA promised to give Spain a new Governmentin ninety days. If he cares for them, he can have our next few Governments as well.

* * The Assistant Post-MASTER-GENERAL of the United States has told an audience that America has nothing to teach us in connection with telephones. We have felt along that the British telephone-operator knew all the tricks there are to know.

at a Health Show held at Boston, U.S.A., the sausage too). is that the ideal age for love is forty. Amateurs of course begin much earlier.

Although twenty-two anglers took part in a fishing contest in Chertsey the other day, not one of them claimed a fish. It looks as if we were threatened with an outbreak of veracity in this branch of sport. * *

At one London hotel a revolving bandstand for the use of the orchestra will be tried early in the New Year. This should enable the saxophone-player to dodge.

A Yorkshireman complains that there are certain words that he never hears in London. We'll wager "bananas" isn't one of them.

Giving evidence at Waltham Abbey County Court a man admitted to the have their hats handy.

judge that he didn't know his wife's name. In order to remember things like that a good plan is to tie the right hand to the left foot.

New South Wales has decided to hold a Prohibition referendum in 1928. It is not often that sporting fixtures are arranged so far ahead.

Mr. S. M. BRUCE has reminded an audience that if Australia could be towed into the Atlantic Ocean it would fill the space between Great Britain and America. This would of course and-mouth disease now so prevalent in | mean a walk-over for the anti-Prohibitionists in the United States.

"I am not ashamed of sausage and

Chess, we read, is being played regularly in the open air on Clapham Common. For domestic reasons?

Soviet leaders complain of the spirit of apathy that is coming over the revolutionary movement. The formation of a Brighter Bolshevism Society is contemplated.

France, as reported in these columns last week, has won the first Franco-German football match played since the War. Germany is rumoured to be secretly training footballers for a match of revenge.

In answer to several correspondents, we understand that, on account of the

> ARTHUR JONES'S play, The Goal.

Prudent Mexicans are revolting early to avoid the crush.

Elaborate model motor-cars are among the more expensive Christmas toys advertised. The enjoyment of the budding motorist is greatly increased by the addition of a set of model pedestrians.

It is stated that up to November 1st, the L.G.O.C. had this year carried 861,169,000 passengers. We distrust these round figures and

Perfect Little Gentleman. "Good-bye, Mr. Smythe. I've enjoyed the PARTY SO MUCH; AND MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU ON A VERY CLEVER IMPERsonation?"

The considered opinion of physicians | breed (meaning the man, and possibly | suggest a recount.

"Is the life of an actress a healthy one?" asks a writer. We doubt it. On the musical comedy stage many ladies seem to suffer from a rush of teeth to the face.

A contemporary has ascertained that Irish whiskey is spelt with an "e," and Scotch whisky without. This of course accounts for the difference in flavour.

A Christmas novelty is a matchbox containing a wireless receiving set. This should provide an agreeable surprise for a heavy smoker, miles from anywhere, without a light, who has slipped one into his pocket by mistake.

New Year's Greetings from M. Poin-CARÉ to the British people are to be broadcast. Listeners-in are advised to

According to The Daily Express overtime is being worked at Woolwich Arsenal on the manufacture of gasmasks. Those who have been presented with gifts of cigars this year will be glad to know that the Government is taking every precaution.

In a well-known London hotel, waiters have been instructed to grow sidewhiskers, the idea being, it is believed, to distinguish them from the guests. It is particularly hard on those guests who have gone to the trouble of growing side-whiskers to distinguish themselves from the waiters.

"Professor Newberry, the Egyptologist, who has joined Mr. Carter's staff, visited the tomb for the first time and saw the collection of spectres."—Scots Paper.

After so much disturbance it would hardly be surprising if the ghosts of TUT-ANKH-Amen and family took to "walking."

NOTES FROM A CELLAR BOOK.

(Prohibition Era in England.)

December 23rd, 1973. - Christmas again and the familiar family party and festive board. The Grandparents, Great aunt Agatha, Uncle Rex (with his wife, Aunt Carrie, once the fashionable musical comedy lead) will be here, and in addition of course the children, my own and the nephews and nieces.

The Christmas dinner I can leave safely to my wife's care, but the choice of liquors is to me, and this morning, with Horrocks my butler, I descended into the cellars and looked over my bottles. Looked them over and, I confess it, grew just a little sentimental. For they recalled the days when I had laid them down, the talks I had had with my grocer, sampling the various kinds and discussing the likelihood of their maturing well.

Horrocks, who has been with me thirty years now and loves my wineswe still call them that—almost as much as I, took up a bottle and caressed it

fondly.

"Sarsaparilla, 1946, Sir George," he said. "A good year. I think you must give them that. It is, if I may say so, an occasion."

I smiled. "Must I?" I said. "Well. if you say so. But we've a bare halfdozen left. I well remember buying it. Totkins of the Metropolitan Stores was all for the '44 Vintage. Said it would mature better and urged me to lay it down. But I backed my opinion, and I was right."

"Absolutely right," agreed Horrocks. He turned to the shelves and read out the names from the cards above each. Not one but bore its memories and spoke of bygone days. Save for their yearly turning they had been untouched since they were bottled. There was the '59 Lime Juice—a finer wine I shall always maintain than the '48, despite Professor Burberry's opinion—the '66 Ginger Ale, which has ripened well and quickly; the Tooting Supply Association's '53 Soda Water, a wine which should be drunk at the temperature of the room, and not heated, as it was served to me the other night at a friend's table.

Uncle Rex has failings. He tells interminable and pointless stories and is apt to snore noisily in his post-prandial nap, but he does know a good wine from a bad one. His brochure indeed on the gooseberry crop has gained him a certain reputation. So I did not wish him to have cause to jeer.

Finally we have decided as follows: As a cocktail, a Manhattan Seltzer, with bite; with the kidney-soup, a '51 Logan- I thought.

berry Syrup; the fish (sole à la Normande, my wife tells me) shall be accompanied by a really choice twenty-yearold Dandelion Tea; with the cutlets the '46 Sarsaparilla, and with the turkey my guests may choose between a quite sound Orangeade (Château Joel) and a '68 Barley Water, which I think I shall drink myself. It has character and bouquet, and will be remembered as having escaped the mildew catastrophe which attacked the barley crop both in the preceding and succeeding years.

With the Christmas pudding tradition allows us no choice. Though I am not particularly partial to it myself, a '48 Raspberry Vinegar is de rigueur. As regards the dessert I was in two minds between a '59 Sherbet and a '60 Harrogate Water. Horrocks was strongly in favour of the latter, and I have so decided. Lastly, for those who wish it—and certainly for the children —I am putting in as a night-cap a '55 Fruit Salt (Premier Cru). I do hope the dinner will be a success.

December 26th, 1973.—The dinner was a success, at least I think it was. I own that I awoke this morning with an abominable head-ache, for which I find it difficult to account, and I confess I have discovered my towel in my trouser-press and my trousers hanging over the towel-rail.

Uncle Rex's stories were as interminable as ever, but I am glad to recall that he expressed distinct approval of my choice of wines.

After dessert, when the children had eagerly retired to the billiard-room to play games and the elders were still seated at the table, Grandfather insisted on taking my cellar keys and bringing up three more bottles of Raspberry Vinegar. These he wrapped up in napkins-"a good old custom," he declared—and he personally helped each one of us liberally.

It tasted exceedingly good, though curiously unlike any Raspberry Vinegar I remember to have had in my cellars.

We all had many glasses of it. I do not recall distinctly what happened after my fifth glass, but I have a curious impression—of course incorrect -that Uncle Rex stood on the table and recited "Casabianca," and that Aunt Carrie insisted on giving us a dance which she had performed forty years ago at the Megaladium.

Horrocks has just been to me to say that there are a number of smashed bottles in the conservatory. One of the bits has the inscription, "Fine Old Crusted Tawny, 1887," on it, which neither of us understands.

But I must look up my '48 Raspjust a dash of Ketchup in it to give it berry Vinegar. It is even better than

RING IN THE CLD!

 $(Lines\ for\ a\ disappointed\ man\ at\ a\ Fancy-$ Dress Revel on New Year's Eve.)

COME, let every jolly fellow, Whatsoever his disguise, Let the Courtiers, Clowns, Divines, Also Queens and Columbines. Let them sing and bawl and bellow While this Old Deceiver dies.

Here, festooned with coloured paper, Here, deserted by my dear, Here, beside the rifled bar, In the costume of a tar, While the young things coo and caper, Here will I revile the year.

Kindly clock, fly faster and faster! Horrid, hateful '23, Other persons may or may Not have flourished in your day, I can think of no disaster Which has not occurred to me.

Crossed in love in January; February—deep in debt;
March—I fell in love with Jane; April—over-drawn again; May-I fell in love with Mary, And the year's not over yet.

Summer saw me sad and thinner; Jane was married in July; June—I bought a share—it fell, Till the day I chose to sell; August—I'd have backed a winner, But I dreamed the horse would die.

There have been depressing pages In my history before; Other winters acted base, But I don't recall a case When I seemed to work such ages And was so extremely poor.

23, to think what revels Twelve months back saluted thee! I was then a Persian Prince; Joan has never loved me since. All the most unpleasant devils Fly away with '23!

So farewell. Few hopes I cherish, Yet shall Britons ne'er complain. '23, a glass of wine! Here's a pretty Columbine-Ten to one, before you perish, I shall be in love again. A. P. H.

"Duophone, double sound-box: demon." Advt. in Evening Paper. Is that what the neighbours call it?

Letter received from a Chinese general store :-

"The Prosperious Happy of Amerry Christmas for ours togather so we offer the Chocolate and Toies for the wishes of your honourary baby please receiving and much obliged." We understand that the "honourary baby" was highly delighted.



MARK OVER!

M. Poincaré (as Tartarin). "I WONDER WHERE THESE BIRDS SETTLE. THAT WOULD BE MY CHANCE."

[One of the Reparations Committees is to "study the flight of German Capital and track it to its hiding-places."]



M. F. H. "THEN WHAT WERE YOU HOLLERING ABOUT?" M. F. H. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?" Boy. "Noa." Boy. "I just wanted to tell ye he been took mother's old tom-bird larst night, an' she do want ten bob for un."

FYTTES OF THE BLUES.

"YES, Sir," said the representative of the music-publishing firm briskly, "so far as the pantomimes are concerned Jazz is a back number. Enter," he added dramatically, "the Blues!

"Take it from me, Sir," he went on, "that mere noisy syncopation has disappeared from panto. The Blues will now be all the rage-simple, tuneful melodies in place of wild and extravagant clatter. Tranquil songs, words full of gentle sentiment or quiet humour wedded to soft and restful music. Poetry and melody are lifting up their heads again. Do just listen to this, for example."

He moved nimbly to the piano, pressed the keys gently and warbled in a soft low voice:-

"'I've never been married, I'm happy to say;
I've always been single through life;
Lots of people have said, "You ought to be
wed,"

But I don't fancy a wife. I've seen my old pals
Who couldn't resist the gals
Washing up dishes and pushing out prams,
Scrubbing out kitchens and boiling up jams, So-

I'll never get married, I'm happy to say; I'll always be single through life.'

"There!" said the performer with pride. "That is called The Marriage Blues.' Over two hundred comedians will be singing that, and of course the rest of the song, in this year's pantomimes. And here is another which will be vastly and, you will agree, deservedly popular. It is called, for excellent reasons, 'Philosophy':-

"'I am myself and nobody else (and a jolly good chap at that);

You are yourself and you 're not me—that 's as plain as a hat.

It 's awfully funny, I 've got no money

And you may have lots, but that doesn't help me;

But you 're not free, Don't you see, to be me? And whatever I do I can't be you.

I 'm myself, and you're yourself, and thatthat's that!

"Other songs which are certain to cast a roseate glow over the world of pantomime are 'True Blue Blues,' 'Too Few New Blues,' 'Choc. Choc, Caramel,' 'Sweetie-weetie,' 'Tell her I'm a Rabbit and a silly Ass'—a humorous song, as you will guess, and giving great scope for characterisation—and 'I do like my Bath to be hot—what, what!

A simple subject, a pleasant tune and a whimsical humour.

"'I do like my bath to be hot—what, what! I like my bath to be hot.

I cherish no hope there'll be lots of soap; I don't go and cry if the towels aren't dry I stand aloof—ah!—from the need of a loofah;

You can have all the lot, And I won't care a jot;

But I dowant my bath to be hot-what, what! I want my bath to be hot!

"'I do like my bath to be hot!' That, I venture to prophesy, will be the catchword of the New Year, supplanting even the wonderful (but Jazz), 'Yes, we have no bananas.

"Then we shall also hear 'Perhaps he's your best Boy after all,' 'In the Blue Blue Shadows, 'The Navvy's Kipper' and 'Firelight Slumbers.' Listen to this lovely little thing:-

> "'In the firelight I slumber alone While the flames leap on the hearth, And shadows fall On the firelit wall

There was more of it, but he was singing to the empty office. In a taxi I was speeding away with but one conscious idea in my mind, to get to some place where I could hear Jazz, Let me give you just a verse of this one. | strident and super-syncopated Jazz.

THE NEW PIANOFORTITUDE.

A FEW years ago a picture appeared in an American paper representing a small child of the future inviting his mother to come quickly into the drawing-room in order to see a strange portent—a man playing the piano with his fingers. The washing-out of the pianist by the piano-player seemed imminent and inevitable. Now it has been reserved for America to indicate in a most convincing way a method by which the imperilled supremacy of the kings of the keyboard can be maintained and secured against the incursions of applied science. Mr. Powell, an American pianist and composer, has recently given a recital in London at which the practically limitless resources of the new super-pianism have been triumphantly illustrated. LISZT and RUBINSTEIN Were wonderful fellows in their way, but their performances were hampered and restricted by a curious and unfortunate peculiarity. They only played with their fingers. They used their-feet, it is true, but they never applied them to the keyboard. Other eminent pianists reinforced their "digital dexterity" by various devices-by eccentricities of dress or facial expression, or by conversational interludes. But with a lamentable lack of enterprise they refrained from developing and utilizing the physical resources with which they were endowed by nature.

It is here that Mr. Powell has established his claim to be regarded as a new, true and original pianistic pioneer. He plays not only with his fingers but with the side of his hand and his whole fore-arm. He does not merely assail the keyboard and pedals, but resorts to "direct action" on the strings by plucking them harpwise. Mozart appears to have had a dim foreshadowing of such possibilities when, according to a familiar anecdote, he struck an extra note, not accessible to any of his ten fingers, with his nose. But this was a mere isolated experiment, and more than one hundred and thirty years were allowed to elapse before the epochmaking and fruitful demonstrations of Mr. Powell.

The great advantage of his method, which opens out a new and hopeful vista for pianists depressed by the competition of "players," gramophones and wireless apparatus, is this—that the performer can produce a greater volume of sound than can be extracted by mechanical means. The only drawback is the extra strain imposed on the physique of the performer by the medied by the use of knuckle-dusters a new reinforced-concrete grand piano remain up there.



SEASONABLE FAREWELLS.

Mince-Pie Champion (to runner-up). "Well, a merry Christmas, Toupkins. Make a beast of yourself." Tompkins (stoutly). "RATHER!"

and metal plates, with pads underneath, for the arms, by which the maximum impact can be obtained with a minimum of contusion or concussion. But as a logical corollary it follows that the construction of pianos must be proportionately fortified to meet the greater violence with which they are in future to be assaulted by the mailed fists of the new school of virtuosi. It is satisfactory therefore to learn that the leading firms of pianoforte makers have already recognised the needs of the situation, and that in particular Messrs. violence of the blows struck on the Broadstein hope in the course of the keyboard. This however can be re- next few months to place on the market

with indestructible steel keys. periments have already proved that the sonority of this instrument, when played by a properly equipped performer, is almost too great to be endured by the naked ear; but this is clearly a fault on the right side, and can be easily remedied by the use of the tympanum protector habitually resorted to by the late Mr. HERBERT SPENCER.

"Mr. Pethick Lawrence, M.P., the author of the Capital Levy, is being widely nominated in Socialist circles as the Minister for Air in a Socialist Government."-Daily Paper.

We trust that he and his schemes will



Hostess (in remote country house, to guest from Town). "What would you like to do before dinner? Shall we go and look in the shop-window? It's always lighted up on Christmas-Eve."

TACT.

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich old man.

He was also a very miserly old man. And, as is often the way with very rich, very miserly old men, he had a number of poor but expectant relations who would not let him alone.

At Christmas time especially they thronged about him and showered presents upon him in the hope of one day receiving a recompense for their generosity.

They brought him gifts suited to his declining years, such as a pillow-rest for his rheumatic back and a footstool for his gouty foot, and a handbell to summon assistance in case of a sudden attack, and a book of devout reflections to turn his thoughts from worldly matters, and a fountain pen in case his thoughts should revert to worldly matters and he might suddenly desire to make a will in their favour.

But, strange to say, these gifts only incensed the very rich miserly old man and added to the dislike he already felt for his poor but expectant relations.

On Christmas Eve a certain graceless nephew returned from a sojourn abroad and, having nowhere to spend his holiday, thought he might as well look up

the old man. He forgot all about the family custom of making presents until he was in the train, when it was too late to make a purchase. Nothing daunted, however, he examined his correspondence, which in his haste he had brought with him to read on his journey. Being a popular if graceless young man, there were small remembrances from many friends, and amongst them he presently discovered something that he thought would do.

On his arrival he found the usual crowd engaged in presenting the usual gifts to an unwilling recipient.

gifts to an unwilling recipient.
"Uncle," he said cheerfully, "you look years younger than when I saw you last. I have here a small remembrance which is of no value, but which will, I hope, be of use to you."

His uncle scowled and took the parcel. Upon opening it, however, his face cleared, and he embraced his graceless nephew so cordially that the other poor but expectant relations faded from the scene in amazement and chagrin.

The gift was a calendar for the next ten years.

You will be prepared to hear that the very rich old man made a new will, leaving his entire fortune to his graceless but tactful nephew.

And so he did. But you must remember that he was a miserly old man and therefore had an abhorrence of waste. So, lest the calendar should be wasted, he took special pains to live the whole ten years longer, and before that length of time had elapsed the graceless nephew had himself unfortunately died of dissipation.

Our Indefatigable Footballers.

"He almost immediately developed into a distinctly clever player. On Saturday he made 132 consecutive appearances with the —— League team."—Specting Paper.

From a calendar :--

"GCLDSMITH BORN, 1728.

Hope, like the gleaming toper's light, Adorns and clears the way, And still, as darker grows the night, Emits a brighter ray."

A delicate allusion, we infer, to the brilliancy of the "toper's" nose.

From a successful Candidate's acknowledgment:—

"My Wife and little Mary join with me in thanking you all, including my workers, for this magnificent expression of goodwill." Midland Paper.

We gather from the mention of his "little Mary" that he is pleased about his food not costing him more.



HOW THE PEACOCK GOT HIS TAIL.

(After Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.)

You remember, Best Beloved, that the Bor Daggers always made their nests near a pillar-box. There were ever so many of them living round the squish-squash bush where the Robin got his red breast; and under the bush lived the Peacock. And the funny thing is that in those High and Astonishing Times he hadn't a tail; so I'm going to tell you how he got one.

Though he hadn't a tail he had a most be-eutiful voice, and so the Bor Daggers didn't harm him, for he could always sing them away if he saw them in time. You know, of course, that when they hear really-truly music they evaporate howling like Binkie does he never sang again. when he hears the violin. And the

Peacock had a Melbrazzini voice that turned the Nightingale all colours with envy. It was quite different from the voice that he has now when he struts about the terrace and tells us that it's going to rain soon.

Now I'm very sorry about it, but the truth is he was horribly proud of his voice, as proud as proud-indeed he was as proud as a Peacock. He would tell everyone what a wonderful fellow he was, and his talk was so full of "I's" that the ground was covered with them.

When next he met! the Robin he strutted up to him and said, "I am not afraid of Bor Daggers. I drive them away with my singing. Ihave a marvellous voice. I can sing both high and low—higher than the Super-tax and lower than the German mark. I am the proud Peacock. I don't fly away when I see a Bor Dagger and smudge myself all sticky.

But the Robin only remarked, "Chink, chink, I don't think." And the Caterpillar, who had just humped himself along a twig close by, said, "Indubitably the very sight of a Bor Dagger gives me a Conic Section."

"I am the only one on both the banks of the muddy Mississippi who is not afraid of them," said the Peacock again; and the Caterpillar gave a jeeryleery sneer and replied, "You've too much Ego in your Cosmos, my Gallinaceous Friend. Pick up those 'I's' you've dropped or I shall side-slip on

the Peacock got more and more conceited and strutted about, round the down arm-in-arm and hand-over-hand, corner of the squish-squash bush came the tip of a Bor Dagger.

I haven't told you what a Bor Dagger is like, have I, Small Sweetheart? and it's rather difficult to explain. But if you think of one of those umphy fandangeous things, rather like Lencates, that you dream about after you've had three helpings of Christmas pudding, you'll have a very fair idea of a Bor

Well, this one gripped the Peacock's throat before he could open his beak, and said in an eeky-squeaky voice, "What about that Melbrazzini top note of yours?" And the Peacock gave a wurgle-gurgle, and his voice broke; and

CHRISTMAS IN A BARONIAL HALL. THE HAUNTED WING.

Visitor. "I SAY, YOU SILLY ASS, THE FANCY DRESS WAS LAST NIGHT."

whistling between his teeth, and the poor Peacock fluttered off to his nest and sulked and sulked for three weeks and three days and three hours and three minutes. And at the end of that time he felt much better, for he had been most 'stramengeously impressed, and he saw how silly he had been to be so conceited. Then he went to the Caterpillar and said, "The Peacock will never again be conceited about himself. He will remember always and always that he is an ugly little bounder with a horrid screech. He swears it!" (You will notice how careful he was not to say "I" at all.) And the Caterpillar hunched himself up and replied, "We are gratified to hear that. Perchance if we confabulate with the Mantle-Dog and the Funny Chig they can suggest an appropriate line of powers."

And as they wrangled like this, and | Chig lived in an air-pocket over the | that he is now plus-eight.

muddy Mississippi. And they came and the one wore a Shetland shawl and the other a broad grin, and that's all I can tell you about them, O Littlest of Lovebirds, because they were so very unusual. And when they had heard all about it they said, "Stand clear while we make a Magic." So they made a nice juicy one and blew it towards the Peacock, and it hit him just as he was turning round to pick up some of the "I's" that were still lying about, so the Magic missed his neck and fell on his back. And his voice didn't come again, but a most be-eutiful fan-like tail sprouted as wide as wide! And the Daddy and the Duck and the Caterpillar and the Cricket and the Robin all came round him and cheered ever The Bor Dagger sauntered away so, and the Caterpillar cheered so hard

that he side-slipped on some of the "I's" that were lying round.

And he exclaimed, "O Metamorphosed One, look at all these 'I's'!" So the Peacock gathered up a lot and threw them over his shoulder in the direction of the muddy Mississippi; but he forgot his great spreading tail, and they stuck on the end of its feathers—one on each—and turned all sheeny-shiny green and golden and purple, just like you see on peacocks' feathers now.

And the Peacock wasn't proud or conceited about it; but he

was very, very pleased. And he danced a fandango and a saraband and a cachuca and ended up with a pavane.

And although he has a screechy sort of voice to this day yet he doesn't often use it, except to warn you that it's soon going to rain. But he loves to spread his be entiful tail, for he knows that other people enjoy looking at it, although he can't see it properly himself.

And that's how the Peacock got

Dominion Road-hogs.

"Charles -— went to Little Rock Saturday with a car of hogs. Several of the neighbours helped to make up the car."—Canadian Paper.

It will be remembered that an anonymous friend has offered to double all contributions up to £80,000 sent to the London Hospital before New action for resuscitating your vocal | Year's Day. It is rumoured that a man sent his plus-fours to the Chairman, Now the Mantle-Dog and the Funny | Lord Knutsford, and is very indignant



Maid (who has been reprimanded by mistress for answering her rudely). "The idea—tellin' me I'm as obstinate as a mule, and then expectin' me not to stand on my hind-legs!"

ONE OF THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. Punce,—You who know the world so well can, I am sure, disentangle my little social problem.

A little over a month ago I was hurrying down Oxford Street on my way to a house-agent who had informed me of a prospective tenant for my house. As I edged myself along through the crowd, which appeared bent on delaying my progress, whom should I almost bump into but a very old iriend of mine, Mrs. Blethering-Johnson?

Naturally we paused. Naturally she asked me where I was going "in such a hurry." Naturally (it seems to me)

I said that I had an important engagement.

Afterwards my wife told me that Mrs. Blethering-Johnson had been rather offended because of my "evasion of her question." Apparently I should have been more specific. "Even," my wife says, "if you had said, 'an important business engagement.'...'"

Mark you, Mr. Punch, I was perfectly ready to admit my

error; I was eager to make amends. . .

Four days ago I had arranged a meeting with a friend of my tobacconist's, who, I was informed, had an Airedale puppy for sale. I again hurried down Oxford Street. I again—these things do occur—met Mrs. Blethering-Johnson. This time, however, she asked no curious question. Her exact words were, "You seem in a frantic hurry."

Here, I thought, is my chance to make amends. I will inform her of the precise purpose of my appointment; I will

enter into every detail and ask her advice.

With my most be witching smile I announced my objective. She left me after the first sentence and has never spoken to me since.

Yet I'm dashed if I can see how I have erred. All I said was, "I'm going to see a man about a dog."

Yours distractedly, SIMPLICISSIMUS.

SHANKS'S PONY.

[Mr. Edward Shanks, the distinguished poet, critic and novelist, has, in "My Case against the Horse," in The Evening Standard, denounced that animal as "a beast as malignant as it is stupid." Horses, he admits, "have their uses. It is good for the liver to ride them; but Heaven help me if I ever find myself calling them noble animals. Companionship with them, however, is said to prepare one's temper for the trials of marriage."]

Mr. Shanks, who performs on the Georgian lyre With a zeal that provokes neo-Georgian ire, And as critic assists the Mercurial Squire, Has stated his case with remarkable force Against that ignoble survival, the Horse. It seems that of late, at the house of a crony, He spent a short time exercising his pony, And tis clear that to Providence only are thanks To be paid for the ultimate safety of SHANKS; For never was poet beheld on the back Of so sulky, perverse, ill-conditioned a hack. It had bitten the groom, but was not satisfied And bit Mr. SHANKS at the end of his ride, After flatly refusing to show off its paces Except in most stony precipitous places. For a pony to savage an eminent bard Is the sort of offence that one can't disregard; Yet one wishes the victim had paused ere he slandered All horseflesh en masse in The Evening Standard; For Shanks of all people on earth should beware Of forgetting the duty he owes to his mare.

Hrom an article on "The Peculiar People":—
"Who shall say what hereditary destiny may have in store for this small boy, whose mamma is a deep red, and conspicuously labelled in big letters: 'Peculiar People's Chapel.' "—North Country Paper.
Who indeed?

GENTEEL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

WE met accidentally outside the front-door. I was carrying two or three newspapers, and she had a cretonne bag.

"And where have you been to this

afternoon?" I inquired.

"My dancing-class, of course," she

"Of course," I repeated. One is too

apt to forget these things.

"And I quite decided on the way home not to chalk first when I got back. I decided to write poetry instead."

The idea seemed stimulating, for she

until her dancing sandal fell out of the bag into the mud.

"May I see the poem when you've finished writing it?" I asked.

"You can see me when I'm writing it if you like,' she said.

Few poets are so accommodating as this, and I followed her upstairs.

"It's going to be about Switzerland,"she explained, stamping hard on each step and dragging at the banis-

"It seems a very good subject," I agreed.

The way to write poetry, in case anybody does not know, is to get down on the floor on one's hands and knees, supporting the front part by means of the left elbow. The head should be very close to the paper, one side of which has, of course, been used before. One writes with a large red pencil (cost-

ing sixpence) and licks it frequently. Otherwise inspiration is | tion for chalking is practically the same | aways," she said. "You must rememcontinuous.

This was the poetry :-SWITZERLAND.

Oh the Swiss mountains, row by row Covered with ever-glisning snow! Here come the Swiss people their butter to

sell. And hark, now I hear the cows' jingling bell The goats-herds lie munching and eating the

grass; Then perhaps some freind-goats and goat-

herdes do pass.
"Gooness!" I gite forgot to mention Mountin-roses and blue genshon. Oh, how I love the country Swiss-Switzerland of warmth and bliss!

I murmured my praises.

The difficulty of making tactful criticisms about other people's poetry is immense.

"I don't quite see," I said at last, "why the goats-herds were munching it," I said—"only gaver?"

and eating the grass. Couldn't they get any butter to eat?"

"Oh, but don't you see, they weren't that kind of goats-herds at all? I meant herds of goats, only it wouldn't go into the line. Do you think you 'd like to sort of bird. It has purple eyes. be in Switzerland?"

"Very much," I said. "I quite understand now why everyone keeps going there. What do you want to do next?"

"I think I should like to chalk now." One chalks almost as quickly as one writes poetry-if one has not lost the purple, that is to say. The purple is large, tall date-tree, and sometimes at worked pretty hard, and one is always finding bits of it lying on the stairs or jumped madly about on the pavement under the dining-room table. The posi-

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS.

Sir Alfred Mond (in the abode of departed politicians). "Anyhow, ARTHUR, I LEFT A SON TO REIGN IN MY STEAD. Mr. A. Henderson (who has also gone West). "What—only one?

as that for writing poetry.

"I'm chalking the picture of a new kind of bird," she said, between the strokes.

There were four plates, or figs., in the completed work. They were subentitled—

(1) INQZXOP.

WHY, I LEFT TWO."

- (2) INQZXOP FEEDING.
- (3) INQZXOP KILLING EGLE.
- (4) INQZXOP FEEDING YOUNG.
- "Why 'inqzxop'?" I said, rather puzzled.

"Oh, I just made it up," she said.

The inqzxop had a yellow body, purple wings, a blue-and-orange tail and a blue head.

"It kills eagles—you mustn't forget that," she said—"by plunging its sharp beak deep into them, and then they die."
"How very unkind!" I protested.

"And your eagle looks such a gentle

"Ah, but remember, why does the inqzxop kill eagles? Becos it goes after the inqzxop's eggs and eats them all up.'

"Where does the inqzxop lay its eggs?" The nidification of birds is a subject on which she always has interesting views.

"Sometimes at the very top of a the very bottom of a very deep hole in the sand.

"And then the eagle goes and digs them out?

"It tries to."

"But what does our friend the inqzxop do then?"

"Why, he covers them all over with sand, so that the eagle can't find them, and while the eagle is hunting for them the inqzxop kills it."

"How large is an inqzxop, then?" I asked.

"About two times as big as a raven-no, a blackbird, I mean. Shall I teach you how to dance now?"

"What shall we dance?" I asked rather faintly.

"'Sir Roger de Coverley.'"

"Just the two of us?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, but I make a rule of never dancing that till after dark," I said. "Tell me some of the other things you learn at school, instead. Don't you do any arithmetic?"

"Add - ups and takeber take-aways are the hardest. Would

you like to see my book?"

The commonest kind of take-away in the book seemed to be something like this:--

37

Very good, corrected without help.

"Peter does multiplies with x's in them," she explained, "but I'm not going to begin those till next term."

"And French?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. At French I'm an ostrich."

"A what?"

"Well, don't you see, each of us is urple wings, a blue-and-orange tail a creature, and Mademoiselle says, 'Le lapin vole' or 'Le rouge-gorge vole,' and if we can fly we give a jump. If we can't fly we just sit still.''



Kindly old Gentleman. "Hullo, My Little man, Crying! What's the trouble?"

Leader of Carol-Party. "He ain't cryin', Mister. He was tryin' to sing bass an' it's made 'is nose bleed."

"Then you never have to fly?"

"Oh, yes; but remember I'm not always an ostrich. Last week I was l'hirondelle."

"Does Mademoiselle ever say, 'L'argent vole'?" I ventured.

"Oh, no, that doesn't come into French at all," she said, shaking her head.

"Well, what else do you do at school?"

"Oh, lots and lots of things! We sing, and once we baked an apple, and we do writing, and one day we went to the Zoo, and one day we made bread, and one day we went to a farm to see a cow lie down."

"What ever did you do that for?"
"Why, don't you remember? To see

if it lies down differently from a horse."
"Of course," I said. "They never taught me that at school... Well, I'm afraid I've got to go now and do some of my own work. How are you going to amuse yourself until tea?"

"Oh, I'm very busy indeed," she said. "I'm going to write a play about a prince and water-babies and robbers

in a wood."

"Rather a lot to get into one play, isn't it? How are you going to begin?" I inquired.

"Oh, I shall write the tickets first," she said. And I left her writing very busily on small scraps of paper.

TIKET FOR THIS PLAIY
2 shilings. Evor.

PAST AND PRESENT.

A CONTRAST.

When good old Farmer George was King

And fighters still loved fighting, Men found the pleasures of the ring Remarkably exciting;

Most days, in country or in town (Where best seats cost but half-a-crown),

You'd see 'em dust each other down, And no one do the dirty.

The ring was in some yeoman's grounds, The purse was weighed with several pounds,

And you could count on forty rounds (But never less than thirty).

Of course it was a brutal show And far from scientific; But, if the combatants were slow,

The slogging was terrific; They were not handicapped with laws, They never swathed their horny paws With padded leather gloves, because They simply scorned to use 'em;

But, should there be a belt to win, The challenges came rolling in, And folk considered it a sin For holders to refuse 'em.

But now, of course, we see no more Those bouts of brutal bashing, And ladies venture by the score

To watch our champions clashing; Perhaps it's worth the money spent; At least the boxers are content (The winner taking x per cent.

And y per cent. the loser);
But all the same, if I were told
To choose between the new and old—
The boxer or the bruiser bold—

I'd always pick the bruiser.

A Devoted Couple.

"The annual ball of the —— Golf Club took place last night. About two guests were present, and dancing continued until about 1.15 a.m."—Yorkshire Paper.

"A handsome young man (Sunni) of 25, of good family, of good health and of decent means in Government Service on Rs. 150 p.m. wants to marry a beautiful healthy girl of respected family, well versed in household work, etc. No cast restrictions. The gentleman can put up with the parents of the girl if desired."—Advt in Indian Paper.

But will the parents be prepared to put up with the Sunni young man?



Hostess (to visitor at haunted house). "Perhaps you would prefer to take another chair? Our ancestor, Sir Guy, LIKES TO SIT IN YOURS ABOUT THIS TIME IN THE EVENING."

THE CHRISTMAS CONVERT.

Somehow he does not seem to be quite so prominent a feature as he was in those jolly, crisp, crackling Christmassy days of the Victorian story-writer. At that time it was practically impossible to get away from him.

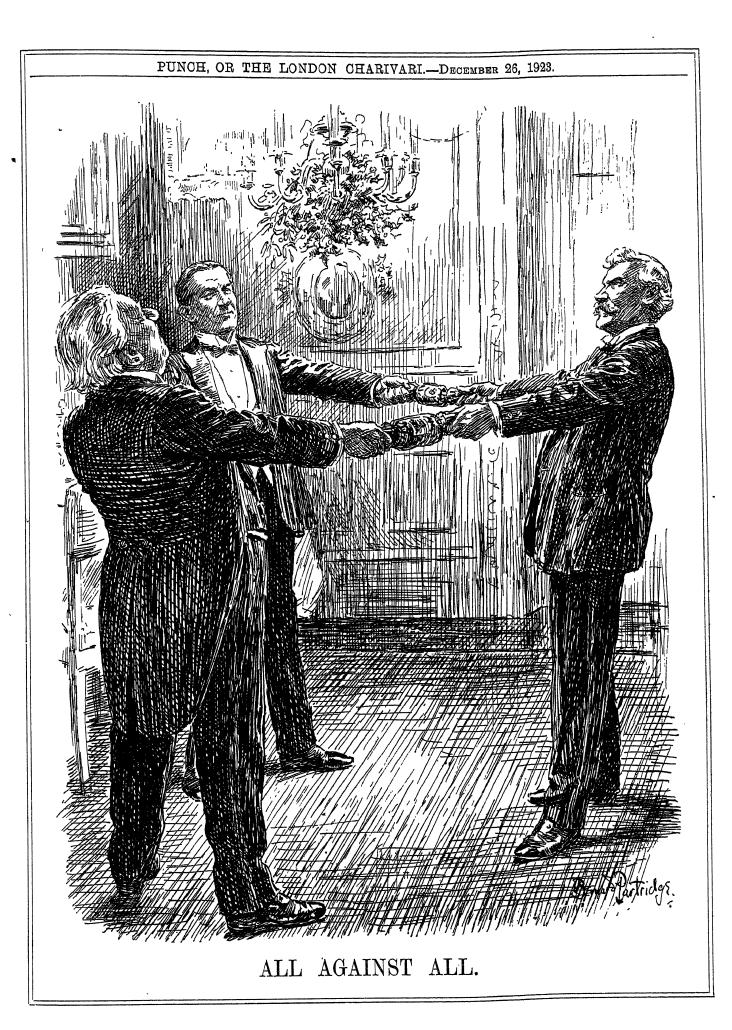
You are old enough to remember him? Very often he was a burglar; one of those gruff, low-browed, stubblechinned burglars who systematically set out to put the finishing touch to a year of crime by pulling off a grand coup on Christmas-Eve. Considering the horrible risk he was bound to run at that sentimental season, his desperate courage merited some recognition. Having successfully ravished some of the most treasured possessions of one of the stateliest homes of England he would find himself confronted, while shouldering the swag, with a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, clad in a white nightgown, who would inquire artlessly whether he were Father Christmas. Upon which the baffled miscreant would promptly burst into tears and, taking nothing more than a kiss, slink away to of his life.

Sometimes he would be a harsh and alcoholic father who, while in the act of shaking twopence from his boy's missionary-box for a seasonable revel, would be turned aside from the road to ruin by the sound of Christmas bells or the melody of "Good King Wenceslaus" played on a clarinet. Or it would be a money-grubbing old skinflint of aristocrat of the Never-set-foot-within-this-house-againand-turn-the-picture-to-the-wall school, who, as the chimes rang out, forgave his errant heir and pledged him in a bowl of bubbling wassail. Ding-dong, ding dong!

Ah, how the prodigals used to roll up at those good oldfashioned Yuletides! Wherever they were or whatever they were doing, those banished sons and erring daughters were sure, as Christmas drew near, to stagger punctually home just in time to collapse in the snow-mantled porch and awaken the old watch-dog. And by the time the New Year arrived you would not think, to look at them, that they could ever have sown a wild oat or taken a wrong turning in the whole course of their lives. those! Hearty, healthy, regenerative days!

Save on the films, people now-a-days do not appear to celebrate Christmas to any appreciable extent by means of exhibitions of full-blooded repentance. Rarely do we hear of neo-Georgian burglars being suddenly reformed by the appearance of fair-haired, blue-eyed children in white nightgowns. Maybe the spread of the pyjama habit among the young has something to do with this. Hardened criminals, unable to resist the appeal of a white night-gown, might remain unmoved in the presence of a suit of striped pyjamas. I think it more likely, however, that the modern child, on devote himself to good and kindly deeds for the remainder discovering a burglar, would be stimulated not so much to wistful interrogation as to an eager desire to instruct the visitor how to carry on according to the latest methods of the cinema crook.

It would surely be a pleasant thing if we could recapture something of the old Christmas spirit of reformation; if landlords, for instance, stirred to tender memories by festal carillons in the belfry, would choke down a sob and with an employer whom a Christmas-Eve nightmare transformed a shaking hand cross off all arrears of rent in their ledgers. into a benevolent philanthropist. Or a choleric, cursing Pleasantest of all to see the Income-tax collector, on being asked if he is identical with Father Christmas, burst into tears and hasten away never to return. If it would be of any help to him, I for one would even be willing to revert, for the occasion, to a white night-shirt.



THE CONTINENTAL DIRECTORY.

Queues.—No true European respects the queue, even though it is a French word. The last to arrive often sees to it that he is the first served.

RACE MEETINGS .- At Continental race meetings there is complete silence until the horses are near the winningpost or a jockey is thrown at a waterjump. Bookmakers do not exist, and you may leave your field-glasses on a chair confident that they will remain there. On the other hand pari-mutuel prices are usually small; though you get the satisfaction of knowing that you have contributed to charities.

SALAD OIL.—This may be taken abroad without any of the doubts that beset us here.

SALTSPOONS. — There are no saltspoons on the Continent.

SECRETS.—The principal secret of travellers on the Continent, and particularly in Paris, is the name of "the best little restaurant you ever dreamed of-simple, I admit, but with the most wonderful wineand cooking." But when you get there it has either disappeared, or changed hands, or "gone down.'

SILENCE.—There is no silence so profound as that which envelops you when a Continental train stops in the small hours.

Sleeping - cars. --

Sleeping-cars, known in France as wagon- joy it is to take away your ticket and lits, in Spain as coche-camas, in Italy as discuss it together. After a while, uncarrozze con letti and in Germany as less they dislike you very much, they Schlafwagen, are possible only if you are give you another, which several other their husbands didn't. rich enough to secure a whole compart- persons have to see before it passes ment for yourself. You may then arrange into the hands of an elderly woman of some degree of comfort. The trouble about them is that they have nearly always been engaged by other people; and it is, of course, other people who are the traveller's cross. At every turn he is up against them. For if you are fortunate enough to get a berth it is made intolerable by the man who occupies the one below you. If you get a whole compartment you have to hear the other people washing. They are always washing when you want to wash, and there are no more towels. Also they more for other people than for you.

by wagon-lit, because you have to push all your meals out, to have the bill your luggage through the window.

switches than anyone has ever discovered the meaning of. Just as dawn comes you find the one that turns on the light. Wagon-lits are divided into two berths. Hospitals are full of travellers who have tried to get into the upper. Wagon-lits have no ventilation, but there is a little window at the top that admits the smuts.

SUGAR.—Were it sweet, sugar on the Continent might be excellent.

THEATRES. — Continental theatres differ from ours in being very difficult to get into. Here the managers welcome patrons, but there they set you the task of getting past three men in There is a point on the line between top-hats in the lobby, whose duty and Calais and Boulogne where the curve

SON OF NOTORIOUS ANGLER TELLING HIS FRIENDS HOW MUCH CHRISTMAS PUDDING HE ATE.

your luggage, undress and dress with forbidding aspect who consents to show you your place only on the receipt of a bribe. As, when you are really in the theatre, the play is in a language that you can't understand and had much better not understand, it is wiser to sit over dinner.

TIPS.—Tips have been abolished in Italy, ten per cent. being added to your bill instead. If however you forget this and tip the waiter as well, he will retain the money. Wise travellers, on arrival, send for the head-waiter of the hotel where they are intending to stay for are always having their beds made more than a day or so, and tip him when you want yours to be made. at once. This ensures them a table Conductors of wagon-lits always do against the wall. Few things are more America has shown no disposition to annoying than, after staying in an hotel resent this familiarity.

Only very strong people should travel | for a week, during which time you had brought by the head-waiter, whom you Wayon-lits have more buttons and have never seen before and hope never to see again, but must now be liberal

TRAMS.—Many Continental municipalities will only lay tram-lines where the street is too narrow for them. They then fit the cars with bells and tell the drivers never to stop clanging.

WAGON-RESTAURANTS.—There is no meal on a visit to the Continent so good as that in the first wagon-restaurant. Afterwards they deteriorate. Wagonrestaurants are staffed entirely by exjugglers. No tip has yet been produced large enough to persuade the chief official to let you change your seat.

> is so sharp that you always get the next man's soup.

WAITERS.—Waiters are the principal inhabitants of the Continent. There are a few other people, but waiters are everywhere. They rise with the lark and retire with the owl, and in the interim never rest. Life holds no purer pleasure than to meet, in a Continental hotel or restaurant, a waiter with whom one has been friendly at home.

WAITERS (WINE) .-On the Continent the wine waiter does not have to be sent for, but is at your side as you sit down.

WIVES .- Wives are useful on the Continent because they learnt French and Italian and German at school, and E. V. L.

The Intransigent.

"In order to avoid all possibility of an understanding M. Poincaré requested Herr von Hoesch to prepare for him a written statement explaining the views of his Government." Evening Paper.

"Wanted, Persian Kitten (made) for pet." Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

We always thought that kittens, like poets, were born, not made.

At Princess Maud's wedding:-

"As the car disappeared out of sight, the Prince of Wales collected the last handful of roses and threw them over the Duke of New York."—Australian Paper.

Up to the present, we are glad to say,



Hirst Spinster (to second ditto, discussing their brother's impending marriage). "AH, JEAN, A MARRIGE IS NO LIKE A DEATH. THIS WILL BE JAME'S AIN DOING."

THE PRIDE OF THE LINKS.

YE'd want to be up at the rise of the day
An' dhrink up yer tay and be off
If ye're wishful to play be the shore of the say
Wid Father O'Reilly at golf;

There are ladies an' lads be the score, Or more,

Would be apt to have axed him before.

Wid yer big merry face ye're the pride o' the place, Och, Father O'Reilly, asthore!

He'll give ye a match be ye twinty or scratch, For a handicap's nothin' at all

Whin his Riverince stands wid a club in his hands

An' the glint of his eye on the ball. He sthrikes it so hearty an' free

(Glory be!)
That its thravels ye hardly could see;

Faith, the welt of his shtick would settle Ould Nick If 'twas him that he had on a tee.

Though brilliant yer score whin ye played there before, To-day it will not be the same,

For as sartin as sin if ye're likely to win There's thim that'll hindher yer game;

It may be an ass that'll bray

As ye play; It may be a cow in the way

That 'll ate up yer ball, or a violent squall To dhrive it out into the say.

He's convarsint wid powers that are greater than ours,

An' they niver have failed him as yet,
Nor left in the lurch the pride of the Church
By a heretic hand to be bet;

Whiniver ye think ye are in For a win

They'll shtop his approach at the pin, Or extind be a fut the length av a putt An' thrickle it into the tin.

An' shure what 's the harrm? More power to yer arrm, Swate Father O'Reilly, abu!

Ye're that simple an' kind that nobody'd mind Bein' bet be a wondher like you;

Faith, an' HAVERS an' MITCHELL an' BRAID, Well paid

For tachin' the thricks av the thrade, Would be covered wid shame if ye gev them a game Whin they seen how it ought to be played.

Another Headache for the Historian.

A propos of the recent experiments to test the acoustics of the Wembley stadium:—

"Mr. Owen Nares was eclipsed by his small son, Gooffrey, who, in tones that, amplified, were loud and as clear as a bell, asked: Mummie, can you hear me?'"—Morning Paper.

"There was a little pause, and then listeners at the opposite end of the Stadium suddenly heard a delightfully clear voice ring out, 'Can you hear me, Daddy?'"—Evening Paper.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE-

THE brasses twinkled like inquisitive is, too," he said gloomily. little eyes in the firelight. The quaint old bar parlour was silent save for the "where are they?"

occasional shifting of the log fire. Outside, the wind howled dismally and the rain swept by in solid sheets. Sitting snug and dry in the ingleneuk and thanking my stars that I had reached shelter before the storm broke, I fell to musing on England of the old days when the inn was a more important feature of the King's Highway. It stands on the Gretna Road, and I wondered how many fleeting couples its roof had sheltered. I visualised them, starting at every sound as they waited while fresh horses were harnessed to the chaise that was to bear them to Gretna Green and (-, safety from the irate parent in pursuit.

A deep sigh interrupted my dreamings. I looked up with a start. Sitting opposite to

me was a man in a long grey cloak. With a silk handkerchief he was carefully wiping the rain from his red jovial face. His high boots and his cloak were mud-splashed, and a little pool of water was forming round his feet.

He sighed again, and raised a mug of something that steamed pleasantly and gave forth a spicy smell.

I leaned forward. "You have travelled



"'I AM THE TRATE PARENT; AND A THANK-LESS JOB IT IS, TOO."

He nodded. "I have, curse it!" "No weather for travelling," I said. "You are right, Sir. And wouldn't you have thought that runaways would have chosen a better night than this?"

"I don't quite understand," I said.

"Who are you?"

He looked surprised.

Irate Parent; and a thankless job it a month was out my lady was meeting

"But the young couple," I asked,



""THEN, OF COURSE, I CAUGHT THEM ONE DAY AND FORBADE THEM TO MEET.'

little vixen imagines 1'm going any further to-night she's wrong. Not while the landlord brews punch like this." And he cast an approving eye on the mug in his hand.

"But I always understood——" I

He set the mug down with a thump. "I know; people talk a lot of rubbish. Maud and Stephanie and Dorothy all eloped. But they chose decent weather. Of course Miss Kitty must choose the winter. 'More romantic,' says she.'

He broke off and consoled himself with another sip.

"But no doubt you were in a furious rage with them all?" I suggested.

"Me? In a rage? Not likely. Why, I saw to it that they did elope. What else was I to do? I married when I was little more than a boy. She was very homely," he said, fixing the fire with a reminiscent gaze, "but rich, very rich. Well, she died and left me with five girls-Maud, Stephanie, Dorothy, Kitty and Elizabeth. All nice girls, I will say that for them, but romantic. Maud was first. She fell in love with her singing-master. I suppose you think I forbade them to meet?"

"Well, it would be natural," I said. "Not I," he chuckled. "There was a decent boy I wanted her to have, the son of a neighbour of mine. So I kept on praising the singing-master until she was sick of the sound of his name,

"Haven't you guessed? I am the the other boy was. It worked. Before him on the sly, and the singing-master was a——" He broke off, at a loss for the right word. "A back number?" I sug-

"The term is new to me, but it would seem to serve. Then, of course, I caught them one day and forbade them to meet. She had hysterics on the spot, and he offered to fight me. Young fool! So I shut her up in her room, and there you are."

"What happened?" I

asked.

"They eloped. But I wish to heaven," he said explo-sively, "they doverhaultheir chaises before they start. Their off hind-wheel came off somehow, and I had to hang about round the corner for fear of catching them. Very inconsiderate, I call it.' "And the other girls?"

"Oh, I used the same methods, and they're all

"Oh, on ahead somewhere, I suppose. | comfortably settled, except Elizabeth; I hope so, at any rate. But it that and I suppose she's all agog to be off as soon as she 's a bit older. Stephanie eloped with Sir Joshua Frobisher's boy, and Dorothy with Sir Humphrey Ber-



"'I HAD TO HANG ABOUT ROUND THE CORNER FOR FEAR OF CATCHING THEM.'"

nard's. It was a near thing with Doll, though. He wanted to stick it out and defy me, but Doll boxed his ears. So he gave in. A woman can't resist Gretna. But it comes hard on a man,' he continued pensively. "They're so thoughtless, these young folk. They'd and I told her what a devil of a lad be furious if I didn't chase them. It



Ardent Puritan (who has just missed his connection). "Well, if it weren't against my principles, I should say, 'Dash THAT TRAIN!"

'His Wife. "My dear, don't. Supposing it met with an accident you would feel yourself responsible."

looks well; but do they think of my comfort? Not a bit of it. Look at the night Kitty's chosen."

He rose to his feet and laid a hand confidentially on my shoulder. "I tell you what it is, my boy, these women . . ."

"Twelve o'clock, Sir," said the landlord. "I thought perhaps you'd be turnin' in now, seein' 'ow the fire's gone low."

I yawned largely. "I must have dozed off. Did you have much trouble in waking me?"

"Not much, Sir; I just put my 'and on your shoulder."

I started and remembered the Irate Parent. He was gone! All that remained of him-or was it my imagination?—was a faint spicy smell.

"Landlord," I asked, "do you ever

brew punch?" "Once in a while we do," he said, "Christmas and times like that. recipe my wife's great-grandfather wrote. Much in demand, so 'e says in the writin'. And a very good punch it is. Hope you'll sample it some day, Sir."

hope; and so to bed, where I fell asleep thinking of the Irate Parent's youngest daughter, Elizabeth, and wondering whether she kept up the family tradi-

HER GLADNESS.

No nursery dolls are hers to hold, No childish games allure This little Burma ten-year-old, This dame in miniature,

Who guides a shuttle to and fro With fat and dimpled hands, And sees the silken texture grow From out the rainbow strands.

The Sabbath finds her gaily gowned In all her very best;

To-day it's but a kirtle wound About her baby breast.

There's nothing in the whole bazaar So brown and yet so fair, And frangipanni petals star The midnight of her hair.

Although the hut be drear and dark, Her chirrups pierce the gloom, And cheerful little sandals mark The music of the loom.

I assured him that I shared that And, when I take my evening ride Along a certain way, She greets me with a sidelong smile, A glance that bids me stay;

> And, having seen those sparkling eyes, There's one at least who thinks That underneath her gladness lies The making of a minx. J. M. S.

> "A Horse of English race, trained for Races and Golf, is held for sale. Advt. in Egyptian Paper.

It rather looks as if this accomplished animal had found a purchaser. Vide. the following:-

"English Golf.

The Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (Ranjitsinhji) had his first success on the English turf when his horse Ruysdael won the Harewood Handicap."-Australian Paper.

" Mr. -- very approximately opened the programme with an original transcription of Lassen's 'All Souls Day.'"—Scots Paper.

"At the marriage service Miss --- took charge of the music, and the choir under her capable direction sang approximate hymns." Irish Paper.

We are glad to note this musical rapprochement between Scotland and Ireland.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is recorded of one of the pleasantest characters in The Friend (Heinemann) that he preferred the book's heroine to her ideals; and I think I should have done the same if I had been able to distinguish Jane Agony from the economical and ethical views which play so vocal a part in her story. Jane, a youthful heiress whose comprehensive love for mankind heavily handicaps her personal relationships, enjoys one reciprocated passion-her worship of the middleaged novelist, Anna Blenkiron. Unluckily Jane writes a successful play; and Anna, hitherto hor Mentor, bitterly Matterhorn, leaving Jane to run her dramatic and philan- you persevere, you discover to be the case-leaves the

thropic course in London. Thequiet atmosphere which surrounded Anna before the birth of her twin children is charmingly indicated, and the death of Moorjohn on the mountain, in the attempted rescue of two madcap boys, is a fine piece of narrative. The tragic end of Anna's small son is too obviously engineered to bring about the recall of Jane, who sacrifices a great political career to the cherishing of her stricken friend. Throughout the whole of this not unpremising first novel I feel that Miss ADELAIDE PHILLPOTTS is at her best when dealing with simple natural forces, such as men and avalanches. She is too ardent a feminist to be trusted with women and children.

Two dramatic movements are chronicled and exemplified in Mr. W. B. YEATS'S Plays and Controversies (Macmillan) —the foundation and progress of the Irish Literary Theatre from

1901-19, and the poet's trend towards an esoteric carpetdrama, "a mystery almost for leisured and literary people," signalised by an open letter of 1919 to Lady GREGORY. The first is presented in a series of notes from Samhain, the periodical founded to defend it, and acting versions of The Countess Cathleen and The Land of Heart's Desire. The second is illustrated by Four Plays for Dancers, with pictures of the masks and costumes used in one, music for a couple, and footnotes to all. As regards the "Four Plays," Mr. YEATS has earned a right to entertain himself and his elect as he pleases. But I cannot believe that complete withdrawal from common human contacts is good for his art; and not even the characteristically beautiful and simple verse of "The Dreaming of the Bones," and the fastidious postscript to "At the Hawk's Well," will convince me to the contrary. The pith of the book, to those for whom the two early plays have a classic familiarity, will be its first batch of notes. These traverse the whole road of creative effort and plead for the only genuine culture-

"the old culture that came to a man at his work," and was "not at the expense of life, but an exaltation of life itself."

Mr. W. L. George is a novelist that one always suspects of harbouring a purpose, and the purpose of One of the Guilty (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is apparently to prove that our public schools are unequalled as forcing-houses of calculated crime. Owen Prendergast, our hero, who began life as a pleasant youth of virtuous antecedents, is unexpectedly forced to earn his living with no hetter qualifications than a public school education; and to this handicap is attributed the ease with which he slides, via the petty cash drawer, into a career of ruthless and theatrical criminality. resents artistic eclipse. Anna marries an old suitor, the Prendergast is indeed far too ferocious a criminal to be true, Alpinist Moorjolm, and goes to live at the foot of the and the fact that he lives happily ever afterwards—as, if Prendergast is indeed far too ferocious a criminal to be true,

The Lady of the House. "Well, What do you want?" The Man. "I'M A SNOW-SHOVELLER, LIDY."

The Lady. "But there isn't any snow."

The Man. "I know that, lidy. But, in case there should be, may I have the first refusal?"

True he has to serve a wellmerited jail sentence firstseveral, in fact-but what is that when one's first and only love, to buy chocolates for whom one thoughtlessly robbed the till at the outset of one's career, is waiting at the jail gate? Rosemary Woodhouse, the lady in question, is married to an easygoing fathead and carries on a violent love affair with her criminal hero, but is too respectable to elope with him; and in order to get the husband out of the way they have to induce Mr. GEORGE, who, unlike Mr. Prendergast, is able to commit convenient homicide without antagonising the police, to kill him off. Meanwhile the ardent Prendergast, disgusted with his inamorata's respectable scruples, has confessed his crimes and received a thumping sentence. When he emerges he finds Rosemary a widow, repentant of her comparative coldness, and waiting to round

reader comparatively cold.

off the twilight of a stormy and none too savoury career.

Reputation (HUTCHINSON) is one of those novels which, without setting out to be funny in detail, are built up upon an idea in itself so amusing that the whole effect is one of humour. It would be unfair to Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt to say too much about it, but there certainly is something very fresh and humorous in a heroine who loses her good name innocently and enjoys herself for years as the cynosure of all eyes on account of her reputation, only to find in the end that it is as dishonest and dangerous to accept the discredit of sins you have never committed as it is to claim virtues you have never practised. Claudia herself, whether in the eighteen-eighties at a rectory, or later as a figure in the great world, the successful novelist with a hectic past, is a charming creature, and Mrs. Mordaunt has eleverly seen to it that she never quite outgrows her girlish characteristics even in the last chapter where we take leave of her at sixty. Some readers will be found to doubt the



Lady (showing off her new mink coat). "My dear, isn't it wonderful to think of these furs coming from a small, insignant—" Husband. "I say! I don't want gratitude, but I do look for respect."

the rectory of her period it seems to me probable enough. thing in cures at Madame Lemarre's establishment on the Anyhow, Mrs. Mordaunt has written, on that assumption, | French Riviera. Madame's plan was to restore her patients' a clever book and a very entertaining one.

The moral which Mr. THOMAS MOULT seems to inculcate in The Comely Lass (Heinemann) is that it was lack of faith on the part of one of his characters, the fisherman's wife, that allowed the cruel sea to drown her husband and her little son. The proposition borders on a realm of controversy into which Mr. Moult's readers will hardly venture. Their concern is with the story. Attracted at the beginning by a promising description of a Derbyshire farmer come to market and his quaint conversation, the reader is presently led to expect the development of a familiar situation in which two girls desire the same man. Unfortunately no such development occurs. Margaret simply marries Jacob, and Harriet, making no remark, goes without him. In the second half of the story nothing in particular happens until Margaret's husband and their child perish at sea, and even that sad event is difficult to distinguish, so merged is it in circumambient verbiage. Mr. Moult's idea of hiding small treasures in a plum-pudding, for his incidents are disguised in slabs of rhapsody.

sense" in this case was going to be nonsense. My alarm very generally chosen for a New Year's gift.

likelihood of such ignorance and self-confidence as made | was unnecessary; Teapot turned out to be the nickname of Claudia's strange elopement possible, but for a daughter of one Lady Beevil, who was just going to take the very last health and nerves by cultivating their sense of smell; and I have never read a book so impregnated with fragrant odours. Miss Lee Holt, however, knows her job far too well to imagine that a tale can rely only upon its pleasant scents. A very dark mystery—which I may not disclosewas attached to Madame Lemarre, and I can promise you as crafty and loathsome a villain as any you are likely to find in the most lurid fiction.

I hasten to extend a welcome to The Guiding Book (Hodder and Stoughton), whose object is as praiseworthy as its price is moderate. The cost is six shillings, and the profits are to be used "for the benefit of the Girl Guides Association and for the extension of the movement throughout the world." Beginning with a message from PRINCESS MARY, followed by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's poem, To the True Romance, and supported by stirring words from Dame NELLIE MELBA and many others, the volume is excellent both in quality and variety. A tale by Mr. Ernest Raymond telling a story is rather like the Christmas custom of should give great pleasure to admirers of his work, for it is in the vein which has made him popular. There are contributions from several distinguished foreigners, written "You are not serious, Teapot?" is the first sentence of The House of the Third Sense (Hodder and Stoughton), and I may as well admit an instant fear that "the third and I congratulate her upon a book which I hope will be



PARTIES AND THE MAN.

THERE was a slight air of depression in the aspect of the Young Conservative, and the Sage laid a fatherly hand upon his shoulder. "My dear fellow," he said, "it is notorious that I take no sides in politics. Yet I am old-fashioned enough to harbour a preference for any Government that places the interests of the country above the claims of class or party, and I confess that the action of a Prime Minister who was prepared to risk the sacrifice of

a secure majority for the sake of what he conceived to be the best remedy for unemployment has my sympathy."

"His tactics were wrong," said the Young Conservative. "He forgot that the great mass of the British
Public is conservative (unhappily with only a small 'c'); too conservative to discard at a moment's notice what at best one may call an 'established tradition,' at worst an antiquated shibboleth. But, even if he had given himself time to prove that Protection would afford a sure remedy for unemployment, the very people for whose benefit it was designed were going, anyhow, to vote for their own party, which offered them the more dazzling allurement of a Capital Levy in addition to preaching the attractive doctrine of 'class-consciousness.' Nor did he foresee that the shifting element among the other electors would not care a tinker's curse about a cure for unemployment if they thought it likely to injure their own pockets.

"But I am not so much discouraged by the result of the Elections. The turn-over of votes was comparatively trifling; the luck that was on our side last time has now gone against us, and the number of seats we have lost

is out of all proportion to our loss of votes.

"Nor am I greatly discouraged by the attitude of a certain section of the Press, whose waverings and oscillations on the eve of the Poll have made them the laughing-stock of the country. Nominally Conservative and avowedly Protectionist or favourable to Imperial Preference, these papers have been consistent in nothing but their animus against the PRIME MINISTER. The cause of this animus is known well enough in intelligent quarters.

"But I do confess to having been discouraged by the attitude of certain Conservatives who have clamoured for the resignation of the Prime Minister on the ground that his action has brought about the defeat of the Party. It does not seem to me to be consonant with our national character to throw over a captain because his team has lost a match. Rather un-English, isn't it?"

"I can preserve my impartiality," said Mr. Punch, "and yet support you here. If such an attitude were ever to commend itself to the judgment of the nation there would soon be an end of all honesty in Parliament, of all sincere effort to promote any policy except the kind that is out to catch votes.

"But to turn to the future. You must not mind my saying that from my own professional point of view

I look forward to it with a certain satisfaction. We cynics flourish better in strange or unsettled conditions

which invite criticism than under the smooth working of an ordered Government with a safe majority. But that, of course, is pure selfishness. You are not, I fear, likely to regard the prospect with the same complacence."

"I am not at all downhearted," replied the Young Conservative. "I see it widely proclaimed that Protection has had an overwhelming defeat and is dead and done for; but, if we go by actual numbers, we find that Carialism has a second actual numbers, we find that Socialism has sustained a more severe defeat than Protection, and Liberalism a still more severe defeat. Yet 1 do not hear the Socialists admitting that their party is dead and done for; and even the Liberals seem to regard themselves as not only alive but capable of kicking—to judge by Mr. Asquirm's resilience at the National Liberal Club.

"I have followed with intelligent interest the various suggestions for some form of Coalition or 'Fusion.' Nobody, by the way, seems to have given a moment's serious thought to a possible combination of the Conservative and Labour Parties. Yet, if they combined, Protection would have a very rosy chance. Labour is not

wedded to Free Trade; it would be against all logic if it were, for every principle of Trade Unionism is protective.

"However, such an idea, though it opens up the most intriguing possibilities, is out of the question. Indeed there seems to be a pronounced feeling, for the moment at any rate, against any form of Coalition. But that Coalition in some shape or other will have eventually to come can hardly be open to any doubt. We cannot tolerate an Eternal Triangle. And if one of the older Parties must sacrifice itself, I am convinced that it will have to be the Liberal Party. They have had the chance of their lives in this Election. If on their own favourite field of Free Trade and with the old battle-cry of 'Your Food will Cost you More!' they could do no better than come out a bad third, I see no possible future before them as an independent party. They will shed their extremists, as we shall shed our Die-hards (if there are any still left), and merge into one common party, at once progressive and constitutional, which will contain the best elements of Liberalism and Conservatism, whose policies, apart from the question of Free Trade, hardly differ to-day by a hair's-breadth."
"I should not like that," said Mr. Punch, "if it meant that the country would be divided into two parties

so constituted that Socialism would distinguish them as the Haves and the Have-nots."

"I too should loathe it," said the other. "But that would not be the distinction. Such a party as I have indicated would not be hostile to Labour. Indeed it would consist almost entirely of men who labour either with their heads or their hands, or both. It would in the widest sense be a National Party, as distinguished from a Class Party, and sworn to the service of the State as a whole. For the weakness of the so-called 'Labour' Party has always been their class-consciousness, their habit of placing the interests of their own section of the community before any other consideration."

"Though I may not permit myself," said Mr. Punch, "to endorse all your views, I do sympathise with

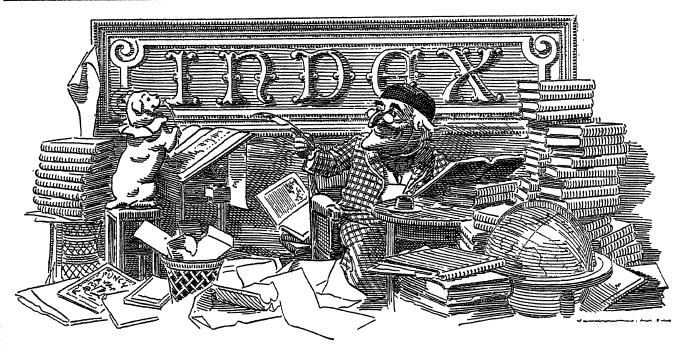
those which you have just expressed, and I should like to hear more of them. But at the moment I have a mission elsewhere and must leave you. I am on my way to pay my respects to the Prime Minister, for whose conduct of the late campaign I have a profound admiration. Whatever may have been wrong with his tactics, I consider that his speeches, closely-reasoned and forthright, free from personal recriminations and unaffected by the cheap rhetoric of the tin-can prophet, have been the most memorable feature of the contest.

"I go to present him with a palpable token of my regard, in the form of a work which, while it contains

criticism of his policy, loyally recognises and appreciates the honesty and candour of his motives. Your quick intelligence will perceive that this work is no other than my

One Pundred and Sixty-Fifth Volume."





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